



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

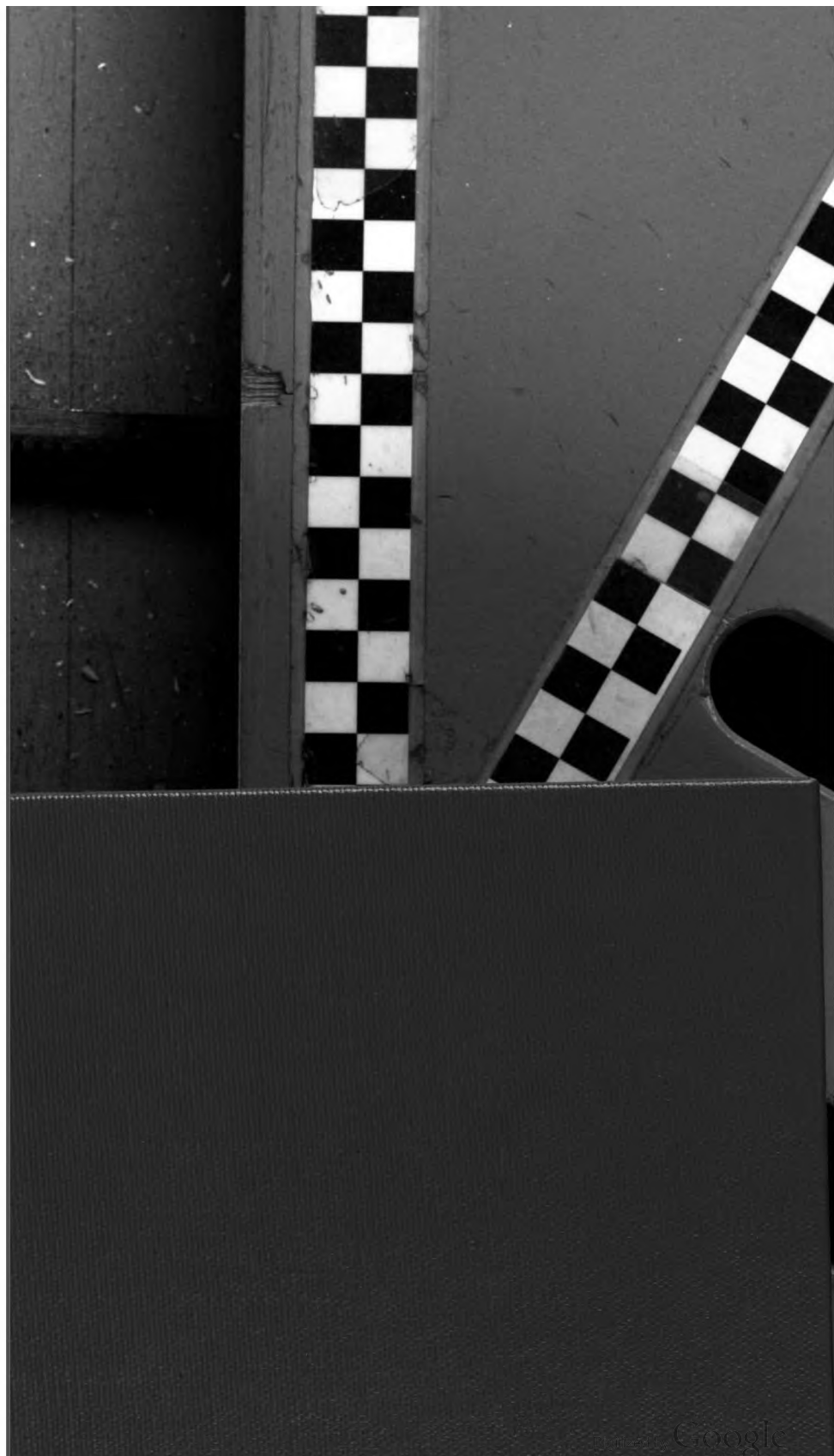
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







LIPPINCOTT'S

470

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A

POPULAR JOURNAL

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND POLITICS.

Library of
California

VOL. XLV.—JANUARY TO JUNE, 1890.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

1890.

Copyright, 1890, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

TO VIND
ABROGATA

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

AP
2
L54
V.45

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
"A Thing Enskyed"	Francis M. Livingston 692
Author of "The Collegians," The	Lucy C. Lillie 395
Blue-and-Gold Man-Child, The	M. H. Catherwood 258
Boker, George Henry	R. H. Stoddard 856
* Browning, Robert	Clara Bloomfield-Moore 683
Brownings in Italy, The	Anne H. Wharton 441
Cast for Fortune, A (A Novel)	Christian Reid 457-547
Celtic Myth, A	C. S. Boswell 731
Circumstantial Evidence (A Novel)	Mary E. Stickney 769-849
Dissipation of Reading, The	Charles McIlwaine 278
"Does College Training Pay?"	W. H. Johnson 758
Fiction for the People	Arthur Goddard 875
Forestry Problem, The	Charles Morris 274
Hamlet	Wilson Barrett 580
Hint to Novelists, A	W. H. Stacpoole 435
Icicle, The	Edgar Fawcett 697
Incidents in the Life of a Torres Straits Islander	Alfred O. Haddon 567
Joy	Jeannette Leonard Gilder 867
Karma	Lafcadio Hearn 667
Kinks in the Skein	{ Robert J. Burdette, } Illustrated by W. Bill Nye, } W. Denslow . 113 J. Army Knox. }
Leaves from the Journal of Frederick S. Coxsens	Edited by Arthur D. F. Randolph . . . 739
Looking Forward	Frederic M. Bird 613
Married Geniuses	John Habberton 271
Millicent and Rosaland (A Novel)	Julian Hawthorne 1-65
Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Elixir of Life."—I., II., III., IV.	Edited by Julian Hawthorne, 66, 224, 412, 543
Newspaper and the Individual, The: A Plea for Press Censorship	A. E. Watrous 267
Newspaper Fiction	William Westall 77
On Some Recent Art Progress	Henry Blackburn 589
Origin of Chinese Culture and Civilization, The	Robert Kennaway Douglas 850
Our English Cousins	Marshall P. Wilder 406
Our Winter Festivities	Anne H. Wharton 140
Physical Training, A Word concerning	Mary Elizabeth Blake 616
Popular Topic, A	Julian Hawthorne 883
Putting One's Foot into it	William Shepard 749
Reality in Fiction	Agnes Repplier 908
Reminiscences: Memories of England	Richard Vaux 562
Round-Robin Talks.—I.	J. M. Stoddard 889
Salon Idea in New York, The	C. H. Crandall 243
Sappho of Green Springs, A (A Novel)	Bret Harte 627-666
Scott, Characters of	Elizabeth Stoddard 726
Shakespeare's Birthday	George Morley 755
Shelley, Mary Wollstonecraft	C. H. Herford 596

	PAGE
Shelley's Welsh Haunts	<i>C. H. Herford</i> 254
Sign of the Four, The (A Novel)	<i>A. Conan Doyle</i> 145-223
Some Physiological Revelations	<i>Julian Hawthorne</i> 752
Stanley's Emin Pasha Expedition 608
Subsidies and Shipping	<i>Henry W. Raymond</i> 715
Theatrical Renaissance of Shakespeare, The	<i>Edward Fuller</i> 88
Things that May Any Day Turn Up	<i>Leonard Woolsey Bacon</i> 573
Traduttore Traditore 280
Two Soldiers (A Novel)	<i>Captain Charles King</i> 293-388
Under the Mistletoe	<i>Henry Collins</i> 137
Weather-Prophecy	<i>Felix L. Oswald</i> 444
Western Mortgages	<i>Wm. McGeorge, Jr.</i> 426
Why do we Measure Mankind?	<i>Francis Galton, F.R.S.</i> 236
Willis, Nathaniel Parker	<i>Richard Henry Stoddard</i> 101

POETRY:

A Coquette's Motto	<i>M. H. G.</i> 879
A Débutante	<i>Florence Earle Coates</i> 440
A Descant	<i>Florence Earle Coates</i> 907
A Live Ember	<i>Charles Henry Lüders</i> 682
Blue Water-Lilies	<i>Amélie Rives</i> 99
Bombin	<i>Daniel L. Dawson</i> 241
Contentment	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i> 738
Dead Flowers	<i>George Barlow</i> 588
Elusion	<i>Charles Henry Lüders</i> 607
Evergreens	<i>William H. Hayne</i> 235
Father Damien	<i>Arthur D. F. Randolph</i> 725
From Beyond the Sea	<i>Owen Wister</i> 425
Grace	<i>Orelia Key Bell</i> 266
Her Song	<i>Helen Grace Smith</i> 561
His Sermon	<i>William H. Hayne</i> 566
His Starlight	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i> 874
Idol Affections	<i>Clara Bloomfield-Moore</i> 411
In the Evening	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i> 136
Lee: A Chant of Remembrance	<i>Robert Burns Wilson</i> 880
Microcosm	<i>Frederick Peterson</i> 572
Nymphæa	<i>Dora Read Goodale</i> 76
Orat Stella	<i>Louise Imogen Guiney</i> 595
Storm	<i>Harrison S. Morris</i> 696
The Tears of Tullia	<i>Edgar Fawcett</i> 389
Valentine	<i>Margaret H. Lawless</i> 253

BOOK-TALK

William S. Walsh,
Melville Philips,
Julian Hawthorne,
Frederic M. Bird,
Charles Morris,
Maurice F. Egan,
H. C. Walsh,
R. M. Johnston.

143, 283, 447, 619, 762,
 910

NEW BOOKS

290, 452, 621, 766, 914

Univ. of
California



PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. C. COX.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. REED.

James Cook
John A. H. Thomas.

MILLIGENT AND ROSALIND.

470

A LOVE-STORY.

BY

JULIAN HAWTHORNE,

AUTHOR OF "SINFIRE," "GARTH," "ARCHIBALD MALMAISON," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

Copyright, 1889, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.



LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1890.

MILLICENT AND ROSALIND.

CHAPTER I.

ON a certain afternoon in May, some years ago, a middle-aged gentleman presented himself at the window of the Lost-Property Office, in the Waterloo railway-station of London.

He was a queer-looking personage. In stature he was barely of middle height, even in the tall hat from which the rubs of life had removed the gloss and blackness. His shoes were too large for him, and had very heavy soles; the creases in the sleeves of his coat and behind the knees of his trousers had become set in their ways. The gentleman's shoulders stooped a little, his frame seemed emaciated, and his gait had no buoyancy.

But his head was remarkable. It was large, and, for a man of middle height, surprisingly large. It was long rather than broad: the space of the intellectual faculties was vast, and beautifully developed; the brow was prominent, and bushy eyebrows overhung deep-set eyes. His cheeks were thin and deeply furrowed, and a thin beard did not conceal the sad expression of the mouth. His nose was relatively small, and very delicately moulded, with thin, sensitive nostrils. His voice, when he spoke to the clerk, was mellow and courteous, with a slight Scotch burr in it: he rested his hand and shoulder against the frame of the window.

"There was an umbrella,—a new large cotton umbrella,—I left it in a third-class compartment of the 3.30 train."

"'Tain't often we gets umbrellas here," answered the clerk, looking amused. "Folks as finds 'em mostly nets 'em: especially new large cotton ones like yourn. My advice is, you'd best apply to the parties as was in the compartment with you."

The gentleman's nostrils expanded at this rather impertinent speech, and there was a glow in his eyes as he fixed them on the clerk.

"Thank you for your advice," he said, "but, as I was the only occupant of the compartment——"

Here there was an interruption. A tall, erect man, white-haired and well dressed, came up with a quick, firm tread, and, taking a half-crown from his waistcoat-pocket with his gloved forefinger and thumb, he threw it down on the counter. The clerk promptly picked it up and touched his cap.

"Look alive, now!" said this prosperous person, in a brisk, authoritative tone. "Find me a black morocco Gladstone, with gold fastenings,—left in the 3.30 to-day. Be quick about it!"

"Since you seem in haste, I concede you the precedence," said the shabby gentleman, as the clerk scuttled off; and he made a gesture so lofty and condescending as to contrast oddly with his poor attire and insignificant stature.

"I really beg your pardon!" exclaimed the other, facing round with a quick, inquiring look on his firm-set and handsome face. "Were you here before me?"

"Here's two black morocco Gladstones, sir——" began the clerk, from the back of the office.

"Give me the one with 'Snowden Mayne' on it in gold letters,—yes, that's it."

"Servant, sir," replied the clerk, who was, in his sphere, a judge of human nature. He put the bag down on the counter. The owner would have taken it up; but there was a thin white hand already upon it,—the hand of the shabby gentleman with the deep-set eyes. These eyes now met the keen, surprised glance of Mr. Snowden Mayne.

"I think this is mine," said the latter, after a moment.

An odd smile played about the face of the shabby gentleman. He still kept his hand on the bag.

"I don't question it, but——" he said, and stopped. His face grew paler, and his smile became more forced.

"I fear I'm dull,—or you may have made some mistake," said the other, with a touch of impatience in his voice. The shabby gentleman removed his hand. "I look like some acquaintance of yours, perhaps," continued the owner of the bag, more kindly. "But as I landed in England only two days ago——"

"After an absence of over twenty years in America," interposed the shabby gentleman.

The other stared. "I never pretended to understand enigmas," he said, at length.

"You're not much changed, Snowden, in some ways," was the reply. "And, though you don't recognize me, I'm less changed in other ways than you seem to be." There was now a gleam of something like boyish playfulness on his worn visage. He went on half laughingly, but with a tremor in his voice, "Maybe if I mentioned Caius College 'twould refresh your memory a bit!"

Snowden Mayne gave a start, hesitated, and shook his head.

"Oh, man alive!" cried the other, in a deeper tone, "I'll bring you to your bearings!—Mildred Gordon!"

Mayne's blue eyes brightened and widened: there followed a passing

shadow of constraint, succeeded by a glow of feeling that reddened his face and unloosed his lips. "Paul Penwyn!" he said, in an inward voice. They took each other's hands, and moved away still grasping each other,—Mayne carrying his bag, but Penwyn without his umbrella, which had slipped his memory.

For several moments neither spoke. Meanwhile, a variety of expressions hovered over Penwyn's face: there was a certain awkwardness in all of them, but beneath all a kind of spiritual beauty shone out. Mayne's countenance wore a preoccupied look, and was as firm as marble, with a touch of sternness. But presently he turned, and, laying his left hand kindly on Penwyn's shoulder, said, in a hearty voice,—

"Come round to my room—I've got a room at the hotel—and smoke a cigar."

Penwyn waved his hand in assent. They took a hansom, which, ten minutes later, set them down at the hotel. They went up to Mayne's room: he brought out a bottle of whiskey and some cigars. The two sat down by a table in the window. They smoked, and exchanged some observations about the quality of tobacco and the difficulties of importation. Penwyn remarked that all the best cigars were sent to England. Mayne laughed and replied that none but Americans knew what a good cigar was. After a separation of twenty years, they seemed to find conversation difficult.

At last, Penwyn, earnestly scrutinizing the ash of his cigar, said, "You're alone?"

"Yes," replied the other, nodding his head slightly.

"American women didn't suit you?"

"Oh, they're very charming. But I've been too busy." He showed his hand, on a finger of which was an amethyst ring. "Do you remember this?"

"That I do!" returned Penwyn, a pink color flushing his pale cheeks.

"Meeting you again recalls all that. But sentiment, in fellows of our age, is three parts habit, and the rest—accident!"

"I don't know,—I don't know. No, I can't agree with you. And you don't believe it yourself."

"Well, I guess most of us believe more than is good for us. The day I gave this ring to Mildred Gordon—Mrs. Penwyn, I should say—I believed, a good deal more than I had warrant for, in the rose-color of life; and when, later on, she gave it back to me, I went as far in believing evil,—that neither man nor woman could be trusted, and all the rest of it. I was a fool both ways, though, to be sure, the incident changed the course of my life. But—three parts habit and the rest accident is the rule of life, after forty. Have some more whiskey?"

Mayne spoke in a low, swinging monotone, probably the result of his long transatlantic residence. He seemed more attractive in this thoughtful retrospective phase than in the brusque, authoritative mood of half an hour before. His features, at once refined and bold, were browned by warmer suns than England's: his flesh was thinned and hardened by a life of activity in a dry climate. His soft white hair enhanced the manly freshness of his vigorous face. His dress was a

well-made dark travelling-suit, with a Parisian nicety in the details of boots, sleeve-links, and scarf-pin.

"Twenty years is longer in passing than to look back upon," said Penwyn.

"It's rather the other way about with me."

"You've had little leisure, probably. I've had a bit more than I wanted."

"You have prospered, then? I knew they'd been pirating your books on the other side."

"Prosperity has had nothing to do with my leisure: it's an overstocked market."

"Not overstocked with work so good as yours, I guess! But what of old Gordon? Do you mean to say he has held out all this time?"

"Let Gordon be: he's gone, and I've nothing against him. How long do you remain in England?"

"Till I hand in my checks, probably. My brother Frank died last autumn."

"Frank, too? I live so little in the world, I hadn't heard of it. Then you succeed to the estate. Well, welcome back!"

"As to the estate, that won't amount to much, I imagine. But Millicent wrote me she was alone in the house, with old Pat Malvini, the steward."

"Millicent—is she——"

"She's my sister, though I haven't seen her since she was three years old. She has written to me regularly during my absence. I should judge she was a good girl, with a better head than Frank, poor fellow. She and I together ought to be able to make ends meet,—especially with the help of Signor Malvini."

"You say you haven't seen her yet?"

"I'm to dine at the house this evening. The fact is," added Mayne, laughing, "I've been a little shy about presenting myself. I might have seen her any time in the last four-and-twenty hours, but one feels hesitation about opening a closed door. By the way, why can't you and—Mrs. Penwyn come to the house in Park Row and dine with us? It's short notice, but——"

"Oh, man! you've not heard—you don't know?" interrupted Penwyn, in a strange voice.

The two men gazed at each other with startled eyes. Mayne was the first to recover himself. "What is it?" he asked, steadily.

"She left me five years ago," said Penwyn; and he cleared his throat.

"Left you? How's that? A separation?" returned the other, sharply.

"Silence!" cried out Penwyn, with a voice and gesture so commanding that the tall man felt rebuked. How the eyes glowed under the bushy brows! After a few quick breaths, he continued in a calmer voice, "My wife and I were true and dear to each other for seventeen years. She came from wealth to poverty to marry me, and against her father's will; but I can say, thank God, that she never regretted it,—ay, nor did I ever regret it for her sake. After all, Mayne," he added,

in a still gentler tone, "I was wrong to say she'd left me. When I am lonely, 'tis I that am to blame. When I am worthy, I feel her presence still; and I know her dear hands are always held out to me, and that we shall know each other when we meet."

"I ask your pardon for my mistake, Paul," said Mayne. "I, certainly, of all men, ought to have known better. But, to tell the truth, when I left England I had some hard thoughts of you; and perhaps some dregs of that feeling muddled my judgment. I ask your pardon," he repeated, holding out his hand.

"You have it, with all my heart," said Penwyn, striking his own into it. "I know you cared for her, Snowden; but——"

"It wasn't that; it wasn't only that. I thought—— But, bless my soul, who cares what a wrong-headed boy thought twenty years ago? No, it had never entered my mind to imagine that Mildred was dead: I saw her always as the girl I knew, full of health and beauty. And when you said she had left you, I suppose I took the word literally because I couldn't bear, for a moment, to believe the truth." He got up from his chair and paced across the room and back. "I'm a little dazed yet," he said. "I expected to see her again: I didn't realize till now how vividly I expected it. Well, well! Will you come and dine with me, then?"

"Not to-night,—not to-night, my dear boy," answered Penwyn, smiling, and balancing on his heels and toes, with his hat waving gently in his hand. "'Tis for you to call first on us, you know. I've a daughter nineteen years old and over, and I must present you to her in my own house."

"I'll come with pleasure. Where are you?"

"Out Putney way a bit: here's the address on this card. 'Tis a wee small place, but you'll always be welcome, and Miss Millicent too."

"I'll come, and bring Millicent with me. Don't go yet, old fellow,—just as we're beginning to find each other again! Well, then, you'll soon hear from me in person; and after that we won't lose sight of each other. Good-by!"

After Penwyn had gone, Mayne sat down in his chair and clasped his hands around his lifted knee. He said to himself that Penwyn was little changed in essentials,—an odd, reticent, unaccountable man, with queer enthusiasms and sensibilities, with lofty dreams which some deficiency prevented him from realizing, and with occasional lapses into perversity and absurdity. He was conscious of a hesitation in entering into familiar converse with him, because there was something in the man's nature that he had never understood or fathomed; and what Mayne could not understand he was prone to distrust. Moreover, he believed that he had had definite warrant for distrust of Penwyn, in the past. Still, he himself being honest and free-spoken, he wished to talk freely with the only man in England whom he had heartily cared for. And he now thought it possible that his old suspicions had been exaggerated or incorrect. Penwyn must really have loved his wife, after all; and to a man in love much can be forgiven.

He looked at his watch: it was nearly seven. At eight he was to dine with his sister. He put aside his preoccupation and began to dress.

CHAPTER II.

A SMALL house in Park Lane, not far from Upper Brooke Street, had a dark-green door, furnished with a brightly-polished brass knocker. A young gentleman of good address and appearance lifted this knocker, at five o'clock on the day we are speaking of, and played with it one of those light, rippling tattoos which are recognized in polite London as the proper signal of gentle callers.

The door was opened with the moderate promptitude that indicates preparation on the domestic's part to let callers come in. In fact, it was the hour at which the lady of the house was accustomed to receive her friends at five-o'clock tea. The young man entered as one familiar with the premises, and, holding his hat and cane in his left hand, mounted the stairs. The drawing-room door was on the right of the landing. He was shown in.

The room was of good size, though not lofty. The general effect of the hues of walls and furniture was subdued and pleasing. One noticed, moreover, that the chairs and lounges were broad-seated and comfortable and the tables were low and prettily draped. A few pictures decorated the walls, their tone melting into their environment. The only flowers in the room were half a dozen yellow jonquils, so disposed, each in a separate vase, as to lighten up and enliven the shadowy corners. A transparent twilight pervaded the place, and the roar of London was heard only as a doubtful murmur.

There was a fire in the fireplace,—a heap of red glowing Wallsend,—which was intended more to please the imagination than to increase the temperature; for the weather was scarcely cool enough to necessitate artificial heating. It also offered a meeting-place and refuge: a man standing on the rug in front of it felt morally supported, and emboldened to maintain his opinions, or to open his more private thoughts; while for women it was useful as a means of warranting graceful and engaging postures,—the curve of the arm holding a screen, the arched foot resting on the fender, the sway and bend of neck and waist, and the sparkle of a latent jewel here and there, not to mention the ruddy reflected glow on cheeks too pale, perhaps, from the season's dissipations. The heat of summer is suitable for the natural or elemental qualities and passions of humanity; but to good society a fire is almost indispensable. This may be the reason why in England, which is hardly ever too warm for live coals, society is in so advanced a stage of excellence.

At the moment of the caller's entrance there were two women in the room, seated one at each side of the fireplace. One was short, stout, and rosy; the other, rather tall, slender, pale-faced; a great quantity of crisp black hair was drawn back and gathered in a massive knot on the top of her head, giving her delicate neck the look of a fine Oriental pillar.

The young man came towards her with a free, strong step and bearing. "How d'you do, Millicent?" he said; and, nodding to the other lady, "How d'you do, Miss Plumtre?" Millicent gave him her hand, and a friendly smile, without rising, and he immediately seated

himself beside her. Evidently he was at home in this house. "May I pour you a cup of tea?" inquired Miss Plumptre. Yes, she might: lots of sugar. "Where have you been all this time, Tom?" asked Millicent.

"It is quite a while, isn't it?" said Tom. He took his tea from smiling Miss Plumptre, stirred it, and tasted it, having previously put his hat and stick on the floor beside him. "Well, I've been busy. No particular work, though."

"That contract, you mean?"

"And the other affair too, for that matter. The contract isn't really decided yet, one way or the other. I honestly believe my design is the best. It would make a good, roomy, handsome house, not just like all other houses, you know, and yet not fantastic. It's just such a house as I would like to live in, if I could live as I want to—and with whom I want to." He leaned a little towards her, and added, in an undertone, "I was thinking of her all the time I was making the design, and it inspired me."

Millicent listened to him with a soft but pleasant intentness in the glance of her large black eyes. There was a slight vibration, as it were, of the upper region of the cheeks, as if a smile were awaiting permission to come forth. Some women are so sensitively organized that emotions that produce no change in other faces have the effect of light and shadow upon theirs. Millicent's face seemed to be expression and nothing else. She was at times radiantly lovely, at other times positively plain. You could not catch the change in the making, nor could you fathom the manner of it. The impenetrability of matter could never have been justified from her. She was whatever she happened to be feeling or thinking about. Meanwhile, she was always exquisite in all that makes that perfected kind of woman that we have agreed to call a lady. Sometimes she was all transparent and sparkling, like crystal; sometimes a mist dimmed the surface. She was as wise as a serpent and as innocent as a dove.

Miss Plumptre, the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, was as discreet as she was cheerful. She was living with Millicent as a companion, and knew exactly what was required of her. She could easily have tyrannized over Millicent if she had wanted to, for the latter was meekness itself so far as her own personal rights and privileges were concerned. But Miss Plumptre loved Millicent with the healthy vehemence of her healthy nature, and would sometimes even lie awake for several minutes after going to bed thinking what she could do to please her. She knew that Tom Gordon was on terms of confidential friendship with the young lady, and therefore, when Tom dropped his voice, she began to hunt for something in her work-basket, and, not finding it,—as how could she, seeing that it was a pretext to retire?—she rose with an inarticulate murmur and left the room. So now the conversation could proceed freely.

"I don't see that you have much reason to complain," remarked Millicent. "Your design has as good a chance of being accepted as any; and as for Rosalind, if she loves you, it will all come out right in the end."

"I don't know whether she loves me or not," returned Tom, gloomily. "She may think she does; but how can she or I know? It's certain she loves her father, and is under his influence; and he influences her against me."

"What sets Mr. Penwyn against you? He is a poet and a novelist, isn't he? and ought to favor lovers."

"He takes out his romance in his imagination, I fancy. Practically, he has other views. I suppose the reason he opposes me is that I'm poor. But I should be rich enough if I only had Rosalind."

"There can be no doubt about your loving!" said Millicent, with a smile.

"I mean, the having her would make me able to do anything. But if I'm not to have her, what is the use of making a fortune? I don't want it for myself."

"No, Tom, that is not the right spirit," said Millicent, a faint tinge of color coming into her face. "The perfect lover, as I imagine him, can never believe that he will be defeated. He is sure of his own love, to begin with; and that is the chief thing, after all."

"The chief thing is to be sure of her love, I should say."

Millicent shook her head. "To love truly is better than to be loved. To give is more blessed than to receive. If I were a man, and loved a woman, I would almost fear to be loved by her. My glory would be in giving all to her and asking no return. Love is a divine thing, and that is what makes it so. And if she could not love me, still my love would not be lost. I should have enjoyed the most sacred privilege that God can give to a human being. It is a little thing if my selfish wishes are not gratified; and if they are, a few years will see the end of it. But love gives height and power to the soul that has felt it; and the man or woman who has loved in this world has gained the strength to know and love God himself in the other world. We are created and placed together here to learn that."

She spoke with passion and simplicity. Such words have their effect, even upon those who do not fully comprehend them. Tom, who was an honest and manly young fellow, held down his head and realized that there were heights which he, lover though he was, had never reached. How had Millicent attained them? Perhaps, he thought, if she were actually to fall in love with some fellow, instead of contemplating the abstraction, she would think differently. "I shouldn't love Rosalind any less, you know, if she loved me," he said, after a while; "and then I should have something to work for."

"You must work to give her something to love," replied Millicent. "How could you be satisfied if she loved only you,—only Tom Gordon? You are a very good boy, Tom, as I know, for I have known you ever since we were children. But that only means that you are capable of good things. You hold her to be the loveliest and best woman in the world; you ought not to wish such a woman to love a man who has not proved himself worthy of such love as hers. You must do all the good and great things that are in you to do, and ask her love, not for yourself, but for them. Then you will not feel ashamed to be loved by her. Make yourself the best architect of your time, since that is your

profession ; and make yourself so, not to buy her, but to deserve her. Mr. Penwyn is quite right, it seems to me, to keep you off until you have proved your value. It isn't probable that he has any other reason."

"But there are so many other fellows, some of them with lots of money. I can't get rich and famous in a minute ; and while I was at work, she might——" He stopped.

"Well, if she did, Tom, then she was never the woman for you," said Millicent.

"I wish you knew her !" he exclaimed. "You couldn't help loving her, yourself ; and you might help things along immensely. Can't it be managed ? Mr. Penwyn used to know your brother Snowden, you know."

"I should be glad to know her, if it would help you," she answered ; but suddenly all the light went out of her face. There was no apparent reason for it. She looked tired, sad, almost homely. Tom, looking in the fire, with his hands clasped behind his head, did not notice her.

"By the way, Tom," she said, presently, "my brother Snowden has come back from America, and has telegraphed me that he will dine here this evening."

"Hullo ! that's news. What sort of a fellow is he ?"

"I have never seen him, that I remember. He went away when I was a baby. But Malvini always speaks of him admiringly. I fancy, though, that his admiration is partly due to Frank's having been extravagant. He thinks Snowden is all that Frank was not, and that he will rehabilitate the estate. Perhaps he will."

"I suppose he has made a fortune in America. They all do."

"I know nothing about that. He and I have kept up a correspondence, but he has written me very little about his affairs. He may have made a fortune and lost it again, for all I can tell."

"I say, he may be useful in getting you and the Penwyns together," exclaimed Tom. "It would be natural for him to look up his old friend, you know."

"They had a misunderstanding, I believe, just before he went away. Indeed, that is supposed to have been the cause of his going."

"What was it ? I never heard of it."

Millicent proceeded to tell him what she knew of the matter ; but, as it is desirable to go a little more into detail than she could do, we will take the narrative out of her mouth and expand it to suit the occasion.

CHAPTER III.

SNOWDEN MAYNE had made his appearance in the world under what would be considered a lucky star. His father was a younger son of Lord Berksmere ; but, by the favor of an obscure but wealthy relative, he inherited, on coming of age, a portion larger than that of the heir to the title himself.

He spent half of it before he was twenty-five years old ; then he married the daughter of a Scotch earl, with ten thousand pounds. She was a fine woman in every sense of the word, and managed her foolish

husband so well that he became meek and respectable and even lived within his income. Two sons were the issue of this marriage,—Frank and Snowden. Frank, the elder, was a parody of his father; Snowden was his mother's child, but with enough of the Mayne blood in him to make him good-natured and lively. Family affairs proceeded peacefully and monotonously for fifteen years, when Lady Catherine Mayne died. Her husband remained a widower for six years, and then suddenly and preposterously married a very pretty and vivacious French actress, who was rather more than a quarter of a century his junior.

Society was greatly entertained at this match, but the culprit's own family and relatives were by no means gratified. The little actress, however, behaved charmingly, and made her husband happier than he had ever been before. They lived chiefly in Paris and Italy, and the *ménage*, contrary to expectation, was not an extravagant one. While at Nice, Mrs. Mayne gave birth to a daughter, who was named Millicent. The mother got a fever, and died six months later. Poor old Mayne returned to England with his baby, and remained there the rest of his days, a heart-broken recluse. He was wont to say, "I owe everything to Marie: her death broke my heart; but for that, I should never have known I had one."

Meanwhile, Frank and Snowden were at the university. Neither of them was remarkable for scholarship; but Frank gave famous wine-parties, and Snowden achieved distinction as a cricketer. It was here that the latter made friends with Paul Penwyn, who found few other friends among the undergraduates. Penwyn was generally admitted to be a genius; he was a poet, an eloquent debater, and a leading scholar. He was described by some apothegm-maker as a compound of Shelley and Godwin, with a dash of John Knox thrown in. He had, at any rate, a quick temper, a sharp tongue, and exaggerated sensitiveness. Snowden believed that he also had a warm heart; and although he and his friend were far apart in outward ways, they got on together beautifully. Penwyn was the son of a Cornishman and a Scotch lady. He had barely money enough to defray his very economical college expenses. He intended to make a fortune in literature. He had planned out a great poem, which was to be a corner-stone of literary history. Snowden cared little for literature, but believed in Penwyn's future, and liked to hear him talk about it. He himself looked forward with pleasure to the fight of life, and longed to measure himself against his peers. He was free from unmanageable ambition; but whatever he resolved to do, he would do well.

The first serious thing that either he or Penwyn did, however, was to fall in love; and, as luck would have it, they fell in love with the same girl. They had left the university by this time, and, though both living in London, circumstances prevented their seeing much of each other; and neither was aware of the other's passion. Penwyn was by nature reticent, almost secretive; Snowden Mayne would have considered it bad form to prate about his heart-affairs. The girl was the daughter of Sir Alexander Gordon, a Scotch banker, knighted by William IV. Sir Alexander favored the suit of Snowden; Mildred Gordon herself was non-committal. Snowden was very ardent: at

last he persuaded her to consent to a betrothal, but she stipulated that it should be kept private for a time. Her lover gave her an amethyst ring, which she accepted, but, on one pretext or another, never wore it.

During the ensuing week a series of events happened, but Snowden never discovered exactly what they were. He called twice at Penwyn's rooms intending to make him privately acquainted with his happiness, but did not find him at home. Later, on presenting himself as usual at Sir Alexander's, he was told that Miss Mildred was confined to her room by a headache; but she sent down a note containing the odd request that he would meet her the next afternoon beneath the great tree in Kensington Gardens. He met her accordingly: she gave him back his ring, and told him that she could never marry him. He demanded the reason: after some hesitation, she bade him call at the house the next day, and all would be explained.

He parted from her on these terms, striving to veil his mortification and concern beneath a show of proud indifference. Next morning he went to his mistress's house, and found Sir Alexander in what is called a state of mind. Mildred had eloped with Paul Penwyn, whom her father denounced as a villain and a fortune-hunter, asserting that he had beguiled Mildred for the sake of a large sum of money which was supposed to be inalienably settled upon her.

This was a shock to Snowden. He could have forgiven his friend for carrying off the woman he himself loved, especially as she had terminated the engagement the day previous; but that Penwyn should have acted from a base mercenary motive he was loath to believe. Sir Alexander, however, would listen to no suggestions. "I tell you, sir," he cried out, "the fellow is a knavish fortune-hunter. But he made a mistake, Mr. Mayne: he'll find himself outwitted. That sum of money he was so sure of he will never have,—no, not a farthing of it. It is entirely at my disposal, and not a penny of it should they ever have, if they lay starving on my door-step! I'll show them what comes of defying me!"

This vulgar invective disgusted Snowden. "You must have known," he said, "that Penwyn was interested in your daughter. Why didn't you tell me of it? I wasn't even aware that he was acquainted with her."

Sir Alexander denied having entertained the remotest suspicions. "I regarded the fellow," he said, "simply as a hack,—a penny-a-liner,—a creature to work for wages and to mind his own business. I engaged him, at ten shillings a day, to look up certain genealogical matters for me; and Mildred helped him with information and suggestions. I should as soon have thought of there being anything between them, sir, as I would think it of my footman. But I'll give them a lesson!"

"I know nothing about your footman, Sir Alexander," said Snowden, coldly, "but I know that Penwyn comes of one of the oldest and best stocks in England, and is himself a man of intellect and genius. We have not yet heard his side of this story. I shall withhold my judgment until then."

This reply irritated the knight, and perhaps it hardly represented the actual sentiment of Snowden. In the sequel, no explanation came

from Penwyn, who took his wife to a town in Cornwall and never made any application for her dowry. On the other hand, Signor Patrick Malvini, the steward of the Mayne family, who characteristically made the quarrel his own, instituted some investigations as to the settlement of the dowry, and reported that twenty thousand pounds had really been settled upon Mildred, and in such a way that Penwyn might easily suppose that she must in any event remain absolute mistress of it. This certainly lent color to Sir Alexander's assertion that Penwyn had married the girl for her money. Snowden could have resigned himself, perhaps, to being betrayed in a love-affair by his dearest friend; but that he should have been betrayed for a sordid motive galled him. He had lost his friend and his mistress at one blow. He could forgive her more easily than him; for in allowing herself to be betrothed to him she had acted under strong pressure from her father, and she had refused to permit Snowden those freedoms which are supposed to be a lover's right. But what excuse had Penwyn?

There are several ways in which a gentleman may manifest his resentment against a wrong done him. Snowden had them all under consideration, and decided to behave in the most high-minded manner he could. So he wrote a grave and courteous but not cordial letter to Penwyn, wishing happiness to him and his wife, expressing his regret that they had thought it inexpedient to admit him to fuller confidence of their design, and adding that this letter was in lieu of a personal leave-taking, he being on the point of embarking for America.

This done, he arranged with his father to pay him his patrimony, amounting to about eight thousand pounds (he was powerfully assisted in this negotiation by Malvini, who was his devoted adherent), bought a letter of credit on New York, took his passage on a Cunarder, steamed down the Mersey, and did not see his native land again for the better part of a generation.

His half-sister Millicent was, at this time, only a baby, and Snowden, who had conceived a prejudice against her on her mother's account, felt but little fraternal regret at parting from her. There was no danger that she would not be well taken care of: though she was motherless, her father was wholly absorbed in her, and he surrounded her with such substitutes for maternal care as his love and ingenuity could design. As a matter of fact, her life turned out to be somewhat peculiar. Her father died before the child was eight years old, and Frank, on coming to his inheritance, had her removed to the country-seat of the family, where she completed her education under the direct guardianship of Signor Malvini, who was supposed to be able to turn his hand to anything, and who certainly developed a genius for rearing little girls. Millicent grew up to be an accomplished and charming young lady. When, after several years, Mr. Frank's pecuniary excesses rendered necessary the sale of the country-seat, and she was removed to the house in Park Lane, she proved herself fully adequate to the duties of her new position. She and Frank became for the first time acquainted, and Millicent made a complete conquest of him. During the latter years of his not useful life he could do nothing without her, except lose money. When, at length, he departed this life, Millicent, who had

written a letter to Snowden four times each year, ever since she was able to write at all, sent an appeal to him—strongly seconded by Malvini—to return to England and maintain the family name and fortunes. As he was unmarried, he could have sunk no roots into the foreign soil that it would be impossible to break. The letter, perhaps, reached the exile in an auspicious moment. The interests that had absorbed him during his sojourn in America had lost their zest; he had felt the need of some change; and this was a change that he fancied would suit him. He wound up his affairs, and set out homewards with happy anticipations.

But when he found himself actually in London he began to entertain misgivings. It was a very different place from New York or San Francisco, and he was of an age that does not accept differences easily. He had never, in his heart, regarded America as his final home; but now it seemed as if England also had lost its homelikeness for him. Most of all he feared to meet Millicent, because she was nearest of kin to him in the world, and, should it happen that they did not take a fancy to each other, the prospect was a gloomy one; and more than once, while he was dressing in his hotel-room for the dinner that awaited him in his own house, he was seized with an impulse to run incontinently away and hide himself in the centre of Africa, or some yet more remote retreat. But he was a man of resolute purpose, and he overcame these vagaries of volition. As the clock struck eight, he knocked at the door of the little house on Park Lane.

CHAPTER IV.

As Snowden Mayne turned into Park Lane out of Piccadilly, looking out of the hansom windows, he began to think that London was not changed, after all. It was, on the contrary, terribly the same; and the change was in himself. The very familiarity of the view made him homesick. The Duke of Wellington, black and rigid as ever on the top of his arch, dimly visible by the light of the street-lamps, looked awfully familiar. He recognized each successive house on the Lane, as they went by: it seemed to him that he was a young fellow again, a man-about-town, yet old, and a stranger. As his own house was approached, he leaned back in the hansom and shut his eyes. Was it yesterday that he had emerged from that portal, with the purpose never to enter it again? and was the intervening time a dream? He pulled himself together, jumped out, gave the driver a half-crown, and ran up the steps. The same door; the same well-known brass knocker. He recollected the tattoo he had been used to beat with it—how long ago! He paused a moment before repeating it now. It was to be the signal of his entering into a new old world,—an old new life. The knocker fell: the door was opened.

The footman was unknown to Snowden: of course the former old retainer must have died years ago. There came upon Snowden a fresh conviction of loneliness, and a forlorn hesitation what to do or say.

Where were his mother, his father, his brother? Was not he himself a ghost, or an impostor? Was there such a person as Millicent?

"Is Miss Mayne at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am Mr. Mayne."

"Yes, sir. Will you walk in, sir?"

"I suppose so," said Snowden, with a queer smile. He stepped across the threshold, and the door of the house closed behind him. He was ushered into the drawing-room, and noticed at once certain changes in its arrangement and decoration, which were for the better, but which still further depressed him. The master of the house stood on his hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, and his hands behind him. He was alone, and all was still.

The footman, who had gone out, reappeared. "If you please, Mr. Mayne, Miss Mayne will be down directly."

"Very well," said he, taking a long breath, and putting his hand nervously to his gray moustache. Miss Mayne!—a little toddling child, with black eyes, and a dark jumble of hair: that was the picture in his mind. And then, in a moment, he had a vision of a blue-eyed, brown-haired, noble-looking young woman, who was Mildred Gordon; and of an odd-looking, sallow young man, with wiry brown hair, a clean-shaven face, and very brilliant deep-set eyes,—Paul Penwyn. Living and dead were ghosts alike.

The next moment the portière was again pushed aside, and there was the rustle of silken skirts. Snowden looked quickly up, and saw the agreeable figure of a lady in black, young, refined, with a clear, pale countenance, full of sincerity and gentle good-will. As they stepped forward to meet each other, he gazed intently at her, in quest, perhaps, of that little toddling child. As his hand met hers, she said, "Welcome home, Snowden!" in a voice like the speaking of her eyes.

"Thank you, Millicent,—if this is really you," he answered; and, with a sudden reddening of his face, he bent and kissed her. She blushed too, and smiled. Both felt at once that all was safe, and that they were friends.

"This is Miss Plumptre, who lives with me, you know," said Millicent, turning with her hand still in his to present that cheerful young lady. Miss Plumptre, an hour before, had intimated her willingness to keep out of the way this first evening, in order not to interfere with the raptures of the reunion. But Millicent had had the tact to perceive that Miss Plumptre would relieve, instead of creating, any embarrassment: she would serve as a common ground on which herself and Snowden could get acquainted. Snowden shook hands with Miss Plumptre, and liked her, because he had already liked Millicent, and was in a mood of reaction from depression. Everything now looked bright and easy. As for Miss Plumptre, she cast one modest glance at the handsome white-haired man, and then dropped her eyes. But she told herself that she had never before seen a man so noble and splendid. Indeed, he was looking well in his evening dress. They went gayly into the dining-room.

"I didn't keep you waiting, did I?" said Snowden.

"I have waited for you all my life," answered Millicent, with one of her brief but genuine smiles. "But you were punctual enough."

"Are you really little Millicent?" said Snowden, half to himself.

"Does it seem so strange?"

"It seems strange that it should seem so natural."

"You are not like Frank. I think I should almost have known you. You are like the picture of your mother, only——"

"Yes, I'm rather mother's boy. I feel like a boy, to-night, with a house and a sister ready-made. There is nothing like this in America!" He laughed. He realized how empty his heart had been. Here was a delightful, graceful, high-bred girl, his sister! She liked him; she had thought about him, speculated about him, and now that she had had the opportunity to compare the reality with the speculation, she was certainly not disappointed in him. Snowden had never been a self-depreciator; but he felt raised in his own esteem by the esteem of this lady, and would be careful to deserve it. He felt happy and hopeful. What fine, soothing manners she had! He was pleased with Miss Plumptre, because her presence enabled him, under cover of conversing with her, to study Millicent. Miss Plumptre was thirty, fresh-looking, infinitely obliging, and very well informed on all orthodox subjects.

"Pray, Mr. Mayne, do they have beef in America?"

"What they call beef,—bear-steaks and buffalo-hump from the Rocky Mountains, and the flesh of the manatee, or sea-cow, from the West Indies."

"Fancy! You must be glad to get home, Mr. Mayne."

"I am! Nothing like English beef, Miss Plumptre."

"And mutton, should we not say, Mr. Mayne?"

"Still, America has agreed with you, Snowden?" said Millicent.

"Pretty well, Millicent; but there's no Park Lane there." They looked at each other with secret cordiality. Had they not improvised that question and answer for the express purpose of calling each other by their Christian names?

The conversation turned chiefly on the peculiarities of the American people and civilization, concerning which Miss Plumptre manifested more curiosity than approval. By the time the cheese was on the table, Snowden was of opinion that if Frank had left little money behind him he had at any rate left something more desirable,—something tender, winning, and lovable,—the daughter of a French actress, in fact, and one of the finest ladies in England. She was not exactly handsome, but there was that in her sensitive face that made the beauty of mere flesh and blood seem impertinent. It was not quite the face of a young girl with all her experiences to come, still less of a mature woman familiar with the world's poor secrets, but of a creature all whose sensibilities were alive, and who saw in all things beauty, joy, or sadness. Has she ever known love? Snowden asked himself that question, as he tossed a lock of white hair back from his forehead and looked at her from under his long dark brows. The thought made him grave: there were germs of tragedy in her eyes and round the corners of her mouth. What lover could be so honest and strong as the ideal she might imagine

him to be? Snowden reviewed the best men he had known, and shook his head.

"Shall we leave you to your wine?" asked Millicent, at length.

"By no means!" exclaimed Snowden. "That is one point, at least, in which the Americans are ahead of the English. We don't sit and drink after dinner. We do smoke a little sometimes."

"Oh, I have smoked a cigarette myself, once," said Millicent, joyfully, taking away her brother's breath, but relieving him of his last lingering apprehension. Millicent did not mind smoke! Had she merely said she did not mind it, he would have taken it as a concession on the female part to the male weakness, and have felt uneasy and selfish whenever he lighted a cigar in the house. But, since she had herself passed her first initiation, there could be no misgivings. "Then I may smoke in the drawing-room?" he said.

"I have got a box of cigars for you in there," replied Millicent, with a little laugh. "I haven't tried them myself, but I believe you'll find them pretty good. They are Garcia Perfectos, Maduro."

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Snowden: "that's my own brand!"

Millicent sent a secret glance of archness at Miss Plumptre, whose broad cheeks flushed with the consciousness of guilty connivance. The truth was that Millicent, when it was certain that her brother would come home, had taken counsel with herself, and caused Miss Plumptre to go out and buy her a packet of cigarettes. One of these, after invoking the protection of her guardian angel, she had deliberately lighted and smoked, and Miss Plumptre had done the same. The results had not been physically gratifying, but she was at peace in her mind and conscience. She had taken it for granted that her brother would be a smoker,—indeed, she had perceived the aroma of tobacco-smoke in several of his letters,—and she was determined that he should feel no compunctions about indulging his habit in his own house. She could now truthfully tell him that she was a smoker herself; and in order to complete her education she took occasion to sound Tom Gordon as to the esoteric science of cigars, the comparative merit of the various kinds, and the meaning of the mystic words and markings that appear on the boxes. Tom proved an efficient instructor, and never was allowed to suspect the cause of his pupil's curiosity. And thus did Millicent equip herself for the campaign which was brought to so successful a termination in the first engagement.

Snowden, on the other hand, settled himself in an easy-chair by the fireside with a feeling of imperturbable tranquillity. When looking forward to his life in London, he had tempered his apprehensions about the anticipated restrictions of home life by projects regarding clubs, stag-parties, and shooting-expeditions. All these designs were now abjured, at once and forever. His sister was all the company he wanted, and it should not be his fault if he did not monopolize it. His club was his own house. He had lived among men for twenty years; now he would cultivate the society of woman, and the woman should be Millicent.

"I ran across a former friend of mine to-day," he said,—“Paul Penwyn. Did you ever meet him?”

"No, but I know about him. I am glad you have seen him. I want to know his daughter, Rosalind."

"We can go and call on them. You must make me out a list of your visiting acquaintances. Are there many of them?"

"No, not many. The Cavendishes, the Primroses, old Mrs. Hyde, the Gordons, the Misses Marigold——"

"Do you mean the Alexander Gordons?"

"No; cousins of theirs. Tom Gordon is quite a friend of mine: he is an architect, and has great talent. It is through him I heard of Rosalind Penwyn."

"How so?"

"He is an acquaintance of theirs: I suppose it came about through Tom's relationship to Mrs. Penwyn." She said nothing about the love-affair. That was a confidence between Tom and herself.

"I must see this young Mr. Gordon who is a friend of yours," returned Snowden, laughing. "I am jealous of my sister, you must know. When do you expect him here next?"

"I don't know," said Millicent, leaning back in her chair and blushing. "He comes in to tea occasionally."

"If you please, Mr. Mayne," said the footman at the door, "Mr. Malvini desires to know would it be convenient to allow him to pay his respects to you, sir?"

"Eh?—Oh, certainly, yes. Ask him to come in," replied Snowden, shaking back his hair from his forehead, and getting up.

In a moment Signor Patrick Malvini appeared, and made his salute.

CHAPTER V.

SIGNOR PATRICK MALVINI was a singular personage. He was the son of an Italian political refugee and an Irish girl, and his character showed a mingling of Celtic fire and humor with Latin finesse and foresight. He was of unknown age: Snowden's earliest recollection of him was as a man long past middle life; but he looked scarcely older now. He was of an emaciated figure, but upright and of good stature: he wore a dark wig, and, on the present occasion, an immaculate dress-coat, and in the centre of his shirt-front a single opal,—an heirloom from his Italian ancestry. There were no glasses on his eyes, which were small, dark, and sparkling; his manners were courtly and elaborate, and yet there was something about him that inspired fellow-feeling and cordiality. A joke of some sort seemed to lurk in the depths of his outwardly starched and unimpeachable being. It was never promulgated, but it was all the more surely there. It betrayed itself by a twinkle, an intonation, an unconscious gesture. Without it, Signor Malvini would have been, like his father before him, an Italian patriot of the Mazzini school,—one of the most admirable and detestable of mankind. With it, he was a juicy and fascinating ambiguity, and the steward of an English gentleman.

The way of his assumption of the latter rôle was as follows. After

the elder Malvini had married his Irish wife and begotten a son Patrick, he came to London to confer with some of his fellow-refugees who were in session there, and while there became acquainted with Snowden's grandfather, who had met the young Garibaldi in Italy and was friendly to the cause. Malvini was finally selected to assassinate somebody or raise a standard somewhere,—to do some sublime and holy act, at all events,—and Mayne was understood to have furnished him with some funds. The man went, failed, and was imprisoned, as is the lot of apostles; and in prison he died, whether by the act of God, of himself, or of his enemies was never known. His widow and son were left unprovided for. Mayne had them brought on from Ireland and established at his country-seat: the wife he installed as housekeeper there, and the son he sent to a good school. The boy was apt, and became quite a scholar. His protector offered to get him some business position in the city, but Patrick informed him very gravely that he intended to consecrate his life and talents to the service of the Mayne family. And so he did. When his mother died, he undertook the management of the house and estate, having already improved ample opportunities for becoming familiar with the scope and detail of that business. He showed so much efficiency and sagacity that, by degrees, all these affairs were left to his care; and thus for many years he had lived and faithfully labored. His position in the family somewhat resembled that of a confidential lawyer: except that he did not dine at the family table,—and this exception was of his own making,—he was the trusty friend and counsellor of all its members. On his side, he exalted the family, in his own imagination, to the highest pinnacle of mortal worth and renown. None were fit to compare with them: they were the flower of the human race. Their enemies had no virtues, their supporters no faults. In this manner did Malvini justify to himself his quixotic and anachronistic devotion; for his estimate of himself was far from being a humble one, and those whom he served must needs be proportionately magnified.

"Mr. Snowden Mayne, I am honored in rendering you my most respectful homage," said Signor Patrick, as he bowed profoundly. "This is a joyful day for me and for the family. The clouds that lowered o'er our house have passed away, and the morning of a new prosperity has dawned upon us."

This speech smelled somewhat of the lamp, but was evidently none the less straight from the heart. Snowden took the old man's hand and shook it vigorously.

"Upon my word, I'm glad to see you, Malvini!" he exclaimed. "I was just saying that I felt younger since getting home; but I shall never find the Fountain of Youth that you drink at. And yet it seems a long time since our last meeting! Do you remember the day we went down to Greenwich Fair together, and I knocked down the thimble-rigger?"

"Ah, Mr. Snowden!—and I make no doubt that was not the last time you conquered fortune. You have the genius of success."

"Hum! Well, there may be more kinds of success than one. However, I don't complain. Sit down, and have a cigar. My sister and I were talking of the Penwyns. It seems he has a pretty daughter.

I think of calling on them. I met him at the railway-station this afternoon. He is not in affluent circumstances, I'm afraid."

"I surmise not," said Malvini, rather grimly. "We do sometimes observe the workings of a righteous Providence, Mr. Snowden. The man who abandons honor and betrays friendship for gold may live to see gold and friendship abandon him."

"I think you do Mr. Penwyn injustice, Patrick," said Millicent.

"All men are not like some young ladies," returned he, with a bow. "Miss Mayne lends from her own capital of magnanimity."

"All men are human, at any rate, Malvini," observed Snowden, "and I'm bound to say, after twenty years' consideration, that I think we construed Penwyn too harshly. He loved her, and she loved him: he knew her father would be obstinate, so he did the only thing he could do,—he ran away with her. As to the dowry question, he didn't get it, and we can't be sure that he expected to get it, or that he would have accepted it if he had. They never asked Sir Alexander for anything, that I heard of."

"The past is past," said Malvini, oracularly, "and so far charity is expedient. But I make bold to hope, Mr. Snowden, that you will let your forgiveness stop there. Don't take the man into favor again. He has played you false once, and he will again. Keep him at arms' length," he went on, with an illustrative gesture. "Mark my word, sir, we will make you regret it if you don't!"

"Patrick, you are absurd!" put in Millicent, turning a disapproving look at him. "I believe Mr. Penwyn is a good man, and I mean to know him. He certainly can do us no harm, and we may be able to be of some use to him."

"It won't be his fault if you're not, darlin'," returned Patrick, with a touch of the brogue that he occasionally permitted himself in informal moments. "But go your ways: old Malvini will be keeping watch over ye; and woe to them that tries to do ye wrong!"

So saying, the old personage took snuff and relapsed into silence, with the placid composure of one who is always in the right, no matter what the rest of the world may be. His manner of producing his snuff-box from his pocket and taking a pinch from time to time had a grand air the secret of which is lost to this generation. In a measure, it supplied the place of conversation: by his action in applying the fragrant dust he could express assent, curiosity, deprecation, disapproval, or amusement. His eyes wandered slowly round the room, but kept returning to Snowden, as a proud skipper might watch a vessel the tiller of which he holds.

"Did you say this young Tom Gordon is an architect, Millicent?" inquired Snowden. "What houses has he built?"

"He began only a year or so ago," she said, "and he has had no important commissions yet. When he gets one, he will make a reputation at once; at least, I think so. He has some new ideas about English domestic architecture: I must get him to explain them to you."

"That sounds well; and I have always had an idea of the kind of house I would build, if I ever got out of business and wanted to be snug and easy. I never cared for a palace, nor for a cottage either,

exactly: perhaps Mr. Gordon and I may work out something between us. We ought to have a place out of town, Millicent; and it needn't be very far out, either."

"That would be nice,—and to give Tom his first order!" She spoke scarcely above her breath, but accompanied the words by a glance which Snowden thought was the loveliest he had ever seen proceed from a woman's eyes. Miss Plumptre said, "Do they have regular houses in America, Mr. Mayne?"

"The wigwam is less common now than it was some years ago," he replied. "The White House, at Washington, where the President lives, and the State-House in Boston, are both built of brick, I believe. But the wigwam is still the most picturesque and characteristic structure in the States."

"How strange those wild countries must be!" murmured the young lady, with a sigh. She knew every date in English history, and could have drawn off-hand an accurate map of England, with all the counties and principal towns in their proper places.

The evening wore along in calm contentment. Tea was brought in and handed about. Snowden extended himself luxuriously in his chair and blessed his happy stars. There was some intermittent talk with Malvini regarding the condition of the estate. The hands of the clock approached twelve, and Millicent rose to bid good-night. This time her brother threw his arm round her shoulders, and kissed her on the lips, instead of on the cheek, as before. Miss Plumptre courtesied and beamed, and the ladies went out.

"Oh, Miss Millicent, how splendid he is!" she whispered, as they went up-stairs together. "There never was such a man!"

"He is just what I wanted him to be," said the other.

"I guess she's about perfect, Malvini," remarked Snowden, as the two stood together on the hearth-rug.

"I have done my best," said the descendant of Italian princes and Irish kings, modestly.

So the day ended in profound peace and good-will; and no one suspected how much perplexity and travail were to begin on the morrow.

CHAPTER VI.

NOT far from Walham Green, on the road to Putney, stood a small square house in its own grounds. Its walls were covered with plaster, painted light buff: there was a porch in front, supported by two Doric plaster columns, and twined over by ivy and honeysuckle. On the right of the house was a conservatory, about ten feet square, in which a grape-vine struggled to bring forth good fruit. The rectangle of ground appertaining to the house was half an acre in extent: the house occupied the middle of it: in front was a green lawn, bordered by half a dozen standard rose-bushes: in the corresponding space at the back was a liliputian kitchen-garden; and on Mondays, clothes were hung out to dry there. The entire estate was surrounded by a high brick wall, with a gate in the left-hand corner in front.

Some tall bushes, growing close to the house, and two or three trees, whose shadows fell about it, helped to give it a pleasant aspect. Boxes of bright-hued flowers filled the sides of the front windows. Entering the front door, you found yourself in a hall of good width, running through to the back. A door on the left opened into the sitting-room; a corresponding door on the right gave access to a study. The wood-work of the study was painted a soft robin's-egg green, and the walls were covered with paper of corresponding hue, relieved by gold lines. A bookcase of black oak stood on one side of the open fireplace; on the other was a sort of cupboard of the same material, supported on spiral twisted legs. There were hanging book-shelves on the adjoining side of the room, filled with books in bindings of mellow colors. Opposite the fireplace was a broad window, and in the window a large writing-table, mounted with faded green baize, and littered with manuscripts and writing-paraphernalia, drifting over at one end into the maw of a capacious waste-paper-basket. The pictures that embellished the room were chiefly engravings and etchings, and a few photographs of persons.

Two people were seated at the table,—an elderly man and a young woman. The latter held a manuscript in her hand, from which she was reading aloud slowly in a monotonous tone; the man had a quantity of proof-sheets, upon which he now and then made corrections with a pencil as the girl read. It was morning, and the sunshine slanted through the window.

"That's all," said the girl, at length, laying down the manuscript.

"Thank you, dearest," returned the man, folding up the proofs and securing them with an elastic band. "The next batch will bring us to the end of the book. How does it seem to you to go?"

"I think you have done nothing so good. Oh, father, I do hope this will be a success,—a popular success, I mean, that will bring us lots and lots of money!"

"I've written it, so far as I could, with that purpose in view; and I've felt carried along more than in some of the others. Sooner or later, you know, Rosalind, success is bound to come."

"It certainly hasn't come sooner: so it ought to come now. It is so tiresome to be poor! It's a pure waste of life! And we should know so well what to do with money, if we only had it! I should like to have a million!"

Rosalind clasped her hands in her lap as she uttered this aspiration, and gazed into vacancy. Thick brown hair, very fine and silky, fell down on her shoulders and set off the margins of her smooth pure cheeks. Her brow was unusually broad, with a wide space between the eyes, which were full and powerful and of a changing hazel hue. The face was more youthful than the figure, which was finely and generously developed, showing both strength and grace. Altogether she was a most beautiful creature. There was capacity for passion in the moulding of her lips, and the refined modelling of her nose and chin showed an exquisite æsthetic sense. Should circumstances enable these two qualities to act together, the result could not fail to be a rare happiness; if they should be opposed, it might be calamitous,—for there was

fickleness in her hazel eyes, and with the passion there was also impulsiveness.

"No author ever made a million yet,—by writing, at least," said her father, with a smile. "Lord Beaconsfield got a check for ten thousand sterling for 'Endymion,' but then he was Prime Minister. We could be quite comfortable on a thousand a year; and if I once made a success, we could count on at least as much as that."

"We want more than a thousand a year," replied Rosalind, beating a tattoo against her lower lip with the tips of her flexible white fingers. "We ought to have a beautiful house, with all kinds of beautiful things in it; servants,—I must have a maid just for myself, to do everything for me; horses to ride and carriages to drive, and a great big park to play tennis and amuse ourselves in,—all our own; and dogs,—a setter, and a mastiff, and a blood-hound, the best of their kind. Then we would have a yacht, and in winter, when it is disagreeable in England, we would sail to the Mediterranean, and land at Algiers, and Alexandria, and Smyrna, and the islands of the *Ægean* Sea. Sometimes, perhaps, we would go through the Suez Canal, and sail in the South Pacific."

"There is no reason why you should not be rich enough to do all that, and more too, if you choose," said her father, leaning his forehead on his hand.

"If I choose! I do choose!"

"There are plenty of men, good fellows, rich enough to give you everything you want. If you were to marry one of them you'd have it all."

Her face, which had kindled up, darkened and fell.

"Very likely I shall never marry at all," she said; "but, if I did, there is only one man I would marry, and he is as poor as we are, almost."

"But, my dearest, there are a great many men you have not seen. There may be one as good or better than Tom Gordon, and rich as well."

"He might be as good or better, but if he were not just Tom himself I could not marry him. You know that, father."

"Until you've seen other men, how can you be sure that you can love only this one?"

"Oh, perhaps I might have loved some one else if I had never seen Tom,—or even if I'd only seen him afterwards. But I saw Tom first, and I love him, and that settles it. To change from one love to another is very different from loving in the first place."

"But can't you imagine, dearest, that there are chapters in love that you have never read? Other people have had first fancies and got over them: why may not you?"

"It seems to me, father," said Rosalind, lifting her head, "that every love must have two parts to it,—one's own part, and the other person's. I know there are things in love that I do not yet know, for I am a girl, and not a woman. But I believe that I can know all that there is in me to know, and that Tom can teach it to me. And if he were an archangel, he could not teach me more."

"I might admit all you say, and yet it might be disastrous for you to be Tom's wife. My own life has proved to me that it is a great misfortune to be poor. Some peculiar natures may be stimulated and strengthened by poverty; but almost all are either crushed, or degraded, or hardened by it. You cannot manifest the good that is in you; you cannot realize your aspirations, nor carry out your purposes; you sit in a prison, and see all that you hoped and cared for slipping away from you forever. You love your wife or your husband, and wish to do all manner of things to make them happy and at ease; but you can do none of those things, and you see disappointment and want and misery gradually wearing out and embittering those whose welfare is dearer to you than your own. The sweet and noble qualities of their nature are soured and warped; their voices become querulous, their faces become haggard and dull and bitter. People who are exposed to the whips and scorns of time instinctively keep their lovely and sensitive traits beneath the surface, and show only their harsh, resistant ones. By and by this instinctive self-defence becomes confirmed habit, and the better part of them is starved into lifelessness. What survives is the lowest part of them. And the strangest and ugliest thing about it is that it is their very love for each other that has brought this to pass. Instead of a blessing, it has been a curse. If they had cared little for each other, or if they had lived alone and never married, life would have hurt them less, even though their hardships had been as great. The cruellest and most fatal blow that fortune can deal a man or woman is through the heart of wife or husband. And finally—and not seldom, either—it comes to this,—that you will become indifferent to the one you loved, simply because you can no longer endure the torture of seeing him tortured. All these disasters, and many minor ones, arise from poverty, and from no fault of your own. So I say, dearest, that you should think twice and thrice before marrying with poverty for a dowry. The more sure you are that you love, the more you should hesitate. That is a hard saying, I know; but the worst of it is, it is so true!"

While Penwyn had been making this long harangue, which he did, not smoothly and continuously as it is here written, but with many a break and pause and varying tone and gesture, Rosalind listened with as many changes of posture and expression. At one time she leaned back, with her chin sunk on her breast and her hands lying loose on her lap; then she rested her elbows on the table, and hid her face in her hands; anon she rose and walked slowly about the room, passing her fingers through her long hair, adjusting a picture on the wall, or pressing her hands to her temples. Once or twice she bent a startled look on her father; and when he ceased, she seated herself again, and tears stood in her eyes.

"You loved mother, didn't you?" was the first thing she said.

Penwyn had probably expected the question. He lifted one hand slightly, and let it fall again. "I loved her with all my heart," he said.

"And are you sorry that you married her?"

"Rosalind, I took her away against her father's will, and in spite of other obstacles stronger still. She gave up a fortune, and her family,

for my sake. Up to that time, she had never known what it was not to have all she wanted. We lived together fifteen years, and all that time we were never out of debt, nor knew whether we would have enough to eat a month ahead. Our times of rest and pleasure were counted by days,—and scarcely as many days as there were years of pain and anxiety. Our conversation together—much of it—was about ways and means, how to stave off a bill, how to cheapen an indispensable commodity, how to contend against the niggardliness of publishers and the impatience of creditors. When we talked of less base matters, it was to form plans which we knew would never be carried out,—to long for things that we could never get. Often and often we have held our peace to each other, because there was nothing but misery to talk about. Well, I was a tough man, fuller of courage and hope than most; but, though I am not very old, you see my face is not smooth, nor my hair dark. And your mother, Rosalind, died at last because we were poor: but for that, she might well have lived on for thirty or forty years. She died because she would not let herself become callous and indifferent: she always held her heart open to the sword, and accepted all the agony. And that is to say that she had strength and generosity enough to love me through it all, and not to blame herself for being a burden on me,—as a lesser woman would have done. I was less noble than she; for there have been times when I have cursed myself for having dragged her into such suffering,—when I thought of what she might have been,—of all the splendor and freedom I had deprived her of. And yet I believe there never was a time when I have really said or believed that it would have been better that we had never met. Away in the distance of my heart, somewhere, I have felt that there was a love and happiness for her and because of her that nothing could quite reach, and that a time would at last come when all that we desired would be justified and realized. And since she has died, I have been sure that God must be merciful, and heaven true, because only there, and through him, we could become what we wished to each other. After all the theologians and philosophers have had their say, no argument holds but that, and such as that. But it has seemed to me, dearest, that God sometimes blesses our mistakes, when they are innocently and honestly made, and brings a good out of our evil and error. It is for us to decide, when we are warned in time, whether we will accept the hazard of failure. I will not judge between you and your lover: I only ask you to search your own heart, and be sure. Even were all the chances in your favor, there would be suffering enough: how will it be with all the chances against you? You have brains, as well as a heart: give both a fair hearing. You have time enough; you are scarcely twenty. Let Tom show what he can do, before you exchange promises that ought never to be broken. Think whether you are competent to judge now of your whole future life. Admit the possibility, at least, that you may have another destiny. It is not so light a thing, this marrying!"

A long silence followed. Tears ran down Rosalind's cheeks, but she seemed scarcely aware of them, and did not wipe them away. She sat playing with a paper-weight on the table, deep in thought.

Penwyn, apparently exhausted by the stress of many emotions, remained sunk into himself, fixed and motionless.

Finally Rosalind arose, and stood by his chair. He looked up at her, getting slowly to his feet. In a moment their arms were round each other. It was a long embrace, and one that meant much. Then she kissed him on both cheeks, and went out.

CHAPTER VII.

LATER in the day, a healthy and handsome youth came striding down the quiet side-street on which Penwyn's home stood, and turned in briskly at the gate. As he proceeded up the little drive-way, however, his step slackened, he settled his hat more accurately on his head, and generally drew himself into more formal shape. As he stepped on the porch, and prepared to pull the bell, Rosalind emerged from the conservatory with a basket in her hand, and moved leisurely towards him. She was dressed in a white frock, rather carelessly worn, and had a soft felt hat on the back of her head.

"Hullo, Tom!" she said: "so you have come over again!"

He met her, and took her hand, which she gave him with a free gesture. But, to his lover's eye, morbidly observant, it seemed that she was thinking of something else, instead of exclusively about him. Nor were the words of her greeting unequivocally flattering.

"I had nothing to do to-day," he remarked, "so I thought I'd take an afternoon out. Is your father at home?"

"No. He has walked over to the town to post some manuscript. Do you want to see him particularly?"

"I wish I knew that he particularly wished to see me."

"Why?"

They were standing in the shadow of the porch, she erect on the step, with her basket on her hip; he below, leaning one hand against the vine-covered pillar. Their eyes now met.

"You know why," he said.

"Still, I asked you the question."

Now, the truth was that Tom Gordon had come to Walham Green that day with an unselfish and indeed heroic purpose in view. He had been digesting what Millicent had said to him the previous evening, and had made up his mind that she was in the right. Any one, to be sure, might have come to that conclusion; but only a young gentleman of the magnanimity of Tom Gordon could thereupon resolve to go to his mistress and tell her that he would make no demand upon her freedom until he could bring her, along with his heart and hand, the assurance of a sufficient and permanent income. He meant to say, "Rosalind, I love you, and I always shall; I shall try my utmost to deserve your preference; but I will not attempt to bind you to give yourself to me, until I have something besides myself to give you in return. I will not even ask you to wait for me: I shall simply go to work tooth and nail, in the line of my profession, to make myself in-

dependent and famous. When that time has come, if you are still free, I will come to you and plead my cause. And if you then accept me, I shall feel that, at any rate, I am not condemning you to a life of indigence or uncertainty."

Words to this effect he intended to say, and had indeed been saying over to himself while walking from the railway-station. But it is dangerous to make preparation of this kind, matters so seldom arrange themselves according to our expectation. Rosalind, for example, instead of being gentle and sympathetic, appeared preoccupied and indifferent: her manner and her words were cold. Manifestly this was not a proper mood in which to accept a sublime sacrifice: so far from recognizing its sublimity, she might meet him half-way, and say, "All right: I agree with you that that is the only sensible plan: an engagement, in our present circumstances, would be silly, and we had better think no more about it." Such an answer would be logically proper, but it was not by any means the sort of answer that Tom wanted her to make.

No; he must first bring her to a more suitable frame of mind: it would be time enough, after that, to think about magnanimity.

He had already told her, two or three weeks before, that he loved her; and he had inferred, from the manner in which she received the news, that she was not indisposed to consider the possibility of a reciprocal sentiment. She had declined to be kissed, either then or afterwards, but she had betrayed a favorable tendency, tempered by intimations that her father had failed to express himself enthusiastically upon the subject. That had not discouraged him; on the contrary, it had furnished the element of opposition in which the true lover finds his greatest activity. But opposition from Rosalind herself was another matter.

"I mean, then," said he, in reply to her rejoinder, "that I should be glad to know that your father consented to our engagement."

"Oh, as to that, I have no reason to suppose that he would forbid it. He wishes me to act according to my own judgment."

"But I thought that you were willing,—that you——"

"I was willing to think it over, Tom,—that's all. I don't think it will do."

"Rosalind! I don't understand——"

"Yes, you do. I don't know either myself or you well enough to think of being your wife. You are almost the first man, except my father, that I have known. It flattered me,—what you said to me,—and made me imagine that I might care for you. But I might see some one to-morrow for whom I cared more."

"Oh, Rosalind!"

"Yes, Tom, it's better to say it. Besides, I am ambitious and luxurious. I have seen poverty, and I hate it; and if I were to marry, I should wish to be sure that poverty could have no part in it. Would you wish to feel, hereafter, that you had spoiled my life by persuading me to drudge for you?"

"Do you think I would let you drudge for me?"

"I think you might not be able to help it. When people are poor, they can't choose what they will do; they must do what they can."

"Do you mean to say that if you had to choose, to-day, between me and a rich man, you would take the rich man just because he was rich?"

"I should probably choose neither, to-day," replied Rosalind, her brows lowering somewhat. "If, after becoming acquainted with the rich man, I found that I—disliked him no more than I do you, I would choose him without hesitation."

"Then you're not the girl I thought you were!" exclaimed Tom, passionately.

"I know I am not," she said, coldly, "and that is the reason I am speaking to you as I do. You should thank me for enlightening you. If I had not done it, and had been as thoughtless as you are, you might have married me before finding me out!"

Both these young people were getting angry. Both had started with excellent intentions. But love is like fire, destructive as well as creative. The same qualities that make it divine will, misused, render it diabolic.

But there was sterling stuff—real strength—at the bottom of Tom Gordon's nature, and he proved it at this crisis by refraining from uttering some clever sarcastic speech and walking off in a dignified, idiotic manner. He called his common sense to his aid. "She can't be a practised coquette," he said to himself, "because, for one thing, she has had no practice. I have known her for a year, and she has known that I love her for three weeks. She can't change for nothing: she certainly cared for me yesterday, and therefore she must care for me to-day. Only one of two things could make her stop caring for me,—either my having done something to disgust her with me, or her having found some one that she likes better. Neither of those things has happened. She has got a notion in her head,—that's all. All girls get notions. What I must do is to get it out again. To begin with, I'll keep my temper."

"Let's sit down here, Rosalind," he said aloud, in an amicable tone, and suiting the action to the word: "it's pleasanter than in the house. Don't mind what I said just now."

The alteration in his voice and manner took her by surprise, under the influence of which she sat down. Then, for the sake of saying something, she said, "What thing that you said do you refer to?"

"That you were not the kind of a girl I thought you were, you know. It was the silliest sort of a remark a fellow could make. I never presumed to think that you were a girl of any kind."

Rosalind suddenly laughed, struck with the comicality of the construction of the sentence.

"Well, you know what I mean," pursued Tom, inwardly congratulating himself on his progress. "I never attempted to fathom your nature or comprehend your character. It makes no difference to me at all what they are."

She started a little, and then said, lightly, "That is, you care nothing about me?"

He plucked an ivy twig and turned it in his fingers, smiling. "It's just the other way," said he. "I care for you, whatever your character

and nature may turn out to be. You are inside of them; you are the essence and they are the form. You might be an Esquimau, or a red Indian, or an English duchess: I should love you just the same, because you would be you."

It is more than probable that there were grave philosophic defects in this metaphysical proposition, but it answered the purpose no less effectively. The only rejoinder that Rosalind could think of was, "You seem to have no doubts as to what this essential me is."

"No; any more than I have doubts about the warmth of sunshine or the power of truth. It's there, and we feel it without needing to measure it or understand it. You can't help it, and I can't. It would be impossible for any other woman to make me feel as you do. Other women may be better or worse or handsomer or uglier; but no one else can be you, and so they are all alike to me."

Rosalind perceived the necessity of taking a new departure.

"All that may be true as far as you are concerned; but it does not follow, because a woman suits a man, that he should suit her."

It takes a woman to say a thing like that. But the bitterness of such sayings is generally in inverse proportion to their sincerity.

"Of course I can only be myself," replied Tom, overcoming a tendency to falter. "If I am incorrigibly disagreeable to you, I don't want to deceive myself,—still less you. If I were able to act a part in such a way as to lead you to believe that I was more likable than I am, I wouldn't do it,—no, not if I were sure of getting you by it. If we ever come together, it must be a real coming together on both sides: make-believes are no use; they are certain to wear through sooner or later."

"Nothing is any use, so long as we are poor," said Rosalind, drooping as she sat. "It all comes to that, Tom. We can't marry, because we are poor. I have thought it all over, and I tell you honestly that I would a thousand times rather die unmarried than marry even a man I loved, if he were poor. If the world were Paradise, money would make no difference; but, as things are, everything except hardship costs money; and hardship, in the long run, spoils even love. I would rather be your friend than your wife; but I suppose you wouldn't care for that: so we had better part."

Tom Gordon was undoubtedly in a state of special illumination this afternoon. He saw his advantage, and took it.

"I not only care to have you my friend, Rosalind, but I shouldn't wish you to be anything else without being that first. I am your friend, from the bottom of my heart; and if we can never be husband and wife, I will be content with your friendship, if you will give it me, and be happier so than most men are who think they are in love."

It was impossible to find fault with this attitude. In fact, the strangest feature of it was that Rosalind, from the very recognition of its invincibility, felt inclined to attack it. "So!" she said to herself, "you will be content with my friendship, will you? I will see about that. I will show you the difference between friendship and love! I will make you confess that——" She did not finish the threat; but she knew what she meant. When a woman resolves to make herself

too lovable for friendship, she may succeed, but in doing so she throws herself open to a dangerous counter from her opponent.

She bestowed upon him a heavenly smile, and held out her hand. "Let us be friends!" she said. "Now that we understand each other, Tom, I can tell you how sorry I should have been to lose you. I am sure a great deal of happiness is missed in this world because men and women think that they must be either lovers or nothing. Friendship is a great deal more comfortable and convenient. It has the advantages of love without its responsibilities."

Tom forbore to protest against this atrocious sentiment. His good genius still befriended him, and he was so wise as to let well enough alone. He had, on the whole, immensely improved his position. Had he known of the interview between Rosalind and her father, he might have felt less at ease: a girl's notion is one thing, but the kind of impression that Penwyn had produced on his daughter was quite another.

But if a man could read all hearts, his own action would be paralyzed. The strongest aid to progress is ignorance.

CHAPTER VIII.

"How far is it from here to Walham Green, Millicent?" asked Snowden Mayne.

"Not more than three or four miles, I should think."

"Suppose we drive over there this afternoon and see the Penwyns?"

"I would like it. Then we'll start at half-past three."

They took the route along Rotten Row, which at that hour was crowded with carriages, moving at a deliberate pace, so as to give ample opportunity for acquaintances to recognize one another. But Snowden knew no one, and Millicent very few; and they were therefore able to give their attention entirely to each other, and to enjoy the effect of the moving throng and of the leafy park, without apprehension of cutting any one. The day was fine, with a delicate haze in the air; and as they approached the end of the Row, the Albert Memorial, gleaming through the soft atmosphere with its gilded pinnacles, had a rich and fairy-like appearance.

"Would you like to put such a thing as that over your dead husband?" said Snowden.

"I don't like monuments over dead bodies," she replied. "But monuments to ideas are right. I can imagine a woman having loved a man, without his suspecting it; and when he married some one else, she might build a monument of gold and marble. No one would know what she built it for; but she would carve her love into every column and pinnacle, making it beautiful and ethereal. Perhaps, after she had died, the man she loved might come to look at the monument, and divine, by some mystic sympathy, a hint of the truth that she had concealed through life. But it would be only a hint," added Millicent, adjusting her veil, for the sun was shining in her face.

"That's a pretty idea," said Snowden, nodding his head approv-

ingly. "I believe you could write poetry, Millicent! Did you ever try?"

"I like poetry,—real poetry," returned she; "but that is a different thing from writing it."

"I believe you live poetry," Snowden remarked; "and that is better than either writing it or reading it. For my part, I have no plans about a monument, though I have been disappointed in love. But, as I said the other evening, I should like to build a nice house. Is this Gordon you were talking of really a good architect?"

"He has not had a chance to show what he can do; but I am sure he could build you a beautiful house, and an original one."

"There used to be a lot of pretty sites along the Thames between here and Hampton Court. Have they been all taken up?"

"I fancy not. I remember Tom Gordon's speaking of one, this side of Richmond, that he said would be one of the prettiest on the river."

"We must look it up some time,—and him too. If he has anything in him, I should like to give him a lift. I feel a kindness for the name, for old associations' sake."

They left the Park, and, turning southwestward, passed through several outlying streets and began to approach their destination. The region hereabout has changed but little during many years. Some of the roadside inns date back to Queen Anne's days. The old trees and the old horse-troughs look much the same now as they did then.

"I sometimes wish," observed Snowden, "that houses would disappear with those who build them. It is disagreeable to think that the home we have built for ourselves will be used by strangers, or to attempt to accommodate ourselves to the inadequate notions of other people, embodied in brick and mortar."

"The better plan, I should think, would be always to try to build for posterity," Millicent said. "What we do for ourselves is never entirely satisfactory, either to ourselves or others."

"It is a good thing that there are women like you to think those thoughts," said Snowden. "But if we men acted upon them, I don't know where civilization would be!"

"This is the street," said Millicent, as the carriage made a turn, "and there is the Penwyns' house at the end of it. I recognize it from Tom's description."

"Is there a stable?" asked Snowden, who never forgot his horses.

"There's a pub just habove 'ere, sir," said the coachman. "I can give 'em a waterin' and an 'andful of hoats there."

They alighted at the gate, therefore, and walked up.

"Papa," said Rosalind, coming across from the sitting-room to the door of her father's study, "here are a strange lady and gentleman coming up the walk. Shall I let them in?"

"Why, it's Snowden Mayne—and that must be his sister!" cried Penwyn, rising from his chair and peering out of the window. "Of course we'll let them in! I'll go and meet them."

He hastened to the entrance door, and, throwing it open, stepped out upon the porch.

"Welcome to Waysend, Snowden!" said he. "Good man, to come so far and so soon! Is this Miss Mayne?" He gave his right hand to her, his left to her brother. "Come in: we'll have tea,—and a glass of wine, for old acquaintance' sake! This is my girl, Rosalind,—Snowden Mayne and Miss Millicent."

They all paused for a moment under the porch, and Millicent and Rosalind looked in each other's eyes. "She is beautiful enough,—not commonplace," was the former's silent comment. Rosalind thought, "I could love that woman;" and after a moment, "Why does she look at me so? She can look!"

The party went into the sitting-room, Penwyn and Mayne talking together; and presently Rosalind went out to get the tea. Penwyn turned to Millicent.

"This is not the first time you and I have met, my dear," said he. "But the other time you were only as high as my knee, and had not taken your first step."

"It is pleasant to find old friends and new friends in one."

"Your brother and I loved each other five-and-twenty years ago. I shall love him the better now for having such a sister. You must love me through Rosalind."

"She is very beautiful," said Millicent.

"Oh, but she's a good girl! You'll say so when you know her. Do you see any likeness, Snowden?"

"Not more to her mother than to you. But I have hardly seen her yet."

Rosalind re-entered, bearing the tea-tray. She was dressed in a Directoire gown, fastened with a sash below her breasts; the sleeves ended at the elbow, exposing the forearm and wrist. It is one of the most feminine costumes ever devised,—but, in this perverse world, very few women can wear it with advantage. Is it because few women are feminine?

Rosalind poured out the tea, and handed Mr. Mayne a cup of it. She had a serious expression, and said, "I put in two lumps."

"The whole thing would be sweet enough without any sugar," returned he. "You don't know, yourselves, how good all this is. In New York, at this hour, we business-men are coming up town: we are in the horse-cars or the elevated trains. All the time between the closing of the office and dinner is a blank. There's nothing to do. Many of us go into bar-rooms and take a drink,—anything but tea. They say Americans are particularly devoted to their women. Well, it's strange they don't cultivate them at afternoon tea."

"It's a pity our men don't go to America and learn to appreciate us," said Rosalind. "I will give you all the tea you want, Mr. Mayne."

The low contralto voice struck his ear, and reverberated in his heart. The girl's mother had had a voice just like that. Remembering how that voice had once moved him, Snowden Mayne was moved in the same way again. These things are beyond control or reason, and therefore their power is immeasurable.

"Do you sing?" he asked her.

VOL. XLV.—8

"I sing to my father. It is not singing in the artistic sense. My voice has not much compass. My father likes it because he likes me, I suppose."

"I've heard of men learning to like a woman because they liked her singing. I wish you'd sing something for me."

"Does your sister know music?"

"I can't sing or play a note, I'm sorry to say," said Millicent.

"Well, I'll sing you something." She went to the corner and got a banjo, an instrument which has been much misrepresented and mis-made, as well as misused. There are nasal, metallic banjos which are as exasperating as vulgar talkers. You can hear them a mile off, and the farther off the better. There are banjos which are mumbling and demoralized. But there are such things as good banjos; and the only instrument (made with hands) that equals a good banjo is a good violin. But the violin must be heard alone, whereas a banjo is best when married to a sympathetic human voice.

Its strings seem to be the very chords of being: their music is so near to life that they seem to vibrate from the emotions of the player. The sounds are mellow: in their essence they are pathetic, though they can rise to a humorous cheerfulness, as one laughs with a sorrow at the heart. It is the music of nature, ordered and humanized. No charlatan nor coarse-minded person can play on such a banjo: it is a fatal revealer of character. Passionate and gentle natures use the instrument best; and men oftener than women.

Rosalind sat down, and, holding the head of the banjo against her thigh, and the handle across her breast, she tried and tuned the strings for a few moments, and then began a prelude, very light and low, but eloquently modulated. By and by her voice came, as the storm swells and rises after the first mutterings afar off.

As she sang, she held her head up, so that along the whiteness of her throat the waves of the music could be seen to rise and fall. Her whole body was influenced by the melody, which seemed to ennoble every contour and proportion. The soul of the girl emerged, and irradiated her flesh. Singing opens the gates of matter, and tells heavenly secrets. It gives to the eye of the spirit spiritual revelations. If the hearer have skill to listen aright, he can learn, from the voice of one truly singing, all the joy and the sorrow, the hope and the loss, the triumph and the failure, that have made up the sum of the singer's life. All these enter into the web of harmony, and form its warp and woof, its hue and texture. No signed and attested confession ever told so much, or told it with such inevitable truth.

The song Rosalind sang was one of the North Country, entitled "Caller Herrin'." It was well suited to her voice; and the accompaniment she played to it seemed to be resonant with the calling of the waves of the German Sea. There was a free, semi-barbaric quality in it—in its musical aspect, at least—that brought the Norse chants to the mind,—the sagas of the Scandinavians. And this quality was reflected also upon Rosalind, so that in her softly-falling robe, which showed the shape of her fair limbs and body, she looked like one of the maidens

of the *Nibelungen-Lied*,—some strong Brunhilda, with the kindling of inspiration in her.

All this had its effect, and a powerful one, upon Snowden Mayne. He was a man of ardent feelings, but the severe self-restraint imposed on him by his career had accustomed him to keep them in control, and he had very seldom, during his life abroad, been subjected to the sway of that emotional spell which only music and woman's beauty in combination can weave. There was something, however, that stirred him far more deeply than any mere song, no matter how nobly sung, could do. By a singular chance—and one, as he imagined, of peculiar omen—it happened that he had last heard Rosalind's song from the mouth of her mother, at that time Mildred Gordon and his affianced wife. And as he sat there, with eyes bent downwards, his past youth rose up within him, and he could almost fancy that he was once more the happy lover, and that she whose melodious utterance thrilled his spirit was Mildred indeed. Age is sometimes a mere phantom in thought, though, when the thought is past, the tedious laws of matter reassert themselves, and we ask ourselves which is real,—the substance or the dream.

"There is magic in that," he said, when she had finished. "I can believe the stories of the old enchanter. But I doubt if they had skill to raise such ghosts as you have done."

"It is an old song," replied Rosalind, her eyes drawn to him less by what he said than by a certain huskiness in his tone. "My mother used to sing it. My voice is something like hers; but she was better trained."

"I wonder if it's possible to hear enough of good singing," said Millicent. "It seems to me, while I am listening, the only perfect enjoyment in the world. One gets tired of looking even at the most beautiful things; and you cannot smell even a rose forever. But singing—it continually renews in me the capacity to delight in it, so that my desire to hear is greater at the end than at the beginning. Instrumental music is very different. I can get enough of that. Maybe I'm talking nonsense. I can't make music myself, as I told you; but I do enjoy it, in my own way."

"Being a musician yourself often prevents your enjoying any music—except your own," remarked Rosalind. "I should like to sing to you all day, Miss Mayne."

"Will you come to the house, and bring your banjo? I have wanted to know you a long time," said Millicent, rising and taking a chair by Rosalind's side. "I know Mr. Gordon, and I've heard him speak of you."

The last sentence was spoken in a lower tone, and, as the two men had fallen into chat, the women were left to each other. And when two women are interested in each other, no matter whether the interest be sympathetic or hostile, they converse, not with words, but by signs understood only by themselves,—that is, by intonations, by postures, by scarcely perceptible movements of hands, shoulders, and head; by changes of breathing, and most of all by the play of subtle nerves in the region of the eyes and mouth, which are capable of uttering volumes in a moment, and which, indeed, would render the tongue a quite super-

fluous appendage in woman, were it not for man, who is too dull to understand anything else. And yet men are brazen enough to rail at woman's chatter.

"I will come to you—father and I—with pleasure," said Rosalind. "I know Mr. Gordon: we are good friends. I miss my mother very much."

"Yes, I shall have to love her!" murmured Millicent, with a sigh. These sentences are in no logical sequence, and cannot be explained. And, though Millicent understood Rosalind's allusion, Rosalind was perplexed at the rejoinder. What was the necessity of Miss Mayne's loving her? But those impalpable tentacles of intuition, that protect every unspoiled maiden's approaches, had been informing her from the first that all was well as to this gentle new guest, in whom subtlety and honesty were so strangely blended. She felt that she could not shut her out,—that her safest course was to open herself fearlessly; and this chimed also with her inclination. But upon what pretext was she being thus weighed and judged? Had her conscience been less pure, she might have taken offence. As it was, she had an especial delight in feeling, "Yes, look into me as far as you will. Dislike me if you can."

"Do you go out much?" asked Millicent.

"No: father and I take care of each other. I sometimes imagine what society may be; but I don't know it."

"You shall know whatever I know. I dare say you won't care for it; but it may make other things take a truer position. To have seen both sides is the great thing. Mr. Gordon will be there too: so you won't feel strange. Will you come and spend a day and night with us, first?"

"I have never spent a night away from home: I don't know——"

"It's full time you were weaned, dearest," put in her father, who had overheard the last words of the conversation.

"Oh, you must both come, of course," exclaimed Snowden. "I want you to make friends with Millicent, Paul, while I listen to Miss Rosalind. If she comes alone, I shall see nothing of her."

"I'll bring her over; but I can't spend the night. I have work to do, and I can't work out of my old study."

There was some further talk, arranging the details of the visit, and then Snowden and Millicent took their leave. The carriage was waiting at the gate, the horses having been duly refreshed at the pub.

"How do you like Paul Penwyn?" asked Snowden, as they drove away.

"I am sure he never did anything dishonorable. He is like a child."

"I wish he was in a position to give that girl of his her proper place in society. She is like a fountain hidden in a cave."

"She shall not be hidden any longer," said Millicent. After a pause, she added, "I expect Tom Gordon to-morrow. I want you to see him and talk about the house."

"So I will," returned Snowden; and thereupon he lapsed into a fit of musing that lasted till they reached Park Lane.

CHAPTER IX.

TOM GORDON dropped in at the Maynes' the next day, according to expectation. Millicent was alone: her brother had gone into the city with Malvini, to attend to some business, and had not yet returned. Tom felt depressed, and made little effort to disguise it.

He gave Millicent an account of his late interview with Rosalind. "I wasn't prepared for her play," he observed, figuratively, "and it rattled me. I had meant to follow your advice, but I got all abroad. She had the best of me all the time. At last I began to play on her side, and then it was a little better. I think she likes me, but I can't venture to believe any more than that. And, after all, she's perfectly right in what she says. She is tired of being poor; and it doesn't agree with her. If she chooses, with her beauty and charm, she can marry anybody,—the eldest son of the richest duke in England, if she likes. She could appreciate a splendid life, and make it more splendid. The square thing for me to do would be to give her up, and say no more about it."

"Well, Tom," said Millicent, "I'm ashamed of you!"

"Do you want me to be selfish, and to tire her into accepting me?"

"It is not selfishness to win her. You must remember your own value. She will be happier as your wife than as any other man's. What you have to do is to make her see that. A woman who loves and is loved tries to escape, but she does not wish her lover to allow her to do it. She will use all her strength against you, but the reason is, to enable you to prove to her beyond all doubt that you are stronger than she. Why, your school-books teach you as much as that! How can she feel confidence in your power to protect her against the world, if you are frightened by her own contrariness? Keep your heart up, if you want to win a woman's heart!"

"But suppose I did win her, and then our life was only a long fight against poverty. I couldn't forgive myself for that."

"Oh, you are making difficulties so that I may remove them! When you are with Rosalind, you make a better fight than you tell me of. You are a man: think what men have done! Do you realize what love is? Can anything be more precious? Could any one have any motive for achievement more strong? They say that love of woman is at the bottom of all human history. For that, men will do and dare what nothing else could move them to. If you are not great enough as you are to get her love, then be greater, and greater yet! Be as great as Cæsar, or Napoleon, or Luther!—be the greatest man that ever lived! Why not?—in the beginning they were no more than you. Faith can remove mountains, Christ said: love is a thousand times stronger than faith,—it can move heaven and earth! And yet you, who pretend to be in love, come whining to me because Rosalind was out of sorts the other day!"

There was never any forecasting what Millicent would do; she seemed to enter at a moment's notice into wholly untrodden regions of feeling and thought; and yet nothing that she did was out of keeping with her personality. But the brilliance and impetuosity of this appeal

of hers—its irony and enthusiasm—transcended anything that Tom Gordon had yet experienced of her. And, though the vision of Rosalind was always with him, he said to himself that Millicent at this moment had a piercing, irresistible beauty, with which no other beauty could compare. He was awed and shaken; and if she had continued in this vein, he felt that he must have fallen down and worshipped her. No, not Rosalind herself had ever given him the strange thrill Millicent sent through his pulses then.

He sat silent, and made no attempt at rejoinder. But she, now that the mood was past, trembled and flushed and sank down, hiding her face on the cushion of the sofa, and quivering with irrepressible sobs,—the rain after the lightning. But it was beyond Tom: he did not know how to comfort her, or what to comfort her for. Had he known, he might have had a very different fate.

She presently sat up and dried her eyes: all the beauty was gone from her now. She made the little half-helpless movements to replace herself that women make at such times, but attempted no explanation. What was there to explain?

There was the sound of a footstep coming up the stair.

"That is my brother," she said, quickly. She made a strong effort, and commanded herself. She rose, and met him, as he entered, with a smile.

"You are late, Snowden,—half an hour late. You must not fall into American business habits here,—especially after all you said about our afternoon tea. This is my friend Mr. Tom Gordon, the architect."

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Gordon," said Snowden. "I have heard about you. Men of your profession are fortunate,—or ought to be."

"Yes, there's plenty to do. But about the only work I have found to do, so far, is to build castles in the air."

"Beautiful things, but no money in them. Terrestrial commissions may put one in the way of realizing them, though. For my part, my castle in the air, at present, takes the form of a house to live in, which I should like to see put up. I've got some notes here that I made about it—ah! they're in the pocket of my other coat."

"I'm going up-stairs: I'll get them for you," said Millicent, disappearing.

"Nothing in the way of practical drawings, you know," continued Snowden. "I have just jotted down some of the features I wanted embodied. I dare say you can improve on them, or show me how they are unavailable. You are a relative of Sir Alexander Gordon, aren't you?"

"He was my father's cousin."

"The old gentleman must have left a lot of money, didn't he?"

"Very likely; but not to us. The only legacy I got was a box of old letters and papers. If I had been writing a genealogy, they might have been useful."

"I'd look through them all the same, if I was you. Lots of rubbish; but once in a while you turn up something that repays all the trouble. Ah, here's Millicent with the—Oh, Miss Plumptre, is that you?"

"Miss Mayne had something to attend to: she asked me to bring you these. How do you do, Mr. Gordon? Mr. Mayne, may I pour you some tea?"

"I wish you would: it's very kind of you. Mr. Gordon and I are going to chat a little about architecture. Shall we bore you?"

"Bore me! Oh, that would be impossible, Mr. Mayne: I mean, I could never be bored by anything you—you could say about architecture."

"You are interested in architecture, then?" said Snowden, smiling.

"Yes, indeed, of all things!"

"That's good: then you may be able to give us some suggestions." He sat down, and spread the papers on a corner of the tea-table. Miss Plumptre bent over on one side of him, and Mr. Gordon on the other.

"Now, you know," he began, "what I thought of is a sort of family house: not rigid, but elastic. I don't like wrinkles in my clothes: they must fit snug. But a house should have elbow-room: not to be a barn, but so that we can either be cosey, or spread out, as we choose. Sometimes one feels like sitting in one room, and sometimes in another."

"How true and sensible that is!" said Miss Plumptre, with conviction. "And yet it never occurred to me before."

"I like the idea," remarked Gordon.

"Now, of course, I'm a bachelor, and Millicent is not married. We don't necessarily take up much space. But we want to have friends staying with us; and besides—I'm an old fellow, I know, and my hair's white, but I've been feeling uncommonly young since I came back to England."

Tom took the point. "There are women in England, plenty of them," said he, "who could keep you young, and be very happy to do it."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Miss Plumptre, and then drew back her head and blushed profusely.

"Well, a man's as young as he feels," remarked Snowden, pleasantly. "I've been postponing my youth the better part of my life, —keeping it till I could use it, like a suit of good clothes. It was the only thing I could do. Of course the thing can be overdone, and when the clothes are taken out at last they may be all moth-eaten, or the fashion may have gone quite out of date. If so, one must accept the inevitable; and I hope I should do so with a good grace. But you were talking of castles in the air just now, Mr. Gordon: it strikes me I am building them pretty fast! Let us get back to our drawings."

"This is the ground-plan, I suppose," said Tom, taking up one of the papers. "Did you think of having a basement?"

"There ought to be one, eh? or does that depend on the site? By the way, my sister was telling me that you had picked out a pretty site for a house, near Richmond."

Tom felt a slight embarrassment. He had imagined himself erecting a dwelling of his own on the site in question, and bringing Rosalind there as his mistress. She would be near her father, and he would be within easy reach of London. But there were pretty places enough,

and if Mr. Mayne were to take a fancy to this particular place it would be idiotic in him to object, especially as there was some uncertainty, to say the least of it, about the carrying out of his own plans. So he replied, cheerfully, that what Miss Mayne had said was quite correct.

"It's on the Surrey side of the river," he said, "opposite the Kew Gardens. You'd be about a mile from Richmond bridge. There are at least ten acres of land, with fair elevation, and nice trees, most of them old. Then there is a lovely view across the stream and up the bend: you can see the people strolling along the walk, but they are not near enough to bother you. The place has only lately been put on the market."

"Is there a house there now?"

"The foundations of one: it was pulled down some time ago. The site I chose is a different one. The land will bear a good deal of improving; but the material is excellent."

"It is so nice to live near the river," observed Miss Plumptre, who had recovered from her blush. "One can have a boat-house on the bank, and row up and down in the moonlight evenings."

"To be sure! we'll have a boat-house, and I'll row Millicent and you up and down," said Snowden, laughingly. "I used to be a good oar at the University."

"Oh, Mr. Mayne, how delightful!" exclaimed the young lady, tenderly. She too, poor soul, had begun to build her castles in the air.

"I think I get your idea, Mr. Mayne," said Tom, who had been looking over his plans. "I have a general scheme of my own, that these would fit in with very well. But do you seriously think of building?"

"Yes, I do; though it may be a rash enterprise. But I don't care to live in town, and renting is always a nuisance. If you can find the time, I would like you to make the drawings, and an estimate of the expense. When that is done, we shall be in a position to talk business in earnest."

Tom drew a long breath. Here, then, was the beginning of his fortune. Rosalind seemed much nearer than an hour ago. Miss Plumptre roused herself from a happy trance, and murmured, "May I pour you another cup of tea?"

CHAPTER X.

THE Penwyns' visit had been fixed for the ensuing week; and Millicent, while making her preparations, looked forward to it with a sort of grave, devoted cheerfulness which might be likened to that of a novice about to take the veil. She expected that the visit would have important consequences for Tom and Rosalind: she would have ample opportunities of bringing them together effectively: she could work upon Rosalind's mind in the intervals; and the promising results of Tom's interview with Snowden afforded a powerful lever to move Mr.

Penwyn withal. Millicent congratulated herself on her talent for intrigue.

Instead of a night, as at first proposed, Rosalind was to spend a week at the house in Park Lane. Her father was to dine there every day; but he preferred to go home to sleep. There would be one or two receptions; and Rosalind would accompany her host and hostess to entertainments at other houses. In short, before she went home again, she would have been given a glimpse of the great world,—that is to say, of two or three hundred fashionable people, and their drawing-rooms. Millicent reasoned that the spectacle of so much aimless display and dissipation would disenchant the girl with the grand life of which she had formed such attractive visions, and that she would perceive the superiority of a quiet and independent existence. There is, however, a great deal of human nature in girls, and especially of feminine human nature; and it sometimes takes more than a week to eradicate it.

Snowden contemplated the prospect with somewhat different emotions: it will be enough to say at present that his plans did not include forcing Rosalind into Tom Gordon's arms. He had no suspicion of the state of affairs between those young people, or of Millicent's views with regard to them. It would be very plain sailing in this world if everybody made a practice of proclaiming their sentiments and intentions to everybody else. Whether plain sailing is preferable to the ups and downs and cross-purposes of our present navigation, is an interesting question.

As for Rosalind herself, she had so much to do and think of, making her dresses, that she was not able to concentrate her thoughts long at a time on anything else. She took four dresses with her,—one morning, one walking, one afternoon tea, one evening. They were not by Worth, nor were they entirely by herself; they were not all new. But they were pretty and right. Their number could be increased to a certain extent by adding parts of one to parts of another. Rosalind had some handsome ornaments that had belonged to her mother, and these she took with her in a box.

Is there any topic of tongue or pen more touching and exquisite than this of a beautiful young girl going out into the world for the first time? Her anticipations are so boundless, and the disappointment is inevitably so complete. She is so timid, and yet so inconceivably confident. She is so innocent, and yet so crafty. This period of initiation is like a strip of fairy ground, extending between the simplicity of girlhood and the sagacity of the woman of the world. But, narrow though this enchanted region may be, it is longer and more eventful to the traveller than all the rest of the journey put together. These delicious valleys and soaring sierras, these gorgeous palaces of delight and their fairy inhabitants, produce strange sensations and illusions upon the youthful visitors, the effects whereof sometimes are carried to the grave. Under the influence of these spells, the maiden loses her reason and sense of proportion,—even her breastplate of intuition sometimes,—and she thinks it will all be forgiven and forgotten, because life is all a game and a play, and that to-morrow the forfeits will be returned, and all

will be right again. So she sips enchanted wine, and gives ear to strange whisperings, and enters into golden bonds, which look as light and fragile as flowers, but are stronger than steel hand-cuffs when she attempts to move freely. The vaporous, lovely world, that seemed plastic and suave as a dream, suddenly hardens into grim, hideous fact. The victim comes to herself with a cry : she is not what she was. And she finds herself enlisted in the ranks of the enchanters who deluded her ; and she must help to lime other innocents, even as she was limed.

After greeting her hostess with a kiss, which was given and returned, not like the kiss of society, but with sincerity on both sides, and shaking hands with her host, who said, " You have a real hand,—not an illusion of mist and moonshine!" she went up-stairs to her room, to take off her things and prepare for the afternoon reception. Millicent came up with her, to see that all was in order, and the trunk conveniently placed, and then left her to her own management.

Rosalind was grateful to be alone. There was a large mirror in the room, broad and tall, in which her whole figure was reflected, from head to foot, with considerable space to spare all around it. She glanced at herself with interest ; it was a new sensation ; but there were other things to look at, and she turned from this fair vision, to return to it later. She unfastened her out-door dress, and stepped out of it, giving it a toss over the foot of the bed. But what a lovely bed ! A blue silk quilted counterpane bordered with lace ; sheets of the most delicate linen ; blankets of purest lambs' wool. The bedstead was made of rose-wood, carved in low relief. Rosalind slipped off her boots, and threw herself down upon the soft expanse : how elastic and luxurious ! As she lay there, with her white arms thrown over her head, her eyes were attracted by the dressing-table, which was also upholstered in blue silk and lace, and held a small bevelled looking-glass, framed in embossed silver. She got up to examine it. Upon the table was an array of silver-mounted crystal flasks and phials, containing fragrant essences, which she smelt to, one after the other. The comb was of tortoise-shell ; the brushes of ivory, with an enchased monogram. She shook down her hair, and passed them through it ; there was a soothing smoothness in their touch : peeping into the glass, she saw the full and gleaming shoulders of a smiling young goddess—could it be herself ? The wash-stand was in the adjoining corner : the bowl and pitcher of Dresden china, with beautiful flowers painted on them ; cakes of soap, the concentration of perfumed cleanliness ; sponges light and fine, smelling like purity itself. Rosalind would have liked to spend a whole week in the mere application and enjoyment of these charming luxuries. She drew long breaths of satisfaction and sensuous pleasure : the carpet was soft under her stockinged feet : everything caressed her. These surroundings were proper to her, and nourishing. She had been starved and slighted all her life.

She began to unpack her trunk, and dispose its contents in the abundant drawers and closets. As she slowly dressed herself, she reflected that in a week she would be back again in her own little room, with its plain walls and furniture, its dulness and monotony. She was to have a glimpse only of this delicious comfort and convenience, and

then it would be withdrawn again. A definite longing would have been created, which had not existed before, and there would be nothing to satisfy it. This was her right place and ambition: it must be relinquished for the wrong.

She stood again before the full-length mirror and gazed at herself. Her countenance and figure, which had become wearisome and vapid to her in her own house, now assumed a fresh and stimulating quality. She recognized the fact of her own beauty and power. A picture in its fitting frame and position is a different thing from the unmounted canvas in the corner of the studio. Rosalind had never overrated herself; nor did she now; but she appreciated herself. She knew what beautiful and intelligent women had accomplished in the world. If they had lived and died humble and unknown, it was, at any rate, their own choice and preference. "Why should I choose it?" she asked herself. "I may choose the other if I will. I shall meet people this week who own half of England . . ." She did not finish the thought. She stood erect, with her head high, eying proudly the figure in the glass, who looked back as haughtily. She advanced slowly, step by step, until her face was but a hand's breadth from the polished surface, and peered into the ardent hazel depths of the mirrored eyes. At last she whispered, "Good-by!" and kissed the phantom lips. The coldness of the kiss penetrated to her heart, and stayed there. She turned and passed out of the room, leaving her old self and her old love behind her.

CHAPTER XL

SNOWDEN met her in the drawing-room. She felt his admiration, and liked the courtly manner in which he at once veiled and expressed it. He was a gallant, manly-looking man, with the easy and simple bearing of a gentleman. They stood by the mantel-piece, talking together. "I am glad," said he, "to make my *début* in your company."

"You have had other *débuts* before this, and come through unsupported."

"One is always beginning new things, and each time the danger, I think, looks more serious. I am not so bold as when I was a boy, for I know myself better. Nothing dismays us then, because we say, 'When I'm older I'll do better!' At last the time comes when we realize that each contest must be final, and that the odds are against us."

"What about the wisdom of experience?"

"It gives skill, but saps the courage: one makes fewer mistakes, but accomplishes less. No, there's nothing like youth. If Heaven be youth, it need be nothing else."

"Since I am young, perhaps, I like maturity better. Youth is always changing: to-morrow you will not find it where it is to-day. And there is nothing in it but what it is; it is not rich and deep with things that have been. It thinks only of the future, which is all fancy, and just as foolish as the thinker. I prefer people who have known and done something, and can't be blown over by a change of wind."

"The best refutation of your own argument is your ability in

stating it," said Snowden, surprised and flattered. "You are twenty, are you not? Will you speak with more discretion when you are fifty?"

"Every one feels the disadvantages of one's own state, and sees the advantages of others' by contrast. I am only twenty, but I am old enough to have felt discontented."

"A young mind may look forward, and an old one look back, and so the two meet on common ground. Old and young both might do better if they were less hostile and more sympathetic. I can imagine a happy partnership of that kind."

At this juncture, which was beginning to look interesting, at least to Snowden, Millicent came in; and soon after the roll of carriages sounded in the street, and the knocker became restless. It was an informal reception: about a hundred people came and went during the three afternoon hours. But some of the smartest folk in London were among them; and every one was brought up to Rosalind, and said the most agreeable thing he or she could, and looked at her with more than ordinary attention. Some felt admiration, some envy, and some felt like mice contemplating fresh cheese. Rosalind gazed at all with interest,—lords and ladies, soldiers and civilians, young and old,—and the total impression produced upon her was of one creature with many faces, male and female. She saw no lady so refined as Millicent, and no gentleman—not even young Lord Henry Vane of the Guards, who had ridden with despatches through a hundred miles of hostile Arabs in Egypt, slaying eleven with his own hand, and receiving three severe wounds,—not even this hero appeared a nobler gentleman than Snowden Mayne. This discovery, whether warrantable or not, gave her security: she felt she was well protected. Towards the end of the afternoon, Tom Gordon came in.

"Do you like this?" he asked, when he got up to her.

"It suits me perfectly."

"I feel as if I ought to be presented to you. Is it the place, or you?"

"It suits me, that's all. I am all here."

"How long will it continue to suit you?"

She shrugged her shoulders. He was not saying what she cared to hear. He was like a person in homespun coming on the stage during an eighteenth-century comedy and spoiling the illusion. Not that he was actually in homespun; he was dressed like everybody else; but his face was associated with her every-day life, and he spoke to her in the same manner as at her own home. He did not understand that there are times when a girl wishes to act a part and be governed by imagination,—when nothing is so irritating and mortifying as facts. For the first time that afternoon, Rosalind felt bored,—and by Tom Gordon of all men!

Lord Henry came up with a cake-basket and a plate of ice. Old Mrs. Hyde, the cleverest woman in London and the mother-in-law of an earl, sat down beside her and said, "My dear, you belong to us, and I promise you we shall know how to protect our property." Sir Philip Primrose, who sat on the front Opposition Bench, approached, dangling

his eye-glass, and remarked, "Really, Miss Penwyn, if I'd been the Banished Duke, you know, and such a Rosalind as you had come to the Forest of Arden, I wouldn't have let Orlando carry you off, by George!" Miss Cavendish, the great beauty, sailed up and said, "I couldn't go without saying good-by to you, dear Miss Penwyn. And I do so want your photograph! Will you give it me? I only wish," she added, in a half-whisper, "that I could steal your face and wear it!" Other persons scarcely less delightful drew about her. Tom found himself imperceptibly removed farther and farther from the centre of interest. Then he saw Snowden Mayne standing beside Rosalind, handsome, composed, and masterful: he turned, mortified and troubled at heart, and there was Millicent close in front of him, looking at him with eyes in which shone something like indignation, and, deeper, something else, which he could not interpret.

In this week the general external features of one day were much like those of another. The good impression which Rosalind had produced at the outset was constantly confirmed and improved. She easily caught the style and *chic* of the reigning moment, while retaining her originality and freshness. Snowden accompanied her everywhere, and by and by it became an expected thing to see them together; and inferences were drawn therefrom. At the same time, Millicent and Tom Gordon were much thrown together. Millicent's intrigue did not appear to be developing according to her intention.

The events of each day, and the projects for the next, occasioned so many unavoidable topics of conversation, and the opportunities for undisturbed chat were so limited, that she did not find it possible to talk to Rosalind about Tom Gordon, still less to bring them quietly together. Rosalind, it must be confessed, made no attempt to meet her friend's efforts in these directions half-way; but, on the other hand, she was always frank and clear; she never evaded any offer that Millicent made; but then she never put her own shoulder to the wheel: as soon as she had replied to the other's remark, she would proceed to talk about some of the incidents or persons that were in the focus of the time. This was perfectly natural, and Millicent could find no fault with it. This week was an oasis in Rosalind's life: how could she help attaching importance to it? But Millicent was uneasy on more accounts than one.

Snowden's attentions to Rosalind had seemed to his sister nothing more than the legitimate favor and courtesy due to a guest who was entering the great world under his protection. But one evening, after Rosalind had gone to bed, and while he was smoking a cigar on the hearth-rug, he looked up with a smile and said, "I believe, my dear, that you are as happy as I am, and in the same way; but I should like to have your own assurance of it."

"Happy, Snowden? Yes: why not?" she answered, unsuspectingly.

"Why should we have secrets from each other, Millicent? At any rate, I will have none from you. Come! which one of Shakespeare's characters do I most resemble?"

"I am too stupid," she said, at a loss for his meaning.

"Hum! I see how it is. Your eyes are turned all one way. Well, he's a fine fellow, and I like him. If somebody must have you, I had as lief it were he as any one."

"I haven't an idea of what you are talking about."

"Why, really, you must be asleep. Well, then, I mean Tom Gordon."

"What about him?" asked she, aroused in a moment.

"Ah! at last! Tom Gordon loves a lady, and her name is Millicent."

She started up, trembling. "Snowden, you don't know what you are saying!"

"Yes, I do," said he, nodding laughingly, "and he is in earnest, whether you know it or not. He is at your feet, and you cannot move without stepping on him. For my part, I don't see why you shouldn't be merciful. He worships you: there's stuff in him: he would make a good husband. I certainly thought you cared for him,—encouraged him, you know. Forgive me if I'm blundering, dear; but it does look that way."

"You are blundering more than you can conceive." Her voice faltered and broke; she was profoundly agitated, and did not know what to say. "Tom Gordon is—I am his friend—I try to be! God forgive me! Oh, it is laughable! He never thought—never looked at me! It's all wrong—ridiculous! What harm if—no, no! what nonsense am I talking! Really, Snowden, you are too bad! An old maid like me should not be made fun of, even by her brother."

"My darling sister," said Snowden, greatly perplexed and concerned, "I am a clumsy brute, and I'd like to knock myself down! You are worn out and nervous, and I must needs rally you as if you were a school-boy! Forgive me, dear! I respect your privacy and reserve,—I sacredly respect them. Oh, you'll break my heart unless you'll be comforted! As for Gordon, if——"

"Hush! hush!—not a word!"

"All right!—only—all right! And now, to square accounts, I will make my own confession. I was speaking of a certain Shakespearean character. What do you think of Orlando?"

Millicent had dropped down on the sofa, panting and biting her lips, having narrowly escaped a fit of hysterics. But at her brother's last sentence she suddenly became absolutely still, as if her heart had ceased to beat. After a moment, she raised herself on one arm on the cushion, and turned her face towards him with a dazzled look. By degrees, comprehension dawned in her eyes; it brought consternation with it. Her lips parted, and an expression of intense weariness made her features haggard. She put her hands to her head, and then dropped them in her lap. She muttered, almost inaudibly, "Snowden! Snowden!"

He was pained and abashed, and could not help showing it. "Don't condemn me before I have pleaded my cause," he said, with a little laugh. "I know there's plenty to say against me; but there is something on the other side, too. In the first place, Millicent, I have lived a clean life,—partly, no doubt, because I'm naturally fastidious, but

partly, too, because I had loved a pure woman, and, though she wouldn't have me, I made up my mind to be worthy of her, at least, as long as I lived. I put all my energy into my business, and few men have worked harder than I did. My temperate ways kept me healthy; and in spite of my hair—which was white before I was forty—I honestly think I am a younger man to-day than most men who were born, as I was, fifty years ago. So, if I think of marrying now, I don't feel as if I were bringing a polluted and worn-out carcass to victimize my wife; she can see the worst of me as I stand here. And the first time I met Rosalind—yes, of course it's Rosalind: who else could it be?—the first time I met her, I knew what was coming. I mean, I knew I should love her; of course I didn't venture to suppose that she could love me. But later, when we came to know each other better, I thought that perhaps Providence had planned it all,—that my past disappointment and suffering were to be the means of my final happiness and compensation. Penwyn had taken the woman I would have married; but the daughter that was born to them grew up during my absence, until, when I came back, she was the same age as Mildred when I knew her; and her voice and her soul were her mother's. I couldn't help loving her; and I fancied, I must confess, that in inviting her here to visit us you recognized what might be, and meant to aid it. Certainly Rosalind might have cared for a better man; but if she can care for me, I'm sure no one could love and serve her more faithfully. Then there's her father, my old friend, poor and overworked: I can make him comfortable in this way; I shall have the right to. During this week, she and I have been constantly together: I have talked with her and observed her: we seem in many ways fitted for each other. Well, it's no use going on: I haven't any more to say. It seems to surprise and distress you, Millicent: I don't know why. Do you think me a fool, or worse?"

"I think you are the best man I have ever known. Dearest brother, I cannot talk to you to-night: my heart is too full. I have been stupid and reckless beyond what is credible. Tell me one thing now: have you spoken to Rosalind? has she promised to marry you?"

"I have not said a word to her. The truth is, I had meant to ask you to say something that might prepare her,—or show whether——"

"I understand: oh, I understand now! Well, then, I will ask you one favor, Snowden: say nothing to her at this time. It is both for her sake and yours that I ask it. I cannot trust myself even to think to-night; but I am sure I am right in asking that. Soon you will know all I have to tell. Will you do it?"

"To be sure I will. I intended, at any rate, to ask her in her father's house,—not here, where she might hardly know her own mind."

"Good-night, then, my beloved brother. Kiss me, and forgive me, and be sorry for me: I need it!" She rose, and leaned forward against his shoulder, as if all strength had left her. He put his arms round her, with a hearty, brotherly hug. They both felt comforted by that embrace; but neither of them fell asleep till near morning. Rosalind, meanwhile, had slumbered sound and sweet.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next morning was Sunday, and it was the last of Rosalind's appointed visit. It was to be spent in rest; and Mr. Penwyn would come and pass the night, for once, and take his daughter home in the morning.

Millicent had made Rosalind a present of a charming morning wrapper of delicate Japanese silk, lined and trimmed in a manner to ravish the senses of the wearer, not to speak of the beholder; and Rosalind, after getting up this morning,—which she did quite early, partly because she had slept so well, and partly because she wanted ample time to linger over her bath and all the luxurious details of her toilet,—after having polished and perfected herself, combed, brushed, and caressed herself, until there really remained nothing to be done,—Rosalind put on the Japanese wrapper, observed its effect in the tall mirror, courtesied to herself, pointing her foot and kissing her fingertips, and finally turned and marched, gently rustling, out of the room.

The door of Millicent's chamber, on the same landing, was ajar; and as Rosalind went forward, Millicent came out and met her, and they kissed each other, and went down-stairs with their arms round each other's waists. Before they entered the breakfast-room, Millicent said, "I am so glad we are to have this day all to ourselves. I have hardly seen you yet. I want a good long talk."

"I have been very happy here: it has made a different person of me, I think," returned Rosalind. There was always great physical serenity about this girl: she could glow, but she never fussed and fumed or was in a hurry. There was an impression that things about her moved, while she remained at rest. The rhythm of her speech was also measured and leisurely.

"Some things that seem changes are only discoveries of what we really are," said Millicent.

Snowden was in the breakfast-room, looking over the *Observer*. "I see by the foreign telegrams," he remarked, "that there is likely to be a financial panic in New York. Some of my potatoes are in the pot there: I shall write some letters to my American agent this morning. You girls will be thankful to have a few hours to yourselves, I guess. I hope Penwyn may get here to lunch. Are you homesick, Rosalind? Are you weary of this great world?"

"I am not weary at all," she replied, quietly. "I feel at home here. If the world were twice as large as it is, I should like to see it all."

Snowden was evidently pleased with this response, though he was not in his usual agreeable spirits. "How is it with you, Miss Plumptre?" he asked: "is the world big enough for you?"

"Oh, my world is in the companionship of persons to whom I am attached," that young lady answered. "I could never weary of that, or desire anything more. It would make no difference to me where my residence was,—here, or on the Continent, or even in America. Wherever those I loved were, would be my home."

Sentiments of propriety so unexceptionable are apt to put an end to the conversation that has given rise to them. Little more was said during breakfast; and Miss Plumptre had leisure to speculate as to whether her daring reference to America had found its mark or not. Her emotions had, so to speak, been much in her thoughts of late. She found it difficult to determine how much or how little she ought to say. She would not, for her life, have transcended the bounds of maidenly decorum; but it was impossible not to see that Mr. Mayne lacked self-confidence; and it would only be kind to indicate to him that, if he had anything particular to say, she was not unprepared to give it sympathetic consideration.

Breakfast over, she departed to church; Snowden went up to his room to write his letters; and Millicent and Rosalind established themselves in the library, where the arm-chairs were roomier and the window-seats deeper than in any other room in the house.

The talk of the two women proceeded, at first, by fits and starts, with long intervals of meditative silence, though it is safe to presume that their respective meditations moved on anything but parallel lines. At length, some allusion to Snowden's building projects opened the way to speak of Gordon.

"I am sorry we have not seen more of him this week," said Millicent. "The trouble with London society is that it allows one to see so little of the really nice people."

"Nice people are one kind of good thing, and London society is another. The pleasantest way, it seems to me, is to take them in alternation."

"I think Mr. Gordon would be willing to give up society for the sake of seeing more of you."

"Has he told you so?" asked Rosalind, point-blank.

Millicent met her eyes steadily. "He used to talk to me about you," she said, gently, "before I ever met you, or expected to meet you. It was a confidence,—he had to speak to some one, and he has always regarded me as a sister,—and you are the first to whom I have mentioned it. You are not offended, are you?"

"I have thought," said Rosalind, after a pause, "that perhaps I did not know my own mind."

"I wish only to be the friend of both of you."

"I'm sure of that. I do not wish to make him unhappy,—far from it! He said, once, that he would be contented with my friendship. To marry—if one is really married—seems to put an end to everything else,—to marry poor, at any rate. I feel as if I should not be content. It isn't that I want anything in particular: I want—everything!"

"No one can have everything, dear; but one may easily lose everything."

"Yes; but as long as I want, I am afraid."

"The thing to decide is, not whether you want Tom now, but whether you will ever want him. He has given you his heart; but he has his reason left."

"Yes; he was never unreasonable or tyrannical. He would wait;

but I don't think I like to be waited for. It is better to be burned up than to be melted down!"

At this, Millicent laughed. She had, moreover, expressed the same thing to Tom. Patience in love is often more risky than precipitation. She began to admit a doubt which, hitherto, a lofty and self-abnegating sense of honor had prompted her resolutely to fight away. Perhaps, after all, Tom and Rosalind were not predestined for one another. Tom might not be so much in love as he had imagined; and Rosalind might, in her lack of experience, have mistaken friendly regard for a more serious passion. In that case, Snowden had all the rights of the matter, and it might need only a hint from him for Rosalind to yield herself to him. And then Tom would perhaps find consolation in a quarter to think of which made Millicent's bosom swell and the blood tingle in her veins.

Yes, this was a possible solution. Rosalind was certainly wavering; a touch would incline the balance: why should not Millicent communicate it? Why should she not at least let matters take their own course? Had she herself been an indifferent spectator merely, would she not have deemed it officious to interfere?

If conscience be a product of evolution, it is remarkable how much more highly it is developed in some persons than in others. So wide is the discrepancy that it almost seems to be one of kind rather than of degree. Conscience begins where reason leaves off, and is frequently at variance with the latter. Millicent left her arguments at the moment when it became difficult to argue against them, and obeyed the law that never argues, but only pronounces.

"The truth is, dear," she said, "that you are staking the moods of a week against the happiness of a lifetime. The gayeties and ceremonies you have been through have no solid substance in them, and if you try to found any serious action on them you will be left without any foundation at all. I cannot tell whether you love Tom Gordon or not; but if you don't I think you are very unfortunate, and I doubt whether you will find it possible ever to love anybody. Love is so sacred a thing that the least tampering with it spoils it. If a germ of it has begun to grow in your heart, and you kill it, or wilfully let it die, nothing like it will ever come to you again, and you will find nothing else in the world worth living for. You should not ask yourself whether you may not have been mistaken in thinking you love him: you should thank God for letting the holy gift of love come to you, and pray for strength and constancy to keep it yours. I can say this for Tom, that if you do love him, and marry him, he will never disappoint you, and that you will love him better and better every year."

"I am not so good as you are," said Rosalind. She was looking down, and spoke gloomily. "I feel that all you say is right, and that I may be throwing away something infinitely precious, that I shall mourn for afterwards till I die. But what is the use of pretending? There may be people, for aught I know, who pretend to be good, and even carry it so far as actually to do what is good; but if they wanted in their hearts to do the contrary, what use is it? I would rather be a devil all through than an angel on the surface. I am full of vanity

and pride and luxury : I like this soft, easy, flattering life that I have been living here, better than to be faithful and noble and unselfish. If the opportunity comes to me to continue to live it, I shall take it. Yes, I won't lie to you : you shall know me as I am. I did love Tom ; I could still love him if I would ; but I don't wish to give up what I should have to give up to marry him. The clay suits me better than the diamond : it is not that I mistake the one for the other. If Tom were rich, there would be no trouble ; but God does not put things that way, and I understand why He does not. Goodness is strength, and no one could be strong if the world were made easy for them."

There was one thing left for Millicent to do,—the hardest of all things,—and she did it.

"You shall know me, too," she said, "and we shall be friends, in spite of all. Say what you will, you are noble enough to hear my secret, and you shall hear it. Tom Gordon and I are just of an age : I have known him since we were children. In our plays he was always kind to me : he took my part, and I loved him as children love one another. We used to talk together : I grew up faster than he, so that he used to look up to me after a while, and come to me for advice and comfort about his boy difficulties and sorrows : I used to give him the best I had, with all my heart : I thought him the dearest boy that ever lived. After a while he had to go away to school and college, and I saw him only occasionally, in his vacations. He treated me as an elder sister ; we told each other everything ; but presently I began to see that he cared for me not as I cared for him : he was glad to be with me, but he was content to be elsewhere : when we met after a long interval, he would be pleased, but I saw that he had not been longing, and counting the days, as I had been. At first I thought that this was only the difference between men's feelings and women's,—that he cared in his way, and I in mine. But one day—" she paused, and waited a few moments for composure to go on—"he came behind me as I was sitting reading—I had not seen him for several weeks—and tapped me on the shoulder ; and as I looked around, he kissed me on the lips. It was the first time since we were little children, Rosalind ; and it was the last time ! He was laughing at having surprised me, and directly he began to talk of one thing and another : he had felt nothing. But I—I was in heaven and in hell ! It was the culmination of my life. He had not meant to give it as I took it ; but he had given it, and it was taken. Thank God ! thank God ! That kiss was only a friendly jest for him : it made me an old maid : I would not have been without it for anything,—no, not for anything ! All my happiness as bride and wife were pressed into that instant. I understood then what was the difference between him and me. He liked me, and I loved him."

She ended with a passion so pure that Rosalind covered her face with her hands, as one admitted into the presence of something too holy not to be revered. Millicent moved a book that was lying on the table, and, after breathing unevenly for a little while, continued ;

"One night, about a year ago, he came to me with a look in his face that I knew the meaning of, because I had known that it would never be there for me. He began to tell me about a beautiful girl

that he had met,—one who revealed to him what woman could be. It was so like those old confidences when we were children, and yet so unlike them! He came often after that, to talk to me about her,—about you. I listened as a prisoner listens to the verdict of the jury on his life: not that the gain or loss was mine, but that it was his: was she the woman for him? was she worthy or unworthy? I thought and dreamed of what you might be, as he thought and dreamed of you,—not less anxiously and jealously. At last the time came when he told me that he had spoken to you, and that you had not repulsed him. Oh, that evening! I shall never forget it! But this is the truth: I did not grudge him to you. No, indeed! I wished that he might be happy with you as no man ever yet was happy. If laying down my life would have made you still more beautiful or lovable, how blessed it would have been to do it! Some time, dear, I hope you will know that feeling,—that you have no self left: it is all merged and glorified in the man you love.

"All this time I had never seen you. He had not proposed it, and I dreaded to do so: one dreads to know what one supremely desires to know. But the occasion came at last: you can understand now why I looked at you so. At first I was not convinced; but when I had heard your voice singing, and when you spoke of missing your mother, my heart went out to you: it went out, and, Rosalind, I cannot take it back. If he must suffer for love of you, then so must I: wherever you go, whatever you do, his love and mine will follow you."

"There was a nearer way!" said Rosalind, struggling against a heavy oppression in her bosom. "He would have loved you, had you revealed yourself."

"I have something better than his love!" replied Millicent; and at that lofty saying Rosalind bent her head and was silent.

"I don't think I can do any very base thing, after this," she said, some while later. "You have not made me unselfish, but you have taken away my pleasure in selfishness. I feel as if I had never known anything or felt anything. I shall go home and try to think. I don't want to see you or Tom or any one. I suppose I shall live and die as I am. I hate the idea of marrying. I am not grateful, nor ungrateful. All this life and health are in me, and yet I cannot do anything with my life. My only use in the world seems to be to afford other people an opportunity to be magnanimous. When I have finished my thinking, I will come and tell you. I have no idea when that will be: never, perhaps."

But Millicent, though she forbore to reply, did not take so despondent a view of the situation. Strong natures change slowly, but the changes hold. They travel on foot, and confront all the perils and glooms of the way; but when they arrive, they have no arrears to make good. Their burden of evil is a heavy one, but it is on their shoulders, not in their hearts. Their errors have more value in them than the impeccable careers of slighter persons. Human existence pivots on them; they are the centre of motion, not the motion itself,—the epochs

of history, not its details. So Millicent would have had less hope had Rosalind yielded easily and been converted in a hurry. The strength that resists is but a phase of the strength that affirms, and is the measure of it. And Rosalind's grudging concession, "I cannot do any very base thing, after this," had more trustworthy promise in it than a thousand facile protestations.

At luncheon, Miss Plumptre praised the sermon she had heard, and expressed her respectful admiration of the clergyman for having got so copious a discourse out of so small a scrap of text. "He adds so much to the Bible!" she observed, appreciatively. Snowden had written his letters, and was courteous and genial to Rosalind, without being over-zealous. Rosalind was taciturn, if not grim; and Millicent supplied responses to Miss Plumptre.

Towards dinner-time, Penwyn appeared, and he and Snowden had talk together, much of it apart, but the upshot of which transpired later. They all went to bed early; and the next morning the adieux were said, without any noticeable outbreak of emotion, and Rosalind's visit was at an end.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON the afternoon of their departure, a rolled-up packet was brought to Snowden, which proved to contain the plans and elevations of the proposed country dwelling on the banks of the Thames. He called up Millicent, and they examined them together. Snowden was very much pleased. "You were right about that young gentleman, my dear," he said. "He has got ideas of his own, and very good ones they are. If he can make houses like that, it ought not to be difficult for him to make a fortune. His estimates are moderate, too, though enough to show that he respects his work. He is a fine fellow, and he shall have the commission; and I wish—ah! my dear!"

"Snowden," said Millicent, laughing, "if my behavior the other night has actually scared you so that you are afraid to talk aloud in my presence, I shall be worse punished than I deserve. I know I behaved very badly, and I suppose you drew some interesting inferences; but I do assure you most seriously that I have no thoughts of accepting Tom Gordon, nor he any intention of proposing to me. My ambition and intention are to persuade you to fall in love with me, and to make you as comfortable as I can,—until you find some means of becoming more comfortable than I can make you. I am not dangerous at all!"

"You will never have a rival, Millicent, even if I marry," Snowden replied, kissing her hand. "As to Rosalind, I want to tell you that I opened the matter to Penwyn last night; that is, I told him the feeling I had for her, and asked him whether, in case things ever got so far as to depend upon his consent, he would give it. He said he would like nothing better,—except, of course, that he would prefer to keep Rosalind to himself, if he could, or as long as he could. He said he had a horror of her marrying a poor man; and I could understand from what experience he spoke. I told him that I had no intention of hastening matters, and that I thought the fair thing to do would be to

let her alone for a few months, so as to give her new impressions time to settle and explain themselves. Meanwhile, he was to refrain from giving her any hint of what plots were hatching: the stipulation was in her interest, of course, not in mine. That is the present posture of the affair. I think I shall succeed, unless she has been previously caught elsewhere; and in that case——”

“What?” said Millicent.

“In that case, and if my rival is what he should be, and I can be of any use or help to her, why, God bless her! she shall find out what a friend a defeated lover can be.”

“This is a lovely world!” said Millicent; and she kissed him.

Several weeks went by, during which Tom Gordon broke ground for the new house and got it fairly under way. He worked at it with a kind of fanatic zeal; and as the young clergyman was said to have put the whole body of theology into his first sermon, so Tom seemed bent upon making this edifice the essence of all architecture. Snowden went over three or four times a week to inspect its progress and discuss details, and found as much pleasure in the mounds of bricks, heaps of mortar, and piles of timber as if they were already the fairest habitation that civilized man had ever planned.

Towards the close of the London season, while he was sitting in his room one morning, looking over his correspondence, Signor Patrick Malvini entered, bearing a telegram.

“From Gordon, I suppose, about those door-posts,” muttered Snowden, tearing it open. “Sit down, Patrick: I want to have a chat with you. Hullo! this is a cable from New York. Let us see——”

It was a message from his American agent, and contained, in cipher, the following information:

“A panic has set in: four banks went under yesterday, and three more this morning. The Artesian Bank, which has been helping the others, is now threatened. The outlook for Friday is bad. Save whatever you can on the other side. Signed, FULLERTON.”

“To-day is Thursday, isn’t it, Patrick?” said Snowden.

“Yes, Mr. Snowden.”

“Send out and get an afternoon paper, will you?”

Signor Malvini left the room, and Snowden, after reading the telegram again, placed it on the file. He leaned back in his chair, stroking his white moustache. In a few minutes Malvini returned.

“I have sent the boy out,” said he. “Is there anything particular?”

“Well, you know, most of what I have got is in the Artesian Bank, Wall Street. I’m one of the directors. I have been thinking of taking my money out and investing over here. The interest is larger there, but it is never safe to have your business where you can’t personally look after it. But I’ve been attending to other things, and now it may prove too late. This cable was written last night. It says the bank is in danger. Fullerton is a faithful and careful man; but there’s no eye like the master’s eye.”

“And you would be heavily involved, Mr. Snowden?”

“Why, yes; to the extent of nearly everything I’ve got. I own

three-fourths of the bank-stock,—something near a million dollars, I guess."

Signor Malvini's black eyes opened in astonishment and dismay. "I had no idea, Mr. Snowden," he said, "that the amount would be anything approaching that. I presumed you were comfortably off, but—two hundred thousand pounds sterling! And all in jeopardy!" He raised his long white hands and let them drop heavily.

"I didn't specify the extent of my means, for several reasons," remarked Snowden, who had been jotting down some figures on a sheet of paper. "To be known as rich hampers a man in more ways than one. Besides, I wanted to ascertain the condition of the family estate over here, and estimate at my leisure exactly what I wanted to do for it. In fact, I suppose I meant to give Millicent and you an agreeable surprise. Well, so far as she is concerned, it turned out well. She never will know how much I lost, because she doesn't know how much I had."

"But what is to be done, Mr. Snowden?" demanded the old steward, in a sorrowing voice.

"Oh, if the worst comes to the worst, I can go to work again over there, and get it all back in ten years or so. My credit has always been good, and I have lots of friends,—and lots of energy, too!" he added, with a smile. "Don't worry about me, old gentleman. Meanwhile, I have eight or nine thousand pounds on deposit over here, and with that I can pay Gordon for the house, and put you and Millicent into it. You can rent this house, and the estate will be that much better off. The thing that chiefly annoys me"—he looked up, and let his eyes rest on Malvini's face with a quizzical expression—"is one that I have never spoken to you about. I had thought—I had hoped—to marry."

"And sure, Mr. Snowden, you'd not think I'd be opposin' what would conduce in any way to the felicity of the man I love and honor above all others in the world!"

"Thank you, you dear old fanatic. But, you see, your love for me leaves you with nothing but prejudices for other people. I want to marry Penwyn's daughter."

"That fortune-huntin' girl! She's a fair maid; but—like father, like daughter." He shook his head dejectedly. "Has she promised you, Mr. Snowden?"

"I have not spoken to her. But her father is favorable."

"Ay, I could have told ye that!" Suddenly his eyes brightened, and he sat erect. "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good!" he said. "This calamity will prove the justice of my opinion, Mr. Snowden. Let Mr. Paul Penwyn hear the first whisper of your ruin, and see how quick he'll drop ye! I'll stake my case on that!"

"You are a cantankerous old idiot!" returned Snowden, good-humoredly. "But I am glad of the test, too, if only for the sake of confounding you. Ah! here comes the newspaper."

He opened the sheet, and looked at the foreign news column. There was a heading, "*LATEST, The Great Panic in New York*," followed by a long despatch. "Yes, here it is," said Snowden; and he read aloud:

"One of the last to go under was the well-known Artesian Bank. This institution was considered one of the strongest on the Street. During the early days of the panic it had come to the assistance of some of the other houses. These efforts failed of their expected effect, while weakening the Artesian. The spread and severity of the panic are unsurpassed in the history of Wall Street, and the wildest confusion and excitement prevail. Nothing short of a grant from the United States Treasury could have saved the Artesian, and this, it is understood, was refused. The largest stockholder in the bank was Mr. Snowden Mayne, a gentleman of English birth, who during the past twenty years accumulated a vast fortune in America. Every penny of this is lost. Mr. Mayne is said to be at this moment visiting his relatives in London."

Snowden laid down the paper. "Well, the fat's in the fire!" he remarked. "So far as I can see, I have not lost more than I had,—which is a consolation! One can't depend on telegrams sent out at such a time; but, after all possible deductions, the truth must be serious enough. We shall know more precisely next week. Meanwhile, say nothing to Millicent. She seldom reads the papers, and I should like to communicate the news to her in my own way."

As he got up from his chair, Malvini came up to him, and grasped his hand between both of his own.

"Sure, never man bore disaster so gallantly as yourself," said he, tremulously. "I honor ye and I glory in ye! Oh, my dear, dear boy! would I were as young as I was once! There is little blood in my old veins now; but every drop there is belongs to your service. Take me with you to New York, and together we'll make a fight with fortune and win back from her what she has robbed you of. I'm good for ten years, yet!"

"Of course you are, Patrick; and for that reason I shall intrust you with the care of Millicent while I am away—if I have to go. She mustn't be left alone, and there's nobody could take your place here. That will put me at ease, and I shall be able to give my whole mind to business. Now, I'm going to step over to the city. I shall lunch down there. Make my excuses to Millicent. I shall be back to dinner."

Like all men who rely upon themselves, he wanted to be alone with his calamity for a while,—to look it quietly in the face, and to measure himself against it. He put on his hat, took his stick, and, leaving the house, turned down the Lane towards Hyde Park Corner. It was early yet, and the fashionable crowd had not begun to assemble. He strolled up Piccadilly, swinging his stick, and holding his shoulders straight. "There goes a general from India: what a splendid-looking old chap!" said one young dandy to another. "Who is he?" the latter asked. "I can't think of his name; but there's no mistaking him. Look what an eye he has! He was at Cawnpore, and killed fifty sepoyes with his own . . ."

Twenty years of life thrown away! It was not the loss of the money that he minded so much. Money could be won again; but the years,—there was no recovering them! He had felt like a young man

yesterday ; but, in spite of his sturdy walk and bearing, he did not feel young now. Some recuperative faculty, whose absence he had not before missed, had left him. He was not young : he had been a fool and a vain coxcomb to think otherwise : he was old,—old,—old ! What mattered a fresh-hued visage and a well-preserved figure ? They were but a shell : underneath there was age,—stale, dry old age. He might talk cheerfully and braggingly to Malvini ; but, within, his spirit knew its own fright and feebleness. Yes, it no longer swelled forth as of old and drove the brave blood defiantly through his veins. It crouched down and shivered with cold and apprehension. “ Snowden Mayne, you are an old impostor ! ” it said.

Why should he go to America and make another fortune ? Millicent was at least independent ; and no one else was dependent on him. Another fortune might come ; but to what purpose should he labor for it ? If he were old now, what would he be then ? What use would a dried-up, doddering old gaffer have for a million of money ? Ay ! but Rosalind !

Snowden paused and looked into the window of a book-shop. Suppose he were to offer himself to Rosalind, and, if she accepted him, settle quietly down with the remnants of the family fortune and his own, and take life easily to the end ? They would have a good home to live in, and they could still associate with the best people in London. There would be nothing like real hardship : only a little economy the first few years, until the estate should recover itself. It would be an easy life ; and no one would respect him the less for not going back to America,—no one would expect him to do such a thing—at his age ! He would enjoy the lovely solace of Rosalind’s companionship : she and Millicent would minister to him and delight him. He had done his work : it was not his fault if the results of it were taken from him : he had earned his recompense. And what sweeter recompense could any human being desire than the love and companionship of those two women ?

“ Truly, Snowden Mayne,” said the voice within him, “ you are a paltry and scurvy fellow ! You can prate of the sobriety and continence of your life, of your self-respect, of your reverence for pure memories ! You profess to love Rosalind, and you would condemn her to pass the best part of her young life as the nurse of an old man ! What have you to give her in exchange for the gift of herself ? Is there anything in you or about you to match that matchless, untouched beauty ? If you could make her the richest woman in the world, would that be anything ? Nay, might it not be the means of tempting her to her ruin ? In decency’s name, let her marry, if she will, some hearty and loyal young fellow, who can absorb her and be absorbed by her, with whom she can go forward step by step, making the same discoveries, grieving at the same sorrows, exulting in the same joys, learning the same lessons of success and failure. Would you yoke a growing and mounting soul to your own degenerating and dwindling carcass, and call it marriage ? Leave her in peace, for shame ! and seek some fitting penance for the shabby sin you contemplated ! ”

CHAPTER XIV.

HANGING in the window of the book-shop was a placard that read, "Buy 'Miriam Trent,' Paul Penwyn's Great Novel. Tenth Thousand on sale this day." And underneath the placard was a long row of prettily-bound volumes, with "Miriam Trent" on their backs in gold lettering. Snowden had been looking at it several minutes, but had only just recognized its purport. "Good for Paul!" he murmured to himself. "He has got his foot in the stirrup at last! He goes up as I come down; and no Artesian Bank will ever ruin him." He felt greatly brightened up by this discovery, and walked on with a freer step. At the corner of Regent Circus he met Tom Gordon, wearing a very sombre countenance. Tom stopped and raised his hat.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Mayne," he said.

"Congratulate me! Well, that is not exactly what I was expecting. But perhaps it is as well to regard it in that way."

"I beg your pardon," said Tom, blushing. "Yes, I have heard of your pecuniary loss, and I am sincerely sorry: I hope it is not so bad as they say. But I was thinking of something quite different,—your engagement to Miss Penwyn."

"Ah! where did you get that news?"

"I have just seen her father."

"And he told you that Rosalind and I were engaged?"

"He did not say it in so many words. But I could infer it from some things he said. In fact, I—the news was not wholly unexpected."

"Hum!" Snowden eyed the young fellow keenly. How forlorn—almost tragic—he looked! All at once the elder man was visited by an idea, a suggestion. He turned it over in his mind: the longer he examined it, the less improbable it appeared. In fact, what could be more natural?

"All I care to say at present is that I should not like the report to go any further just now. My affairs in America put me in a somewhat delicate position. I will speak to Mr. Penwyn. How is the house getting on?"

"It is going forward very fast: if we keep the same number of men to work, it will be finished by the end of the month. But, by the way, Mr. Mayne, perhaps this American disaster may necessitate your changing your plans? If so, it would no doubt be possible for me to make some arrangement so that——"

"No, not at all. The money to cover the expense was deposited in the Westminster Bank here, and will remain subject to your order. The other complication will not interfere with it. Press the work with all possible diligence, and let it be as good as it can be made. You will, I trust, find it a profitable job, both directly and indirectly."

"I feel the obligation, I assure you," said Tom, bowing.

"It is entirely mutual. Are you going my way? Good-day, then."

"Good-day, Mr. Mayne," said Tom; and so they parted. But in a moment Snowden felt a touch on his arm, and there was Tom again. He had a folded paper in his hand.

"Would you kindly deliver this to Mr. Penwyn?" he said. "I found it yesterday in that old trunk of papers that Sir Alexander left to me. It appears to be a letter from Mr. Penwyn to him, dated more than twenty years back. I haven't read it, but I thought he had better have it. I forgot to give it him when I saw him; and, as I may not soon see him again——"

"I will hand it to him with pleasure," said Snowden.

"Thank you!" And he was off.

Snowden passed down Regent Street to the Strand, and so city-wards. He was gradually becoming more and more cheerful, though there was little apparent cause for it. His thoughts were busy as he walked along, and not unpleasantly busy. After all, a good deal might be done even without a fortune!

He had passed through Temple Bar, and was coming in sight of Ludgate Hill and the dome of St. Paul's, when he saw Penwyn crossing the street from the vicinity of Paternoster Row. Snowden quickened his step, and confronted him just as he reached the curb.

"Snowden, Snowden, is this you?" cried Penwyn, shaking him by the hand with all his might, while his eyes glowed and his face worked. "Oh, my boy, I have heard! I am so sorry—I can't tell you—you know it!" His voice was beautifully tender, and expressed all that he could not find words for. "I was just going to take the Underground at Blackfriars to go and see you," he went on. "But since you're here——"

"Let us go to the City Club and have something to eat. I have walked all the way down here, and am as hungry as a cannibal." He hailed a passing hansom, forced Penwyn into it, and off they trundled. In a few minutes they were at the Club door, and lost no time in getting on opposite sides of a small dinner-table in a convenient alcove.

"I see your book is doing wonders," he said. "I am delighted! But why didn't you send me a copy?"

"Didn't I? I meant to; but the success astonished me so that I have hardly been able to think straight since. Another thousand copies have been ordered to-day. And it doesn't seem to be merely a popular sensation: the best reviews say lovely things of it. I can hardly believe in it myself; but my publishers do, and they have ordered another story of me for three thousand guineas, and tell me to draw on them for whatever I want. I have just come from there."

"Why, this is superb!"

"Of course it is!" said Penwyn, waving his hand and smiling radiantly. "And it comes just at the right time, too. I thanked my stars for it when I read that news in the paper. Of course it will be only a drop in the bucket, but it may hold the fort until reinforcements can come up."

"What do you mean?" asked Snowden. "Ah! here comes our steak."

"I was on my way to my publishers', to see what the state of the account was, when I got the afternoon paper. I went right on, and they received me like a prince. The amount to my credit was fifteen

hundred pounds; and I got an advance of five hundred more." He was hunting in his pocket, and now pulled out a well-worn pocket-book. "I had it put into one draft for deposit, payable to your order," he continued; and as he spoke he laid a crossed check for two thousand pounds on Snowden's plate. "I meant to pay it in myself and then tell you of it," he added; "but, since we're together, why stand on ceremony? We are old friends enough."

Snowden picked up the check, examined it, turned it over, laid it down, and bent a peculiar look upon Penwyn. Then he suddenly threw up his head and laughed: "Ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!—ha! ha! ho!"—until the waiter turned and stared.

"Why, what's the matter? Why are you laughing at that rate?" asked Penwyn, at length, looking a trifle disconcerted.

"What am I laughing for? Why, because I am so pleased, of course! And to think of old Malvini! Ha! ha! ho! My dear Paul, I would be willing to lose twenty fortunes rather than not have had this happen! It is glorious!"

"I'm not aware that it is so very extraordinary," returned Penwyn, rather dryly. "A friend is a friend. What do you expect?"

"Paul, my dear," said Snowden, in a husky voice, and with tears in his eyes, "I am happier than I ever was before. I don't need this money at all: if I did, I give you my word, I would use it. But that you should have given it to me in such a matter-of-course way,—you, the man whom I have quarrelled with the last twenty years because I suspected you—shame to me to have done it!—of having married the girl I cared for for the sake of her dowry! I repented of it lately, but I more than half believed it all that time. Can you forgive me? Yes, I know you can. I was wiser in college, when I picked you out as the best man there, than I have been since. And, whether you forgive me or not, I know you now, and that is satisfaction enough."

"Indeed, I forgive you with all my heart," said Paul, gently and gravely. "I don't wonder at your thinking ill of me, though I didn't suppose you would think *that*. You know, your engagement was not announced, and I didn't know of it until I had spoken to Mildred, and then it was too late. She terminated the engagement the next day; and we ran away together, because it was the only thing we could do. As to the dowry, I remember writing a letter to Sir Alexander from Cornwall, telling him that, under the circumstances, neither my wife nor I could accept any money from him. He probably wouldn't have let us have any, in any case; but it was comforting to have been beforehand with him."

"What is that?" asked Snowden, abruptly, pulling the paper that Tom had given him out of his pocket and handing it over.

Penwyn opened it, stared, and said, "Why, that's the very letter I wrote him! Where did you get it?"

"From a friend of mine. Let me have it,—and the check too. I'll give them back to you to-morrow. By the bye, I met Tom Gordon, and he congratulated me on my engagement, and said he got the news from you."

"Oh, he guessed it. You see, he has been after my Rosalind for a

year past, and, though I didn't forbid it, I discouraged it: I didn't want her to marry a poor man. He came to-day to ask me if I was of the same mind, and said he was in the way, thanks to you, to make some money in his profession. One thing led to another, and at last, from something I said, he jumped at the conclusion."

"Why didn't you tell me this before, Paul?"

"Well, I knew it would keep you off, and I wanted my girl to have a free chance to choose what and whom she liked best. If it was Gordon, I'd have submitted; but——"

"I see. But you have said nothing to Rosalind herself?"

"Not a syllable."

"Well, don't. Let me manage that myself. But I presume, since you object to her marrying a poor man, that I am as ineligible as Gordon?"

"Oh, I'll have enough now to keep you in good style."

"Me, or Gordon either?"

"You're an old friend, and a man; he's but a boy."

"I'm a friend, and an old man, and she's but a girl. However, let that go. We will let the matter stand as it is until my house is built. As to my affair, I have lost a fortune, it's true, but my case is by no means desperate. It won't even be absolutely necessary for me to go into business again, though I may prefer to do so. If I ever need that money of yours, I'll ask you for it without a moment's hesitation. Meanwhile, I'll read 'Miriam Trent.' And now, my dear fellow, let us eat our cold steak and potatoes."

They fell to, accordingly; and never had a meal tasted better to either of them. Then they took a hansom back to the West End, where they parted with a shake of the hand that, between men, was the equivalent of an embrace. Snowden went home, and sent for Malvini.

"Patrick," said he, "you are a good soul, but you have one failing, which I am now going to cure you of. You know we were speaking of that fortune-hunter, Paul Penwyn?"

"Yes, Mr. Snowden. I am sorry to differ from you, but I must retain my opinion of him."

"Certainly. He has made a little money by a book of his, lately. Hearing of my loss, he went to his publishers' and drew that check, which he gave me an hour ago. A mean, contemptible advantage to take of me, wasn't it?"

Malvini looked at the check, and changed color. He lifted his eyes for a moment to Penwyn's face, and dropped them again.

"I acknowledge I was less than fair to him, Mr. Snowden," he said at last. "Surely that seems a generous act of his. Yes, it was a fine act. But I formed my opinion of him many years ago. A man may improve as he grows older. He undoubtedly tried to work on Sir Alexander to give him that dowry; and though I may forgive him that, I can't forget it."

"Ah! well, if he did go begging to Sir Alexander, he worded his petition in quite an original way, and by chance I have the original document here, in his own handwriting. Read that, you old curmudgeon," he added, tossing the faded and yellowed letter across the

table to him, "and then let me hear your opinion, not of him, but of yourself!"

Malvini took the letter, and read it through carefully. Then he folded it carefully up and returned it.

"Did he give you this himself, Mr. Snowden?" he asked.

"No: I got it from Tom Gordon, who got it from Sir Alexander."

"It seems to look as if he might be a decent body after all," said Malvini, with a sigh; "but if I was you I'd think twice before marrying the young lady, all the same."

This eventful day was not to end without one more event.

As Snowden was going down to dinner, debating with himself how he should break the news of his catastrophe to Millicent, the servant met him on the stairs and handed him a telegram. This is what it contained:

"We shall pull through, after all. The government came to our assistance. The panic is abating. Our total loss less than fifty thousand dollars. Signed, FULLETON."

"That will do instead of a cocktail before dinner," said Snowden to himself. "'Fifty thousand dollars'! I would not exchange the experiences—and the experience—of this day for fifty thousand millions. I am going, for the future, to lead a respectable life!"

CHAPTER XV.

It suited Snowden's plans not to contradict, outside of his immediate circle, the report of his failure. Millicent, Malvini, and Penwyn were the sole depositaries of the truth, and they were pledged to hold their tongues. Penwyn's book continued to sell immensely, and he was already started on his new one. Rosalind took this unexpected change in fortune very undemonstratively. She wore not so much as a new ribbon; she went about her household affairs serious and silent, and was more than usually gentle and affectionate with her father. Tom Gordon never called on them in these days. He was very busy about the house, which was now being supplied with the final decorations. At last these were done, and there was nothing left to do but the furnishing.

Snowden had made a point of coming over every few days to watch the proceedings. He showed no desire to be domineering regarding the arrangements, however, but, on the contrary, encouraged Tom to order everything in accordance with his own tastes and preference. "I want it to be the sort of house that a young woman—say, like Millicent—would find most convenient and agreeable," he said. "You are a young man, familiar with the fads and improvements of the day, and can carry out the idea better than I could. Have everything just as you would if you were in my place. I engage to be satisfied with that."

"If Tom were in Snowden's place!" Tom smiled grimly. But the idea gave him a melancholy pleasure, and he followed it up. He

had had his own dreams of the house he would have built for his lady-love; and circumstances had strangely favored his realizing his dreams, with the single though not unimportant exception that his lady-love was to live there with another companion than himself. The site was the same that he had chosen; the house was of the type that he would have built; and now he was asked to add even the minor details and touches which his loving fancy had pictured for the woman that he loved. As he went about directing the furnishers in their work, he seemed to see a gracious ghost in every room and chamber,—a ghost with flowing hair, broad brow, and serious eyes. In a few days or weeks, perhaps, the reality of the vision would be there; but he would not be with her. He had decided upon his course. When all was done, he intended to sail for America, where there were people who, he had heard, knew how to appreciate good buildings and were willing to pay for them, and there he would live and prosper, or fail and die,—he neither knew nor cared which.

At length Tom was able to name a day on which all would be finished. Snowden was to come with Millicent; "and," said he, laying a friendly hand on the young man's shoulder, "be sure you are there beforehand, Gordon, to show us over the place. The fact is, you see, I have been telling some of my friends what capital work you can do, and it is very likely that you will have all the commissions you can attend to. I expect one or two persons to come over with me, and I think it will be to your advantage to be on hand."

On the morning of the date fixed, accordingly, Tom came to the house and let himself in. He wished to have an hour or two there by himself. He lingered in every room, scrutinizing every ornament, sitting in the chairs, gazing from the windows. "Rosalind! Rosalind!" he kept saying; and there was no answer. He looked in the mirrors which would hereafter reflect her face; he wondered which window-seat she would like best, and whether, when she looked out towards the southeast, where the bend of the river was visible, she would remember the day when he had rowed her along under the overhanging trees and had told her the passionate secret of his heart. Those solitary hours were full of delicious torture. He knew not whether to be glad or sorry when he heard a carriage drive up to the door.

He went down and threw it open. On the door-step stood Snowden, with Rosalind on his arm. She had a warm color in her cheeks, and her eyes, as they met his startled look, were dewy and mysterious. Penwyn, with Millicent beside him, was also there.

The greetings on Tom's side were constrained and awkward: he could not help feeling that a cruel trick had been played him. Even if it were unintentional on Snowden's part, yet Penwyn and Rosalind must have known what pain it would give him. But when he gave his hand to Millicent, he found himself strengthened and consoled. There was a spiritual luminousness in her face, as she turned it on him, that gave him back his courage and his patience.

Snowden was in high spirits, and Penwyn showed an unusual cordiality towards the young architect. The party wandered through the house, chatting and laughing. Everything was seen, commented on,

and admired. Rosalind betrayed a shyness that added the last charm to her loveliness. She spoke only in monosyllables, and avoided Tom's neighborhood, though once or twice he fancied he caught her eying him with a wistful expression. Now and then, too, he remarked her and Millicent walking apart and speaking together in whispers. He could understand everything but Millicent's part in the drama. As his oldest and most trusted friend, she ought to be full of compassion, ay, of indignation, on his account. Yet in her countenance he could read nothing but a shining serenity. What did it mean?

Finally they all assembled in the drawing-room. This opened on the south side into a conservatory, which was crowded with exquisite roses.

"Well, now," said Snowden, in his hearty voice, "you all like the house, do you? None of you have any criticism to make?"

"I think we are all agreed in admiration," returned Penwyn, smiling.

"For my part," observed Snowden, "I found but one thing lacking, and that was something I forgot to mention to you,"—turning to Tom,—“a door-plate. I don't know whether or not door-plates are fashionable; but to my thinking they finish off a house and stamp it unmistakably as the owner's own. So I took the liberty, while we were examining things inside here, to get a man to fasten a door-plate up on the outer door. Let us go out and look at it. I am anxious to know, Gordon, whether you will approve of the design.”

They went out on the porch, Tom moving listlessly, impatient to bring the scene to a close. There was the door-plate, a handsome piece of polished brass, screwed into the panel. The name was engraved on it in Old-English lettering. Tom's glance passed idly over it. He gave a nervous start and exclamation, and looked again. He turned very pale, and stared from one face to another: all returned his gaze with smiling sympathy. He tried to speak, but could not. A great sob burst from his throat.

"Come, come, my dear fellow," said Snowden, kindly, "you have borne disappointment like a man: you mustn't break down at the first dawn of hope. By the way, where is Rosalind?"

"I think I saw her go into the conservatory," said Millicent. "Go, dear Tom," she added: "you will find her among the roses."

All this was because the legend on the door-plate read as follows:

Thomas Gordon, Architect.

But it is wonderful what an effect a certain name, in a certain place, will sometimes have.

With impetuous but faltering steps, and with heart and brain on fire, Thomas Gordon, Architect, made his way to the conservatory. Ah, yes, there she was! The roses could not conceal her: she was rosier and sweeter than they. "Rosalind! Rosalind!"

"Yes, Tom!"

* * * * *

"My darling," he said, "how long have you known this?"



"Rosalind! Rosalind!"

DRAWN BY FREDERICK DELMAN.

[MILlicENT AND ROSALIND. p. 64.]

TO .VINU
AMPOULAO

"Only since this morning. Mr. Mayne and Millicent came to our house. Millicent spoke to me: she told me what was intended. At first I was afraid to come,—only afraid," she added, resting her burning cheek on his shoulder; "not—unwilling! For I might, once, have done a wicked thing; but Millicent saved me. Oh, there never was such a woman as Millicent! Even you do not know her as I do!"

"She has always felt and acted towards me like a sister," said Tom: "no one can like her and appreciate her more than I do. But, oh, my love, my darling love! You are my Rosalind, and I love you!"

And he never could understand why, at this speech, she burst into passionate tears.

Meanwhile, Penwyn, Snowden, and Millicent wandered away from the house over the grounds. They came to the boat-house on the river-bank, and sat there for a while, conversing in low voices. At last, Snowden and Millicent rose, and bade Penwyn farewell, and left him sitting there beside the water. They strolled down the path towards the gate, where the carriage was awaiting them. As he took her hand to help her up the step, he quickly raised it to his lips. She gave him a deep, shining look, and retained his hand in hers as they drove away.

Tom and Rosalind were married in November. She received, on her wedding-day, an amethyst ring, and with it a writing, "This ring, which once belonged to your mother, comes to you through your old friend and hers, Snowden Mayne."

Snowden and Millicent still pass the season in London, in the Park Lane house. In the winter they travel in the south. Miss Plumptre lives with them and accompanies them. She is stouter and more orthodox than ever: she no longer contemplates matrimony,—although, if Malvini were fifty years younger, there is no telling what might happen.

THE END.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S "ELIXIR OF LIFE."

HOW HAWTHORNE WORKED.

THE methods and movements of an original mind are always of interest and value; for such minds are in direct contact with Nature, and know no middle-men. They are at the root and in the core of things: other minds derive from them; or we might put it that what light other minds shed is polarized. The immeasurable array of literature finds its source in a few independent seers; and the vitality of the latter, scarcely apparent outwardly, is attested by this countless offspring. It would seem that Nature is, to the generality, a gorgon, whose features they shrink instinctively from contemplating, lest a too awful beauty paralyze their feeble life. But to the elemental men Nature is a mistress of infinite tenderness and complaisance, whom they passionately love, and from their intercourse with whom spring creations of immortal art. To us second-hand people

In dreams their jubilant camp is near,

and from the echoes of their lofty conversation we construct the sum and substance of our thoughts and theories. But though original genius may become the subject of admiring gossip, and exercise limitless influence, only its final results are commonly known. We have scanty information as to the manner in which those results were obtained,—of the path whereby the summit of vision was ascended. Whether or not the feet that are so beautiful upon the mountains ever followed erring trails, or faltered on their way, or attempted impracticable routes,—these things we know not: they are hidden from us. The perfect achievement seems miraculous, and therefore remote from our comprehension: yet, could we have followed the maker through his tentative gropings, while his purpose was still infirm and his goal dubious, we might have gained precious knowledge and encouragement. No great work was ever easily done: somewhere in its genesis there were doubt, suffering, and darkness. It has been truly said, though scarcely believed, that genius takes infinite pains. Were it believed, the average quality of the world's work might be higher than it is; for it is the indolent persuasion that production—and literary production especially—is easy, that renders the bulk of literature commonplace. The best that even the least of us can do can never be quite worthless; but it is precisely the least among us who are least apt to do their best. Or it may be more reasonable to say that men should be classed as smaller or greater according as they are willing and able to put forth the utmost strength (be it relatively great or small) that is in them.

But there is an instinct of reserve in true genius that causes it to shrink from revealing its processes. The poet's vision of his poem was, perhaps, even fairer than its realization: he is but half satisfied with it as it stands; he feels that his muse is loftier and more august than he,

and he is fain to at least conceal the abortive efforts that preceded the final issue of his communion with her. There may be some human vanity in this concealment; and something may be due to a generous jealousy of the muse's fair repute, lest it be dimmed by the confession of her lover's frailty. He will appear before the world in her company only in his most spotless robes and noblest mien. The veil of their wooing shall never be withdrawn. If they had lovers' quarrels,—if he spoke hasty words, and she resented them,—let it not be known. Their harmonies alone shall come to light.

May this reserve be justifiably penetrated by the world? Tennyson's indignant verse denies it, and his protest finds many echoes. The gentle Shakespeare's curse still guards the tomb at Stratford. But the chemistry of Time dissolves all disguises, and the secrets of one century are uncovered by the next. The events and characters of history become clearer as we remove from them. To posterity, as to God, all hearts are open. The slow, inevitable revelation of man unto himself is made, and the brotherhood of humanity, at once humbling and uplifting, is vindicated. The low and the high are brought together, and shown to be but phases of one prototype, the dark threads and the light but warp and woof of one universal fabric. It is our destiny at last to know, and not be self-deceived. The perfect manhood of the Golden Age can be founded on no misapprehensions, whether of good or of ill. In order that our illusions may become truth, they must first be sacrificed; and the ideal must be shattered ere its realization can be accomplished.

Reverence is due to virtue and to greatness, and to them only; not to the human beings who in greater or less measure are characterized by these qualities. The persons and goodness are twain; they can receive it, but it can never be they. If, therefore, we confound the light with the lantern,—God's gift to man with the man to whom it is given,—a sure disappointment awaits us. We may love heroes, but it is only heroism that we may worship; nor shall we love our Washingtons and Savonarolas the less because we admit their human frailties. It is objected that the baser sort find encouragement for their baseness in the slips of the great. Yet even this pathetic fact is but an indirect testimony to the power of goodness; and, meanwhile, how many a weary wrestler, finding that the mightiest of his brethren were also weak, will take heart to fight again!

My present theme, however, is not a moral but a literary one. In the growth of culture, our literary reputations are gradually finding their final places; and the original genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne is found to occupy a lofty and somewhat solitary position. He is one of the few who write from life instead of from books; and his sensitive artistic perception gives his work an unsurpassed symmetry and finish, while the depth and saneness of his insight impart to his stories an inexhaustible vitality. Precisely what he has done, no one else has even attempted: his ends and his means are alike peculiar to himself. Whatever he gave to the public was perfected to the extent of his ability; and the front thus presented to the world was found so flawless as to be almost mysterious,—so graceful was it, yet so strong, so

seeming easy, and yet so profound. We are still asking ourselves whether or not Shakespeare ever blotted a line; and, *mutatis mutandis*, a similar uncertainty prevailed regarding Hawthorne. How did he do his work? Did his productions spring fully developed from his mind, as Minerva from the head of Jove? or were they the fruit of long, laborious toil, the outcome of many trials and failures, achieved at length, not as the tree grows, but as the sculptor carves,—not from within outward, by an innate impulse, but from without inward, by deliberate plan and design?

The posthumous publication of his Note-books and journals might be regarded in the light of a contribution towards the answering of such questions. They were written for his own eye alone, and represented, of course, the immediate and unrevised output of his thought and observation. Certainly they are very different from his finished work, though this difference is less apparent on the surface than within. The style is always clear and graceful without effort, and, from the point of view of mere composition, lacks some of the finer harmonies only. But as soon as we attempt to look beneath the surface we find a change. There is keenness of sight and insight, often a quick grasping of unexpected truth, a convincing snatch of character, and now and then a passage of meditation or moralizing. But the translucent depths, the lovely shadowy mysteriousness, of the completed stories are not there. In reading the latter, the melody of words and play of figures please and soothe us, but their effect is to compose us to the mood to appreciate the deeper beauties. It is like contemplating the surface of smooth water, which would lose more than half its charm were we not conscious of shadowy regions underlying the light and color above. And when we concentrate our gaze to explore these half-veiled recesses, we discover depth beyond depth, to the full satisfaction of the soul.

In short, Hawthorne's Note-books are, comparatively, the body without the soul, or with only momentary glimpses of a soul. His romances take this body and refine, reform, and transfigure it with spirit. And it becomes evident that the spirit is what he chiefly seeks and cares for, and that the loveliness and symmetry of the external embodiment are but the consequence and correspondence of what is within. No literary enterprise was worth undertaking, in his opinion, unless it bore a spiritual meaning and moral; and until this meaning was clear to him he could not give a final form to so much as the first sentence of the story. So that in all that he published there is a double life simultaneously proceeding; and that aspect of it is the more essential which is the less obvious. The reader who reads him with understanding interprets him according to the color and character of his own experience, and thus feels as if the truths and beauties that he discovers could be discovered by no one else. The books consequently become, in a sense, the reader's peculiar property,—he having drawn from them, as he draws from life itself, things that belong to him and can be appropriated by no other. This may account for the affection in which Hawthorne is held by those who study him: he, as it were, makes the reader his participator and collaborator. And as touching the Note-books, they at all events serve to reveal thus much of the secret of his

method: his conceptions did not attain instantaneous perfection; and the thought and modification that he gave to them were mainly directed to inspiring them with a soul,—an interior and contagious principle of life.

But the answer of the Note-books is not a complete answer, and if they stood alone we should still be unenlightened as to some of the most interesting features of the problem. Fortunately for our investigation, there exists a group of romances, more or less fragmentary in form and rough in texture, which, apart from their interest as stories, are invaluable in the light they throw upon the actual processes of Hawthorne's work. They were published, at different periods, after his death; but in this publication the chronological order of their production was not observed: it so happens, indeed, that the order was exactly reversed. Thus, the last to see the light was "The Ancestral Footstep," which was written in Italy in 1858-9: it appeared in Houghton's edition about 1884. In 1883 I edited "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret," which Hawthorne wrote in 1860-1, just before the beginning of the war. More than twelve years before this publication, "Septimius Felton" was printed as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and afterwards in book-form in England and America; it was written in 1861-2. Finally, the publication in the *Atlantic* of "The Dolliver Romance" was begun during Hawthorne's lifetime, in 1863-4, the last chapters of the fragment appearing immediately after his death. It was written in 1863, and, had it been completed, would have stood as the final form of the conception which was variously shadowed forth in the previous three romances.

For the four are sister stories: certain leading features are identical, or nearly so, in all of them. They may, however, be again subdivided into pairs,—“The Ancestral Footstep” and “Doctor Grimshawe's Secret,” on the one hand, and “Septimius Felton” and “The Dolliver Romance,” on the other, being closely allied. But let us examine this more in detail.

While in England in 1855, Hawthorne visited an ancient manorial hall which possessed among other venerable inheritances a picturesque legend of a Bloody Footstep imprinted by a mythical ancestor who had committed some sanguinary crime. Hawthorne had doubtless already contemplated the contingency of writing what is now called an international novel, and the legend of the Bloody Footstep seems to have struck him as a good central feature of the intended romance. It stayed in his mind, maturing and making itself at home there, for three or four years, during which Hawthorne diligently wrote his journal, with a view (as he afterwards intimated) to using the material thus accumulated as the side-scenes and background of his tale. At length, as we have just seen, he made his first essay towards embodying his idea in “The Ancestral Footstep,” following this up with “Doctor Grimshawe,” which is a much richer and fuller, though still an incomplete, presentation of the same theme. It did not satisfy him: he did not see his way; and at this point the Bloody Footstep ceases to be the central feature of the attempt, and becomes a subsidiary one.

What was to take its place? In order to find the first hint of the

substitute, we must look back upwards of fifteen years, to an early story of Hawthorne's, in which the plot turns upon an Elixir of Life discovered by a certain Doctor Heidegger. Indeed, the idea of a deathless man was probably one of the most familiar guests of Hawthorne's imagination all through his life. I say, of his imagination; for it was never permitted to overstep the boundaries of that enchanted region. But the reason of his attraction to the idea is obvious: not only was it transcendently picturesque, but it involved in its treatment a consideration of all the profoundest problems of human life and destiny. Such an idea was peculiarly germane to Hawthorne's genius: we might say that it was the Romance of Immortality that he was born and specifically endowed to write. It led him on through boyhood and youth with recurring gleams of promise and beckonings of fascination; it moved before him in his prime, endued with the majesty of wisdom and the splendor of experience; and at length, at the moment when his genius and knowledge were fully ripe for the achievement, and the vision rested before his eyes in its perfected beauty, and his lips were parted to tell the tale,—in that moment the mysterious transformation came upon him, and he entered into the sphere where immortality is the natural law.

It was not, however, until he had proved to his satisfaction that the legend of the Bloody Footstep was incapable of furnishing the spiritual significance that he sought in it, that he turned definitely and resolutely to the immortal theme. Like many another artist, he had postponed from year to year the grapple with the topic that was nearest to him of all: he had shrunk from going forward to meet it; but now, at last, it had come to him, and forced itself upon him. He and it were in the lists: the challenge had passed, the trumpets had sounded, and the joust must be run.

At this period the first guns of the civil war had been fired, and in the historic town of Concord, as all over the country, the early volunteers had been mustered on the green, and thence departed to the South. It was on the 19th of April, 1861, that Concord sent out her company; it had been on the 19th of April, 1775, that the British had marched by night from Boston and had shed the first blood of the Revolution at Lexington and at Concord bridge. The coincidence was a striking one, and had its influence in determining the opening scene of the new story. It should be Concord, and even the very house and plot of ground and hill-top that Hawthorne had chosen for his own home. The house stood on the old road to Boston, and the British had actually marched past the house eighty-six years before. Moreover, it was said to have been once inhabited by a man who believed that he should live forever. Nothing could be more suitable.

The elements of the story, as he forecast them at this juncture, were of abundant promise. The hero of the great adventure should be a youth of American birth, but descended from an ancient and illustrious English family,—the family of the Bloody Footstep, indeed; and the ancestor who trod in blood should be the discoverer of the Elixir that bestowed earthly immortality. The recipe for this Elixir was handed down through the generations of his descendants; but the emigrant to

America left it in the possession of the English branch on his departure. In America, however, he became allied by marriage with the descendants of a famous Indian sachem and wizard, who likewise had the secret of a life-giving drink, tallying almost exactly with that of the old English alchemist. In the hero of the story, therefore, the English blood and the Indian blood are combined; his old witch-like aunt has the Indian recipe; and the nephew receives the English one from a young English officer who was of the detachment that marched to Concord on that famous April day, and whom Septimius (as our hero is called) slew. The officer was, in fact, the last representative of the English branch of Septimius's family. Hereupon Septimius sets to work to brew the great Elixir, being firmly resolved to live forever; but he is much perplexed by the absence of a certain ingredient, the most important of all, since it is that which imparts the essential virtue to the whole decoction. At length, through the intermediation of a mysterious girl, Sibyl, and a grotesque and still more mysterious old doctor, Jabez Portsoaken by name,—who is a reminiscence of Doctor Grimshawe in the former story,—he obtains, as he fancies, the missing element, and the Elixir is made.

As will be perceived from this outline, the new romance retained all the better features of the Bloody Footstep tale, the theme of the Elixir being skilfully grafted upon it. In writing out the published sketch of "Septimius Felton," however, no English scenes are introduced: Hawthorne probably intended to appropriate what was desirable in this direction from "Doctor Grimshawe," in the final recasting of the story. But after "Septimius" was finished, it did not please him any better than "Grimshawe" had done; and it was then that he made his final venture in "The Dolliver Romance," wherein we find "Grimshawe" and "Septimius" strangely fused together, while the outward action of the romance settles upon two quite new characters,—Grandsir Dolliver, to wit, and the little girl, Pansy, who lives with him in the house by the graveyard. The Elixir, in this version, has been already concocted, and stands unsuspected on the shelf of Grandsir Dolliver's laboratory. Doctor Grimshawe, or Portsoaken, now appears as Colonel Dabney, "a grim old wreck," whose antecedents and purpose were never elucidated in the published fragment. At another time I may attempt to trace out the probable course of the story from the point where it is broken off.

But at present my intention is to show Hawthorne—or to admit the reader to look upon him—in the actual labor of composition. The Note-books have indicated the general tendency of his elaborations—or simplifications, as they often were: the second thought of his mind upon material collected. We are now to see this second thought in operation, wrestling with the obstacles it encounters, and prevailing, retreating, shifting its ground, as the case may be, but always resolute to be satisfied with nothing less than absolute victory, spiritual and material, either that or nothing. We shall see him writing, apparently, with no definite scenario of a plot before him, but with all as yet plastic in his mind, ready, within certain limits, to take whatever form the insight of the moment might communicate to it. So far as I am aware, Haw-

thorne never committed an outline of a plot to paper. He carried his conceptions in solution in his mind, and there worked them out to the point where they seemed ready to be written. In this way he kept his genius free to act upon its own inspirations. This would account, also, for the absence of outlines and memoranda for his published stories among his papers,—though, of course, he may have destroyed these after the stories were written. The manuscripts of the latter are remarkably free from erasures and interlineations; they look like clean copies, not originals; and perhaps they are so. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the Romance of the Elixir passed through as many trials and changes as took place in the brewing of the Elixir itself, and thereby affords us just the opportunity we seek. It was doubtless the most difficult problem that Hawthorne ever attempted; and his failing health, and the anxiety caused by the prospects of the war, dashed his spirit for the undertaking. He put upon paper one effort after another, and, being uncertain which of these records might prove useful, he destroyed none of them. We find, consequently, many passages that run nearly parallel with one another, or diverge so slightly as to be evidently akin. By comparing these one with another we may expect to come upon some interesting characteristics of the great romancer. But this brings me directly upon the point towards which I have been moving.

There exists a manuscript of Nathaniel Hawthorne's, of about the same length as the published "Septimius Felton," which has never hitherto been printed or (owing to the almost insurmountable difficulties of the handwriting) even read. It was evidently written either just before the published "Septimius" or just after it; for it resembles it in essential points, while differing from it enough to make the placing of the two side by side curious and edifying. In this and the three following numbers of *Lippincott's Magazine* I shall institute such comparisons, printing the freshest and most characteristic passages of the manuscript, and supplying the gaps between with a condensed paraphrase sufficient to enable the casual reader to regard the story as being, so far as the plot is concerned, a finished work.

The manuscript bears no title; and, by the way, the same is true of all the posthumous Hawthorne manuscripts hitherto published. It might bear the name of "Septimius," since that dark-browed youth occupies here, as in the published story, the position of hero. But in order to avoid confusion, and to distinguish this from the already-known versions of the same general subject, I shall call it simply

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.*

Septimius, as was his custom when he wanted to meditate, not pore over books, had gone, towards sunset, to the summit of the long ridge which rose abruptly behind his dwelling, and stretched east and west along the woodside, affording wide and far views of some of that low

* My own paraphrase will be printed in smaller, the passages from the manuscript in larger, type. Comments, etc., will be placed between brackets. Hawthorne's annotations will appear in the body of the text, in italics.

meadow-land which was a great feature of the neighborhood,—his native place,—a town intersected by a sluggish river; where, once, seemed to have overspread, many an acre wide, the surface of a sleeping lake; where, now, the farmers had long reaped richest harvests.

Here was his favorite haunt and daily walk, while he meditated on such subjects as were likely to come within the scope of a young man who had recently completed such education as, about a century ago, was to be derived from a venerable college, where the traditions of the great English universities had lingered, and had as yet been invigorated by no fresh life of thought, springing up in our own soil: but meditations such as a youth so instructed and so limited might be supposed to indulge, while directing his further studies to that subject which still—as it had been ever since the Pilgrims came—was deemed the highest object of earthly ambition, as well as Christian duty,—the ministry.—*N.B. Some short remarks as to the influence of Paulinism.*—Such meditations as might be looked for in a young man so trained and so destined.

[I have quoted these opening sentences at length because of the contrast they afford to Hawthorne's usual light and effortless style. There are only two full stops in the two long paragraphs. Nevertheless they are full of matter and color, and need only remodelling to be worthy of the writer. In the published version of "Septimius" they are omitted; and, indeed, the early part of the story is quite differently treated.]

But, likewise, there were some other meditations, thrusting themselves insidiously or violently through the trim forms and boundaries which the narrow plan of his education had set to his mind, such as were hardly to be expected, nor perhaps desired, save that a rich soil is apt to be fruitful in such weeds. But Septimius, and all his race,—though he counted excellent persons among them,—were liable to strange vagaries of the intellect and character; principally owing, no doubt, to a wild genealogy, that had infused different strains of powerful blood into their race; and, perhaps, to certain strange traditions, that suggested to each generation the exceptional character and fortunes of its ancestors. Of these matters, however, we shall have future occasion to speak, with sufficient particularity.—*N.B. It was mid-afternoon, not sunset.*—*The minister should have a certain dexterity in his manner, in directing his conversation.*—

Here stood, or walked, Septimius, a young man of a slender and erect figure, a dark, brooding brow, and eyes that usually seemed looking inward, except when called especially to outward objects, when they glittered with a quick gleam, like Indian eyes. Here he was, enjoying, we may suppose, the fresh verdure with which an unusually early spring had overspread the fields, and looking out through the intricacies of the foliage of his thoughts—the exceeding luxuriance of a young man's thoughts—at the swelling buds of the birch-trees on his hill-top, and the contrast between the freshness of other things, and the dreary hues of the pitch pines, which still kept their winter garments on—when a companion found him, ascending the steep hill-side from Septimius's humble abode at its foot.

"I commend your wisdom, my dear Septimius," said he, "in leaving your dark little room yonder, for the better air and wider scope of the hill-top. Two, or it may be three hours a day spent here, and eight or nine hours at your books, would be a good division of a student's day. I have always found it good to let the natural sunshine fall into the mind, daily. We thus drain away the mustiness of old learning."

It was evidently a clerical personage who spoke; a village minister, with something of the Puritan severity of demeanor, but a kindlier sympathy warming it a little, and probably a wider range of speculation, acquired by keeping his faith as a living germ, instead of a dead fossil; a man in faded black, as befitting his small stipend, but the rusticity, if such there were, of his garb was hidden, or, as it were, received a fine gloss, by a certain natural refinement of manner, and the pleasant sound of his voice; so that you would not notice that the country tailor had made his clothes, and that they had been worn threadbare.

[This clerical personage, having no active part to play in the story, but serving merely as a foil to Septimius, and, so to speak, as a talking-block for him, seems to have given Hawthorne some trouble. After trying him a little while in his present shape, he changes him into a young man of about Septimius's age: "it is some young friend," he writes in a note, "a student of divinity." Then he suggests that there should be "a good deal of similarity between" him and Septimius; and again, "the talk of the two young men is not exactly earnest, but rather, in part, a playful exercise of their wits." In the published "Septimius," however, he reverts to his first conception, and dismisses the old gentleman as briefly as possible.—It is worth while to compare the above description of the minister with the one in "Septimius," p. 236.]

The conversation that follows between Septimius and the minister will not be quoted in full. It has for its subject the moody doubts that beset the former's mind, which the latter attempts ineffectually to combat. "Probably," observes the writer, "Septimius's dark forehead, where there were already indications of a perpendicular furrow between the eyebrows, indicated a more stubborn kind of temper than his friend's; a temper that would question earnestly with doubt, and find out what were its claims; and name it Belief, if it made its proof good to the perception." And Septimius says, "with a somewhat sullen impatience, 'Your mental necessities are not as mine. I cannot away with the thoughts that haunt me, and demand obstreperously to be examined, to be weighed, to be treated according to their worth, to be judged as what they are, and weighed in the balance against others, and then to be rejected if they deserve it. And if I do so, what if I find that what I take for Belief is but a slothful mental habit, an early impression never faithfully examined, a formality, a surface, a fossil, a dead root that was alive in some other person's mind, but has no principle of life in mine. If native life is in my Doubt, then let that be my Belief!'"

And then Septimius goes on to question the purpose of God in creating man,—whether He really designed him to be mortal. "'The first man was made, as Scripture bids us believe, with a view to his fulfilling his destinies and being permanently happy—yes, immortal—on this earth. There must, therefore, be an inherent possibility in the nature of man that he should be so. . . . The Creator made man so curiously, so elaborately, so powerfully, to be a creature far different from the puny, weak, sickly, short-lived creature that we find him, just opening his eyes, crawling about a little, and then dying, without really so much as one moment enjoying the earth, for which he was

made, and which was made for him. This,' he adds, 'seems to me the soundest sense and the deepest piety, because it does some degree of justice to the wisdom of the Creator in making such a world. The earth is given to us as a great riddle; and are we to suppose that only seventy years at most—a great portion of which is infancy and decrepit life—is given us to expound it? Never! That we die so soon is because we know not how to live.'

His friend, not a little aghast at this powerful outbreak, attempts a few conventional arguments, but concludes that the real trouble with Septimius is lack of variety and of active life. "Get away from this place," he says. "Your home, to speak frankly, is but a dismal place, a sort of dungeon; and Aunt Nashoba, with her liquids, and her herb drink, her pipe, and her half-wild witch blood, Indian blood, Puritan blood, all intermixed and fermenting together, is an unwholesome thing to have before one's eyes. If it were not for your sister Rose—who, being but your half-sister, is good enough, sweet enough, bright enough to clear away the fiend from any house—I should have little hope of you." To which Septimius replies, "I have my ways, you yours; and if I may judge by the direction of your eyes, your way at present lies down the hill to my sister Rose, who, I see, is just coming from the house. And, for myself, I hear the hoarse screech of Aunt Nashoba, bidding me chop some wood for the kitchen fire."—In "Septimius," by the way, Rose is at first presented, not as Septimius's relative, but as the object of his affections. Later, this is changed, and she is given to Robert Hagburn, the young farmer. Here, she seems to have been momentarily given the rôle of the minister's lady-love. As for Aunt Nashoba, she is the same personage who in "Septimius" is called Aunt Keziah; but her character in the present version is even more strongly marked. Let us resume our quotations.

Septimius, after doing Aunt Nashoba's bidding, with the habitual obedience that young men pay to old aunts and other long-accustomed authorities, even while their careless speculations set them free from all authority, came to supper, when the old woman set before him a cup of tea (as she called it), but really a horrid decoction, made from some sort of abominable weed that the old woman had gathered in the forest; for those were times when to drink tea, in New England, was treason against the cause of the people.

"Drink that, Seppy, my boy," said Aunt Nashoba: "it is made of an herb that your great-great-grandfather knew the virtues of; for he was a man much skilled in herbs; and our Indian forefathers dosed themselves with it" (putting a large spoonful of brown sugar into the cup as she handed it to him), "and with a few herbs he knew of he almost made himself live forever."

"Live forever! That would be a secret worth knowing, Aunt Nashy," said Septimius; "a precious drink!" Then, after stirring up the cup and tasting it, with a long face at the abominable taste of the decoction, "I must needs say, though, if it required a daily draught of such stuff, it would take away somewhat from the value of life."

His pretty half-sister Rose, a girl of eighteen, who had taken charge of the district school for little children, smiled at his perturbation, at the same time declining a cup of the same mysterious mixture, which Aunt Nashoba somewhat grimly offered her.

"I thank you, dear aunty," she said, "but I prefer the milk; and all the more, if there is any danger that your excellent tea would make me live forever. Life is very good, as long as our friends are about us; but I am not quite brave enough to think of living forever."

"I know it, girl," said Aunt Nashoba, drawing herself up with an

odd assumption of superiority, and looking, with her glittering Indian eyes, like a sort of wild beast making itself as human-like as it could, and setting down the tea,—looking like the wolf in grandmother's cap, for instance. "You are not of our blood, and are a tame thing. No wonder you don't like my tea! It is a wild drink, and a powerful drink, and nobody knows the herb it is made with but old Aunt Nashoba."

"Pray Heaven you may never communicate the secret!" muttered Septimius to himself.

"A great man was your great-great-grandfather," continued Aunt Nashoba, "and it was the Indian in him that did it, and the noble English blood that helped him to be a scholar. It was said of him that he took up the tomahawk of righteousness against sin, and was all the better Christian for a kind of Indian fierceness that somehow was left in him. Yes, and the wild blood helped."

"It is strange," said Septimius to himself, "how everything I see, hear, think, or imagine, dream of, or know with waking senses, confirms my utter antipathy to death. It is the great mistake of the world, which, otherwise, might be studied. And now it seems as if my eyes were suddenly opened, and Nature were indicating by unanswerable methods the great truth, that Death is an alien misfortune, a prodigy, a monstrosity, a foul and cowardly defeat into which we have slothfully lapsed, and out of which even now a man might redeem himself, by exercising only a portion of his natural strength. I could do it!"

[This apostrophe approaches quite nearly the words used on p. 242 of "Septimius." It gives the key-note of the philosophy of the tale. From this point the action, properly speaking, begins, as we shall see in the ensuing instalment.]

Julian Hawthorne.

(To be continued.)

NYMPHÆA.

THE crescent lily, where the dark pool lies,
 Lost in far depths, has burst the humid ground
 And coil on coil her shining stem unwound,
 Till the rare flower is rocked beneath blue skies :
 So you, white maid, in stainless splendor rise
 From some cold deep and virgin gulf profound,
 To leave the crystal world that closed you round,
 And draw the strange looks of adoring eyes.
 A little while, and yonder starry guest
 Shall sink once more to sunless tides below,
 In those still waters shrined inviolate :
 Do thou, like her, when love has bared thy breast,
 Bow that bright head, the laughing light forego,
 And, in blest silence, learn a woman's fate.

Dora Bead Goodale.

NEWSPAPER FICTION.

THOUGH the *feuilleton* has long been an indispensable feature of French journalism, it is only by comparison recently that the conductors of English and American papers have deemed it expedient to provide their readers with light literature, either in the shape of serial novels or short romances, complete in one or several numbers. Orthodox journalists did not take at all kindly to the innovation,—the business of newspapers, they said, was to print news, not fiction,—but one after the other they found it to their interest to follow the new fashion, which is now so firmly established that there is hardly a weekly newspaper in the land that does not run stories, and whose editor does not regard fiction as his sheet-anchor.

There is some doubt as to which of our English papers was the pioneer of the new departure; but the late Mr. Tillotson, of Bolton, was undoubtedly the first to grasp its significance and conceive the idea of supplying country and colonial papers with first-class fiction at prices which they could afford to pay. In theory, the system which he adopted was simplicity itself. He bought the serial rights of a story from some well-known author, and then arranged with sundry newspapers for its simultaneous publication in their respective districts. He was thus a wholesale dealer, and his profit consisted in the difference between the price which he paid his authors and the sums which he received from his subscribers. In practice, however, the business was attended with difficulties which could only have been successfully surmounted by a man of Mr. Tillotson's exceptional energy and executive skill. Before he could sell his story he had to buy it; and as at the outset he dealt solely with authors of repute, he had often to wait a twelvemonth for the first instalment of "copy," and even then he was not always sure of getting it. The next proceeding was to arrange with a number of newspapers, say a dozen, to begin publication on a certain day and finish on a certain day. Then came the all-important question of price, the amount of which depended on the circulation of the subscribing paper and the extent of country to which it laid claim. All this involved a good deal of correspondence and bargaining, often no little disappointment and vexation,—as, for instance, when a potential subscriber demanded at the last moment an enlargement of district or a reduction of price, which it was impossible to concede.

The appetite for newspaper fiction grew by what it fed on; competitors entered the field, and Mr. Tillotson found it necessary to offer his customers fresh facilities and more varied fare. Every six months or so he gave them a choice of several original stories by more or less eminent writers; and to minor country papers, which could not afford brand-new fiction, he would offer a "Wilkie Collins" that had seen its best days, a second-hand "Braddon," or an obsolete "Besant," at a considerable reduction, or, if these were too dear, they might have their pick of twenty novels by the less shining lights of the profession at

very low figures indeed. The next move was to have his stories illustrated, and send out his "copy" in stereo, thereby saving his subscribers the expense of setting up, and increasing the attraction of their papers.

Mr. Tillotson rarely read a story before accepting it, and still more rarely accepted one from a new writer. "I buy the author; I don't buy the story," he once said to me; "and I would rather give four thousand dollars for a 'Braddon' or a 'Wilkie Collins' than forty dollars for an intrinsically better story by an author without a name."

The way he dealt with a manuscript from a new man—if he consented to deal with it at all—was to send it to a customer and ask whether it would suit him. If the answer were in the negative, Mr. Tillotson would return the manuscript to the author and say he could do nothing with it. But this system did not always answer; it lost him some good things,—among others, Christie Murray's "Joseph's Coat" and a romance by the late Fergus Hume,—and latterly, I believe, he did sometimes have stories "tasted" by competent critics. Being a very busy man (he ran half a dozen newspapers at Bolton and elsewhere and had literary bureaus in London, New York, and Berlin), he had no time for reading, and of all the novels and romances which he published, probably never perused one. But, having an open mind, he had always a shrewd idea, gathered, doubtless, from his subscribers and editors, of the style of novel which at any given time was most likely to find acceptance among newspaper readers. I remember asking him, some years ago, what sort of stories had just then the best chance of success. "Stories of English domestic life, with a good deal of incident and a little immorality," was the somewhat cynical answer. But since that time fashions have changed. The "good deal of incident" and the "little immorality" may still be "good business," but tales of English domestic life have ceased to draw. The rage nowadays is all for strong sensation, rapid movement, and complicated plots.

I have dwelt at so great length on the career of the late Mr Tillotson (he died only a few months ago) because he was the originator of a system which now embraces the entire English-speaking world, and did more to popularize fiction with the masses than could have been achieved by a century of ordinary effort. For my own part, I could have wished it otherwise. I think it would be better for readers, and I am sure it would be better for themselves, if English authors (meaning thereby all who use the English tongue) were to organize a society analogous to that of the French *Gens des Lettres* and syndicate their own productions. Meanwhile, "purveyors" hold the field, make a profit of thirty or forty per cent. (the greater part of which, were authors wise, would go into their own pockets), and compete with each other for the custom of newspaper proprietors on both sides of the sea.

The ideals in fiction of the readers for whom so many romances have to be provided is a highly interesting subject of study in other than its merely commercial aspects, and one, moreover, which has not received nearly so much attention as it deserves, even from professional purveyors.

Mr. Tillotson, as I have already observed, went on the principle of offering stories by the most popular writers whose fiction he could procure. And at the outset it was undoubtedly the safest principle which he could adopt; but he soon discovered that a name is not everything, or, rather, that there are names and names,—that, for instance, an author may be popular with the readers of magazines and Mr. Mudie's subscribers, yet an utter failure with the readers of cheap newspapers. Not long ago he gave great offence to a celebrated authoress by asking permission to read one of her stories as a preliminary to its acceptance, on the ground that a previous story from her pen had not given satisfaction to his subscribers.

Why it had not given satisfaction he did not tell me; but it is easy to guess: she wrote for the cultured, not for the masses. The public whom purveyors have to please are, in England, the readers of penny Saturday papers, and, in the United States, of twopenny-halfpenny Sunday papers,—for, I take it, the English penny is practically the equivalent of the American nickel. This enumeration would, however, be incomplete if I omitted halfpenny evening papers, with whom the practice of running serial stories, begun some years ago by the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette*, is rapidly spreading, especially in the north of England.

These papers enjoy in the United Kingdom a circulation which a competent authority puts at three millions,—excluding, of course, all periodicals which are not strictly newspapers, such as penny novelettes and weekly magazines.

I have no estimate of the circulation of similar papers in America, Australasia, and South Africa, but, seeing that these countries possess twice as many inhabitants as the "old country," we may safely assume that their newspapers are at least twice as numerous and have more than twice as many subscribers. Assuming, further, that every copy is read by two individuals, we can reckon a total of eighteen million readers of serial-running newspapers, of whom six millions belong to the United Kingdom and twelve millions to the United States and the Colonies.

And this is probably an under-estimate. There are more newspaper readers in America than in Great Britain; and in England and Scotland alone I can name five weekly papers all running stories, which circulate nearly a million copies weekly,—the *Sheffield Telegraph*, *Manchester Times*, *Aberdeen Journal*, *Birmingham Post*, and *Glasgow Herald*. In all these towns, moreover, are published other papers which enjoy almost as large a circulation. In London there are papers of the same class, such as *The Budget*, *The People*, and *The Sunday Times*, all of which sell largely both in the metropolis and in the country, and there is hardly a small town in the kingdom without at least one local sheet, whose chief attraction is a serial romance.

Now, what is the predominant taste in fiction of these millions of readers, what the style of story which the majority of them most prefer? This is a question which greatly concerns writers and purveyors of fiction and conductors of serial-running newspapers, and towards the solution of which I propose to offer a few observations.

Though facts bearing on the subject are somewhat scanty, and

nothing is easier than to make a false deduction, we have every reason to believe that the majority of these millions do not appreciate the class of fiction generally denominated "high-class." The experiment of running Scott's novels in a popular periodical, and a translation of Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre-Dame," in the *Manchester Times* and other papers, proved utter failures. No editor in his senses would run anything by George Meredith, Henry James, or Thackeray, or even by George Eliot,—with the possible exception of "Adam Bede."

Mr. Tillotson's favorite authors were Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon; yet I do not think that the masses are nearly so much under the spell of a name as the classes. The announcement of a new tale by a shining light may attract fresh subscribers, but if it fail to interest them from the outset they will have no more of it, and long before the close is reached the unfortunate editor will find a woful diminution of his circulation, unless he provides a counter-attraction in the shape of a second and more acceptable story.

Mr. Leng, of the *Sheffield Weekly Telegraph*, to whom I am indebted for some useful information on the subject, says that he used to obtain all his stories from a syndicate, but by obtaining them direct from the authors, and choosing them with care, he has raised the circulation of his paper from thirty thousand to two hundred and thirty thousand copies. He always makes a point of reading the opening chapters of a story before purchasing (save in the case of Miss Braddon, with whom he has a three years' contract), and he would rather, to use his own words, "have a story by an unknown writer with a good beginning, than the biggest author living and a long wandering descriptive opening."

The *Sheffield Telegraph* has been accused of publishing too sensational stories, stories which not only enthrall but demoralize those who read them. This Mr. Leng denies. None of his stories, he says, have criminals for their heroes, and the bad characters always get their deserts. Personally, he does not like sensational fiction; but he contends that it attracts people whose reading would otherwise be confined to the *Police Gazette*, and induces them to read the better-class stories which he always provides as an antidote to those of the baser sort. He finds, moreover, that "the public will read either a sensational story or a domestic story quietly told and appealing to their feelings. They want the events of every-day life in a story, something which they can understand."

"The something which they can understand" is unquestionably the one thing needful in a popular novel, and there are doubtless readers who like a quiet domestic story (with or without Mr. Tillotson's "little immorality"); yet the majority of them, as I shall presently show, prefer sensation to domesticity, and give their suffrage to romances in which the element of "every-day life" is conspicuous by its absence.

Nobody, probably, has had more experience in providing fiction for the masses, or studied their idiosyncrasies more closely and intelligently, than the conductors of the *Northern Daily Telegraph* (Blackburn) and the *North-Eastern Gazette* (Middleborough),—papers which, as I have

already remarked, give their readers daily doses of fiction. To a certain extent the ideas of these gentlemen bear out those of Mr. Leng; but they go much further. They have found that the most fetching story (other things being equal) is one possessing local interest. This conclusion I am able to confirm from my own experience. A novel of mine ("The Old Factory"), dealing with Lancashire life and first published in the *Manchester Times* and the *Glasgow Herald*, has since been reproduced in the county palatine again and again, but, so far as I know, nowhere else; and it was not a success in the Scottish paper.

Like Mr. Leng, the conductors of the two papers in question always read before they "run," but, unlike him, they do not care whether a story be new or second-hand; it is none the worse for their purpose even though it has been previously published by another paper in the same neighborhood,—always provided that it is of the right sort. Favorable press notices, so highly prized by authors, are of no account. "Our experience has been," writes Mr. Quail, editor of the *Northern Daily Telegraph*, "that tales which have been very popular and highly spoken of when published in volume form fall the flattest as newspaper serials." They are tales to be avoided by wise purveyors and discreet editors. Another proof of the truth of the old adage that one man's meat is another man's poison.

As for eminent names, thus (in another letter) writes Mr. Quail: "William Black, James Payn, Walter Besant, and even Miss Braddon (whom we find fairly popular), cannot hold up a candle to David Pae."

I had never heard of this gentleman before, and, being wishful to know more of him, I wrote to Mr. Quail for further information. In reply, he told me that David Pae, once editor of a Scottish paper and lately deceased, was the writer of several stories which won him great repute in Scotland and elsewhere among the readers of newspaper serials; that one of them, "The Factory-Girl, or the Dark Places of Glasgow," originally published in *The People's Journal*, had been several times reprinted by that paper at the pressing request of its readers, who seemed as if they could not have enough of it! Mr. Quail also informed me that "The Factory-Girl" has been republished by many other papers, including the *Northern Telegraph*, and highly appreciated by their readers.

Finding, on inquiry, that Mr. Pae's *magnum opus* had appeared in book-form, I obtained a copy, of which more anon.

In the year following this correspondence I made a visit to the United States, and there fortune threw in my way a book entitled "The Gun-Maker of Moscow, or Vladimir the Monk," by Sylvanus Cobb, Junior, which the proud publishers herald with a notice to the effect that the story first appeared in the *New York Ledger*, and, being extensively advertised, "met with phenomenal success, and so constant has been the demand for the back numbers of the *Ledger* containing it that it has been republished three times in the *Ledger*, and the demand still continues."

I need hardly say that I also bought a copy of "The Gun-Maker" (price, twenty-five cents). It was the compeer of "The Factory-Girl," and I hoped that a comparison of the two books might throw some

light on the secret of their amazing popularity and the tastes of English and American readers in newspaper fiction.

I was not surprised to find that, albeit in many respects very different, the two romances were in certain essential features very much alike. Heedful of the rule about a "good beginning," Mr. Pae straightway plunges into the middle of things. Daniel Dexter, a small Glasgow commission agent, is sitting in his dingy office on a gloomy November morning,—fog without, lights within,—opening his letters. One of them is from a lawyer at Belfast, by name O'Kelly, to the effect that a certain George Livingstone, lately deceased, had bequeathed to his daughter Lucy (aged six) a fortune of twenty thousand pounds and appointed Dexter his executor and her guardian, and that she would be sent, per steamer, to Glasgow in care of the captain on the following Wednesday. The letter contains an important enclosure,—a draft on the banking-house of Wilson & Baird for the amount of Lucy's fortune, of which O'Kelly requests Dexter to take charge during Lucy's minority.

No sooner has Dexter read this letter than he conceives the idea of stealing the money and murdering the child, and without more ado sets about the execution of his nefarious design. Putting the letter in his pocket and his hat on his head, he goes right away to Wilson & Baird's bank, presents the draft, which, he tells them, is the proceeds of a legacy bequeathed to him by a distant relative, and gives instructions for the twenty thousand pounds to be placed to the credit of his private account.

This done, Mr. Dexter thinks it would be just as well to destroy Mr. O'Kelly's letter, and with that intent stops at an apple-stall over which hangs a flaming torch. But just as he is on the point of thrusting the letter into the flame he observes that a "wild and haggard female" has her eye on him, whereupon the cautious Dexter returns the compromising document to his pocket and resumes his walk. Presently a hand is laid on his shoulder: he turns and sees again the same "wild and haggard female" whose untimely appearance had prevented the destruction of the letter. She accosts him; he has not the least idea who she is, but when she reveals herself as Sarah Gordon he starts violently, as well he might, for many years before he had first betrayed and then deserted her. She reproaches him bitterly, heaps curses on his head, and vows revenge.

Dexter takes all this very cavalierly, says something about having lost sight of her, and ends by offering the woman whom he had wronged fifty pounds to rid him of the child whose fortune he had just appropriated. Sarah thinks that fifty pounds is rather small pay for so risky a job, and proposes an adjournment to a neighboring public house for further consideration of the matter. Dexter consents; he consents also to give Sarah a hundred pounds for the service he requires of her; and she, on her part, engages to meet him at Nelson's Monument and receive Lucy. Meanwhile, two glasses of ale have been ordered, and the plotters seal their bargain with a drink. Dexter drains his glass to the dregs, and a few minutes later falls fast asleep. Sarah has dregged his ale in order to get a sight of the letter which he had tried

to burn at the apple-man's flaming torch. "Oh, the villain! the dark, ruthless villain!" mutters Sarah, as she reads it. "But I'll balk him! I'll be revenged!" And with that she hurries off to a firm of rascally "writers to the signet," Shuffle & Sleek, and gets them to make a copy of the letter and forge O'Kelly's signature. This done, she returns to the public house, puts the counterfeit document into the pocket of the still sleeping Dexter, and goes her way. After a while Dexter awakens up, and, remembering the letter, draws it forth and throws it on the fire, then hies him home, feeling, no doubt, that he has done an excellent day's business.

On the Wednesday night Dexter goes down to the Broomielaw to meet the steamer from Belfast, little knowing that he is being closely watched by two persons,—the "wild and haggard female" and Writer Shuffle. When the lawyer read O'Kelly's letter he smelt a rat, and, as Sarah refused to take him into her confidence and he thought there might be money in the business, he just put on a false beard and, going to the Broomielaw, waited for developments.

The steamer arrived somewhat after its time, and with it Lucy Livingstone, who, I need hardly say, is as beautiful as a dream. But her beauty and innocence do not soften the heart of the villanous Dexter. He folds her in a cloak, hurries to Nelson's Monument, and delivers the sleeping child to Sarah, who has reached the trysting-place by a cross-road.

Meanwhile, it fares ill with Mr. Shuffle. While he is diligently shadowing Dexter, two tall ruffians come on him unawares, clap a plaster on his mouth, and hale him off to a robbers' cave in the Tontine Close. The description of this cave in the heart of Glasgow reads like a page in one of Mrs. Radclyffe's romances. It is reached by a secret underground passage, and a rude elevator, worked by a windlass, and is of vast extent, containing, among other things, a banqueting-hall, a black-hole, and a torture-chamber. The captain of the band is a sort of Rinaldo Rinaldini, has a handsome face and a Grecian nose, and wears a tasselled cap, a velvet jacket, a brace of pistols, and a dagger with a diamond-studded hilt.

Though Shuffle has fallen among thieves, he finds himself among kindred spirits; for he is legal adviser to the gang. His captors, who had taken him for "an old cove as would come down handsome," remove the plaster and ask his pardon; the captain laughs and invites Shuffle to stay and make a night of it, and Shuffle, nothing loath, consents.

Presently Sarah Gordon (also a member of the gang) arrives at the cave, and Shuffle, coming on her unawares, catches her counting the bank-notes which she has just received from Dexter, and wants to go "shares in the game." Sarah refuses, and Shuffle insists. While they wrangle, Captain George appears on the scene, takes the lawyer's part, and demands the money. Again Sarah refuses, saying that she wants it for the child's upbringing, and, when the captain tries to capture it by violence, defends herself so vigorously with her dagger that he is fain to cry, "Hold! enough!" and returns discomfited to the festive board.

But Sarah knows that the respite will be of the shortest, and Lucy's beauty and winsome ways have touched her woman's heart. She resolves to save the child from her enemies, and during the night escapes from the cave, taking the young child with her.

The next act in the drama is the appearance of Sleek (Shuffle's partner) at the house of Dexter, when the latter learns, to his dismay, that his game is known to the lawyers and that O'Kelly's letter is in Sarah's possession. But Sleek is quite willing to take a hand in the game—for a consideration. It is agreed between them that every effort shall be made, with the help of Captain George and his gang, to find Sarah, recover the compromising document, and dispose of Lucy. Dexter, on his part, undertakes to provide the sinews of war, and Sleek goes away richer by a hundred pounds than he came.

Then follows a game of hide-and-seek which lasts fourteen years and is described in thirty-five chapters. It abounds in moving incidents and dramatic situations. Sarah and her charge are continually in danger of capture, but always escape by the skin of their teeth. Among the personages of the story are Burke and Hare and Dr. Knox. There is a body-snatching episode, a burglary at a country house, and a terrible scene in which the robbers torture Hugh the knife-grinder for refusing to betray the fugitives.

After passing through many trials, Sarah and Lucy become employees (under assumed names) in Dexter's cotton-factory (built with the proceeds of his theft), and Henry Dexter, the noble son of an unworthy father, falls in love with the young girl and makes her his wife. So all comes right. Virtue is rewarded and vice punished. Dexter undergoes agonies of remorse and dies repentant, comfortable berths are found for Sarah Gordon and Knife-grinder Hugh, Captain George commits suicide, and the writer winds up by "penning a few moral reflections on the story now brought to a close."

In some respects it is a comically absurd story. The plot is impossible. Dexter, though a villain, was no fool, and in real life he would have profited nothing by the crime which he contemplated. Lucy had a brother, who, and not Dexter, would have inherited her fortune. Moreover, a man of his "cuteness" would never have put himself in the power of a woman who made no secret of her resolve to be revenged for the wrong which she had suffered at his hands. But a still greater anomaly is Sarah's own conduct. Although described as a woman of sound sense and strong will, it never occurs to her to seek the protection of the law. A word to the first policeman she met, or a line to the lawyer at Belfast (whose letter she retained), would have secured Lucy's safety and brought swift punishment on her persecutors. But if Mr. Pae had made Sarah Gordon and David Dexter act consistently with their characters he would have had no story to tell; and it must be admitted that albeit an impossible plot vexes the souls of critics it does not repel readers. On the contrary, it almost seems as if this peculiarity were a sure passport to popular favor. "Monte-Cristo," a palpably impossible story, still retains its popularity, and the most successful romances of the present time—"King Solomon's Mines," "Alan Quatermain," and "She"—are as extravagant in their incidents

as the lives of mediæval saints and the Adventures of Baron Munchausen.

Notwithstanding faults of construction and other literary shortcomings, "The Factory-Girl" possesses some decided merits, and is eminently adapted for the class of readers for whom it was written. It enlists their sympathies from the outset, keeps them continually in suspense, neither harks back nor digresses, and ends well. Worthy of remark is it, moreover, that the love-interest is of the weakest and comes in late, and that this most successful of newspaper novels is entirely free from the "little immorality" which Mr. Tillotson regarded as one of the essentials of newspaper fiction. The leading characteristics of the story may be summed up as rapid movement, religious sentiment, and strong sensation of a somewhat gloomy sort, unrelieved by a single spark of wit or gleam of humor.

And now about the American story.

It is the story of Ruric Nevil, a gunsmith of Moscow, who loved a lady of high degree, the Lady Rosalind Valдай. As I have already observed, it possesses certain characteristics in common with "The Factory-Girl;" but Mr. Pae knew his Glasgow thoroughly, and Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, Junr., knew little more of Russia than the average Russian knows of America. He makes his characters exclaim "Sirrah!" and address each other as "Sir Priest" and "Sir Count," and dubs his chief villain "Olga, Duke of Tula." He might with equal propriety make a Mary Ann, Duke of Buckingham, or a Sarah Jane, President of the United States.

The first chapter finds Ruric at home, in confidential converse with his mother, their theme his love for Rosalind Valдай. When his mother rather unkindly reminds him that he is a "mere artisan," and puts the pertinent question, "Why should she mate with thee, when the richest nobles of the land would kneel for her hand?" Ruric, as a gunsmith naturally would, cries, "Hold! Speak not thus,—at least not now. I flatter not myself, but I claim a soul as pure, and a heart as noble, as any man in the land."

The colloquy is interrupted by a knock at the front door, and when Ruric opens it the snow comes whirling in and puts the candle out. Then "a voice from the Stygian darkness" begs for admittance, whereupon the gun-maker takes the suppliant's hand and draws him in. The candle being re-lighted, he is seen to be a phenomenally fat monk, and performs the remarkable feat of "waddling about with laughable steps." He gives his name as "Vladimir," and says his home is "anywhere he may chance to be on God's heritage." The next morning this mysterious visitor (whose face Ruric fancies that he has seen before), after eating his breakfast, takes his departure. His last words to his host are, "You touch the harp-strings of the soul with a noble hand, my son; and if any deed of kindness can give me joy, it will be a deed for you."

Later in the day Ruric has a visit from Count Conrad Damonoff and his friend Stephen Urzen. Their object is to obtain from the gunsmith a formal renunciation, under his own hand, of all hope or expectation of winning the love of Lady Rosalind, whom Damonoff

himself desires to marry. Ruric refuses, with lofty disdain ; the count hits him on the head, and is promptly floored for his pains. This is an insult that can be washed out only in blood ; the count sinks the difference in their rank, and, thinking to win an easy victory, challenges the gun-maker to mortal combat. But Ruric, who, besides being the handsomest young fellow in the world, is the most brilliant swordsman in Russia, wrests Damonoff's weapon from his hand, and, as magnanimous as he is brave, spares his enemy's life. The count, now more enraged than ever, insists on a renewal of the strife. Again, and still again, Ruric gets the better of him, but religiously refrains from pushing his advantage home until reminded by Vladimir (who has been watching the fun) that unless he kills his man he is very likely to be killed himself. On this Ruric throws his arm forward and runs his adversary through, taking care, however, to avoid the heart, and trying to avoid the vitals. Then, "with an expression of pain on his features, he starts back and rests his reeking point on the trodden snow." Count Conrad falls into the arms of his attendants, and Ruric goes home to his mother, as a good young man should.

Meanwhile, he has had an interview with Rosalind, received the assurance of her love, and exchanged with her vows of eternal constancy. Unfortunately, however, the lady has a wicked guardian, Olga, Duke of Tula, who gives the lovers a good deal of trouble, after the manner of guardians. He wants Rosalind and her fortune, which is immense, for himself, and, when he finds that Ruric is a hinderance to his designs, accuses him to the Emperor of having worsted Damonoff by foul play. This charge Ruric triumphantly refutes, and then the duke has him secretly seized and immured in the vaults of a lonesome building known as the Old Baths. In these circumstances the gun-maker can neither return to his mother nor let her know where he is, and she, after vainly seeking him three days, goes to his sweetheart and tells her the evil news. Rosalind cries, "O God, have mercy !" and has a paroxysm of grief, in the midst of which the ubiquitous monk enters the room and wants to know what is amiss. The women tell him, also that Rosalind and Ruric have plighted their troth, and that the Duke of Tula "has sworn by a most fearful oath" to have the young countess for his wife. On this the monk cries, "Ha !" starts back a pace and clinches his hands, for he shrewdly suspects that Tula is at the bottom of the business, and, after assuring Rosalind that "if he can find a clue he will save Ruric," goes his way.

Vladimir, who is evidently a man in authority, forthwith arrests two of the duke's myrmidons and brings them before a "mystic tribunal" which sits in a room "deep in the bowels of the earth," and over which he himself presides. As the prisoners pretend to know nothing of Ruric, they are put to the torture and forced to tell where he is confined. The moment this is ascertained, Vladimir sets out with twelve stout fellows for the Old Baths. They are only just in time, for at the very moment of their arrival the gunsmith is engaged in a life-and-death struggle with two of Tula's retainers, who have been told off to murder him.

When Tula hears of his prisoner's escape he vows dire vengeance

against the monk, and again tries to do Ruric an ill turn, and again, thanks to the fat monk, he is signally foiled.

Then comes the last scene of all. Tula, surrounded by his servitors, is endeavoring, with the help of a hideous hunch-backed priest, to force Rosalind to become his wife. But just as the fatal words which would have consummated the sacrifice are about to be pronounced, a voice of thunder cries, "Hold!" and Vladimir and Ruric enter the room. The duke, wild with rage, orders his people to seize the intruders.

"Hold! I am thy master!" shouts Vladimir, and, throwing off his robe and his padding and doffing his head-gear, the monk stands revealed as Peter the Great, Tzar of all the Russias.

A startling and most melodramatic *dénouement*; but the story as a whole is remarkable only by reason of its extraordinary popularity as a newspaper serial and showing the sort of thing which takes with the masses. Though the plot of "The Gun-Maker of Moscow" is perhaps less extravagant than that of "The Factory-Girl" (in which there are two or three good characters), it is decidedly inferior as a story, and the literary style of it—if it can be said to have a style—is absurdly inflated and bombastic. Mr. Sylvanus Cobb can have no sense of the ridiculous, and his book is as destitute of humor and, I may add, as free from any touch of immorality as the *magnum opus* of Mr. David Pae. Yet one cannot help treating with respect a romance which has been advertised at a cost of twenty thousand dollars and published three times in the same newspaper.

And the popularity of Mr. Cobb's romance is proof that he has achieved the end towards which every novelist strives,—the entertainment of his readers. Yet, so far as I am aware, neither his "Gun-Maker" nor Mr. Pae's "Factory-Girl" has been especially popular with the readers of books. I do not think that any English publisher has thought it worth his while to pirate the one, or any American publisher the other. If it be true that stories popular at the libraries are precisely those which are not popular with newspaper readers, the converse is likely to be true. The toiling millions do not subscribe to libraries, and only the *élite* of them either buy books or frequent free libraries; the others take both their fiction and their facts from the columns of their weekly newspapers,—except, perhaps, servant-girls and milliners, whose favorite reading is said to be the penny novelette and the *London Reader*, and their like.

When English newspapers first began to publish serial novels they were mostly of the orthodox three-volume length and ran six months. But even the best novels pall if too long drawn out, and a demand has lately sprung up for stories containing from eighty to a hundred thousand words, which can be completed in from three to four months. The more important newspapers, such as the *Manchester Weekly Times* and the *Sheffield Weekly Telegraph*, run two stories at the same time.

If I were an editor I would try to run three at the same time, and so arrange matters as to have a fresh one every month or six weeks. Readers love variety, and a new story is always a great attraction. As for short tales, "complete in one number," it is very doubtful whether they do a weekly paper any good. They may attract casual

readers, but the main-stay of a paper is the "constant reader," and there is reason to believe that the constant reader does not much care for short tales. Says Mr. Quail, of the *Northern Daily Telegraph*, "We find that short complete stories, however good from a sensational point of view, don't keep the circulation as regular as good serials do,"—thereby confirming what is *prima facie* probable.

The experiment of publishing serial stories in London evening papers does not appear to have answered. It would be surprising if it had answered, for the stories in question were both badly selected and insufficiently advertised; but the success of similar enterprises in the north of England, and elsewhere, proves that this experiment, if differently managed, might also have succeeded.

The wonder is that in these go-ahead days, when money is so plentiful and promising investments are so few, nobody, either in London or in New York, has started a daily paper on the lines of the *Petit Journal* of Paris. This journal, as all the world knows, provides its readers with a maximum of fiction and a minimum of news, sells at one cent, and circulates seven hundred thousand copies. The knowing ones say that however splendidly such a journal may have succeeded in Paris it would not pay in London or New York. Why not? Ordinary daily papers appeal only to a minority of the population. Women and young people, who take no interest in politics, sport, and the Stock Exchange, seldom read them; and some English papers and a good many American papers often contain matter which renders them unfit for home reading. But there is no reason why well-managed journals of the sort in question, running two serial stories and giving such news (not necessarily the latest or most costly) as would be likely to interest the better half of the nation, should not be as popular and profitable in England and America as they are in France.

William Westall.

THE THEATRICAL RENAISSANCE OF SHAKESPEARE.

NO feature of the theatrical season of 1888-89 has impressed the close observer of the stage more than the sudden and apparently inexplicable popularity of the Shakespearian drama. There are, of course, certain plays which one may count upon seeing performed year in and year out. But this accepted Shakespearian category hardly includes more than half a dozen titles. Of all the fine historical series, "Richard III." is the only one which remains a constant favorite with actors; of the comedies, two, "As You Like It" and "The Merchant of Venice," have been played time out of mind, and two more, "Twelfth Night" and "Much Ado about Nothing," are only less familiar to play-goers; of the tragedies, "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "Romeo and Juliet," and possibly "Lear," can be named among stage classics. The list, it will be seen, is a short one, especially when it is borne in mind that the great majority of the remaining plays

are equally well adapted to the purposes of modern representation. That this is so the occasional production of one or another of them has amply demonstrated. When, early in 1888, for example, Madame Modjeska undertook to revive "Measure for Measure," the immense dramatic possibilities of that neglected play were clearly recognized; and it is quite probable that if the Polish actress had been as skilled an adept in the art of personal advertisement as some of her competitors have shown themselves to be, that chief test of success in these days, a "long run," might have been secured with little difficulty. With "The Winter's Tale," still less familiar to the stage than "Measure for Measure," Miss Anderson has enjoyed really extraordinary success; and here again unsuspected possibilities of theatrical interest were revealed in the performance. I shall touch upon both these Shakespearian revivals later in the present article; but I allude to them here merely to emphasize the point that the narrow limits of the accepted Shakespearian category are imposed chiefly by the lack of enterprise or of discrimination on the part of actors and managers. In other words, Shakespeare no longer spells ruin, but rewards the utmost expenditure of time and money as lavishly as does M. Sardou or Mr. Pettitt.

A brief examination of the results of the past theatrical season will confirm this statement. It is no exaggeration, indeed, to say that the production of Shakespearian plays has engrossed a larger share of public attention in this time than even the scanty burlesque or the "tank drama." The splendor of "Adonis" has paled beside that of "Antony and Cleopatra;" the rescue of injured innocence from a "real river" has stirred less admiration than the living statue of *Hermione* in the person of Miss Anderson. And if to these examples of more or less noteworthy Shakespearian revivals we add the "Macbeth" of Mrs. Langtry in New York and of Mr. Irving in London, the "Richard III." of Mr. Richard Mansfield and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" of Mr. Beerbohm-Tree at the historic Haymarket, and at the same time bear in mind that Mr. Booth and Mr. Barrett, Mr. Frederick Warde, Mr. Louis James and his wife, Madame Modjeska and that newly-discovered star in the theatrical galaxy, Miss Julia Marlowe, have all depended very largely upon a Shakespearian repertory, including such plays as "Othello," "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "Cymbeline," "As You Like It,"—then perhaps we shall be able to appreciate the scope and extent of this simultaneous movement upon the English-speaking stage to interpret by theatrical symbols the first of English dramatists. It is nothing new, indeed, to find a portion of Shakespeare thus interpreted. For years the genius of Mr. Booth—to select the most eminent name among Shakespearian actors—has been devoted to what I have called the accepted Shakespearian category; and Mr. Booth never fails to draw to the theatre the cultivated and judicious lovers of the drama. In a little over a decade Mr. Irving has produced with great care and elegance eight plays; all of which come within this same category and in all of which but one we have seen Mr. Booth. Signor Salvini, too, has been attracted by the two characters in Shakespeare most congenial to his temperament, and so again we have "Othello" and "Lear."

Various younger artists, more ambitious than wise, have made essays in the same direction; but they have heretofore given us only "Hamlet," "Richard III.," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It,"—once more the same familiar round. In other words, the popularity of Shakespeare upon the stage has for many years been defined by very narrow limits. But at last what have been regarded as insuperable barriers are breaking down. It is discovered that the most difficult among all the plays of the dramatist's last period of activity allows a beautiful woman a remarkable opportunity to impersonate two characters at once, both of them instinct with grace and charm. It is shown that the latest recruit from the drawing-room, without either a conspicuous dramatic gift or a long apprenticeship of adequate dramatic training, can nevertheless draw all New York or Boston to witness her amazing characterization of the splendid and voluptuous "serpent of old Nile." It is demonstrated that what Mr. Furnivall calls "the stifling air" of "Measure for Measure" does not poison the "ensky'd and sainted" innocence of *Isabella*, and that the story of her pure struggle may be portrayed upon the stage without offence either to art or to morals. We may even anticipate that within a few years "Henry V." may be as well known to theatre-goers as "Hamlet," and "The Two Gentleman of Verona" as familiar to the orchestra-stalls as "The Merchant of Venice." But the question remains, has this theatrical renaissance of Shakespeare actually enlarged the public appreciation of his work? Is it the play or the artist that has given these productions their great vogue? And, again, has either the text or the spirit of the original play been sufficiently respected in the stage version? Can cultivated readers of Shakespeare—I do not say Shakespearian scholars—take genuine and unspoiled pleasure in these elaborate performances?

Very probably there will be an honest difference of opinion among students of dramatic literature and close observers of the stage as to the answers which should be made to these questions. Whatever definite principles of criticism may be accepted as self-evident and final, there will always remain a wide opportunity for the sharpest divergences of opinion in the application of these principles, just as judicial decisions based upon a common law may be often singularly contradictory. In the present article, therefore, I shall not assume to pronounce upon the exact relations of Shakespeare to the stage, or to say that even those individual productions which I do not feel able to praise are necessarily without merit. But it will none the less be profitable, I take it, to consider briefly the broad lines upon which we must proceed in fitting a sixteenth-century play to nineteenth-century uses, and, having by this means established a basis of comparison, to inquire if our public really get Shakespeare in the theatre, and if, granting that they do get him, they really understand him. We find, therefore, two main subjects of debate, of which the second may be again divided in the discussion.

Although the majority of Shakespeare's plays present no serious difficulties to the skilful adapter, it must nevertheless be borne in mind that they were written for audiences little like those of to-day and under conditions widely different from those which confront the modern dramatist. It is true enough from the literary point of view that Shake-

speare wrote not for an age but for all time; but with the literary point of view, strictly speaking, we have at present nothing to do. Yet any candid comparison between the work of Shakespeare and that of even his greatest contemporaries will show clearly enough that this universality of his genius has left its stamp upon his work considered merely as that of the practical dramatist. In other words, despite the growth of stage tradition and the development of stage methods which intervene between the little Globe Theatre of Elizabeth's time and the stately Drury Lane or Boston Theatre of to-day, we can still see "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" presented almost scene for scene, when "Sejanus" or "Women Beware Women" or "The Duchess of Malfy" would be thought intolerable. Of course there are exceptions to this rule. "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" has held the boards through all the freaks of fashion; and there are other single masterpieces of the Elizabethan drama the absolute disappearance of which from the theatre we can only regard as a freak of fashion. These it will not be necessary here to enumerate; but perhaps I may be allowed to digress for one moment with the remark that of all these neglected children of genius there is one so admirable in characterization, so neat in plot, so pathetic in tone, and finally so distinctly modern in feeling, that I have often wondered why it has not kept its place with Massinger's great play in the acted drama. This is "A Woman Kill'd with Kindness," the masterpiece of all that has survived from Thomas Heywood's busy pen. It is in effect, as Mr. Addington Symonds has ingeniously pointed out, the Elizabethan version of "Frou-Frou," and in the hands of competent actors it could hardly fail to interest even the sated audiences of our own time. But, notwithstanding this and other instances of neglect which need not be specified, an acquaintance with the Elizabethan drama in general emphasizes, as I have said, the different conditions of acting then and acting now. In those days the theatre had both another mission and another environment. It was the primal, the vital expression of the national spirit; it did all and more than all that press and forum do to-day. To estimate its influence fairly we must take into account not only its artistic but also its national significance. So, too, the work of the theatre was done under circumstances almost entirely at variance with modern conceptions. Our knowledge of the Elizabethan play-houses cannot be accounted very precise, but enough is known, perhaps, to enable us to form a fairly adequate idea of their appearance. There was little pretence at elegance or comfort; in the public theatres, indeed, only the stage and gallery were roofed. There was no movable scenery; but at the back of the stage there was a balcony which represented indifferently a window, a hill-side, the battlements of a castle, or anything else which the playwright found convenient. A change of scene was indicated by some suggestive piece of furniture or simply by a placard,—a fact which amply explains the carelessness of our older dramatists in the matter of scenic coherency and continuity. Another important feature of these performances must be borne in mind. De Witt's sketch of the Swan Theatre (1596), recently brought to light by Herr Gaedertz, agrees with all our previous information in showing that the actors were surrounded by the audience

on all sides. The conclusion to be drawn is that the Elizabethan stage was intended for recitation and not for pictorial effect. "The conception of the stage as a mysterious place of enchantment," remarks Mr. William Archer, in summing up the evidence adduced by De Witt's drawing, "where fragments of life are magically presented in all their colors and dimensions, was utterly foreign to our forefathers. Our effort to force their works into a frame and treat them pictorially, inevitable though it be, necessarily warps them from their original intent." That this is fair ground to take there is, I think, ample evidence in the plays themselves.

Yet in spite of this essential distinction the bulk of Shakespeare's work may be presented upon the modern stage with a very fair degree of adequacy. The task of adaptation is not to be undertaken rashly; but in many cases a reasonable degree of skill and knowledge furnishes an ample equipment, and in all cases (excepting always "*Troilus and Cressida*," which is simply impracticable under any conditions imaginable) a great degree of these same qualities can overcome difficulties which at first glance appear to be insuperable. Even the most scrupulous student will hardly contend that in Mr. Booth's version of "*Hamlet*" that noble play, reduced as it necessarily is, has been in any sense maltreated or misinterpreted; and although Colley Cibber did not scruple to lay violent hands on "*Richard III.*," Mr. William Winter has shown us that it is possible to arrange from the original text an acting piece in which, if every line of Shakespeare's is not used, every line that is used is Shakespeare's. Assuming that these two familiar instances demonstrate the possibility of preparing the dramatist for the modern stage with equal reverence and effectiveness, what are the vital principles which underlie such preparation? It will be admitted, I think, that a consideration of the first importance is scrupulous reverence for the text. I do not mean by this that the adapter must necessarily weigh the *pros* and *cons* of every disputed reading, although if he be a scholar he is quite likely to do so with advantage to his version. But it is fair to insist that having selected a reputable text he shall not depart from it in order to satisfy the whims of his own taste, superior as that may be to Shakespeare's. Excision is always preferable to emendation. Unfortunately, care upon this point was not a characteristic of many of the "revivals" of the season of 1888-89. The worst offenders were those who prepared Miss Anderson's version of "*The Winter's Tale*." These ingenious persons frankly took the ground that "literal adhesion to the text" would "savor of superstition." And they proceeded to carry out their theory very boldly. Speeches were interchanged; sentences were mangled for the sake of brevity; phrases were omitted or transposed; and as a natural consequence the perfection of form which characterizes the verse of this play above almost every other was destroyed by a succession of defective metres. One of the silliest changes was that which made the line

The bug which you would fright me with, I seek,
over into the halting phrase

That which you would fright me with, I seek.

In another place the "petty" gods were made the "pretty" gods; and again a false delicacy which is reserved in these days of semi-naked burlesque for Shakespeare brought about so senseless a substitution as "first-fruits of our marriage" for "first-fruits of my body." This last change leads us naturally to a second consideration. How far shall the adapter yield to what Mrs. Jameson has felicitously called the "nice verbal morality" of our day? That there are phrases which it is desirable to soften no one will deny; but the usage of the stage is often particular to the point of absurdity on the score of coarseness and lax to the point of indecency on the score of immorality; and the public, which is seldom capable of making close distinctions, allows to immorality what it denies to coarseness. Shakespeare is not immoral, however, and he is only now and then coarse; so that the changes in his text—barring the excisions of whole scenes in certain plays—which are required by good taste are really very few. Yet even so good an example of commendable adaptation as the version of "Measure for Measure" used by Madame Modjeska was disfigured by the substitution of less direct and not more modest phrases for such expressions as "He hath got his friend with child," as well as by the use of "person" for "body" and by the introduction of the foolish circumlocution "a naughty house." This is silly and offensive prudery. No one objects to a wise regard for public delicacy; but there is a point beyond which regard for Mr. Podsnap's young person need not go. A third question which the adapter has to consider is the arrangement of scenes. Here he should undoubtedly be conceded a wide discretion. In the majority of Shakespeare's plays it would be quite impracticable to follow the original order: as I have already said, the conditions of the stage have been signally changed since the days of the Globe, "this little O," as Shakespeare calls it in "Henry V.," and it would be idle pedantry to attempt to undo the work of nearly three centuries in enlarging our pictorial conceptions of the drama. But even in the matter of arrangement it is easy enough to observe the main drift of Shakespeare's development of incident and character. There are transpositions which do not affect the general scope of a play, and there are those which throw the design of the author into sad confusion. He is the wise adapter whose sense of proportion leads him to make the distinction. Perhaps among all the recent Shakespearian productions no better example of textual accuracy combined with scenic confusion can be given than the version of "Antony and Cleopatra" used by Mrs. Potter. To one absolutely without knowledge of the original this series of detached episodes would be highly bewildering. It may be said that a certain degree of acquaintance with Shakespeare may always be presupposed; but this is merely begging the question. If his plays are to be given upon the stage at all, they should clearly be, like other plays, self-explanatory. The adapter cannot justly expect an audience to supply from memory what he has chosen to leave out. Even if every one who went to the theatre were a constant reader of Shakespeare the case would not be altered. Nor is the task of making a connected presentation, with whatever alterations may be required, one which is insuperable in more than two instances. These two, in my opinion, are "Troilus and

Cressida and "*Titus Andronicus*,"—if we accept the latter as in any portion the work of Shakespeare; and it is interesting to observe that they, along with "*Richard II.*" and the three parts of "*Henry VI.*," were the only plays of the dramatist that were not acted at Sadler's Wells during the eighteen years and a half of Phelps's management,—that most honorable of all epochs in the history of the London stage.

Let us now examine the second of the two main questions which have been suggested by this new theatrical renaissance of Shakespeare. This, as I have said, really involves two considerations: do we get Shakespeare on the stage? do we understand Shakespeare if we get him? The first of these considerations I have already partially met. If the broad principles of adaptation which I have suggested are true ones, then no constant theatre-goer needs to be told that many of these Shakespearian revivals have been false alike in form and in spirit. With one or two honorable exceptions, our actors have used Shakespeare as the means, not as the end. We have had, for example, "*The Winter's Tale*" or "*Antony and Cleopatra*" or "*Macbeth*" not so much from love of art as from love of sensation. In one case a beautiful woman, who after a decade or more of practice has not yet learned the essential principles of delivering iambic pentameter verse, found a welcome opportunity to pose as a statue and to join in a rustic dance; and the public, who care for nothing so much as an appeal to the eye, went into raptures over her strange perversion of *Hermione* and *Perdita*. In another case an amateur graduate from the ranks of society's players, with an experience limited to modern comedy and with a talent not even equal to that, essayed the task of interpreting the most difficult and perplexing character in the whole range of English drama; and she had her reward in crowded houses and overflowing coffers. In still another case an actress whose personal beauty was her stock in trade, and whose only claim to respectful attention was her persistent industry, undertook to play a part in which only a Rachel or a Janauschek could satisfy the discriminating spectator; and she, too, won a reputation, if not a popularity, far beyond what she deserved. Such productions as these do not honor the name of Shakespeare. Moreover, little in the manner of them showed even a reasonable degree of reverence for his work. It is true that large sums were spent upon scenery and other accessories of the performance, and that artists and archæologists took the pains to design costumes scrupulously correct; but a great part of this elaboration of detail could have been spared without serious loss. I do not wish to underrate the value of stage settings. The old slipshod way of playing Shakespeare was anything but commendable, and it is a creditable achievement to have done so much to reform it altogether. But there is always a danger that the eye may be pleased at the expense of the imagination, and that externals may detract from essentials. And this danger is a very real and vital one so far as the presentation of Shakespeare is concerned. In fact, the elegance of the appointments is practically assumed to excuse both the inadequacy of the adapter and the deficiency of the actor. The critic points out, as in duty bound, how seriously the purpose of the dramatist has been misconceived. "That may be," is the reply; "but was there ever a more realistic battle-

scene or a better-arranged mob? And are you aware that thousands of dollars have been spent by the managers?" This means that an audience which finds its love of spectacle satisfied and is convinced that it is getting its money's worth cares little or nothing for the æsthetic aspects of the production. Yet, admitting the truth of such a conclusion, I am still inclined to believe that Shakespeare, interpreted not by the scene-painter and the costumer, but by the genius of the actor, can be made to satisfy the purely commercial standard of success. No one will regret that Mr. Booth is now surrounded by a fairly adequate company, and that when he appears in "Othello" or "Julius Cæsar" or "The Merchant of Venice"—or even in "Richelieu"—the play is properly mounted; but there was a time when thousands flocked to see Mr. Booth when everything in the performance else (and almost every person) was disgracefully inefficient. And I am confident that with these drawbacks to their enjoyment of his acting, his hearers could appreciate Shakespeare more fully than if in the place of his interpreting genius they had had realistic battle-scenes and well-managed mobs. Again, only nine months ago a young actress of great promise gave us a *Rosalind* of unusual grace, intelligence, and freshness and subtlety of feeling. "As You Like It" calls for the simplest of settings; the curtain goes up and down for act after act on the quiet Forest of Arden. At the performance in question there was actual crudeness, rather than mere simplicity, of stage management. But who in all that enthusiastic audience cared? With such a *Rosalind* as Miss Julia Marlowe's, such a *Celia* as Miss Mary Shaw's, and such a *Touchstone* as Mr. Wm. F. Owen's, they had so much to charm the ear and the imagination that they hardly missed the appeal to the eye which it is now the fashion to make. One would give up willingly Miss Anderson on *Hermione's* pedestal and Mrs. Potter in the luxurious Egyptian palace to hear again the language of Shakespeare in the exquisitely musical delivery of Miss Marlowe and Miss Shaw. I do not contend that we should forego any advantage which scenic effect may properly give us in our modern productions of Shakespeare; but I hold that the present danger is that of overdoing rather than neglecting this feature. Even so admirable an artist as Mr. Irving gives evidence in the sumptuousness of his "Macbeth" that the temptation to think too highly of trivial details is becoming a strong one. We should expect propriety; but we should not ask for pedantry. No doubt the present vogue for mere expenditure will pass away. Meanwhile, however, a word of caution is not amiss.

There are one or two further considerations which must affect, I think, our estimate of the value of this theatrical renaissance of Shakespeare. I have endeavored to show how little the real appreciation of Shakespeare depends upon mere accessories, and, further, how often those accessories are a disadvantage rather than an advantage. But there is a still more serious reason for the failure of the stage to interpret our great dramatist aright. This is the incompetency of the actors themselves. I have already pointed out how far some of our ambitious amateurs have been from realizing a reasonable ideal of the characters which they have so lightly undertaken; but although they are the most

conspicuous they are by no means the only offenders. It is to be feared that the competent Shakespearian actors in this country could be counted on one's fingers; nor if we include the English stage would the number be much larger. Even in those companies which have had some training in the poetic drama we find an inability to deliver verse easily and naturally and with a full sense of its meaning, combined with an incapacity to escape from that distinctively modern manner which is at odds with any just conception of the conditions to be observed. This difficulty has been quite generally recognized in connection with the interpretation of Sheridan and Goldsmith: every one is asking whom we have competent to fill the places of William Warren or Lester Wallack or John Gilbert or Mrs. Drew. But in the interpretation of Shakespeare the case is even worse. We have artists who can deliver their lines correctly; we have artists who portray one or another character with force and brilliancy. But is there any one except Mr. Booth in whom both those qualities are well-nigh perfectly united? I recognize the profound genius, the matchless power, of Madame Janauschek's *Lady Macbeth*, the tender sweetness of Madame Modjeska's *Viola*; but it would be idle to contend that either of these great artists of foreign birth can ever give the language of Shakespeare its full elocutionary value. Madame Janauschek, indeed, has done far more in the way of acquiring absolute purity of English enunciation than any other foreigner whom I can recall at this moment; and with regard to her *Lady Macbeth* the splendor of conception and strength of execution remind us that to object to a fault here and there in the verbal rendering of the text seems pedantic and absurd. But among foreign artists generally the defect is a serious one; and even among those to the manner born it is too often painfully apparent. No one will deny the intellectual force of Mr. Irving's *Shylock* or of his *Hamlet*; but is there a worse instance of how Shakespeare ought not to be spoken than he affords? We recall with lively feelings of pleasure Miss Terry's *Portia* and *Beatrice*; but is her monotonous chant in accordance with our theory of delivering verse? And if these great artists so offend, what can we expect from the ranks of the profession? The company at the Lyceum Theatre have had to do with Shakespeare, off and on, for ten or a dozen years. In that time one might reasonably expect an approach to the perfection of the old stock-theatre days, to the scholarly care of Sadler's Wells, to the practised competence of Drury Lane. But are there many members of that company whom we could add to our scanty list of those who possess the genuine Shakespearian spirit? Perhaps Mr. Howe, who was trained in the brilliant Haymarket school, is the single one who deserves this honor. On this side of the water the outlook is even less encouraging. Many of our actors are well accustomed to Shakespeare; many of them have had the inestimable advantage of the educating presence of Mr. Booth. But the number of those whom we may call competent is small indeed. It would be invidious to select that number here. I have already called attention to the brilliant work done by Miss Mary Shaw, whom I should not hesitate to name with Mrs. Agnes Booth and Miss Annie Clarke as in the very first rank of American actresses. Nor do I know

a better embodiment of the Shakespearian spirit of pure mirth than the *Sir Toby Belch* of Mr. Owen. Again, the feature of the childish production of "*Antony and Cleopatra*" by Mrs. Potter which at once attracted intelligent people was the fine and sane impersonation of *Enobarbus* by Mr. Henry Edwards, one of the few graduates of the good old stock-theatre system still left to us. But for the rest of those engaged in this melancholy burlesque of our great dramatist, with one or two respectable exceptions, what can in justice be said? And in "*The Winter's Tale*" was there one besides Mr. Barnes who could speak Shakespeare's lines even with the most superficial propriety?

It would be unfair, no doubt, to lay all the blame for this inability of the stage to deal with the poetic drama upon the individual shoulders of the actors. As a matter of fact, they are not directly responsible for the neglect of this rich field of work. Who is responsible might be an interesting question to discuss; but such a discussion could not well be carried on within the limits of the present article. In every form of dramatic work, however, we are confronted with unmistakable evidence that, in the words of an English critic, "we have lost the art of diction." For this loss—which is, of course, most apparent in poetry, but which is still obvious enough in prose—the primary responsibility must rest with the actors. If they cannot be justly reproved with lack of practice in the plays of Shakespeare, they certainly are not to be lightly forgiven for neglect of the simplest principles of elocution. It is the fashion on the stage to sneer at elocution; and so far as "schools" and "systems" are concerned the reproach is too often just. But, as the voice is the most important instrument of expression at the command of the actor, it is difficult to understand why it should not be considered worth training. And, however lack of training may be disguised in modern comedy or melodrama, in the plays of Shakespeare slurring methods of pronunciation must impress themselves upon the cultivated ear with painful distinctness. Here, if anywhere, that art of diction which we have lost is essential.

If the actors have no longer the education of constant practice in Shakespeare, so too the public are equally unfitted to choose between evil and good. We are inclined to assume that admiration for Shakespeare came in with the nineteenth century, and that from the Restoration until the German critics began to expound his merits the public was sunk in ignorant apathy. Yet a glance at the Shakespearian parts which Betterton or Garrick or the Kembles, Mrs. Saunderson or Mrs. Yates or Mrs. Siddons, performed in their time might convince us of our error. What was going on, for instance, in London a century ago? A glance at Genest shows us that nineteen plays of Shakespeare were performed at Covent Garden and Drury Lane during the season of 1778-79.* This evidence hardly favors our assumptions of superior

* It may interest the reader to glance at a list of these plays. The performances at either of the two houses, and in some cases at both, were as follows: Of the historical plays, "*Henry IV.*" (both parts), "*Henry V.*," "*Richard III.*," and "*Henry VIII.*," of the comedies, "*Merchant of Venice*," "*Measure for Measure*," "*Tempest*," "*Much Ado about Nothing*," "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," "*Twelfth Night*," "*Cymbeline*," "*Comedy of Errors*" (with altera-

appreciation of the dramatist. Can London, New York, and Boston together, indeed, in a dozen seasons at a hundred theatres match such a record as that? Our theatrical renaissance of Shakespeare includes, besides such productions as have been already named, two comedies brought out in New York by Mr. Augustin Daly,—“*A Midsummer Night's Dream*” and “*The Taming of the Shrew*,”—the brief life infused into “*Cymbeline*” and “*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*” by Madame Modjeska, Mr. Beerbohm-Tree's experiment with “*The Merry Wives of Windsor*” at the Haymarket Theatre, London, and the presentations of this last play and of “*The Comedy of Errors*” at various times by Mr. Robson and Mr. Crane. This does not by any means represent the full list of Shakespearian performances; but mere repetitions of plays already familiar—“*Macbeth*,” “*Richard III.*,” “*Julius Cæsar*,” “*As You Like It*,” “*Twelfth Night*”—hardly need to be specified here. It is easy to see that this list, extending as it does over a number of years, is by no means a long one, especially when we consider what a wide extent of territory is now covered by the English stage and how vast have become the interests of the theatrical profession. The productions of the season of 1888–89, taken together, constitute, as I started out by saying, what is on the whole a remarkable record for these times, unimportant as it may seem if brought into comparison with that of the patent theatres in London a century ago, or with that of Phelps at Sadler's Wells a generation ago, or with that of Mr. Booth later still at his ill-fated theatre in New York. Yet they necessarily have less effect in training both actors and public to appreciate Shakespeare than they would have if concentration instead of dispersion of effort were the tendency of the modern stage. This work of training can hardly be done by travelling companies with a week or a fortnight here and there, even if greater wisdom in stage management than is usually displayed be in time attained. The stock theatre, with its stability of artistic impulse and its accumulating traditions, is the real school, both of Shakespearian drama and of all that is best in modern drama, alike for our actors and for their audiences. If, for instance, the eight or nine months of the theatrical season could be spent by such an artist as Mr. Booth in only four or five large cities, in each of which a company skilled in the poetic drama could be maintained, capable of giving him effective support, and capable, too, of attracting the public without him, then perhaps we might look forward to a genuine Shakespearian renaissance.

Edward Fuller.

tions), and “*Katharine and Petruchio*” (the familiar Garrick version of “*The Taming of the Shrew*”); of the tragedies, “*Hamlet*,” “*Macbeth*,” “*Lear*,” “*Othello*,” and “*Romeo and Juliet*.” I venture to say that few of our theatre-goers have seen all these plays upon the stage.

BLUE WATER-LILIES.

MOST lovely sisters, mothered by the South,
 Born of the drowned blue in a summer pool,
 Sweet are the thoughts of ye in time of drouth,
 And sweet your soul-seen birthplace dank and cool,
 Yea, like to wine within the spirit's mouth.

My mental ear hath all the sounds by heart
 Which cheer your blooming-time,—your winds, your birds,
 The lapses of lusk water heard apart,
 As in a dream are heard love-broken words,
 Or wing-strokes when the chimney-swallows dart.

The pendent moss hath whispers that I know,
 What time it sweeps shed flowers across your waves ;
 To me are known all snake-sounds swift or slow
 Where sibilant grasses shake their broad green glaives
 And Southern flowers seem made of Northern snow.

I know the choiring in your vaulty trees
 Of mocking-birds that sing the day to sleep,
 And distant moan as of a thousand seas
 That, rebel ever, some dread secret keep,—
 The monody of pine woods in the breeze.

I know the frogs' canorous quarrelling
 Beneath the still fleet of your twilit leaves,
 Like souls of hoarse-voiced mariners that sing
 Of stormy voyages past, on summer eves ;
 I hear the boughs creak where coiled serpents swing.

Who hath not seen ye, purposelessly roams,
 Dear languid beauties of a sleeping wood,
 A forest Venice where the marsh-owls' homes
 Lean over wimpling by-ways, and the flood
 Doth sometimes stain the marsh-flowers' moon-white glomes.

Come, Memory, let us back a little while ;
 Stoop to the tangled vines and row apace :
 Right well we know this narrow, leaf-green aisle,
 Where men may speak with solitude face to face
 What time dim lilies pass in purple file.

Look where that reed-bird skims on wide, wet wings,—
 A marsh-king's daughter frightened by the marsh.
 Hear'st thou that rush of homeward-hurrying things,
 And word-calls monotonically harsh?—
 The serpents drop through glimmering water rings.

The sharp marsh odors are more sweet than myrrh
 Or summer meadows thrilled with passionate rains,
 And, lo! the blossoms that we seek, astir,
 With leaves not bluer than my dear love's veins,
 And hearts less golden than the head of her.

O virgin flowers clad all in white and blue,
 Give us the lovely legend of your being :
 Was it to deck the marsh-king's bride ye grew,
 And did she gaze on ye through tears unseeing,
 As ye through rain-drops on the heaven's twin hue?

Why are ye hidden thus from all men's sight,
 Like the sweet blue of some dead children's eyes?
 For whose joy do ye bloom? For whose delight?
 Speak! Give us knowledge, that ye may be wise
 And learn to fill the pauses of the night.

"Let self reply to self," they seem to say,
 "We grew for God's love, for God's love we die.
 To live, to die,—is there a better way?
 Or could existence cease more gloriously,
 Though we live but an hour and then for aye?"

This thought I found deep in the swamp's great heart,
 Sunk deeper in the small heart of a flower.
 Unto myself I said, "Ere I depart,
 This thought shall warm my cold heart for an hour."
 Lo! as I write, it is myself's best part.

Come, Memory, thy oars,—we must away :
 The vampire night doth suck the west's red blood ;
 The knotting serpents are at dangerous play
 Among the swift lights in the broken flood.
 Ah me! the years between seem as a day.

Again I lean to pull a blossomed flame,
 Again I see the king-snake's argent gleam
 Wax narrow as a moon-ray that for shame
 Steals from the presence of the sun. My dream,
 Thou art so dear I will not speak thy name.

Amélie Rives.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

I KNOW not how it may be with others, but for my own part, in looking back over my early reading, I recall with a lively sense of pleasure two or three writers who discovered me to myself, through whom I was drawn from a world of ignorance to a world of knowledge,—from the little world of sensation into the large world of thought,—and to whom I shall always be grateful. The first of these writers was Willis, whom I have many reasons for remembering kindly. When I first saw his name in print I was a boy of eight or nine, with a passion for reading, which certainly was not inherited, for books there were none, either in the house of my dead father's old father at Hingham, or in the house of my living mother's older father at Abington. I had lived in these places down to the time of which I am speaking, and the only literature that I saw in both was a copy of the Hymns of Dr. Watts, which I hated then and have avoided ever since, and a theological tract about Paul and Onesimus. My country life was confined to these old towns,—the last of which I picture to myself as it was half a century ago. I went to school there, creeping snail-like along the dusty road as unwillingly as the school-boy of whom the melancholy Jaques tells us, and I was made to pick berries there,—a task which was distasteful to me, the berry-pastures were so far off, and the berries themselves so scanty, and so prone to find their way into my mouth rather than into the tin pail which I was expected to fill before returning. The only pleasures of memory that I attach to Abington are the strolls which I took in woods that have since disappeared, and the playing at work when the hay was being stacked in the meadows, where I contrived to skulk until it was thrown into the old wagon, on top of which I was allowed to ride to the barn. Like most children, I was fond of playing in the hay-mow, the stuffy atmosphere of which was strangely odorous to me. From the barns and the berry-pastures of Abington I moved with my mother to Boston,—a senseless proceeding it seems to me now, though it did not then, for I was too young to criticise the actions of my elders. It was the worst thing she could have done, for if she was poor in the country, among her relatives, she must have been poorer in the city, among strangers. The Boston of that day was lesser, and less pretentious, than the Boston of to-day, with its Back Bay, its Public Garden, its great Music Hall, and its Culture. We lived at the North End, in a narrow street, which must have antedated the Revolution. It was named after the royal family which occupied the British throne at that period, and it skirted, or was near, a great burying-ground on a hill-side, where many of the loyal subjects of this family were interred. I recollect playing with other boys among their crumbling, leaning slate headstones, and clambering over the vaults whence they would not emerge until the sounding of the last trump. I liked the great brick grammar-school to which I was compelled to go daily no better than I had liked the

little wooden school-house at Abington ; but I learned more there, for I was afraid of the masters ; besides, the books were of a higher order, and there were more of them. Instead of Webster's Spelling-Book, in its boards and blue covers, and Anderson's gallery of primitive woodcuts of Æsop's Fables, we had what later Speller was then in vogue, without pictures, if I remember rightly, and a Reader, which did not falsify its title, since it *was* readable. Poring over the pages of this Reader one Saturday afternoon in the small chamber which my mother had rented, my attention was arrested by a piece which I knew must be poetry, because the words at the ends of the lines jingled, and which took me back to one of the pleasantest episodes of my vanished country life. It was about Saturday Afternoon, a half-holiday with which I was always delighted. I have never forgotten one stanza in this poem, which was a notable one, in that it opened a new world to me. How does this stanza run ? I have it :

Play on, play on : I am with you there,
 In the midst of your merry ring ;
 I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
 And the rush of the breathless swing ;
 I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
 And I whoop the smothered call,
 And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
 And I care not for the fall.

Why I was impressed by this poem I could not have told then, for, as I have intimated, I had never read any poetry before, except the lugubrious Hymns of Dr. Watts, which are not poetry, nor am I sure that I can tell now ; but, as nearly as I can make out, it was because I felt the fidelity of the suggestions of childish enjoyment which the stanza I have quoted hints at, and of which every healthy, hearty country child is a fitting judge. The jump, the swing, the hiding and calling, and the falling on the floor,—every word was a picture ; and what probably added to the charm of these pictures was the pleasant melody in which they were set. They sung themselves in my spirit's ear that Saturday afternoon, and, like the voices in an ocean shell, they have sung there ever since. I am not prepared to say that they amount to much as poetry,—they certainly do not as poetry is now understood,—but all the same they are precious to me, because they were my *open sesame* to the enchanted world of Song. The reality of this world so revealed to me was so absolute that it never occurred to me to question the truth of anything in the poem : so I accepted and tried to realize the personality of the poet in his thin gray hairs :

I have walked this world for fourscore years,
 And they say that I am old ;
 But my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
 And my years are well-nigh told.

I should have understood what poetic license means years before I did, if I had known that, so far from being eighty, Mr. Willis could not have been more than twenty-four when these lines were written, and

that the lines themselves were simply written to accompany a picture in an Annual. Would this disparity in chronology have made any difference to me if I had been informed of it? It might have done so then, for I had been brought up with a strict regard to truth, but it does not now, for I have long since ceased to look for truth in verse,—except, perhaps, truth of feeling, which the modern school of poets has almost outgrown.

The literary career of Mr. Willis was more brilliant at its beginning than that of any other American author with whom I am acquainted. The son of a journalist whose father was a journalist before him, he was born to the use of pen and ink, and he used them so effectively that he won a national reputation as a poet while yet in his nonage. That he did so—for assuredly he did so—may astonish the present generation of readers, but need not, if they will but take the trouble to examine the history of American literature during the first three decades of this much-writing century of ours. We had no literature to speak of then, a fact which our British cousins were in the habit of twitting us with, and to write in the face of their insolence demanded as much courage as confidence. We imported literature from them instead of producing it ourselves, and when at last we did begin to produce it, it sought currency under their brands,—the old brands of Addison and Goldsmith in the case of Irving, and the new brands of Scott and Byron in the case of Halleck. One of the poets of that period—Washington Allston—was so enamoured of England, where he resided several years, painting high-art pictures and listening to the monologues of Coleridge, that he penned a copy of verses in which he instructed his countrymen that they and their kinsmen were one,—which was not true, since the two peoples were fighting each other on sea and land. Here is a sample of his poetic license:

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let oceans roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
Yet still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are one!"

Beginning with "Thanatopsis," which was published when Willis was eleven years old, the stream of American poetry trickled slowly hitherward through such channels of commonplace as "Airs of Palestine," such wastes of rugged narrative as "The Buccaneer," and such dead levels of dramatic verse as "Hadad." We had no poet, except Bryant, though poetic possibilities were ripening into potency in the scholarly fancy of a young gentleman named Longfellow, who was born in the same old town as Willis, a year later than he, and in the picturesque sense of Willis himself. There was nothing in the household of the Willis family that was calculated to awaken a taste for poetry on the part of any of its members, young or old, but much that was repressive thereof should it happen to struggle into the light of day.

Literary, in so far as journalism can be called literature, it was a serious family, of strict evangelical principles and practices. The type does not exist now, I fancy, in New England, and even then was beginning to dwindle there in the cool air of Unitarianism, which was a healthy one for rational ethics, whatever it may have been for doctrinal dogmas. Willis's father was a deacon in the Park Street Church, which the irreverent had christened "Brimstone Corner," and was, besides, the editor of the *Boston Recorder*, which is said to have been the first religious journal in the world. Begun in 1816, it has exceeded the natural age of man, for it is still living, and, no doubt, flourishing among Congregationalists. The circumstances of Deacon Willis appear to have fluctuated considerably; for while at one time he thought it necessary to apprentice his son to his own press, where his duty was to ink the types, and where he remembered in after-years *balling* an edition of Watts's Psalms and Hymns, he was prosperous enough at a later period to send the lad to the Boston Latin School, and subsequently to Andover Academy, which was distinguished for orthodox scholarship. The curriculum here was celebrated for two things,—one a steady diet of gooseberry-pies, the other a recurrent epidemic of religious revivals. Our young student enjoyed the first, which are said to have been toothsome, and was persuaded into the belief that he experienced the last, a delusion which he gradually outgrew. In his eighteenth year Willis went to Yale College, where he entered upon the studies for which he had been fitted at Andover, and in which he acquitted himself fairly. There was that in his nature which would have prevented his ever being a scholar in a large sense: his disposition was a light one, his mind was showy rather than solid, and he displayed a fondness for good clothes and elegant surroundings which was an offence against the unwritten sumptuary laws of the place and the period. The students attended prayers at early candle-light, and took their meals in common at twenty long tables, where they were under the eye of a tutor on a raised platform, whence he returned thanks when the dinner was only half done. "You may sit down afterwards *if you wish*," the young student wrote to the good people at home, "but it is not generally the case. There is an old woman who has been in the college kitchen twenty years, and in this time has done nothing but make pies. We have them Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays: the worst of it is, we can only get one piece." But all the old women at Yale were not confined to the kitchen, for one of the number happened to be a professor with ascetic tastes, who was averse from carpets and paper-hanging in the rooms of the students, to one of whom, who had permitted himself to indulge in such luxuries, he remarked, with a grave frown, "All this love of externals, young man, argues indifference to the more necessary furniture of the brain, which is your spiritual business here." The manner of life that was then led at Yale would probably strike the average student of to-day as being slow. It may have been somewhat idle and careless, like the lives of most young men at college, but it was not extravagant, and it was not dissipated. The "necessary expenses" were estimated at two hundred dollars a year,—a sum which doubled, and even tripled, left but little margin for lavish expenditure

and riotous living. They had their high jinks, of course, those young Yalesians of sixty years ago,—had their town and gown rows, painted the house of the president red, white, and blue, and put a cow in the belfry, and at Christmas broke windows, cut bell-ropes, squirted the Freshmen, and were given to other follies. These pranks in this last direction were described by Willis in a Freshman letter to his father: "Last night they barred the entry doors of the South College, to exclude the government, and then illuminated the building. This morning the recitation-room doors were locked and the key stolen, and we were obliged to knock down the doors to get in; and then we were not much better off, for the lamps were full of water and the wicks gone. However, we procured others, and went on with the lesson." If we may judge from his letters, these boisterous diversions were not to the taste of Willis, who from the beginning was more of a lady's man than a man's man, and was given to tea-drinkings and moonlight walks. His tone and bearing are said to have been aristocratic, and not without *hauteur*, and his abilities were acknowledged, even by those whose sympathies were withheld from him. What these abilities were, in part, was shown when he was about nineteen in the *Boston Recorder*, to the Poets' Corner of which he contributed sundry metrical compositions over the signature of "Roy." They suited the character of that paper, in that they were of a religious nature; that is to say, they celebrated certain personages and incidents in the Old and New Testaments, and so far, at least in intention, were Scriptural poems. Why this airy, elegant, dandified young gentleman should have selected such themes as these to exercise his poetical powers upon, can only be conjectured. It could not have been because they reflected a serious side to his mind, for no such side was discoverable, then, or later. Nor could it have been because there was any warrant for the kind of writing they exhibited, and certainly not in the "Hebrew Melodies" of Byron, who, dead less than a year before, was still the prevailing poet. The tenderness that touches us in "The Harp the Monarch Minstrel Swept" and "The Wild Gazelle," the sadness and sorrow that find a voice in "Jephtha's Daughter" and "Saul," and the flood of lyricism that burst forth in "The Destruction of Sennacherib," were in none of them. I know of no one who could have inspired them, except it was Mrs. Hemans, who was more popular in America than in England. I remember a poem of hers, "The Hebrew Mother," which, as nearly as I can make out, was published before the earliest of Willis's Scriptural sketches were written, and in which one cannot fail to detect their manner. It is in blank verse, a measure which most minor poets are fond of writing, probably because it saves them the trouble of finding rhymes, and it is diversified, or meant to be, by the insertion of a lyric, to which it serves as prologue and epilogue. I can recall no English poet who wrote in this fashion before the fair Felicia, and no American poet before the jaunty Nathaniel. If the reader of this rambling paper should happen to have among his books a complete edition of the poetical writings of Mrs. Hemans, and should also happen to have a little spare time, I would advise him to read "The Hebrew Mother," and compare it with any of Willis's Scriptural poems,—*"The Leper,"* say,—and note the

resemblance between the two, a resemblance which is too close, it seems to me, to be accidental. The attitude of the American mind, and the absence of the critical faculty in this mind, at the close of the first and the opening of the second quarter of the century, are apparent in the sensation which was created by these early poems of Willis. They were copied from the *Boston Recorder* into all the newspapers in the land, were cut out of these newspapers and pasted in scrap-books, and, the supply of printed copies failing at last, they were transcribed in albums. They were seized upon by the compilers of anthologies and the makers of school-books, and one or more of them were, no doubt, reprinted in the Reader where I first saw the stanzas on "Saturday Afternoon" of which I have already spoken. The verdict of the reading world was that a new poet had appeared,—a verdict that was accepted by the literary world, as may be seen in the verse which young Mr. Longfellow was now contributing to the *United States Literary Gazette*, particularly in his blank-verse lines on "Autumn," wherein the elegant touch of Willis is as clearly discernible as the didactic touch of Bryant. Of our Scriptural poet at this time of his first triumphs we have a lively glimpse in his memoir by Mr. Henry A. Beers, in the "American Men of Letters" series: "All this literary glory gave the young undergraduate great *éclat* in New Haven. He received many invitations out, and was teased for verses by the owners of numberless albums. He began to frequent the society of the town, where his rapidly developing social gifts soon made him a favorite. He was at this time a tall, handsome stripling, with an easy assurance of manner, and a good deal of the dandy in his dress. His portrait, painted by Miss Stuart, a daughter of the famous portrait-painter Gilbert Stuart, shows him with a rosy face, very fair hair hanging in natural curls over the forehead, a *retroussé* nose, long upper lip, pale gray eye, with uncommonly full lid (a family trait), and a confident and joyous expression. He carried himself with an airy, jaunty grace, and there was something particularly spirited and *vif* about the poise and movement of his head,—a something which no portrait could reproduce. With naturally elegant tastes, an expansive temper, and an eagerness to see the more brilliant side of life, Willis could at all times make himself agreeable to those whom he cared to please. But he was quick to feel the chill of a hostile presence, and towards any one in especial who seemed to disapprove of him he could be curt and defiant. He had a winning way with women, who were flattered by his recognition of their influence over him, and grateful for *les petits soins*, which he never neglected."

His college days over, Willis returned to Boston, where he remained during the next four years, continuing the literary career which he had begun with his Scripture poems. He was in demand, not only in his father's paper, but in a second paper, *The Youth's Companion*, which he started about this time (1827), and in *The Christian Examiner*, *The Christian Watchman*, and other sacred and secular journals. He was in demand, and, better still, he was sometimes paid twice over for the same productions; for the editors of that day were in the habit of offering prizes at the beginning of the year for the best poems contributed to their columns during the previous year, and Willis had the

good fortune to take several of these prizes,—one for his “Absalom,” another for his “Sacrifice of Abraham.” To no other young man did Boston offer such opportunities of living by authorship as to Willis. While he was at college, Bryant was desirous of making it his home, but was dissuaded from the attempt, the chances of his earning a livelihood there by his pen were so unpromising. He wrote for *The United States Literary Gazette* at the same time as Longfellow, and during the twelvemonth between April, 1824, and April, 1825, he contributed to it more than twenty poems, among them such masterpieces as “The Rivulet,” “Summer Wind,” “Monument Mountain,” “After a Tempest,” and “Hymn to the North Star,” upon which he set a cash value of two dollars each, which was considerably increased by the right-minded publisher of that unlucky venture. Like Micawber’s coals, poetry could not be considered remunerative. But Bryant, it may be said, was too modest, while Willis—— Stop a moment. There was, I admit, a difference between the two men; but it was not so much one of modesty, or immodesty, as one of temperament and knowledge. Bryant was diffident, reserved, and ascetic; Willis was confident, bustling, and extravagant. The aim of one was to be a poet, and nothing else; the aim of the other was to be a poet, and a man of the world. It is well, perhaps, to estimate one’s powers highly, for the world is apt in the long run to accept a man at the value that he sets upon himself. There was no good reason why Willis should not profit by his success, and accordingly he profited by it. To have cheapened himself would have been foreign to his wishes, his tact, his mind. He did not cheapen himself. The hour was come, and the man,—I mean, the man who was to give his reputation a different direction. This man was Samuel Griswold Goodrich, a native of Connecticut, who at an early age had been a publisher in Hartford, had travelled in Europe when travelling was less common than now, and the year before Willis had left college had returned to America and settled in Boston, where he combined the business of making with the business of selling books. He projected a multifarious personality, *Peter Parley*, which soon became famous the world over through the books which he wrote, and were written for him, and which must have made him a great deal of money. We all read *Parley* when we were children, and, for all I know, our children may be reading *Parley* now, though I hardly think so, since we have invented object-lessons and transplanted the kindergarten. It was the season of Annuals, which, introduced into England by the German Ackermanns, were running their rapid race of popularity there, under editors with an elegant turn of mind like Mr. Alaric A. Watts, who succeeded in persuading Turner, Leslie, Newton, and other artists of repute to make illustrations for them, and a good many authors of the minor sort to write for them. The idea of supplying the American market with pictorial literature of native growth struck two of our early publishers simultaneously,—Elam Bliss, of New York, being one, and the indefatigable Goodrich the other. The venture of Bliss, which was edited by Bryant, Sands, and Verplanck, was called “The Talisman,” while that of Goodrich, which was called “The Legendary,” was edited by Willis. Both ap-

peared in the same year, 1828. "The Talisman" extended to three annual volumes; "The Legendary" lived a year, and was followed by "The Token," the first volume of which was edited by Willis, and which lived fourteen years, at the end of which time the rage for these ephemera was nearly over. Goodrich's corps of contributors embraced such popular writers as Halleck, Longfellow, Pierpont, John Neal, Willis Gaylord Clark, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Sigourney, and Mrs. Hale, with other celebrities who have long since been forgotten. But Goodrich's great contributor was Nathaniel Hawthorne. What Goodrich thought of his quondam editor he told us in his later years in a volume of pleasant gossip of which he was the hero and his life as author and publisher the subject: "The most prominent writer for 'The Token' was N. P. Willis. His articles were the most read, the most admired, the most abused, and the most advantageous to the work. In 1827 I published his volume called 'Sketches.' It brought out quite a shower of criticism, in which praise and blame were almost equally dispensed; at the same time the work sold with a readiness quite unusual for a book of poetry at that period. One thing is certain: everybody thought Willis worth criticising. He has been, I suspect, more written about than any other literary man in our history. Some of the attacks upon him proceeded, no doubt, from a conviction that he was a man of extraordinary gifts and yet of extraordinary affectations, and the lash was applied in kindness, as that of a schoolmaster to a loved pupil's back. Some of them were dictated by envy, for we have had no other example of literary success so early, so general, and so flattering. That Mr. Willis made mistakes in literature and life, at the outset, may be admitted by his best friends; for it must be remembered that before he was five-and-twenty he was more read than any other American poet of his time; and besides, being possessed of an easy and captivating address, he became the pet of society, and especially the fairer portion of it. As to his personal character, I need only say that, from the beginning, he has had a larger circle of steadfast friends than almost any man within my knowledge. It is curious to remark that everything Willis wrote attracted immediate attention and excited ready praise, while the productions of Hawthorne were almost entirely unnoticed. Willis was slender, his hair sunny and silken, his cheek ruddy, his aspect cheerful and confident. He met society with a ready and welcome hand, and was received readily and with welcome."

That the genius of Hawthorne, several of whose "Twice-Told Tales" appeared in "The Token," should have escaped recognition while the talent of Willis was at once acknowledged, may excite surprise, though it need not, if one will but stop to consider the marked differences between the matter and the manner of their writing, and the absence of the critical faculty in average readers the world over. The majority of readers know what they like, but why they like, and whether they ought to like, are problems which never trouble them. The history of famous authors and popular writers is often the history of literary mistakes, and as much the mistakes of these authors and writers as of their readers. Wordsworth could not understand the reputation of Byron, neither could Southey, Coleridge, or Lamb. Gifford and Lockhart

derided Keats, and Maginn disgraced himself by attacking Shelley ; and that young Mr. Tennyson had reason to remember rusty, musty, fusty Christopher we all know. Hawthorne was for years, as he confesses in one of his charming prefaces, the most obscure man of letters in America. Praised by the English long before his own countrymen recognized his merits, he was forty-six before he achieved success in "The Scarlet Letter." Willis, on the contrary, was successful from the beginning. There was that in his Scripture poems that suited the popular taste, which was caught by their melodious versification and their picturesque description. That they were precisely what they should not have been,—were artificial when they should have been simple, and pretty when they should have been severe,—in other words, that they violated the spirit of the old Biblical narratives of which they were a recension,—was of no consequence, since their admirers were not critical. He wrote finer poems in "Saturday Afternoon," in "The Annoyer," and his lines "To a Belfry Pigeon," but they were less highly thought of. Young as he was when these compositions flowed from his pen, he was better equipped for the literary profession than any of his contemporaries. He knew enough to serve the purpose he had in view,—had an instinctive tact that supplied his lack of experience, insight that divined what would be acceptable, and capacity to create it if it did not exist, cleverness, adroitness, versatility. His editorial connection with Goodrich, and the editorship of a periodical which he projected at this time on his own account, widened his intellectual horizon, and opened the way to a path of letters in which he was fitted to walk. Popular poet though he was, he had sense enough to know that he could not live by poetry : so he taught himself to write prose. He wrote tales, which bore no resemblance to those of Hawthorne ; discursive essays, chatty criticisms, of the kind that then obtained in English magazines, lighter and less scholarly, but more genial and gentlemanly,—for, whatever may have been the personality he assumed, he always wrote like a gentleman. The qualities which differentiated his writing from the average writing of the period were censured by the critics, whom he never sought to conciliate, and his personal bearing, which was confident and self-possessed, was resented and ridiculed. It is safer to be conventional than individual,—even among individual people, who, as a rule, are more satisfied with themselves than with others, and whose social charity generally begins and ends at home. If Willis, as Goodrich said, had a large circle of steadfast friends, he had a larger circle of steadfast enemies. His magazine struggled along for two years and came to an end. It was a benefit to him, in that it taught him to write prose, and an injury to him, in that it cost him (or his creditors) upwards of three thousand dollars. The failure of his clever venture sickened him of the censorious people of Boston,—a complaint to which other disappointed men of letters have since fallen victims. He referred to them in a letter which he wrote to his mother from England four years later : "They have denied me patronage, abused me, misrepresented me, refused me both character and genius, and I feel that I owe them nothing. I have never suffered injustice except from my countrymen, and I have in every other land found kindness and favor."

He concludes by saying, "The mines of Golconda would not tempt me to return and live in Boston." Shaking the hallowed dust of Beacon Street and the Common from his sandals, Willis emigrated to New York, where his talents found a larger field of exercise. Nine years before his arrival, during his Freshman year at Yale, a weekly paper had been started in New York, by two poets, who sought to maintain themselves and instruct their countrymen by blending the *utile* and the *dulce* in journalism. Both were older than he, and both had a certain vogue on the stage and in concert-halls. The elder, Woodworth, a native of Massachusetts, had written several plays, one an opera, or operetta, airs from which had reached the little town wherein I lived in boyhood; the younger, Morris, a native of Pennsylvania, had written a Revolutionary drama, and much prose and verse besides. The reputation of both, such as it was, rested on songs,—that of the one on "The Old Oaken Bucket," that of the other on "Woodman, Spare that Tree." The apprenticeship which he had served upon his moribund magazine made Willis a master-workman by the time he joined the staff of *The New York Mirror*. As the paper was not in a very flourishing condition, its editors cast about for ways and means to increase its circulation and enlarge its narrow bank-account, and it was resolved upon over an oyster-supper at the plebeian Delmonico's of that day that Willis should travel abroad and write letters home. The moderate fortune of five hundred dollars was somehow scraped together, and his passage was taken. The world was all before him where to choose,—to the extent of five hundred dollars, which he received in advance, and for which he was to write fifty letters! He was in his twenty-sixth year. The difference between the journalism of sixty years ago and the journalism of to-day is nowhere more apparent than in the emoluments that were disbursed to editors and contributors then. No correspondent now would seriously entertain a proposal to write fifty letters for five hundred dollars, upon which sum he would be expected to maintain himself like a gentleman in the capitals of Europe. Willis had elegant tastes and luxurious habits, but he had also the economy that pertained to his Puritan stock, and a fund of good sense that never dishonored the drafts that were drawn upon it. He was clever enough to be admired, and companionable enough to be liked: so he made friends, one of whom—Mr. Rives, United States Minister to Paris—presented him to the Citizen King and attached him to his own embassy, a courtesy which entitled him to wear the uniform of a secretary of legation and to enter the court circles of the countries he visited. We need not trace his progresses in France, Italy, Greece, Constantinople, and elsewhere, nor analyze his "Pencilings by the Way," which were literally what they purported to be, and were so popular that they were copied from the columns of the *Mirror* into hundreds of city and country journals. American readers of the thirties were comparatively untravelled, and were consequently interested in letters of travel. They had an insatiable thirst for knowledge respecting foreign lands, the traditionary "want to know" of the Yankee infesting the race throughout the States. It was the continuance of this thirst that drove young Bayard Taylor to Europe some fifteen years later than

Willis, and has since driven other ambitious country lads to follow in his footsteps. They wore no winged sandals on their feet, however, for they were not poets. Willis was the progenitor of the Special Correspondents of our time, and his correspondence anticipated their brightest and best work. It glanced at and over the surface of European life and manners, and, if deficient in solid information, for which he never cared, was not deficient in picturesque description and social observation. While at Florence he made the acquaintance of Walter Savage Landor, who gave him a letter to Lady Blessington. Fortified with this valuable document, he proceeded to England, where he remained for upwards of two years. He was graciously received by her ladyship, who invited him to dinner, and made him free of her house in Seamore Place, where he met a circle of tolerant authors, who omitted to bring their wives and daughters with them. Among these were Thomas Moore, who had sung his best songs; Bryan Waller Procter, who had not fulfilled the promise of his early manhood; James Smith, of the "Rejected Addresses;" John Galt, the Scottish novelist; and two young gentlemen, one of Hebrew extraction, who began their careers by writing novels and were to end them by becoming peers. Judged by the standard of Beacon Street, the society in Seamore Place was promiscuous and shady. But—not to indulge in any scandal about Queen Elizabeth now—it was distinguished of its kind, and was captivating to Willis, through whose "Pencilings by the Way" lively accounts of it were scattered among his curious countrymen at home.

If Willis in his Continental letters was, as I have intimated, the progenitor of the Special Correspondent, in the English and Scottish letters which succeeded them he was the progenitor of that later, greater personage,—the Interviewer. These letters of Willis's suggest two or three questions in the ethics of letter-writing, and the more dubious ethics of journalism, which had not been mooted before, which have been left open ever since, and which have given Willis an unfragrant memory in the literary mind of England. What are the relations between a guest and his hosts? Does the fact of his eating salt at their tables necessarily close his mouth and paralyze his pen, or is he permitted to speak, though not to write? That private persons have a right to object to any, the least, publicity respecting themselves and their affairs, is as certain, I think, as any obligation in the unwritten code of modern manners. Willis himself would have acknowledged this, for he was a well-bred man, but would have defended himself with the plea that Lady Blessington, and Moore, and Procter, and Bulwer, and Disraeli, were not private persons, but public characters, who ought not to object to being written about in a journal which was published three thousand miles away and was hardly likely ever to reach England. The difference between the communicative writing of Willis and the communicativeness of his epistolary descendants is the difference between personal journalism and journalism of personality. He was the third American author (Irving being the first, and Cooper the second) who succeeded in making a reputation in England, where his pen was speedily in demand, in spite of the disfavor with which some of his "Pencilings"

had been received, and to whose leading periodicals he was a constant contributor. The society in which he moved was of a more showy and artificial kind than he had been accustomed to in America, and it fostered whatever was showy and artificial in his nature. It was a period of dandies and dandified writing, and it suited Willis, who continued its traditions after they had generally fallen into disuse. What Willis was during this first visit of his to England he remained to the day of his death. His personality, both as a man and as a writer, underwent no important change. He was fond of good society, which was fond of him, as it should have been, he was so courteous, so considerate, so kindly, so willing to please and be pleased; and he preferred the manner of letters that he partly invented, and always cultivated, to any other and better manner. He was not naturally a poet, I think, notwithstanding the reputation that he won as a poet, but a magazinist,—a journalist,—a paragraphist. He was reckoned our best magazinist even when Hawthorne and Poe were writing in the same magazines. Poe treated him with acute consideration, in his "Literati,"—praised his social sketches, not only as being clever in themselves, but also as reflecting his personal character, and had a few good words to say about his manner: "His *style* proper may be called extravagant, *bizarre*, pointed, epigrammatic without being antithetical [this is very rarely the case], but, through all its whimsicalities, graceful, classic, and *accurate*. He is very seldom to be caught tripping in the minor morals. His English is *correct*: his most outrageous imagery is, at all events, unmixed."

Beyond and above all other editors and authors whom I chanced to know in my early years, Willis was the most watchful for, and the most considerate towards, young writers,—the most appreciative and generous, and, better than all this, the most helpful. His papers were always open to them, and his pen always ready to praise them. He discovered—if the phrase be not too strong—Bayard Taylor, whose juvenile verse I saw in the *Home Journal*, and the gentlewomen who wrote over the pen-names of *Fanny Forrester*, *Edith May*, and *Grace Greenwood*. He was an authority in letters,—so much so that when I was eighteen or nineteen, and was happy only when I was manufacturing metrical compositions, which I copied in little volumes of white paper, I sent him one of these manuscript booklets wherein I had copied a late pencilling of mine, with a boyish note, asking him to be good enough, if he would, busy as he must be, to say whether there was, or was not, any talent in the same. I left this effusion at the office of the *Home Journal*, in Fulton Street, where at the expiration of a week or two I found it, with a brief note of endorsement, from the pen of Willis. I lost this note years ago, but it read (in substance) as follows: "I think the writer of this poem has genius enough to make a reputation, but pruning, trimming, and condensing are necessary to make it what it should be, as the same labor was necessary to Byron's genius, and Moore's. It is hard work to do, and ill paid when done." I have good reasons to remember Nathaniel Parker Willis.

Richard Henry Stoddard.



WAS long ago—or once upon a time, just as you prefer—that Destiny came appalled seamy side out to certain unhappy inhabitants of the Orient.

It was in the year when the world went topsy-turvy every twenty-four hours, and so many of the mosques abolished the use

of the Koran and put Reuben Elsewhere in its stead.

It was in the year, too, when that facetious marvel Peeping Forward was written and received so seriously by all the tribes from hither to yon, that people, anticipating the premature arrival of the millennium, put on their ascension-robcs,—the only pure thing that most of them possessed,—and went about wofully groaning and beating their breasts, in the unhappy style affected by sinners when they have reason to fear that the world is about to be greatly blessed.

It was a year of untoward things, and Providence, with unusual caprice, had ruffled the shirt-bosom of Muley Ben Whack Ed, the august Sultan of Morocco, Emir of all true believers, and the terror of vandals afflicted with the mania of thinking for themselves.

Muley Ben Whack Ed, his sensitive spirit stung by the harsh treatment accorded a band of his faithful subjects whom he had sent over the border to secure a few more Algerine specimens to add to a collection he was keeping in a harem-scarem sort of way, demanded redress.

He received, instead of redress, or dress of any kind, a *décolleté* Kabyle, with a message from Weddn Dey, ruler of all the Algerines, informing Muley Ben that while he was a good Mussulman he was no clam, and notifying him in regard to his late foraging-parties for new stars for the *corps de ballet* that he proposed to preserve for his own especial use all such talent within his borders.

Furthermore, if Muley Ben Whack Ed persisted in his search, he (Weddn Dey) would mass his forces upon the frontier and precipitate the Sultan of Morocco into the middle of necks tweak in Janizary.

Signed,

Weddn Dey,

his X mark.

Muley Ben Whack Ed made the Kabash howl when the Kabyle delivered his message.

He smote off the messenger's head, tore his own hair vicariously from the heads of his vizier and a *cadi* who was standing handy, ordered out his troops, and advertised for a new navy to be ready by the close of the war.

He cast well, but didn't seem to land anything.

His army went over the border like so many Napoleons of finance seeking quarters in Khan Ada.

In less than three weeks his forces had gotten into the hilly provinces of Hotwhata, and when the courier brought his head with the news to Sultan Muley Ben Whack Ed, his officers and staff were construing "*Facilis descensus Averni*," which by interpretation is, "It is a heap sight easier to get into Richmond than it is to get out of Libby Prison."

The halting of his army was not the only bad news to come:

One whoa doth tread upon another's heels.

The Sultan turned to Don Kharrif Ido, his chief of staff. "Scour the desert," he said, "and bring all our allies of the spears."

"May your shadow never be less, nor your whiskers gray!" said the sheriff, bowing to the ground. "But there is no more dessert. The cook has just reported that there is not a pie in the house."

"Then," groaned the unfortunate monarch, "close the mince and suspend specie payments. Alas! what next?"

And a tall, dark figure, clad in the garb of the desert, rose up before him and said,—

"I, the Berber!"

And they carried the fainting Muley Ben into the harem, where he presently re-wived.

Still, he kept up a vigorous prosecution of the war.

Every time one of his generals lost a battle, he cut off his head for incapacity and example. Every time one of them won a battle, he cut off his head lest he should become popular and ambitious and dangerous.

In the mean time Weddn Dey got into the discouraging habit of defeating Muley Ben Whack Ed's legions with a chronic regularity for which there seemed to be no remedy.

In the midst of these disasters he recollected that his favorite wife, Sahara Simoon, had an eight-hundred-mile-distant relative, the Bey of Tripoli, who was open to the persuasion of a subsidy, provided it was large enough and tendered with sufficient tact.

Here was a possible ally.

Muley Ben had never visited Tripoli, but he had frequently met Tripolitans in the great pashalic of Gnoo Yahk.

So he called Don Kharrif Ido, and, cutting off his head, ordered four of the swiftest couriers in the sultanate to be brought to him.

This was finally accomplished at the trifling expense of three more heads, before Muley Ben regained sufficient composure to return to the more formal and time-honored method of deferring the execution until after the errand.

"Allah Bismillahdonnerwetter!" he cried, gritting the enamel from his teeth at the delay, "how I do hate this red tape!" Indeed, for sharp business methods he much preferred the bowstring.

The couriers came, and, prostrating themselves before the Sultan, bumped their heads sharply on the floor thrice, not so much as an act of homage, as to make sure that they were still fast to their necks.

They were not very fleet of foot,—all the runners with records had long since had their necks cut off for bringing bad news from the battle-fields,—but they had one point in their favor, their feet were large, and that covered the ground.

To one of these four couriers Muley Ben intrusted a precious document to be delivered to Fundi Bey, ruler of Tripoli, or to his treasurer, Haf Foffer Khash.

It was arranged that the one of the four who had the document in his possession should have a band of gold about his thumb, to indicate that the paper was in the lining of the sleeve of the arm.

It was also understood that if for any reason the bearer should intrust the document to the keeping of any of the other envoys the band of gold must always accompany it.

The location of the ring was ever to indicate the hiding-place of the document.

"I believe," said this genial sovereign, in his cordial way, "that is all. Fail me, and you die; succeed, and—well, no matter." And he eyed his scimitar suggestively.

"Away, then, and may all the fiends in Eblis take you! Stay, dogs!" And with a swift movement he cut off the head of the fleetest runner. This necessitated the procuring of another messenger and the redelivery of instructions; but at length everything was satisfactorily arranged, and the messengers shook the dust of the palace ingrain from their feet and started away, neck by neck, all four powerful glad that they had necks to do it with.

After the envoys had departed, it suddenly occurred to the Sultan that he had provided for every contingency but one:

What becomes of the document in the event of all four messengers being killed?



"By the whiskers of the Prophet, what a beautiful dolt you are!" exclaimed Muley Ben Whack Ed, addressing his image in the mirror.

"Thanks, your Majesty," murmured the successor of his late chief of staff, Don Kharrif Ido, who entered the apartment just in time to appropriate the remark to himself.

"Ah ha!" cried the Sultan, as he unsheathed his scimitar. "Your arrival is most opportune. The blood of the subject atones for the fault of the king. How will you have your head-piece served?"

"By proxy, your Majesty."

"Ha! ha! first-class! It shall be as you say, if you suggest a means of having the document returned."

"Why not send Prince Felix and Prince Djebel Amur after the messengers?"

"Inspiration! Have them brought hither."

The princes, in search of whom the chief of staff so hastily quitted the royal presence, were temporarily attached to Muley Ben Whack Ed's suite, and permanently attached to his sweet daughter, the beautiful princess Absinthia.

There was no danger they would not have faced for her.

Particularly was this the case with Prince Felix, towards whom the princess leaned with a delightful bias manifested only in the secluded nooks and snuggeries of the palace.

The calculating Muley Ben Whack Ed knew all this, but his objections, if he had any, were suggested by a deeper preoccupation, from which those who saw him oftenest might expect an eccentric display of despotic cruelty.

So in this unforeseen difficulty the princes prepared to meet their sovereign.

The young men made their wills, took off their collars, and came.

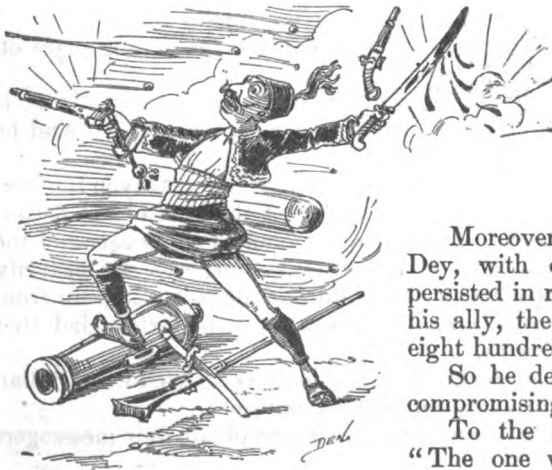
They listened to the words of the Sultan with delight. They

were to overtake the couriers and bring back the document, which touched upon matters which, for the safety of his own precious head, must never see the light.

Moreover, his opponent Weddn Dey, with disgusting regularity, persisted in routing his armies, and his ally, the Bey of Tripoli, was eight hundred miles away.

So he determined to have the compromising document back again.

To the princes he continued, "The one who places the docu-



ment in my hands shall wed the princess Absinthia. The one who returns empty-handed shall also be provided for—*tohk ! swish !*" With hope in their hearts, and a crick in their necks, they departed. Muley Ben Whack Ed fell to wondering which of the two would dispose of the other, and presently entered an inner chamber of the palace, where a number of gourds were mounted on stuffed figures in the place of heads.

These he cut from the false shoulders one after another with his scimitar, exclaiming at each stroke, "Take that ! and that ! and that !"

Thus did he execute his opponent Weddn Dey substitutively, who in the mean time made things look very black for Muley Ben Whack Ed.

However, it is almost always the unexpected that happens when you are not looking for it.

On their way through the territory of the Algerines, where Weddn Dey was decimating the discouraged remnants of Muley Ben Whack Ed's forces, the four couriers ran into the flank of their sovereign's army just as things were coming to an unpleasant focus.

The conflict was tremendous.

The couriers, being soldiers, accustomed rather to the use of arms than of legs, caught the inspiration of volley and cheer, and aligned themselves with the nearest legion as it swung into position.

Wherever they went, victory roosted upon the nearest tree. They carved everything that wore a turban. Whenever one of them yelled, the nearest Algerine fell dead ; whenever they yelled in chorus, the listener turned to stone ; and if the eleven and forty-four had been with them they could have won the day ; but there were only four, and the combination was incomplete.

The battle was soon over.

The flying Moroccos, tanned to a turn, made soft leather tracks for home,—except those who had been despatched on other business to the sensuous paradise of the credulous barbarian. Dead,—amid heaps of slain,—gashed by a dozen wounds, lay the four soldier couriers, with the document punctuated with bullets and securely bound upon one cold arm.

Now, there was an emergency nobody had thought of providing against. Who ever heard of four men in the same line dying at once ? It was very dramatic, but decidedly improbable.

The unhappy tidings reached Muley Ben Whack Ed ; and, now that his cake was wholly dough, he made overtures of peace to Weddn Dey, and matters were presently adjusted by a one-sided compromise.

That is, the harem of Weddn Dey was increased by the arrival of several new candidates for royal favor, and the harem of Muley Ben was depleted to that extent. The main cause of Weddn Dey's success lay in the fact that he was always to be found in the midst of his army. Thus it was that during the final rally and charge of his opponent's forces he had witnessed the unusual bravery of the quartette of envoys ; and when the unfortunate result of their impetuosity was made known to him he was so profoundly impressed that he gave orders that they should have a military burial in his own territory. Accordingly, the messengers were placed in separate graves one beside the other.

The Dey, of course, did not know to whom he gave this mark of royal regard, except that on the breast of one was tattooed a solitary star, on the breast of the second were two stars, on the breast of the



third were three stars, while the breast of the fourth was distinguished by a crescent moon.

Accordingly, each grave was marked one star, two stars, three stars, and a crescent.

In circumstances of this complexion the two princes reached the scene of the late conflict in their search for the document. They heard the history of the four graves, and knew from the characters marked upon the head-boards that the document they wanted was underneath one of the mounds.

They sought an audience with the conqueror, and to him they said that one of the four men to whom he had accorded the honor of a military burial had upon his thumb a ring that became talismanic by the death of its possessor; and they asked permission to open the graves for the purpose of securing it.

But the Dey did not seem inclined to consent to this, because he had given these brave men an appropriate burial and did not care to have their graves disturbed. However, upon discovering the rank of the two young men, and influenced by their evident anxiety, he consented to the following:

"You must determine beforehand which one of the graves contains the ring, and you may open that one. But should you uncover the wrong body your heads must pay the penalty."

This gruesome condition caused a sinking sensation in their hearts

and aggravated the crick in their necks. But it was that or nothing: so they, perforce, consented.

The prime necessity now was to determine to which of the four messengers the Sultan had intrusted the document at the outset; for Muley Ben Whack Ed, with characteristic elision of detail, had neglected to mention this feature of the case, in his instructions to the princes.

They concluded that the man of one star, or Murad, as he was known in the sultanate, was not the one to whom the Sultan intrusted the document at first, from the fact that Muley Ben Whack Ed had recently relieved one of Murad's relatives of his fortune and his head at the same time.

Bedad, or the envoy of two stars, was equally unlikely to have the document upon his person, if not for a similar reason, at least for one equally valid; that is, Bedad was not in the habit of wearing a doublet, his main apparel being a generous allowance of sun-burned complexion; so there was no sleeve in which to bestow it.

He of the three stars, or Ghetta Long Jo, they also concluded was not custodian of the document, since he had only been sent with the envoys on general principles, having no specific virtues of his own.

His prominent characteristics had been the aridity of his intellect and the inconsiderate impetuosity of his actions.

But Muley Ben Whack Ed never plucked persimmons before they were ripe: so the princes wisely presumed that Ghetta Long Jo had been sent with the envoys to get himself into trouble by his previousness and thus distract attention from his associates.

Accordingly, they decided that the document would be found in the grave of Ovah the Moor, or him of the crescent moon.

There was no other solution of the difficulty. The equation could be eliminated no further, and what remained had to be the answer.

So they announced to the Dey that they had determined to dig in the grave designated by the sign of the crescent moon.

In the mean time the Dey had been thinking; that is to say, he had called in his vizier, and had concluded that there is no place for a talismanic ring like the hands of a sovereign.

This was an unfortunate conclusion,—unfortunate for the finder of



the ring ; because a Dey is apt to follow a fancy in an arbitrary fashion. Therefore he informed the princes that there was no reason why both of them should imperil their heads at once, and that they might decide between them which was to fly in the face of Providence.

This would leave a prince for further search.

The lot fell to Prince Djebel Amur.

He was furnished with a spade and directed to commence his probe into the secrets of the dead.

It did not take him long to reach the casket, which had been buried with as little sod as ceremony.

But in the act of raising the lid he paused and looked at the Dey in evident distress.

"Weakening!" exclaimed the sovereign, "I'll wager a sequin to a cent."

"The sequin is mine, then," responded the prince, "as well as"—with a gasp—"the scent. Have you any chlorides handy? No matter." And, with the varied sensations of one who is about to hazard treasure for bagatelle, he pried off the lid and gazed earnestly for a moment at the gruesome sight, and then started back with a cry of terror.

"What now?" inquired the Dey.

"Swish thwick!" murmured the executioner, as he felt the edge of his scimitar.

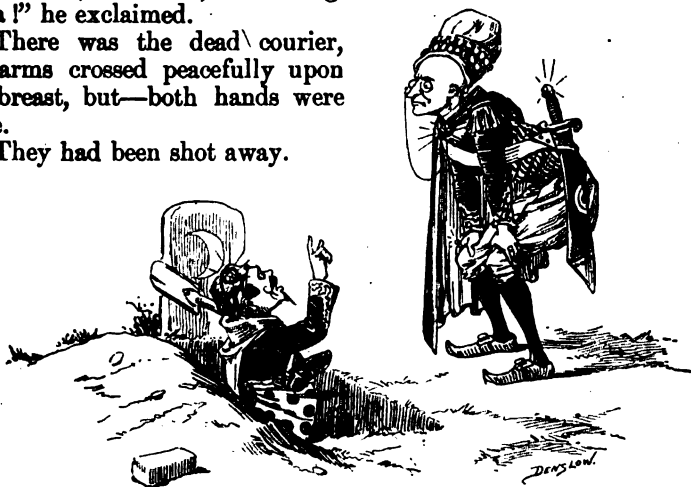
Several of the court officials pressed forward about the grave, a look of perplexity overspreading their countenances.

They fell back as the Dey approached and gazed into the opening.

"Allah, Bismuth, and Magnesia!" he exclaimed.

There was the dead courier, his arms crossed peacefully upon his breast, but—both hands were gone.

They had been shot away.



Robert J. Burdette.



Some Dey, some Dey I will meet you, love;
I know not when or how.

THE sun was just about declining
with thanks and a flushed face which
proved that he was wise to do so, as our second
chapter opens.

That is, he seemed to be declining to stand still according to the fevered imagination of unhappy Prince Felix.

A wide sweep of Oriental sand and alkali, trackless as the heaving bosom of the night, stretched far away towards the flushed and slightly razzle-dazzled features of the above-mentioned declining luminary.

A few hare-lipped camels, with ear-muffs on their legs and side-whiskers here and there scattered over their persons, stood about, ripe for the camel's-hair shawl maker.

Gaudy trappings covered their poorly upholstered systems as they stretched themselves out in the gathering gray of evening, adding to the strange and weird picture, which I could more fully paint in choice and beautiful language if I had been able to read the preceding chapter.

In the foreground the haughty monarch leaned upon his curved stab-knife, wrapped in thought and a large red nubia of untold value.

He was softly whistling the words with which this chapter opens.

What was to be done?

The discovery of a dead messenger with no ring upon his hand would have been an easy problem to solve; but a man with no hands at all was a complication altogether without precedent in this style of literature, and it placed the great Weddn Dey, ruler of all the Algerines, in a peculiar situation.

"Bismillah Abdallah Bismuth Chinchilla," he cried, beating upon his breast with his clinched hands, "this is indeed a great note. I must go to my tent and think of this a little. Excuse me, gentlemen," he continued. "I never could think in public. I will step aside from your gaze, if you please, and have an idea."

He was gone some little time, during which the trained ear could easily hear the great monarch thinking. When he returned he had made up his mind with the head towards the north, according to the Oriental method of making up the mind.

He said that Prince Djebel Amur had hardly been accorded what, in his own barbaric tongue, he was pleased to call "a fair shake." The young man must be granted a new deal before shuffling off his mortal coil, and thus obtain another chance.

Taking a large chew of tobacco from the carefully dried and prepared third stomach of a camel, which he always carried as a tobacco-pouch, the Resurrecto Dey ordered the perspiring prince to lance another grave.

The wise monarch came to this decision for two reasons,—viz. :

He wanted to be considered just and stand well with the press, therefore the princes were righteously and equitably entitled to another whirl, as he called it; and, secondly, he desired the magic ring, with which he was sure he could, by uniting with the court-house ring, make himself entirely solid with his people and add to his Oriental pull among the nations of the earth.

He did not say so, but it was generally conceded by those who knew this royal pelican that the prince who found the ring would also be excused as soon as he had done so, and that on the following morning his beautiful young head might be found among the unanswered postal cards and begging letters in the monarch's waste-paper-basket, whilst the royal old thief would wear the ring as comfortably as it was possible for a felon to wear a close-fitting ring.

That was the train of thought also pursued by the unfortunate princes.

They could not conceal from themselves, even, that they had fallen into the hands of a cruel and relentless despot; but their duty was plain.

Dazzled by the prospects of obtaining the ring, the old barbarian would not suspect them of their real design,—to wit, the discovery of the concealed document.

The Dey, however, was somewhat disturbed by the statement previously made as to the ring becoming talismanic.

Possibly he would not be able to work it after he got it unless he kept the young princes by him.



This worried him, because he was already keeping more help than he could afford, and his every-day suite, to say nothing of his Sunday clothes, would knock the ciphers out of a national surplus at the rate of one per week ; while clothes for his wives required an annual issue of debenture bonds which would have brought about a temporary paresis in old Crossus himself, if this facetious old despot had not contracted a habit of accephalating his creditors when they wouldn't renew *ad libitum*.

Several times he had threatened to establish the rule that he would make his prisoners, hereafter, board themselves, but he had always weakened on it.

In the mean time, what must he do with these two boys who possessed the combination to the talismanic ring ?

Then a startling thought occurred, that caused him involuntarily to put his hand to his head to discover if the patent steel-woven ruff was safely adjusted about his neck : Does the death of each succeeding possessor of the ring intensify its talismanic qualities ?

If so, it may occur to some of his travelling suite that a well-directed welt over the head of his most gracious Majesty while he is thinking of the tariff, some day, would bring to the assassin, through the ring, a degree of power even greater than that heretofore possessed by the Dey himself.

All these strange thoughts chased each other rapidly through the dreary waste which the "pussy" old monarch was pleased to call his mind.

We will not delay our story, however, to moralize over an immoral sovereign, for the princes want the document, the Dey desires the ring, and that overworked convenience "the dear reader" is no doubt in a fever of anxiety to have things come to a focus.

So let us at once proceed with this remarkable story, which not only involves the history of two great countries, but calls into play, in its recital, three of the brightest minds to be found in the whole realm of American prevarication.

We will now proceed with the story.

The Dey decided, at length, that the experiment must go on : so he told the princes that they were entitled to another experiment, if they desired,—according, however, to the previous condition.

They made no objection to this, because Prince Djebel Amur had in his former effort dexterously assured himself that the document was not in the sleeve of the deceased's doublet, there being no lining whatever to his sleeve, the satin having been pulled out in putting the garment on, and never put back again, owing to the absence of defunct's wife.

Prince Djebel having made the other exhumation, and being somewhat heated by the exertion, it was decided that Prince Felix should make the next experiment. So, moistening his hands, and having scoured the spade a little by means of his voice, for he had a very harsh and searching voice indeed, he proceeded to put a little camphor on his handkerchief, and then to dig to his own almost certain death, whatever the result might be, unless the tender-hearted old administration

decided that he could not work the talismanic combination without help.

He hesitated for a short time over the question of which grave to open.

Finally he cut a little witch-hazel crotch and held it upright as he walked, seeking to divine the proper locality to dig up as the well-digger of the Occident still does.

He had just reached a certain grave, the one bearing above it the emblem of the single star, when the disgusted and impatient old monarch spanked him with the flat of his scimitar in a way that took the temper not only out of the sword but also out of Prince Felix himself.

"Dog of an enemy," exclaimed the infuriated monarch, as he kicked the sands of the desert into the sultry air, "will you keep us waiting all the week ?

"By the burnsidcs of the Prophet, thou hadst better hustle, or to-night the jackals and vultures of Algeria will not only dine late on the remains of the dangerous but dead envoy whom thy companion hath unearthed, but I will see that both of you shall constitute a banquet for the denizens of the desert,—when



the tiger shall taste thy juicy Morocco tenderloin, and the tigress of Algiers with her whining whelps shall select some of the white and

some of the dark, and all the beasts that prey and prowl shall pick their teeth with thy wish-bone, to the soft lowing of the Akderney bul-bul."

At this Prince Felix began to probe the chosen grave, while the Dey and his suite retired for a short distance and held their handkerchiefs to their noses out of respect for the dead Murad.

Presently the prince reached the casket, which was but a little way below the surface, and, prying off the lid, he recognized the face of Murad. But there was no band of gold upon either of his thumbs.

At this the prince felt of his own head, to reassure himself that it was still there.

However, without losing his head until he had to do so, he rapidly ran his hand up the sleeve of deceased, as gently and gracefully as a campaign committee going through a department at Washington.

Eureka !

It is there !

Quickly he ripped open the lining and secured the document with one hand while ostensibly weeping with the other over his dead friend.

Thrusting the document into his doublet, he was about to breathe a sigh of relief, when it occurred to him that the Dey of Algiers had a crow to pick with him, and that no price which he might pull out of his morocco pocket-book could save his head.

The brunette monarch approached, and discovered that the search in so far as the ring was concerned had proved fruitless.

He saw that he must do as he said he would, or lose the respect of his people and court the adverse criticism of the press.

But the ring was not yet secured. However, the old monarch was not the pearl-gray ass of the desert which he looked to be.

As one of his wives said to him while he was crossing the Channel on one of their bridal tours and while his nibs was somewhat ill,—“Ah,” she said, while the love-light lingered in her glorious eyes and her fair face reminded one of a Peri,—“ah, your Majesty, Full Moon of the Empire, Sachet-powder of the Universe, thou dew upon the lip of Beauty, how true it is that we never know what a Dey may bring forth !”

“Thou hast indeed a great head,” said the monarch, as he took a little bismuth and lemon, “and I still maintain that I never had a wife in my enclosure that knew so well my sorrowing heart, or so wisely spoke, and yet so seldom withal. Allah preserve thee, sweet one ! so be that it be well done, thou wilt wear the blue ribbon at the county fair.”

* * * * *

But to return to the solemn scene at the grave.

The haughty Dey felt that he must adhere to his royal decree and sever the handsome head of the prince from his body at sundown.

So the unhappy young man was conducted to a gloomy dungeon, to await the hour when Day began its customary larks with Night at the regular occidental rendezvous.

This fateful time was still two hours distant, for the fevered imagination of the prince had grossly deceived him as he began his work at the opening of this chapter.

As matters stood, Prince Djebel was at liberty to return to his sovereign, but did not dare to do so without the document which, un-



known to him, was in the keeping of Prince Felix, who had not an opportunity to communicate this important fact to his friend.

The Dey's desire for the ring was still ungratified, and the ring itself had strangely disappeared from the thumb of the dead envoy.

It had either been lost, or forfeited in penuckle to one of the two envoys still uncovered.

Or, more likely, it had with its graven motto, "*In hoc signo vinces*," been left in the keeping of one of the numerous military usurers invariably to be found along the route of contending armies, and its "*signo vinces*" was "*in hoc*."

At all events, its recovery was sufficiently unlikely to jeopardize the head of Prince Djebel, whom the Dey proposed to utilize in a further search, and affairs generally were in a disgusting hodge-podge.

The sun now began to decline and ask the hectic west to excuse him.

A lull came over the desert as genuine and unbroken as the rest of Murad, whose still features mocked the turbulency of grim-visaged war.

Far away his brothers are at play in the tent of his father.

The childish laughter of young Boneshad mingles with the merry whoop of Billdad, Tumad, Futpad, and Tubad.

But he recks not.

The hot simoon of the desert can no more wither and blast his life. Where he has gone, if the simoon came with its hot breath people would have to bring in their garden-stuff to keep it from freezing.

Where Murad is, according to the best orthodox information we can obtain, one of our earthly smelters would make a good refrigerator.

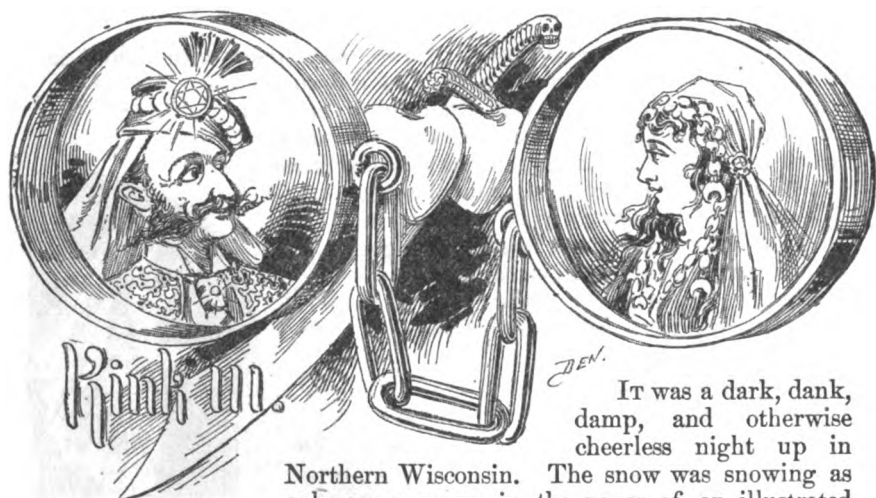
Reluctantly I leave the poor princes, one cursed with doubts as to the whereabouts of the long-sought-for document which, when found, it is very doubtful if any one can read, the other a prisoner awaiting the sunset which will bring to him his rapidly ripening doom.

Weddn Dey is very cross about the ring. Wheeling about sorrowfully, he wraps seven or eight more shawls about him and goes to his beautifully caparisoned tent, muttering through his blue lips and chattering teeth, "Bismillah Cas-carilla Ballywhack Manilla Mohammed, but it is a cold Dey when I get left."

And the sun kept on declining.



Bill Nye.



Northern Wisconsin. The snow was snowing as only snow snows in the pages of an illustrated Christmas story. If it had not been such a dark, dank, etcetera night, the snow might have been observed silently covering the surface of the fifty-dollars-an-acre landscape on which was situated a plain, old-fashioned farm-house, the home of John Blivens. It was only about ten minutes' walk, on a long summer day, from the little red school-house down the creek. Outside in the bosom of the night the elements were making it very uncomfortable for a tall, thin, gray-haired man without a buffalo overcoat who was slowly plodding his way through the snow-drifts down by the little red school-house. The wind, in fitful gusts, scooped up great sheets of snow and sent them swirling in drifts against the doors and windows of the old farm-house, then, in seeming savage enjoyment of its power, it shrieked through the keyhole and howled down the chimney, and anon in malevolent glee it thrashed its way down through the orchard, breaking the branches and swaying the trunks of the gnarled old apple-trees; out and down the lane it went, its icy breath blowing in no uncertain way through the whiskers of the tall, thin man who was plodding his way past the little red school-house. The dog-chain rattled as the dog shivered and scrooged himself down deeper into the straw in his barrel. The dog got up and howled and then lay down again. A bird aloft in a branch of the old elm by the gate chirruped a pitiful protest against the cold, and stuck its head under its wing.

Inside the farm-house, in a big arm-chair in front of a great wide fireplace, sat John Blivens, asleep. The fire had burned low, and only the red glow of a heap of embers dimly lighted up his rugged features. At uncertain intervals a twig from the huge back-log dropped into the

glowing embers, and as it blazed up sent lights and shadows flickering over the walls. The old man slept on, oblivious of the fact that only six miles away, down in the vaults of the First National Bank, his mortgage note was silently but surely drawing eight per cent. interest. The dog got up and howled and then lay down again. The tall, thin man had now passed the little red school-house, and was plodding on. The snow fell, and the wintry wind still continued to be about.

John Blivens moved uneasily in his chair. The bird in the elm staggered on its perch, looked out at the rapidly-falling snow, and again stuck its head under its wing. The old clock in the corner continued to tick with the same regularity and industry that it had exhibited when the grandfather of John Blivens was twenty years young. The dog got up and howled and then lay down again.

With a start John Blivens awoke, and, without uttering a word, stepped quietly to the corner, and, bending low over some dark object, lifted it gently in his arms and carried it out of the black shadows. It was a black-jack log. He placed it in the fire. Then he brought another log out of the gloom, and, laying it on top of the first, he adjusted it in place with the toe of his three-dollar shoe. A fierce gust of wind rattled the window, and through a crevice blew a tiny drift of fine snow on to a Farmers' Almanac that lay on the deep, broad window-sill. The bird lay dead in the snow at the foot of the old elm at the gate. John Blivens turned to the clock. The hands on its honest face pointed to ten minutes past twelve.

"Well, I swan!" said John Blivens; "and this is Saturday night, too!" As he reached out to get the key to wind up his faithful time-piece his hand stopped as if paralyzed, and a look of surprise beginning at the corners of his mouth spread all over his wrinkled face. He seemed to be listening intently. "I could have sworn I heerd foot-marks," said John Blivens. The dog got up and howled and then lay down again.

* * * * *

At the same time that the chilly incidents just narrated were occurring on that frigid night in Northern Wisconsin, the third kink in this tangled skein was unwinding itself far away in Algiers; but, although it was the same moment of time, the sun was shining brightly in Northern Africa. Two hours before, Prince Felix sat in the prison-cell to which he had been consigned by the Dey of Algiers. He was to die when the sun was an hour high. Time, that moves on leaden wings when one is waiting at a way-station for an accommodation train,—that same *tempus fugit* appeared to be rushing into eternity at a feverish and altogether unnecessary rate of speed. His cell was furnished in a frugal manner with a table, a chair, and a cheap copy of the Koran in paper covers with advertisements on the last three pages. On the wall was a lithographed time-table of the Tripoli, Tunis & Morocco Railroad and its Suez Canal connections. I mention these seemingly unimportant details not that they have any connection with our story, nor because they are true, but because they may interest the gentle reader who has been in jail or who expects to be there, and

further because to other readers they may perchance serve to while away an idle moment without bringing the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence.

The prince sat in the chair, his elbows resting on the table and his face covered with his hands. He was buried in thought. Occasionally he bit his lip; then he gnawed his rich tawny mustache and clinched his hands until his finger-nails sunk deep into the flesh. It is a rule with all melodramatic heroes to do this when they get into tight places, and Prince Felix made no exception to the rule. Pacing the floor, his eye caught the time-table of the T., T. and M. R. R.; but it had little interest for him. What cared he whether the 4.20 P.M. train made close connection at Tunis with the boats for Port Said, or whether the early milk-train from El Bedah ran, or did not run, on Sunday? Was he not going to die when the sun was an hour high? was not that bright orb even now moving rapidly in the direction of Oshkosh and other places U.S.A., and no Joshua at hand to make it stand still?

These bitter reflections passed through his mind as he paced savagely up and down the narrow confines of his dungeon-cell. As he stepped on a rat while making a quick turn to avoid falling over his chair he laughed bitterly in the rich tenor voice for which he was noted in the *salons* of Morocco, and began expressing his thoughts aloud:

"This, then, is the end of all! not a single ray of hope is left. All is lost! I am doomed to die ere the sun is an hour high. It is dark yet, but e'en now the morning sun is doubtless going to press. I am, however, determined to die as becomes an envoy of the Sultan. As the cold of winter strengthens the blood of man, so does my adversity strengthen my resolution to act like a prince and to die like a man. Ha! ha! cruel Dey of Algiers, you may slay me, but you cannot harm my Absinthia. She will marry some one worthy of her, and, alas! forget me."

The prince strode fiercely from end to end of his cell, but became more calm as the words of the old nursery-song came to him, and he softly murmured its soothing refrain:

She may be happy yet,
You bet.

The good Prince Felix, although giving expression to these thoughts, was less anxious and distressed about his own approaching death and the future of his beloved Absinthia than he was as to what disposition to make of the despatch that he had taken from the sleeve of the dead messenger's doublet. It would be fatal to the fortunes of his illustrious master the Sultan if the Dey of Algiers should gain possession of the document, and this he would likely do after the prince's execution. There was no way to destroy it,—no fire in his cell in which to burn it, no instrument with which to dig a hole wherein it could be buried. The despatch was small and written on thick parchment.

"Ha!" said the prince, "by the whiskers of the Prophet, I have it!"

He was wrapped in deep thought for a moment : then he unwrapped the deep thought, and these are the portentous words that issued from his lips :

"I shall eat it."

He immediately began putting his plan into execution. Kicking the door, it was at once opened, and an armed guard appeared.

"Varlet ! a ham sandwich, quick ! and, mark ye, plenty of mustard."

The guard disappeared. The door slammed. The prince was again alone.

"By the great horn spoon of the Prophet, a new idea ! I shall *not* eat it," said he. "I know a trick worth two of that. Ha ! ha ! Again I say, Ha ! ha ! I shall kill two birds with one little worm."

It may be parenthetically remarked here that Prince Felix was much less of a fool than he looked.

Once more he kicked the door, and the guard appeared.

"Vassal of a generous foe, ask your master if his distinguished prisoner may write a letter of farewell to the illustrious Sultan of Morocco and forward it by the hand of Prince Djebel Amur."

The guard made a hasty Exit L. U. E. To the prince it seemed that he was gone for hours, when really only ten minutes elapsed before he returned and informed the prince that the Dey had graciously granted his request. Writing-materials were brought, and Prince Djebel Amur was summoned to receive the letter.

When the latter arrived, the missive was finished and sealed.

"Hark !" said Prince Felix to Prince Djebel Amur, as he

handed over the letter. "Also H-i-s-t ! Here is the Sultan's despatch to the Bey of Tripoli. I found it in the sleeve of the messenger's doublet in the grave I searched, although the ring was not there. The Dey thinks this is merely a letter of farewell from me to my master. Hand it to the Sultan. He will reward you as may be pleasing to him, and you may possibly bask in the sunshine of Absinthia's smiles during the rest



of your life. Tell them that I died happy in the thought that I had served them. Farewell, my brother."

Prince Felix turned to the wall, apparently to hide his emotion, but there was a grim smile on his face and a swift though slight motion of the left eyelid. What these mysterious actions meant will develop later on.

It was only an hour now before the time set for the execution. As Prince Djebel Amur stepped out into the court-yard, where his camel stood saddled ready to carry him back to Morocco, the sun was rising in the east. The prince kicked the beast away from the remains of an old army overcoat on which he was breakfasting, and, leaning up against a post, began to think. He was pleased to have possession of the despatch, for without it he dare not, on pain of death, return to the Sultan. He thought of the beautiful Absinthia, and his thoughts were pleasant thoughts; but a shadow passed over his face when he reflected that the uncertain and autocratic Sultan might be in ill humor when he learned of the death of Prince Felix, who of all the nobles in his realms was the favorite, and when he found that although the despatch had not fallen into his enemy's hands yet it had not reached his ally the Bey of Tripoli. When the Sultan was in one of his tantrums he had an unpleasantly extemporaneous way of ordering heads to be amputated, regardless of law, evidence, justice, or pleas for a change of venue. Was the chance of the prize worth the risk? Would the Sultan value the returned despatch? Happy thought! would it not be worth more to the Sultan's enemy the Dey of Algiers? The belief that it would be better policy on his part to turn it over to the Dey and trust to reward from him was strengthened when he overheard one of the officers of the Dey's household troops tell another officer that the Dey, being in a genial mood, was considering the desirability of pardoning Prince Felix. This decided Prince Djebel Amur. "Prince Felix free," he muttered, "and he will demand from me the document. He will get honors from the Sultan, and the hand of Absinthia, and I—I shall get left."

Prince Djebel Amur requested an immediate audience with the Dey, stating that he had important information to impart. He was at once admitted to the presence of the Dey, who, surrounded by his courtiers and vassals, was impatiently waiting the hour of Kam Sosh, which being interpreted means the time of execution,—an hour after sunrise, or six o'clock by a Waterbury watch.

"Illustrious Dey! Chief beam of the Eternal Luminary! allow your slave to kiss the sole of your slipper," said the obsequious prince, as he knelt before the Dey and bowed his head until his forehead touched the three-ply ingrain on the dais.

"Who is this presumptuous biped?" said his Deyship to the Chief Lord High Jinks in waiting.

Without waiting for the Chief L. H. J. to reply, the prince bowed again, and said,—

"Illustrious Dey! Light of the Earth, Son of the Dog-Star, and Brother of the Comet of 1856! it is I, Prince Djebel Amur. Here is an important document in this envelope which Prince Felix, now under sentence of death, gave me to carry back to the Sultan. It contains

matters of great import to your illustrious self, and gives evidence of an alliance between your enemies that bodes evil to your person and realm. I present it to you."

"Prince," responded the Dey, "we appreciate your motives. You shall have unexpected honors heaped upon you. You may kiss our other toe."

Thus speaking, the Dey opened the envelope and read the letter. Prince Djebel Amur eagerly watched him as he read. As the Dey absorbed the contents, the frown on his face gradually faded, and in its place came a smile that developed into a cheerful chuckle as he folded the letter and stowed it away in the pistol-pocket of his trousers.

"It is well," said the Dey. "The hour for the execution of Prince Felix is at hand. Will the good Prince Djebel Amur accompany us to the campus?"

In the open space devoted to executions, on an ivory chair, sat the Dey in front of the headsman's block. On his right stood Prince Djebel Amur, pale, but confident. On his left the red-cloaked executioner stood leaning on the hilt of a great, broad, gleaming scimitar. Behind were a company of the household troops and a multitude of citizens.

"Bring forth Prince Felix." The prisoner was brought forward and stood before the Dey.

"Was this letter addressed by you to the Sultan?"

"It was," replied Prince Felix.

"And you," said the Dey, addressing Prince Djebel Amur, "received this document from Prince Felix with instructions to carry it to the Sultan?"

"Even so, may it please you, most exalted Dey."

"Prince Djebel Amur, in the realm of your sovereign as well as in my dominions there is but one punishment for treachery. You doubtless know what that is?"

"I do. It is death."

"And a just punishment for such a crime?" interrogatively said the Dey.

"Most truly," replied Prince Djebel Amur.

"Let the Chief Lord High Jinks read aloud the document sent by Prince Felix to the Sultan, and now haply fallen into our hands," said the Dey.

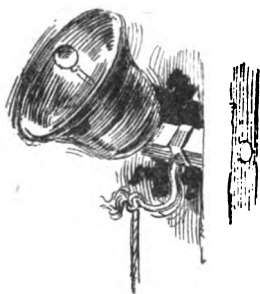
The Chief L. H. J. took the letter, and in a voice that would warp a tin roof, read as follows:

"To the august MULEY BEN WHACK ED, Sultan of Morocco and Emir of all true believers:

"SIRE,—When this letter shall have been placed in your hands your most humble subject Prince Felix will be no more.

"Within one hour from this writing my unfortunate head will ornament one of the palings of the palace, for at sundown my life is forfeit to Weddn Dey.





"However, your Majesty, the fault is my own, and there should be no unkindly feelings cherished by you towards the august Dey of Algiers.

"It is unfortunate that you have ever engaged in warfare with Weddn Dey, for he is a most generous and high-minded ruler.

"And I feel certain that your Majesty would be profoundly impressed with his character if you could come into personal contact with him.

"His subjects all love and venerate him, and——"

The Chief Lord High Jinks paused abruptly.

"What's the matter?" cried Weddn Dey, impatiently. "Go on: it is very interesting."

But the L. H. J., after one more attempt, fell exhausted, and had to be carried away. That last sentence was too much for him. A subordinate was directed to resume the reading of the letter.

"And everybody admires——"

"Hold on!" cried the Dey; "go back a few sentences."

And the subordinate resumed:

"His subjects all love and venerate him, and everybody admires his just though determined rule.

"He is particularly noted for the wisdom of his decrees, and noble or subject is equally sure of justice. Embrace the beautiful Absinthia for me, and tell her my last thoughts were of her.

"Farewell, Sire.

"Your faithful subject,

"PRINCE FELIX."

An ashen pallor overspread the face of Prince Djebel Amur as the reading of the letter proceeded. When it ended, his knees knocked together. He knew that he had overreached himself and that his doom was sealed with a large broad seal, without which no Oriental doom is genuine.



The astute Prince Felix, knowing the character of Prince Djebel Amur, had written the letter purposely to trap him. He believed that the chances were ten to one that he would act in the traitorous way that he did. Therefore he had not given him the document at all: that precious missive was safely hidden away in the bosom of his doublet.

"Stand forward, Prince Felix," said the Dey. "We have read your letter. We like your style. It is our will that you go free. You will be furnished with an escort and conveyed to the frontier of your own country.

"As for you, audacious foreigner," turning to Prince Djebel Amur, "it is decreed that you take the place of a better man than yourself, and, for your treachery, die as you would have been pleased to have seen him die."

Prince Djebel Amur in wild despair threw himself on the ground before the Dey and exclaimed,—

"O Morning Sun of the world, O Aurora Borealis of the Eastern hemisphere, hear me——"

"Not a word," sternly said the Dey. "We have decreed. Executioner, do your duty."

There was a brief struggle; a red cloak was cast on the ground; a broad blade gleamed for a moment in the sunlight—swish!

There was one stroke on the great brazen bell up in the tower of the palace. As its sound reached the city below, all the people shuddered, for they knew that it only sounds its gruesome knell when some unfortunate goes to his death by order of the Dey.

* * * * *

Away up in Northern Wisconsin John Blivens wound up his clock and went to bed. The dog got up and howled and then lay down again.



J. Arroy Knox.

IN THE EVENING.

I.

IN the evening of our days,
 When the first far stars above
 Glimmer dimmer, through the haze,
 Than the dewy eyes of love,
 Shall we mournfully revert
 To the vanished morns and Mays
 Of our youth, with hearts that hurt,—
 In the evening of our days?

II.

Shall the hand that holds your own,
 Till the twain are thrilled as now,
 Be withheld, or colder grown?
 Shall my kiss upon your brow
 Falter from its high estate?
 And, in all forgetful ways,
 Shall we sit apart and wait,—
 In the evening of our days?

III.

Nay, my wife,—my life!—the gloom
 Shall enfold us velvetwise,
 And my smile shall be the groom
 Of the gladness of your eyes:
 Gently, gently as the dew
 Mingles with the darkening maze,
 I shall fall asleep with you,—
 In the evening of our days.

James Whitcomb Riley.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

THAT little parasite with the curious white berry, the mistletoe, has long been a puzzle and a mystery to botanists, naturalists, and antiquaries. But we will leave the botanists and naturalists to fight out their battles among themselves, and merely glance at what the antiquaries have to say concerning the origin of the pleasant and of course popular custom of kissing a maid under the mistletoe.

Now, as there is nothing new under the sun, when we come to vexing ourselves about the origin of things we find we must go almost as far back as the creation itself, and certainly the origin of the connection between mistletoe and kissing indicates a no less than primeval antiquity, and may be one of those things which, as Lord Dundreary was wont to observe, "no fellow can find out." But at least it is worth while to glance at what the antiquaries have to tell us, and it will surprise no one who beholds the mistletoe at this season seductively hanging from on high to be told that of old the little plant was sacred to love. The Scandinavians dedicated the mistletoe to Freya, their goddess of beauty and love. Freya united in herself the attributes of Venus and of Proserpine, who was the queen of the dead, and it is curious how the mistletoe has been inextricably mixed up with both love and death, the story of Freya and Balder, her son, furnishing a striking illustration. Balder, so the legend goes, dreamed a dream presaging danger to his life, and this dream was a cause of much anxiety to his mother, who, to make sure of fate, exacted a promise from Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, and all things springing from them, that they would do no harm to her son. This done, the Scandinavian gods met in their hall, and, placing Balder in their midst, amused themselves by casting stones, darts, lances, and swords at him as he stood. True to their oaths, they fell from him, leaving him unscathed. Loki, the spirit of evil, filled with wonder and envy at the sight, resolved to learn the secret of Balder's invulnerability. Transforming himself into an old woman, he went to Freya, told her how her son bore unhurt the assaults of all the deities, and soon wormed himself into her confidence and won the secret of Balder's invulnerability. For to Loki's inquiry if all things had made the promise not to injure Balder the goddess replied that all things had taken the oath save the mistletoe, which was too feeble to hurt, if it would. Loki then left Freya, resumed his own shape, and, plucking up the mistletoe by its roots, fashioned it into an arrow as he went. On rejoining the assembly he found the gods still at their sports, but, looking around, spied blind Höder (the god of fate) standing silently apart from an amusement he could not share. Loki entreated him to do honor to Freya's offspring, placed the arrow in his hand, and guided his arm. It flew with fatal accuracy, and stretched the unhappy Balder dead before the startled gods. All nature mourned so bitterly the death of the sun-god that Hela agreed to restore him if it could be shown that everything lamented. Then every creature wept, and the trees even dropped their branches in token of their grief. Loki alone stood tearless. In holy rage the assembled gods rushed on the cause of the world's sorrow, bore him to the bottomless pit, and chained him fast. At this unexpected result of

his evil work, Loki shed tears copiously, and, Hela's condition being thus fulfilled, Balder returned to life.

Prof. Skeat explains why the mistletoe should be of all created things the slayer of the sun-god (Balder) by saying that the myth represents the tragedy of the solar year, the sun overwhelmed by the gloom of mid-winter. In Anglo-Saxon *mist* means "gloom," and *mistel* is used for the plant "mistletoe."

It is curious how in later stories love and death are still both associated with the mistletoe. Take, for instance, the famous ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough," by Thomas Haynes Bayley, which has long enjoyed a wide popularity. Here is sufficient of it to give the story :

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly-branch shone on the old oak wall,
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride,
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.
Oh, the mistletoe bough !
Oh, the mistletoe bough !

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried ;
"Here tarry a moment,—I'll hide, I'll hide ;
And, Lovell, be sure thou art first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan ;
And young Lovell cried, "Oh, where dost thou hide ?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride !"

* * * * *

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle : they raised the lid ;
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair !
Oh, sad was her fate ! in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest,
It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.
Oh, the mistletoe bough !
Oh, the mistletoe bough !

This story is widely spread and has numerous *locales*. Rogers in his "Italy" tells the same tale, and calls his heroine "Ginevra." In Florence in an old castello there is shown the identical chest in which the unhappy lady is supposed to have secreted herself. In England many old houses have similar traditions connected with them ; and as the old oak chest or coffer was in former times an article of furniture in every mansion, and as, from its size, it was an inviting hiding-place, it may have been the cause of more than one tragedy. Collet in his "Relics of Literature" gives the story, and it is also to be found in the "Causes Célèbres."

But *revenons à nos moutons*. The gathering of the mistletoe was a most im-

portant ceremony among the ancient Druids. Five days after the new moon they went in stately procession to the forest and raised an altar of grass beneath the finest mistletoe-bearing oak they could find: the arch-Druid ascended the oak and with a golden knife removed the sacred parasite, the inferior priests stood beneath and caught the plant upon a white cloth, for if a portion of it but touched the ground (Loki's empire) it was an omen of misfortune to the land. The mistletoe was distributed among the people on the first day of the new year. As it was supposed to possess the mystic virtue of giving fertility and a power to preserve from poison, the ceremony of kissing under the mistletoe may have some reference to this original belief. Now, the mistletoe was dedicated to Freya so long as it did not touch earth, and so it is always hung from the ceilings of houses: it is curious to note that it is still considered very unlucky if the mistletoe is dropped or placed upon the ground, which superstition is evidently a relic of the Scandinavian legend.

But, setting aside Druidical and pagan practices, let us see what part the mistletoe played in mediæval times. It seems pretty well established that it once had a place among the evergreens employed in the Christmas decoration of churches, but that it was subsequently excluded. Hone states that it was banished together with kissing in the church, which practice had established itself at a certain time of the service. Brand, however, asserts that the mistletoe never entered into sacred edifices except by mistake, and assigns it a place in the kitchen, where "it was hung up in great state, with its white berries; and whatever female chanced to stand under it, the young man present either had a right, or claimed one, of saluting her, and of plucking off a berry at each kiss." Nares makes it ominous for the maid not so saluted, and says, "The custom longest preserved was the hanging up of a bush of mistletoe in the kitchen, or servants' hall, with the charm attached to it that the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas would not be married in that year."

Whatever the origin of kissing under the mistletoe, the custom was a deservedly popular one, and still retains its hold. An enthusiastic English minstrel sings,—

Yet why should this holy and festival mirth
In the reign of old Christmas only be found?
Hang up Love's mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round.

But there may be too much of a good thing, and then, too, there is a time for all things. Let us keep up the good old custom, however, at this season of the year, for it is eminently worth preserving, especially when a pretty girl is in the question, and certainly its antiquity should be a guarantee for its respectability. Of course the true mistletoe is difficult to procure in this country; but then there are many substitutes which fully answer the purpose, and kissing is kissing the world over. There is no reason why a kiss beneath a bunch of holly-berries should not be as sweet as a kiss under the mistletoe, especially if it is also *under the rose*.

Surely at this jovial time of the year no death is associated with the mistletoe, as of old, save only that one may fall dead in love beneath it. And who knows but that the old Scandinavian legend may have had something to do with the origin of this curious expression? However, it is not Loki who shoots the arrow now, but it is Cupid who fashions a dart from the dangerous little plant,

and many a stout heart may during these holidays feel a sudden pang never felt before, and fall as Balder fell, pierced by the mistletoe.

Oh, the mistletoe bough !
Oh, the mistletoe bough !

To all fair maids who may read these lines we wish nothing better than a Merry Christmas and a kiss, from the right one, under the mistletoe.

Henry Collins.

OUR WINTER FESTIVALS.

WHETHER Christmas comes to us hallowed because we feel the sacredness of the season set apart to celebrate

The day wherein the Lorde did bring his birth to pass,

according to the quaint and reverent expression of an ancient poet, or because the anniversary is set thick with early and sweet associations of childish joys, surprises, and family gatherings about the Christmas board, men and women will have to be cast in a different mould from that in which they are now formed to be quite insensible to the subtle influences of this time of home cheer and universal peace and good will toward man.

Even the prosaic occupation of shopping in preparation for Christmas or the New Year is touched with a light that belongs to the season, and represents to the thoughtful mind something more than great crowds of people pricing and cheapening wares. If that eager-faced woman looking over the trinkets at one counter is doing her best to get the ring, that would look so pretty on Clara's dainty finger, for somewhat less than its price, it is only because she wishes to stretch the capacity of her already depleted purse to compass the purchase of a most ravishing doll with luxuriant real hair, at the next counter, that will make little Sarah the very happiest of mortal maidens on Christmas morning. Viewed from a proper stand-point she is neither sordid nor parsimonious, as the shop-keeper thinks, and, from his point of view, it must be granted, with some show of reason. On the contrary, she is generous and expansive, desiring, like all those other men and women hurrying along the street with their arms full of packages and their hearts full of kindness, to add another note to the universal joy.

It is pleasant at such seasons to turn back and make our acknowledgments to the ancients, and at the same time to note how the two festivals that have rooted themselves so deeply in the life of many nations stood in the early days of their inception for many of the same ideas for which they now stand. For, whether the crowning festivals of the winter solstice are derived from those Northern nations who observed in December the feast of the sun, hailing with joy his entrance upon his course for another year, or from the Saturnalia and kindred celebrations of the Romans, the underlying thought is always thankfulness for the common blessings of life, sun and air, fruitful fields, peace and home content. The feasts, revelry, and mummeries of early times, with much in their

details that is shocking to our later civilization, as well as the exchanging of gifts, congratulations, and visits among friends, all embodied some thought of gratitude to a higher power and some foreshadowing of the universal brotherhood of man as sharers in the general bounty: why else should slaves have been granted their freedom during the Saturnalia?

When Christianity entered into the Roman life, long after the great winter feasts had been established, the heads of the Church showed themselves wise men in their day and generation when they grafted upon the old heathen festivals the new ceremonials of Christmas Day, hoping probably that their nobler observances would supersede those of Bacchus, Saturn, and all the other gods. The Saturnalia, which dates back to a period anterior to the foundation of Rome, fell on the 17th of December and lasted several days, while the festival of the New Year, celebrated in the time of Romulus in March, was transposed under the new calendar to the 1st of January. Hence the two holidays overlapped, as they continued to do among the ancient Britons and Gauls, the Christmas festivities lasting more than a week, including those of the New Year, and ending on the thirteenth day, or Feast of the Epiphany. This latter was preceded by the revels of Twelfth Night, of which Shakespeare in his comedy so named gives us the spirit, although not the details.

Christmas and the New Year being celebrated so close to each other in time, the wassail bowl, which substituted the Grace-Cup of the Latins, belonged to both these seasons as well as to the Twelfth-Night merrymakings. This bowl was often of massive silver, and was frequently decked with ribbons and sprigs of rosemary. The component parts of its good cheer were ale, sugar, nutmeg, and a toast, roasted apples being necessary ingredients of genuine "lamb's-wool." It is evident that crab-apples were often used in the wassail bowl, as frequent allusions are made in old English poetry to "turning a crabbe in the fire," and Shakespeare doubtless adverts to this custom when he makes Puck say,—

And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.

One of the earliest mentions of the wassail bowl in England is that well-known scene when Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, presented to her father's guest, King Vortigern, a bowl of wine, with the words, "Louerd King Wass-heil!" to which he replied, "Drinc Heil!" "Wass-heil," or "Come, here's to you," and "Drinc heil," "I'll pledge you," being among the usual phrases of quaffing among the earliest civilized inhabitants of Britain, our New-Year's toasts of health and happiness seem their legitimate successors, although the New-Year visitor who receives the modern wassail bowl, in the form of eggnog or wine, from the hands of the fair may not be permitted to follow in the footsteps of that ancient warrior who, after crying,

Health to the Saxon maid,
Gayly rose, and 'midst the concourse wide
Kissed her hale lips, and placed her by his side.

Although the festival of the New Year was early and long observed in England with wassail bowl and "lamb's-wool to welcome the rising year," for some reason, perhaps connected with ecclesiastical observances, Christmas has retained

a more abiding place in the life and homes of English-speaking people, while New-Year customs and revels have grafted themselves more firmly upon the French and other Continental nations. The Romans called the gifts exchanged during the Saturnalia *xenia* and *strenæ*, whence perhaps comes the French term *étrennes*, which was used as early as the thirteenth century.

It was Alfred the Great of England who ordered the annual festival to be kept for twelve days ending with the feast of the Epiphany, which was later one of the most popular of the winter holidays, with its Lord of Miarule, its merry-makings, and its cake made of flour, honey, ginger, and pepper. The Twelfth-Night custom of choosing the king and queen by the bean, or by drawing straws, has been traced back to early Grecian and Roman banquets, when dice were cast to determine who should be the *rex conviviæ*, or ruler of the feast. From whatever source the custom is derived, it long obtained in England and France. One of the chroniclers of the court of the latter country draws a charming picture of Anne of Austria cutting the Twelfth-Night cake, on a mournful 6th of January during the disturbances of the Fronde, for the amusement of her small son, Louis XIV. The slice containing the bean fell to the share of the youthful monarch, making him king of the evening, which honor he waived, and, with the grace that seems never to have deserted him in youth or in old age, turned and presented the bean to his mother, making her queen of the feast, which gave all the company the right to say, when she drank a glass of hippocras, "The Queen drinks," according to the ancient custom.

Another fashion of the Latins, which would undoubtedly add to the jollity of this season with many persons, was that of allowing debtors to remain unmolested during the New Year's week of revelry.

Who does not recall with pleasure Elia's delightful essay on New Year's Eve, commencing with "Every man has two birthdays," in which the sympathetic essayist treats of "the nativity of our common Adam" with a pathos as exquisite, in its own time and place, as the humorous fancy with which he touches the "Roast Pig" and the "Poor Relation"? Viewed from this standpoint, New Year's Day, with its gifts and visits and good wishes, has its background of solemn joy as truly as the Christmas-tide. For if one approaches us with its prospect of jollity and good cheer, overarched and spiritualized by the thought that

The time draws near the birth of Christ,

the other announces the setting up of a new landmark in the life of each man and woman, a milestone whence they may look back thoughtfully and forward hopefully, like the Roman god Janus, patron of the season, who was so richly endowed with faces that he had one with which to review the old year and another with which to greet the new, fitly symbolizing the attitude of humanity at this season, with thoughts divided between the has-been and the to-be.

Who is there who cannot turn back, like Elia, to the child, "that other me," and recall the thrill of expectancy with which he or she looked forward to the mysterious birth of the new year in the night and darkness, as of some unknown creature about to be ushered into the life and light of the world? He who cannot revert to such sensations of hopeful expectancy on the threshold of the new year has lost something out of his gallery of retrospection, which would seem to forecast the daily meeting of the new and untried which is life's experience. It is on such anniversary days that floating thoughts are wont to crystallize into words and phrases, and we clasp each other's hands and say, "A Happy New

Year to you!"—a happy year of happy days as they come,—or, using the words of the most life-loving of poets, who found delight to the last in "sun and sky and breeze, in summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*," say with him, "And now another cup of the generous [let it be only one cup, most genial Charles, and not too generous!], and a merry New Year, and many of them, to you all, my masters!"

Anne H. Wharton.

BOOK-TALK.

ONE of the crying needs of the American people is that of a national historian. We have a picturesque, moving, and interesting past; we have no one who has succeeded in reporting its salient characteristics. Bancroft? McMaster? Neither of these has achieved the difficult task. Bancroft's fault is that he is too good: he commits the unpardonable sin of infallibility. He may have been present at the secret councils of the Creator, but one is a little sceptical: it is difficult to persuade the hard-headed historical student that the oracle proceeded from Mount Sinai. An historian of democracy, above all others, should not join the aristocracy of the elect. As to Mr. McMaster, he has command of a vivid and forceful style, but the style was made and measured for Macaulay and hangs a little loosely about the more modern gentleman. He tells a story very well (that art he has learned from his preceptor), he is scholarly and generally accurate, but his philosophy is not very broad, and he has none of that brilliant play of rhetoric by which Macaulay covered his inability to reason logically and cogently. Sometimes, indeed, the old Macaulayite thinks he recognizes the familiar tricks, he imagines the fuse is lighted, but instead of the expected fireworks his eyes are greeted by only a mild phosphorescence. Nevertheless, Mr. McMaster is very clever. Now, we want something more than a clever historian.

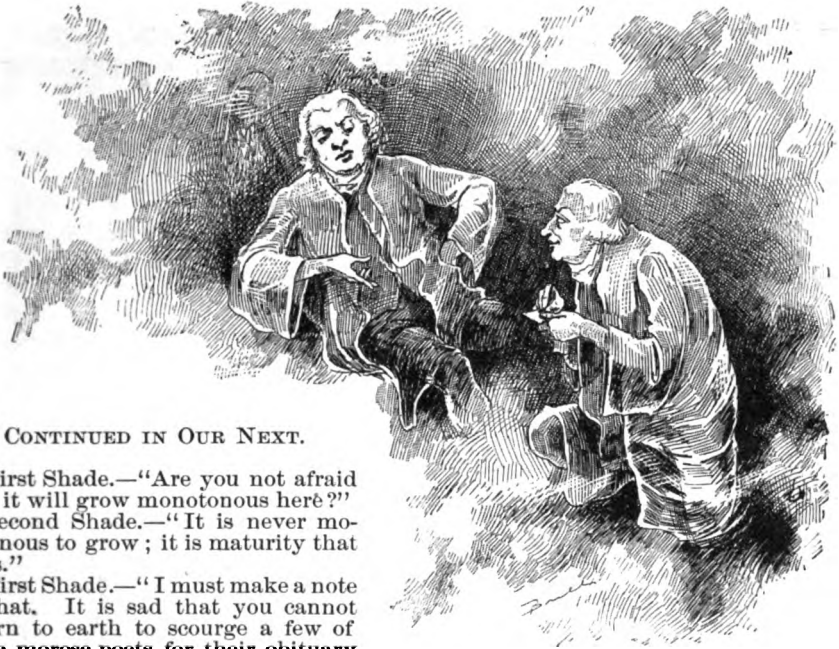
The reader who peruses Henry Adams's "History of the United States during the First Administration of Jefferson" will lay that book aside with the impression that here we have a man who is qualified to fill the gap,—to become our national historian,—and a hope that he may be induced to undertake the task. He has covered four years of our history in an admirable manner, and the six preliminary chapters, which serve as an introduction to the whole and summarize the mental, physical, and economical condition of the country at the time of Jefferson's election in 1800, form a well-reasoned and well-written bit of historical literature. Mr. Adams is a careful student; he has had access to government archives from Spain, France, England, and the United States which were never before laid open to the historian; he has a sure grasp of his facts, and he is familiar with the latest results of sociological investigation. His style, moreover, is gracious and urbane; it has a distinguished ease as of high breeding; it eschews all startling rhetorical effects, all unnecessary passion and vehemence. Above all things Mr. Adams is non-partisan: you could not guess his politics from his book. That is the true stand-point for an historian who wishes to be consulted even more than to be read: he may not appeal to the wide circle who like simply to be amused and so prefer their nerves to be titillated by a little hot-headed bigotry; nevertheless he will command the suffrages of all historical students.

Mr. Adams draws a very engaging portrait of Thomas Jefferson, not merely the public Jefferson, the political thinker who did more perhaps than any other man to shape the destinies of our nation, the statesman who fearlessly held to his opinions in the teeth of the most bitter opposition, the *philosophes* who shocked the conservative by believing too much in man and too little in God, but the private Jefferson also, the shy, awkward, loosely-built, stiff figure in red waistcoat and yarn stockings, with slippers down at the heel and ill-fitting clothes that set the fashion of what has since become famous as "Jeffersonian simplicity" in the White House. He is not made a hero of; he is presented as a man: the historian has little respect for the dignity of history; he tells the plain, honest, familiar truth. The men whom he paints are not austere and venerable and awe-producing figures, they are men of the same kidney as ourselves; we move about among them and know them, we recognize that they are part of the aggregate you and me which constitutes society, we are conscious that if we prick them they will bleed. But this art—so high above the reach of the average historian—is skilfully concealed behind the elegant unpretentiousness of Mr. Adams's English.

Mr. Adams, it will be remembered, won his first laurels as the biographer of Albert Gallatin, who was Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury. His more recent studies in the same field have borne admirable fruit. Let us trust that he may be tempted to widen his scope, to bring to bear the same patient investigation, fine scholarship, and dispassionate candor upon other periods of our national life, and finally give us that history of the American people which the people deserve to have.

Harper & Brothers have a lot of new books for young people which are worth their parents' consideration. Thomas Knox has already approved himself an excellent *cicerone*, and now he turns up again with a new volume in his "Boy Traveller" series, and takes his party of wanderers through Northern and Central Mexico, Campeachy, and Yucatan. He improves his opportunity to give a full description of the republics of Central America, and also of the Nicaragua Canal, and he weaves all this information into a story which is interesting and at times even exciting.—Another book that combines instruction with entertainment is "City Boys in the Woods; or, A Trapping Venture in Maine," in which the boy heroes learn a great deal about life in the woods—the arts of trapping and hunting—from a friendly Yankee trapper.—In "Redeeming the Republic" Charles Carleton Coffin covers the third period of "The War of the Rebellion" in the year 1864. Perhaps the fact that he bluntly gives this name to what is more euphemistically known as the late unpleasantness may show that the book is meant for Northern rather than Southern children and takes the Northern side throughout. In fact, it is written throughout in the tone of the newspaper correspondent of the period covered, and is good enough if looked at from that point of view.—It is a pity that the first collection of Thomas Nast's cartoons that has yet been made should be the "Christmas Drawings for the Human Race" which he has just presented to us. The book has little more than the prestige of a great name to recommend it. Mr. Nast never drew pretty things; he is magnificent in savage Hogarthian caricature, but he has neither grace nor delicacy, he can't even draw correctly. Now, the pictures here collated are all childish subjects that need a less brusque and vigorous pencil to deal with them.

William S. Walsh.



CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

First Shade.—“Are you not afraid that it will grow monotonous here?”

Second Shade.—“It is never monotonous to grow; it is maturity that palls.”

First Shade.—“I must make a note of that. It is sad that you cannot return to earth to scourge a few of these morose poets for their obituary measures.”

Second Shade.—“Nothing would please me better, but I would have to measure to my obituaries.”

First Shade (abruptly).—“I see your wings are larger than mine. How do you account for that?”

Second Shade.—“Naturally enough. ‘*Tot homines, tot sententiae*,’ you know; as are the men, so are their o-pinions.”

First Shade.—“Can you tell me why it is that Dignity always seems to have something disagreeable in its keeping?”

Second Shade.—“Because it is always so self-possessed.”

First Shade.—“Hottentots are happy in their ignorance: does this fact justify the paradox ‘the folly of wisdom’?”

Second Shade.—“Does their barbarity emphasize the wisdom of folly?”

First Shade.—“I’ll make a note of that. How true it is that study and discipline add weight to character?”

Second Shade.—“Yes, and all things come to him who weights.”—Blim !!!—“What’s that?”

First Shade.—“Oh, nothing; an angel fainted.” (Reflectively) “Can you tell me why they call old Father Time ‘the reaper’?”

Second Shade.—“Can’t say, unless it is because all flesh is grass.”—Blam !!!—“What’s that?”

First Shade.—“Another angel! Do you think marriage is a failure?”

Second Shade.—“The question is idle: show me the girl who misses her chance, with a chance to be Mrs.”

First Shade.—“The effusions of literature show a painful lack of inspiration since your time. Effort no longer seems fired by the muse.”

Second Shade.—“No; it is fired by the editor.”

First Shade.—“Do you believe that self-scourging is a proper penitence?”

Second Shade.—“Maceration is not a specific for sin;

For you do not atone though you wear yourself thin.

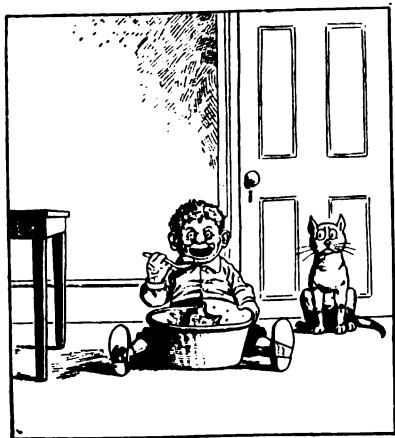
It is an aggravated sinfulness for bibulating bacchanals, sodden with drink and undiscovered peccadilloes, to expect the texture of existence worn to fray and ravel will be acceptable as an aton—”—x x !!! x x !!!! x !!

“Heavens! what’s that?”

First Shade.—“That last sentence fell through upon the earth!”

Chad. McCoy.

CHRISTMAS GLUTTONY ; OR, THE VICARIOUS CAT.





THE INCIDENCE OF GREATNESS.

It was a jovial banquet board,
Great guns were feasted free,
Great generals, great senators,
Great counsellors-at-fee;
And in the special honor seat,
To see the great well fed,
There sat a great—what shall I say?—
That's it! Great head,—great head.

Great toasts were drunk, great mots were turned,
And so were viands rare,
Great tanks of cham—but let that pass;
That's neither here nor there.



And when a great one spouted some,
And sat him down flushed red,
The savants clapped him great applause,
And cried, "Great head! Great head!"

They tell us beauty's but skin-deep;
Well, so is greatness, too.
The cuticle of greatness holds
No more than I or you.
And so next day each great one lay
Within his own great bed,
And ran his fingers through his locks,
And groaned, Great head Great head!

Samuel C. Appleby.



A DESPERATE CASE.

Crupples.—"Why, there goes Atterly on crutches. What's wrong? It was only yesterday that I saw him playing lawn-tennis in his yard."

Crapples.—"Oh, nothing ails him, I guess."

Crupples.—"Nothing ails him! Why, look at the man! What's he got up in that style for, then?"

Crapples.—"Oh, he's going to draw his pension."



'TWIXT YOU AN' ME.

GRAMMAR AND SENTIMENT.

"A kiss is but a common noun," cried Sue;
 "Yes, *very* common," artlessly cried Loo.
 But as she caught a merry glance she hushed
 Her silvery voice and beautifully blushed.
 "Yet if 'tis common it is proper too!"
 Cried Sal,—a twinkle in her eyes of blue.
 "It can't be both!" said Mabel, much perplexed:
 And so they argued out the question vexed.
 To one thing each at last made up her mind:
 A kiss was something hard to be declined.

Wilson K. Welsh.

WHAT A BUCKET-SHOP WAS.

Tom.—"Say, Jack, what's a bucket-shop?"

Jack.—"I guess it's where the brokers get their buckets to water the stock with."

"MA, when is your wooden wedding?"

"It was when I married your father, Johnnie," she answered, grimly.

PANDERING TO HIS WEAKNESS.

The waiter who gets on a "high"
 Should always board a ship;
 For every time a wave comes by
 The vessel has to tip.

WHICH JUST REVERSES MATTERS.

The New-Yorkers are trying to put the electric wires underground. The electric wires are continually putting the New-Yorkers underground.

WAS Mr. Bellamy's book, "Looking Backward," suggested by the story of Lot's wife?

A WEATHER REPORT.—Thunder.

WHAT RAISED THE RUMPUS.





B natural.

B sharp.

B flat.

A DEAD WEIGHT.

Bagley.—“You have been twelve years on the stage?”

Miss Merveilleux.—“Yes. (Sighs.) And still a walking lady.”

Bagley.—“You have been unfortunate.”

Miss Merveilleux.—“No; simply moral.”

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

The jolly tar can't well avoid
The name of “tipsy rover;”
For in the middle of the deep
He's always half-seas over.

It is a foolish crockery-merchant who cracks up his own wares.

In literary matters it is first think and
then th'ink.

IN MINOR KEY.

The *New Orleans Picayune* says, “The musical people of America demand a national air.” Well, when they secure the air, here are some words to start off with:

No more “My country, 'tis of thee,”

We sing in patriot elation;

Because that statement don't agree

With unrestricted immigration.

Nor can we start that gay old tune

The nations know as “Yankee

Doodle,”

For alien hands will hold us soon,

When we're sold out to British
boodle.



Sweetness and Light, à la Arnold.



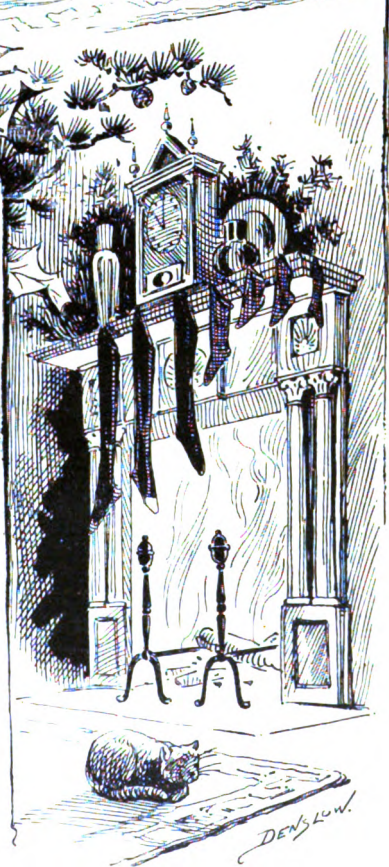
CHRISTMAS-LAND.

When Christmas white comes in
the night
And lines the lawn, the glebe and
glade,
Then dozing lads and lassies haste
To reach, in dreams, the land of taste
Along the fields of jujube paste,
Across the streams of lemonade.

A moment seems a day in dreams,
A minute for a month avails,
Until they reach that honeyed land
Where sugar takes the place of sand,
And gum-drop trees on every hand
Are plundered by vanilla gales.

The hills are made of marmalade,
And jellied into dales and dells;
The peaks in taffy ridges rise
Where soda-fountains fizz to skies;
Where bushes bend with custard pies,
And trees hang low with caramels.

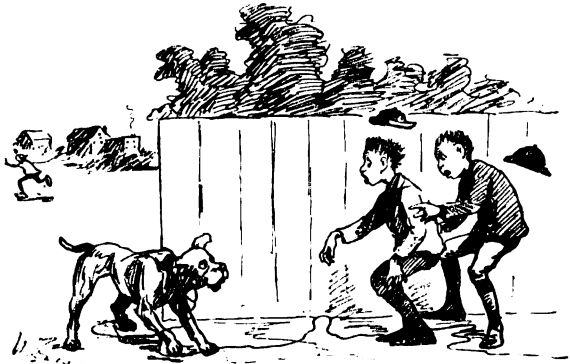
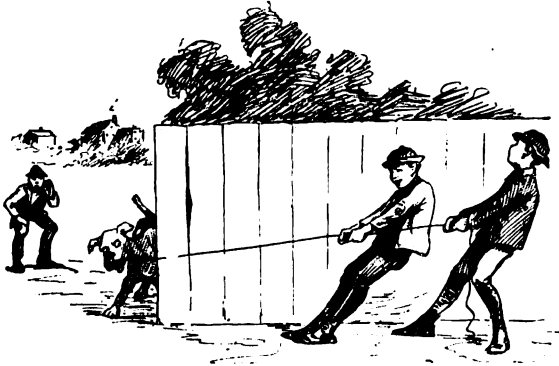
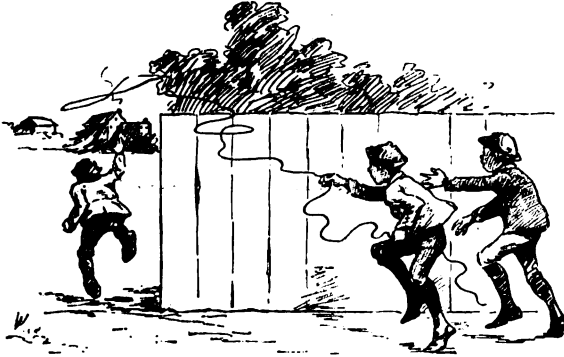
The streams that leap adown the steep
Are melting creams of frozen ice;
And these in rivulets begun
With "mallows" softened by the sun



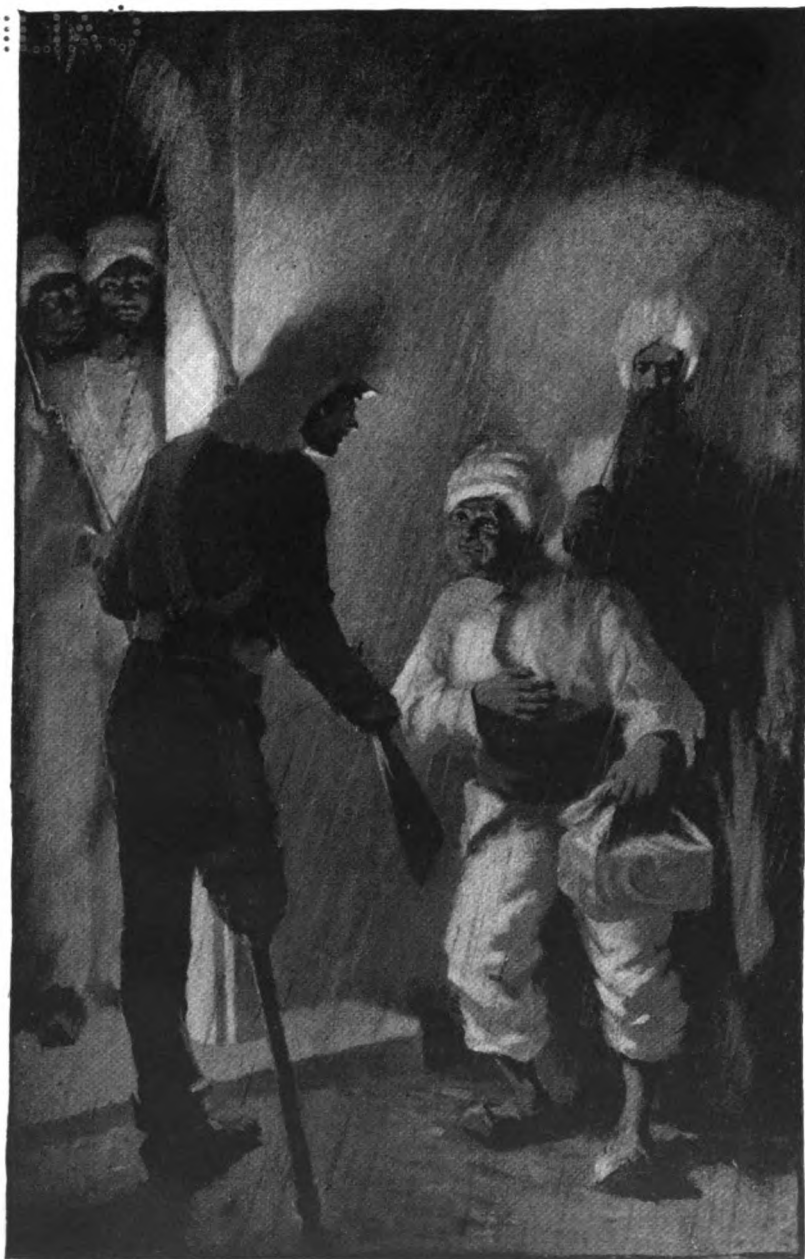
Into the sponge-cake valleys run,
With everything that's sweet and nice.

Then o'er the mead, with eager greed,
The youngsters flit like sunny gleams
But ere a single sip they take
The jelly mountain starts to quake.
It topples,—tumbles; they awake
And—that's the way it is with dreams.

THE UNEXPECTED ALWAYS HAPPENS.



Library of
California



“‘I shall reward you, young Sahib, and your governor also, if he will give me the shelter I ask.’”

(Page 214.)

THE
SIGN OF THE FOUR;

OR,

THE PROBLEM OF THE SHOLTOS.

BY

A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "MICAH CLARKE: HIS STATEMENT," "A STUDY IN SCARLET,"
ETC.



PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

Copyright, 1889, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

THE SIGN OF THE FOUR.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCIENCE OF DEDUCTION.

SHERLOCK HOLMES took his bottle from the corner of the mantel-piece and his hypodermic syringe from its neat morocco case. With his long, white, nervous fingers he adjusted the delicate needle, and rolled back his left shirt-cuff. For some little time his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the sinewy forearm and wrist all dotted and scarred with innumerable puncture-marks. Finally he thrust the sharp point home, pressed down the tiny piston, and sank back into the velvet-lined arm-chair with a long sigh of satisfaction.

Three times a day for many months I had witnessed this performance, but custom had not reconciled my mind to it. On the contrary, from day to day I had become more irritable at the sight, and my conscience swelled nightly within me at the thought that I had lacked the courage to protest. Again and again I had registered a vow that I should deliver my soul upon the subject, but there was that in the cool, nonchalant air of my companion which made him the last man with whom one would care to take anything approaching to a liberty. His great powers, his masterly manner, and the experience which I had had of his many extraordinary qualities, all made me diffident and backward in crossing him.

Yet upon that afternoon, whether it was the Beaune which I had taken with my lunch, or the additional exasperation produced by the extreme deliberation of his manner, I suddenly felt that I could hold out no longer.

"Which is it to-day?" I asked,—“morphine or cocaine?”

He raised his eyes languidly from the old black-letter volume which he had opened. "It is cocaine," he said,—“a seven-per-cent. solution. Would you care to try it?”

"No, indeed," I answered, brusquely. "My constitution has not

got over the Afghan campaign yet. I cannot afford to throw any extra strain upon it."

He smiled at my vehemence. "Perhaps you are right, Watson," he said. "I suppose that its influence is physically a bad one. I find it, however, so transcendently stimulating and clarifying to the mind that its secondary action is a matter of small moment."

"But consider!" I said, earnestly. "Count the cost! Your brain may, as you say, be roused and excited, but it is a pathological and morbid process, which involves increased tissue-change and may at last leave a permanent weakness. You know, too, what a black reaction comes upon you. Surely the game is hardly worth the candle. Why should you, for a mere passing pleasure, risk the loss of those great powers with which you have been endowed? Remember that I speak not only as one comrade to another, but as a medical man to one for whose constitution he is to some extent answerable."

He did not seem offended. On the contrary, he put his finger-tips together and leaned his elbows on the arms of his chair, like one who has a relish for conversation.

"My mind," he said, "rebels at stagnation. Give me problems, give me work, give me the most abstruse cryptogram or the most intricate analysis, and I am in my own proper atmosphere. I can dispense then with artificial stimulants. But I abhor the dull routine of existence. I crave for mental exaltation. That is why I have chosen my own particular profession,—or rather created it, for I am the only one in the world."

"The only unofficial detective?" I said, raising my eyebrows.

"The only unofficial consulting detective," he answered. "I am the last and highest court of appeal in detection. When Gregson or Lestrade or Athelney Jones are out of their depths—which, by the way, is their normal state—the matter is laid before me. I examine the data, as an expert, and pronounce a specialist's opinion. I claim no credit in such cases. My name figures in no newspaper. The work itself, the pleasure of finding a field for my peculiar powers, is my highest reward. But you have yourself had some experience of my methods of work in the Jefferson Hope case."

"Yes, indeed," said I, cordially. "I was never so struck by anything in my life. I even embodied it in a small brochure with the somewhat fantastic title of 'A Study in Scarlet.'"

He shook his head sadly. "I glanced over it," said he. "Honestly, I cannot congratulate you upon it. Detection is, or ought to be, an exact science, and should be treated in the same cold and unemotional manner. You have attempted to tinge it with romanticism, which produces much the same effect as if you worked a love-story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid."

"But the romance was there," I remonstrated. "I could not tamper with the facts."

"Some facts should be suppressed, or at least a just sense of proportion should be observed in treating them. The only point in the case which deserved mention was the curious analytical reasoning from effects to causes by which I succeeded in unravelling it."

I was annoyed at this criticism of a work which had been specially designed to please him. I confess, too, that I was irritated by the egotism which seemed to demand that every line of my pamphlet should be devoted to his own special doings. More than once during the years that I had lived with him in Baker Street I had observed that a small vanity underlay my companion's quiet and didactic manner. I made no remark, however, but sat nursing my wounded leg. I had had a Jezail bullet through it some time before, and, though it did not prevent me from walking, it ached wearily at every change of the weather.

"My practice has extended recently to the Continent," said Holmes, after a while, filling up his old brier-root pipe. "I was consulted last week by François Le Villard, who, as you probably know, has come rather to the front lately in the French detective service. He has all the Celtic power of quick intuition, but he is deficient in the wide range of exact knowledge which is essential to the higher developments of his art. The case was concerned with a will, and possessed some features of interest. I was able to refer him to two parallel cases, the one at Riga in 1857, and the other at St. Louis in 1871, which have suggested to him the true solution. Here is the letter which I had this morning acknowledging my assistance." He tossed over, as he spoke, a crumpled sheet of foreign note-paper. I glanced my eyes down it, catching a profusion of notes of admiration, with stray "*magnifiques*," "*coup-de-maitres*," and "*tours-de-force*," all testifying to the ardent admiration of the Frenchman.

"He speaks as a pupil to his master," said I.

"Oh, he rates my assistance too highly," said Sherlock Holmes, lightly. "He has considerable gifts himself. He possesses two out of the three qualities necessary for the ideal detective. He has the power of observation and that of deduction. He is only wanting in knowledge; and that may come in time. He is now translating my small works into French."

"Your works?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" he cried, laughing. "Yes, I have been guilty of several monographs. They are all upon technical subjects. Here, for example, is one '*Upon the Distinction between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos*.' In it I enumerate a hundred and forty forms of cigar-, cigarette-, and pipe-tobacco, with colored plates illustrating the difference in the ash. It is a point which is continually turning up in criminal trials, and which is sometimes of supreme importance as a clue. If you can say definitely, for example, that some murder has been done by a man who was smoking an Indian lunkah, it obviously narrows your field of search. To the trained eye there is as much difference between the black ash of a Trichinopoly and the white fluff of bird's-eye as there is between a cabbage and a potato."

"You have an extraordinary genius for minutiae," I remarked.

"I appreciate their importance. Here is my monograph upon the tracing of footsteps, with some remarks upon the uses of plaster of Paris as a preserver of impresses. Here, too, is a curious little work upon the influence of a trade upon the form of the hand, with lithotypes of the hands of slaters, sailors, cork-cutters, compositors, weavers, and

diamond-polishers. That is a matter of great practical interest to the scientific detective,—especially in cases of unclaimed bodies, or in discovering the antecedents of criminals. But I weary you with my hobby."

"Not at all," I answered, earnestly. "It is of the greatest interest to me, especially since I have had the opportunity of observing your practical application of it. But you spoke just now of observation and deduction. Surely the one to some extent implies the other."

"Why, hardly," he answered, leaning back luxuriously in his arm-chair, and sending up thick blue wreaths from his pipe. "For example, observation shows me that you have been to the Wigmore Street Post-Office this morning, but deduction lets me know that when there you despatched a telegram."

"Right!" said I. "Right on both points! But I confess that I don't see how you arrived at it. It was a sudden impulse upon my part, and I have mentioned it to no one."

"It is simplicity itself," he remarked, chuckling at my surprise,—
"so absurdly simple that an explanation is superfluous; and yet it may serve to define the limits of observation and of deduction. Observation tells me that you have a little reddish mould adhering to your instep. Just opposite the Seymour Street Office they have taken up the pavement and thrown up some earth which lies in such a way that it is difficult to avoid treading in it in entering. The earth is of this peculiar reddish tint which is found, as far as I know, nowhere else in the neighborhood. So much is observation. The rest is deduction."

"How, then, did you deduce the telegram?"

"Why, of course I knew that you had not written a letter, since I sat opposite to you all morning. I see also in your open desk there that you have a sheet of stamps and a thick bundle of post-cards. What could you go into the post-office for, then, but to send a wire? Eliminate all other factors, and the one which remains must be the truth."

"In this case it certainly is so," I replied, after a little thought. "The thing, however, is, as you say, of the simplest. Would you think me impertinent if I were to put your theories to a more severe test?"

"On the contrary," he answered, "it would prevent me from taking a second dose of cocaine. I should be delighted to look into any problem which you might submit to me."

"I have heard you say that it is difficult for a man to have any object in daily use without leaving the impress of his individuality upon it in such a way that a trained observer might read it. Now, I have here a watch which has recently come into my possession. Would you have the kindness to let me have an opinion upon the character or habits of the late owner?"

I handed him over the watch with some slight feeling of amusement in my heart, for the test was, as I thought, an impossible one, and I intended it as a lesson against the somewhat dogmatic tone which he occasionally assumed. He balanced the watch in his hand, gazed hard at the dial, opened the back, and examined the works, first with his naked eyes and then with a powerful convex lens. I could hardly keep

from smiling at his crestfallen face when he finally snapped the case to and handed it back.

"There are hardly any data," he remarked. "The watch has been recently cleaned, which robs me of my most suggestive facts."

"You are right," I answered. "It was cleaned before being sent to me." In my heart I accused my companion of putting forward a most lame and impotent excuse to cover his failure. What data could he expect from an uncleaned watch?

"Though unsatisfactory, my research has not been entirely barren," he observed, staring up at the ceiling with dreamy, lack-lustre eyes. "Subject to your correction, I should judge that the watch belonged to your elder brother, who inherited it from your father."

"That you gather, no doubt, from the H. W. upon the back?"

"Quite so. The W. suggests your own name. The date of the watch is nearly fifty years back, and the initials are as old as the watch: so it was made for the last generation. Jewelry usually descends to the eldest son, and he is most likely to have the same name as the father. Your father has, if I remember right, been dead many years. It has, therefore, been in the hands of your eldest brother."

"Right, so far," said I. "Anything else?"

"He was a man of untidy habits,—very untidy and careless. He was left with good prospects, but he threw away his chances, lived for some time in poverty with occasional short intervals of prosperity, and finally, taking to drink, he died. That is all I can gather."

I sprang from my chair and limped impatiently about the room with considerable bitterness in my heart.

"This is unworthy of you, Holmes," I said. "I could not have believed that you would have descended to this. You have made inquiries into the history of my unhappy brother, and you now pretend to deduce this knowledge in some fanciful way. You cannot expect me to believe that you have read all this from his old watch! It is unkind, and, to speak plainly, has a touch of charlatanism in it."

"My dear doctor," said he, kindly, "pray accept my apologies. Viewing the matter as an abstract problem, I had forgotten how personal and painful a thing it might be to you. I assure you, however, that I never even knew that you had a brother until you handed me the watch."

"Then how in the name of all that is wonderful did you get these facts? They are absolutely correct in every particular."

"Ah, that is good luck. I could only say what was the balance of probability. I did not at all expect to be so accurate."

"But it was not mere guess-work?"

"No, no: I never guess. It is a shocking habit,—destructive to the logical faculty. What seems strange to you is only so because you do not follow my train of thought or observe the small facts upon which large inferences may depend. For example, I began by stating that your brother was careless. When you observe the lower part of that watch-case you notice that it is not only dented in two places, but it is cut and marked all over from the habit of keeping other hard objects, such as coins or keys, in the same pocket. Surely it is no great

feat to assume that a man who treats a fifty-guinea watch so cavalierly must be a careless man. Neither is it a very far-fetched inference that a man who inherits one article of such value is pretty well provided for in other respects."

I nodded, to show that I followed his reasoning.

"It is very customary for pawnbrokers in England, when they take a watch, to scratch the number of the ticket with a pin-point upon the inside of the case. It is more handy than a label, as there is no risk of the number being lost or transposed. There are no less than four such numbers visible to my lens on the inside of this case. Inference,—that your brother was often at low water. Secondary inference,—that he had occasional bursts of prosperity, or he could not have redeemed the pledge. Finally, I ask you to look at the inner plate, which contains the key-hole. Look at the thousands of scratches all round the hole,—marks where the key has slipped. What sober man's key could have scored those grooves? But you will never see a drunkard's watch without them. He winds it at night, and he leaves these traces of his unsteady hand. Where is the mystery in all this?"

"It is as clear as daylight," I answered. "I regret the injustice which I did you. I should have had more faith in your marvellous faculty. May I ask whether you have any professional inquiry on foot at present?"

"None. Hence the cocaine. I cannot live without brain-work. What else is there to live for? Stand at the window here. Was ever such a dreary, dismal, unprofitable world? See how the yellow fog swirls down the street and drifts across the dun-colored houses. What could be more hopelessly prosaic and material? What is the use of having powers, doctor, when one has no field upon which to exert them? Crime is commonplace, existence is commonplace, and no qualities save those which are commonplace have any function upon earth."

I had opened my mouth to reply to this tirade, when with a crisp knock our landlady entered, bearing a card upon the brass salver.

"A young lady for you, sir," she said, addressing my companion.

"Miss Mary Morstan," he read. "Hum! I have no recollection of the name. Ask the young lady to step up, Mrs. Hudson. Don't go, doctor. I should prefer that you remain."

CHAPTER II.

THE STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

MISS MORSTAN entered the room with a firm step and an outward composure of manner. She was a blonde young lady, small, dainty, well gloved, and dressed in the most perfect taste. There was, however, a plainness and simplicity about her costume which bore with it a suggestion of limited means. The dress was a sombre grayish beige, untrimmed and unbraided, and she wore a small turban of the same dull hue, relieved only by a suspicion of white feather in the side. Her face had neither regularity of feature nor beauty of complexion, but

her expression was sweet and amiable, and her large blue eyes were singularly spiritual and sympathetic. In an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents, I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature. I could not but observe that as she took the seat which Sherlock Holmes placed for her, her lip trembled, her hand quivered, and she showed every sign of intense inward agitation.

"I have come to you, Mr. Holmes," she said, "because you once enabled my employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester, to unravel a little domestic complication. She was much impressed by your kindness and skill."

"Mrs. Cecil Forrester," he repeated, thoughtfully. "I believe that I was of some slight service to her. The case, however, as I remember it, was a very simple one."

"She did not think so. But at least you cannot say the same of mine. I can hardly imagine anything more strange, more utterly inexplicable, than the situation in which I find myself."

Holmes rubbed his hands, and his eyes glistened. He leaned forward in his chair with an expression of extraordinary concentration upon his clear-cut, hawk-like features. "State your case," said he, in brisk, business tones.

I felt that my position was an embarrassing one. "You will, I am sure, excuse me," I said, rising from my chair.

To my surprise, the young lady held up her gloved hand to detain me. "If your friend," she said, "would be good enough to stop, he might be of inestimable service to me."

I relapsed into my chair.

"Briefly," she continued, "the facts are these. My father was an officer in an Indian regiment who sent me home when I was quite a child. My mother was dead, and I had no relative in England. I was placed, however, in a comfortable boarding establishment at Edinburgh, and there I remained until I was seventeen years of age. In the year 1878 my father, who was senior captain of his regiment, obtained twelve months' leave and came home. He telegraphed to me from London that he had arrived all safe, and directed me to come down at once, giving the Langham Hotel as his address. His message, as I remember, was full of kindness and love. On reaching London I drove to the Langham, and was informed that Captain Morstan was staying there, but that he had gone out the night before and had not returned. I waited all day without news of him. That night, on the advice of the manager of the hotel, I communicated with the police, and next morning we advertised in all the papers. Our inquiries led to no result; and from that day to this no word has ever been heard of my unfortunate father. He came home with his heart full of hope, to find some peace, some comfort, and instead——" She put her hand to her throat, and a choking sob cut short the sentence.

"The date?" asked Holmes, opening his note-book.

"He disappeared upon the 3d of December, 1878,—nearly ten years ago."

"His luggage?"

"Remained at the hotel. There was nothing in it to suggest a clue,

—some clothes, some books, and a considerable number of curiosities from the Andaman Islands. He had been one of the officers in charge of the convict-guard there."

"Had he any friends in town?"

"Only one that we know of,—Major Sholto, of his own regiment, the 34th Bombay Infantry. The major had retired some little time before, and lived at Upper Norwood. We communicated with him, of course, but he did not even know that his brother officer was in England."

"A singular case," remarked Holmes.

"I have not yet described to you the most singular part. About six years ago—to be exact, upon the 4th of May, 1882—an advertisement appeared in the *Times* asking for the address of Miss Mary Morstan and stating that it would be to her advantage to come forward. There was no name or address appended. I had at that time just entered the family of Mrs. Cecil Forrester in the capacity of governess. By her advice I published my address in the advertisement column. The same day there arrived through the post a small card-board box addressed to me, which I found to contain a very large and lustrous pearl. No word of writing was enclosed. Since then every year upon the same date there has always appeared a similar box, containing a similar pearl, without any clue as to the sender. They have been pronounced by an expert to be of a rare variety and of considerable value. You can see for yourselves that they are very handsome." She opened a flat box as she spoke, and showed me six of the finest pearls that I had ever seen.

"Your statement is most interesting," said Sherlock Holmes. "Has anything else occurred to you?"

"Yes, and no later than to-day. That is why I have come to you. This morning I received this letter, which you will perhaps read for yourself."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "The envelope too, please. Postmark, London, S. W. Date, July 7. Hum! Man's thumb-mark on corner,—probably postman. Best quality paper. Envelopes at sixpence a packet. Particular man in his stationery. No address. 'Be at the third pillar from the left outside the Lyceum Theatre to-night at seven o'clock. If you are distrustful, bring two friends. You are a wronged woman, and shall have justice. Do not bring police. If you do, all will be in vain. Your unknown friend.' Well, really, this is a very pretty little mystery. What do you intend to do, Miss Morstan?"

"That is exactly what I want to ask you."

"Then we shall most certainly go. You and I and—yes, why, Dr. Watson is the very man. Your correspondent says two friends. He and I have worked together before."

"But would he come?" she asked, with something appealing in her voice and expression.

"I should be proud and happy," said I, fervently, "if I can be of any service."

"You are both very kind," she answered. "I have led a retired life, and have no friends whom I could appeal to. If I am here at six it will do, I suppose?"

"You must not be later," said Holmes. "There is one other point,

however. Is this handwriting the same as that upon the pearl-box addresses?"

"I have them here," she answered, producing half a dozen pieces of paper.

"You are certainly a model client. You have the correct intuition. Let us see, now." He spread out the papers upon the table, and gave little darting glances from one to the other. "They are disguised hands, except the letter," he said, presently, "but there can be no question as to the authorship. See how the irrepressible Greek *e* will break out, and see the twirl of the final *s*. They are undoubtedly by the same person. I should not like to suggest false hopes, Miss Morstan, but is there any resemblance between this hand and that of your father?"

"Nothing could be more unlike."

"I expected to hear you say so. We shall look out for you, then, at six. Pray allow me to keep the papers. I may look into the matter before then. It is only half-past three. *Au revoir*, then."

"*Au revoir*," said our visitor, and, with a bright, kindly glance from one to the other of us, she replaced her pearl-box in her bosom and hurried away. Standing at the window, I watched her walking briskly down the street, until the gray turban and white feather were but a speck in the sombre crowd.

"What a very attractive woman!" I exclaimed, turning to my companion.

He had lit his pipe again, and was leaning back with drooping eyelids. "Is she?" he said, languidly. "I did not observe."

"You really are an automaton,—a calculating-machine!" I cried. "There is something positively inhuman in you at times."

He smiled gently. "It is of the first importance," he said, "not to allow your judgment to be biassed by personal qualities. A client is to me a mere unit,—a factor in a problem. The emotional qualities are antagonistic to clear reasoning. I assure you that the most winning woman I ever knew was hanged for poisoning three little children for their insurance-money, and the most repellent man of my acquaintance is a philanthropist who has spent nearly a quarter of a million upon the London poor."

"In this case, however——"

"I never make exceptions. An exception disproves the rule. Have you ever had occasion to study character in handwriting? What do you make of this fellow's scribble?"

"It is legible and regular," I answered. "A man of business habits and some force of character."

Holmes shook his head. "Look at his long letters," he said. "They hardly rise above the common herd. That *d* might be an *a*, and that *l* an *e*. Men of character always differentiate their long letters, however illegibly they may write. There is vacillation in his *k*'s and self-esteem in his capitals. I am going out now. I have some few references to make. Let me recommend this book,—one of the most remarkable ever penned. It is Winwood Reade's 'Martyrdom of Man.' I shall be back in an hour."

I sat in the window with the volume in my hand, but my thoughts

were far from the daring speculations of the writer. My mind ran upon our late visitor,—her smiles, the deep rich tones of her voice, the strange mystery which overhung her life. If she were seventeen at the time of her father's disappearance she must be seven-and-twenty now,—a sweet age, when youth has lost its self-consciousness and become a little sobered by experience. So I sat and mused, until such dangerous thoughts came into my head that I hurried away to my desk and plunged furiously into the latest treatise upon pathology. What was I, an army surgeon with a weak leg and a weaker banking-account, that I should dare to think of such things? She was a unit, a factor,—nothing more. If my future were black, it was better surely to face it like a man than to attempt to brighten it by mere will-o'-the-wisps of the imagination.

CHAPTER III.

IN QUEST OF A SOLUTION.

IT was half-past five before Holmes returned. He was bright, eager, and in excellent spirits,—a mood which in his case alternated with fits of the blackest depression.

"There is no great mystery in this matter," he said, taking the cup of tea which I had poured out for him. "The facts appear to admit of only one explanation."

"What! you have solved it already?"

"Well, that would be too much to say. I have discovered a suggestive fact, that is all. It is, however, *very* suggestive. The details are still to be added. I have just found, on consulting the back files of the *Times*, that Major Sholto, of Upper Norwood, late of the 34th Bombay Infantry, died upon the 28th of April, 1882."

"I may be very obtuse, Holmes, but I fail to see what this suggests."

"No? You surprise me. Look at it in this way, then. Captain Morstan disappears. The only person in London whom he could have visited is Major Sholto. Major Sholto denies having heard that he was in London. Four years later Sholto dies. *Within a week of his death* Captain Morstan's daughter receives a valuable present, which is repeated from year to year, and now culminates in a letter which describes her as a wronged woman. What wrong can it refer to except this deprivation of her father? And why should the presents begin immediately after Sholto's death, unless it is that Sholto's heir knows something of the mystery and desires to make compensation? Have you any alternative theory which will meet the facts?"

"But what a strange compensation! And how strangely made! Why, too, should he write a letter now, rather than six years ago? Again, the letter speaks of giving her justice. What justice can she have? It is too much to suppose that her father is still alive. There is no other injustice in her case that you know of."

"There are difficulties; there are certainly difficulties," said Sherlock Holmes, pensively. "But our expedition of to-night will solve

them all. Ah, here is a four-wheeler, and Miss Morstan is inside. Are you all ready? Then we had better go down, for it is a little past the hour."

I picked up my hat and my heaviest stick, but I observed that Holmes took his revolver from his drawer and slipped it into his pocket. It was clear that he thought that our night's work might be a serious one.

Miss Morstan was muffled in a dark cloak, and her sensitive face was composed, but pale. She must have been more than woman if she did not feel some uneasiness at the strange enterprise upon which we were embarking, yet her self-control was perfect, and she readily answered the few additional questions which Sherlock Holmes put to her.

"Major Sholto was a very particular friend of papa's," she said. "His letters were full of allusions to the major. He and papa were in command of the troops at the Andaman Islands, so they were thrown a great deal together. By the way, a curious paper was found in papa's desk which no one could understand. I don't suppose that it is of the slightest importance, but I thought you might care to see it, so I brought it with me. It is here."

Holmes unfolded the paper carefully and smoothed it out upon his knee. He then very methodically examined it all over with his double lens.

"It is paper of native Indian manufacture," he remarked. "It has at some time been pinned to a board. The diagram upon it appears to be a plan of part of a large building with numerous halls, corridors, and passages. At one point is a small cross done in red ink, and above it is '3.37 from left,' in faded pencil-writing. In the left-hand corner is a curious hieroglyphic like four crosses in a line with their arms touching. Beside it is written, in very rough and coarse characters, 'The sign of the four,—Jonathan Small, Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan, Dost Akbar.' No, I confess that I do not see how this bears upon the matter. Yet it is evidently a document of importance. It has been kept carefully in a pocket-book; for the one side is as clean as the other."

"It was in his pocket-book that we found it."

"Preserve it carefully, then, Miss Morstan, for it may prove to be of use to us. I begin to suspect that this matter may turn out to be much deeper and more subtle than I at first supposed. I must reconsider my ideas." He leaned back in the cab, and I could see by his drawn brow and his vacant eye that he was thinking intently. Miss Morstan and I chatted in an undertone about our present expedition and its possible outcome, but our companion maintained his impenetrable reserve until the end of our journey.

It was a September evening, and not yet seven o'clock, but the day had been a dreary one, and a dense drizzly fog lay low upon the great city. Mud-colored clouds drooped sadly over the muddy streets. Down the Strand the lamps were but misty splotches of diffused light which threw a feeble circular glimmer upon the slimy pavement. The yellow glare from the shop-windows streamed out into the steamy,

vaporous air, and threw a murky, shifting radiance across the crowded thoroughfare. There was, to my mind, something eerie and ghost-like in the endless procession of faces which flitted across these narrow bars of light,—sad faces and glad, haggard and merry. Like all human kind, they flitted from the gloom into the light, and so back into the gloom once more. I am not subject to impressions, but the dull, heavy evening, with the strange business upon which we were engaged, combined to make me nervous and depressed. I could see from Miss Morstan's manner that she was suffering from the same feeling. Holmes alone could rise superior to petty influences. He held his open notebook upon his knee, and from time to time he jotted down figures and memoranda in the light of his pocket-lantern.

At the Lyceum Theatre the crowds were already thick at the side-entrances. In front a continuous stream of hansoms and four-wheelers were rattling up, discharging their cargoes of shirt-fronted men and beshawled, bediamonded women. We had hardly reached the third pillar, which was our rendezvous, before a small, dark, brisk man in the dress of a coachman accosted us.

"Are you the parties who come with Miss Morstan?" he asked.

"I am Miss Morstan, and these two gentlemen are my friends," said she.

He bent a pair of wonderfully penetrating and questioning eyes upon us. "You will excuse me, miss," he said, with a certain dogged manner, "but I was to ask you to give me your word that neither of your companions is a police-officer."

"I give you my word on that," she answered.

He gave a shrill whistle, on which a street Arab led across a four-wheeler and opened the door. The man who had addressed us mounted to the box, while we took our places inside. We had hardly done so before the driver whipped up his horse, and we plunged away at a furious pace through the foggy streets.

The situation was a curious one. We were driving to an unknown place, on an unknown errand. Yet our invitation was either a complete hoax,—which was an inconceivable hypothesis,—or else we had good reason to think that important issues might hang upon our journey. Miss Morstan's demeanor was as resolute and collected as ever. I endeavored to cheer and amuse her by reminiscences of my adventures in Afghanistan; but, to tell the truth, I was myself so excited at our situation and so curious as to our destination that my stories were slightly involved. To this day she declares that I told her one moving anecdote as to how a musket looked into my tent at the dead of night, and how I fired a double-barrelled tiger cub at it. At first I had some idea as to the direction in which we were driving; but soon, what with our pace, the fog, and my own limited knowledge of London, I lost my bearings, and knew nothing, save that we seemed to be going a very long way. Sherlock Holmes was never at fault, however, and he muttered the names as the cab rattled through squares and in and out by tortuous by-streets.

"Rochester Row," said he. "Now Vincent Square. Now we come out on the Vauxhall Bridge Road. We are making for the

Surrey side, apparently. Yes, I thought so. Now we are on the bridge. You can catch glimpses of the river."

We did indeed get a fleeting view of a stretch of the Thames with the lamps shining upon the broad, silent water; but our cab dashed on, and was soon involved in a labyrinth of streets upon the other side.

"Wordsworth Road," said my companion. "Priory Road. Lark Hall Lane. Stockwell Place. Robert Street. Cold Harbor Lane. Our quest does not appear to take us to very fashionable regions."

We had, indeed, reached a questionable and forbidding neighborhood. Long lines of dull brick houses were only relieved by the coarse glare and tawdry brilliancy of public houses at the corner. Then came rows of two-storied villas each with a fronting of miniature garden, and then again interminable lines of new staring brick buildings,—the monster tentacles which the giant city was throwing out into the country. At last the cab drew up at the third house in a new terrace. None of the other houses were inhabited, and that at which we stopped was as dark as its neighbors, save for a single glimmer in the kitchen window. On our knocking, however, the door was instantly thrown open by a Hindoo servant clad in a yellow turban, white loose-fitting clothes, and a yellow sash. There was something strangely incongruous in this Oriental figure framed in the commonplace door-way of a third-rate suburban dwelling-house.

"The Sahib awaits you," said he, and even as he spoke there came a high piping voice from some inner room. "Show them in to me, khitmutgar," it cried. "Show them straight in to me."

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY OF THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

WE followed the Indian down a sordid and common passage, ill lit and worse furnished, until he came to a door upon the right, which he threw open. A blaze of yellow light streamed out upon us, and in the centre of the glare there stood a small man with a very high head, a bristle of red hair all round the fringe of it, and a bald, shining scalp which shot out from among it like a mountain-peak from fir-trees. He writhed his hands together as he stood, and his features were in a perpetual jerk, now smiling, now scowling, but never for an instant in repose. Nature had given him a pendulous lip, and a too visible line of yellow and irregular teeth, which he strove feebly to conceal by constantly passing his hand over the lower part of his face. In spite of his obtrusive baldness, he gave the impression of youth. In point of fact he had just turned his thirtieth year.

"Your servant, Miss Morstan," he kept repeating, in a thin, high voice. "Your servant, gentlemen. Pray step into my little sanctum. A small place, miss, but furnished to my own liking. An oasis of art in the howling desert of South London."

We were all astonished by the appearance of the apartment into which he invited us. In that sorry house it looked as out of place as a diamond of the first water in a setting of brass. The richest and

glossiest of curtains and tapestries draped the walls, looped back here and there to expose some richly-mounted painting or Oriental vase. The carpet was of amber-and-black, so soft and so thick that the foot sank pleasantly into it, as into a bed of moss. Two great tiger-skins thrown athwart it increased the suggestion of Eastern luxury, as did a hugh hookah which stood upon a mat in the corner. A lamp in the fashion of a silver dove was hung from an almost invisible golden wire in the centre of the room. As it burned it filled the air with a subtle and aromatic odor.

"Mr. Thaddeus Sholto," said the little man, still jerking and smiling. "That is my name. You are Miss Morstan, of course. And these gentlemen——"

"This is Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and this Dr. Watson."

"A doctor, eh?" cried he, much excited. "Have you your stethoscope? Might I ask you—would you have the kindness? I have grave doubts as to my mitral valve, if you would be so very good. The aortic I may rely upon, but I should value your opinion upon the mitral."

I listened to his heart, as requested, but was unable to find anything amiss, save indeed that he was in an ecstasy of fear, for he shivered from head to foot. "It appears to be normal," I said. "You have no cause for uneasiness."

"You will excuse my anxiety, Miss Morstan," he remarked, airily. "I am a great sufferer, and I have long had suspicions as to that valve. I am delighted to hear that they are unwarranted. Had your father, Miss Morstan, refrained from throwing a strain upon his heart, he might have been alive now."

I could have struck the man across the face, so hot was I at this callous and off-hand reference to so delicate a matter. Miss Morstan sat down, and her face grew white to the lips. "I knew in my heart that he was dead," said she.

"I can give you every information," said he, "and, what is more, I can do you justice; and I will, too, whatever Brother Bartholomew may say. I am so glad to have your friends here, not only as an escort to you, but also as witnesses to what I am about to do and say. The three of us can show a bold front to Brother Bartholomew. But let us have no outsiders,—no police or officials. We can settle everything satisfactorily among ourselves, without any interference. Nothing would annoy Brother Bartholomew more than any publicity." He sat down upon a low settee and blinked at us inquiringly with his weak, watery blue eyes.

"For my part," said Holmes, "whatever you may choose to say will go no further."

I nodded to show my agreement.

"That is well! That is well!" said he. "May I offer you a glass of Chianti, Miss Morstan? Or of Tokay? I keep no other wines. Shall I open a flask? No? Well, then, I trust that you have no objection to tobacco-smoke, to the mild balsamic odor of the Eastern tobacco. I am a little nervous, and I find my hookah an invaluable sedative." He applied a taper to the great bowl, and the smoke bub-

bled merrily through the rose-water. We sat all three in a semicircle, with our heads advanced, and our chins upon our hands, while the strange, jerky little fellow, with his high, shining head, puffed uneasily in the centre.

"When I first determined to make this communication to you," said he, "I might have given you my address, but I feared that you might disregard my request and bring unpleasant people with you. I took the liberty, therefore, of making an appointment in such a way that my man Williams might be able to see you first. I have complete confidence in his discretion, and he had orders, if he were dissatisfied, to proceed no further in the matter. You will excuse these precautions, but I am a man of somewhat retiring, and I might even say refined, tastes, and there is nothing more unæsthetic than a policeman. I have a natural shrinking from all forms of rough materialism. I seldom come in contact with the rough crowd. I live, as you see, with some little atmosphere of elegance around me. I may call myself a patron of the arts. It is my weakness. The landscape is a genuine Corot, and, though a connoisseur might perhaps throw a doubt upon that Salvator Rosa, there cannot be the least question about the Bouguereau. I am partial to the modern French school."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Sholto," said Miss Morstan, "but I am here at your request to learn something which you desire to tell me. It is very late, and I should desire the interview to be as short as possible."

"At the best it must take some time," he answered; "for we shall certainly have to go to Norwood and see Brother Bartholomew. We shall all go and try if we can get the better of Brother Bartholomew. He is very angry with me for taking the course which has seemed right to me. I had quite high words with him last night. You cannot imagine what a terrible fellow he is when he is angry."

"If we are to go to Norwood it would perhaps be as well to start at once," I ventured to remark.

He laughed until his ears were quite red. "That would hardly do," he cried. "I don't know what he would say if I brought you in that sudden way. No, I must prepare you by showing you how we all stand to each other. In the first place, I must tell you that there are several points in the story of which I am myself ignorant. I can only lay the facts before you as far as I know them myself."

"My father was, as you may have guessed, Major John Sholto, once of the Indian army. He retired some eleven years ago, and came to live at Pondicherry Lodge in Upper Norwood. He had prospered in India, and brought back with him a considerable sum of money, a large collection of valuable curiosities, and a staff of native servants. With these advantages he bought himself a house, and lived in great luxury. My twin-brother Bartholomew and I were the only children."

"I very well remember the sensation which was caused by the disappearance of Captain Morstan. We read the details in the papers, and, knowing that he had been a friend of our father's, we discussed the case freely in his presence. He used to join in our speculations as to what could have happened. Never for an instant did we suspect that

he had the whole secret hidden in his own breast,—that of all men he alone knew the fate of Arthur Morstan.

“We did know, however, that some mystery—some positive danger—overhung our father. He was very fearful of going out alone, and he always employed two prize-fighters to act as porters at Pondicherry Lodge. Williams, who drove you to-night, was one of them. He was once light-weight champion of England. Our father would never tell us what it was he feared, but he had a most marked aversion to men with wooden legs. On one occasion he actually fired his revolver at a wooden-legged man, who proved to be a harmless tradesman canvassing for orders. We had to pay a large sum to hush the matter up. My brother and I used to think this a mere whim of my father’s, but events have since led us to change our opinion.

“Early in 1882 my father received a letter from India which was a great shock to him. He nearly fainted at the breakfast-table when he opened it, and from that day he sickened to his death. What was in the letter we could never discover, but I could see as he held it that it was short and written in a scrawling hand. He had suffered for years from an enlarged spleen, but he now became rapidly worse, and towards the end of April we were informed that he was beyond all hope, and that he wished to make a last communication to us.

“When we entered his room he was propped up with pillows and breathing heavily. He besought us to lock the door and to come upon either side of the bed. Then, grasping our hands, he made a remarkable statement to us, in a voice which was broken as much by emotion as by pain. I shall try and give it to you in his own very words.

“‘I have only one thing,’ he said, ‘which weighs upon my mind at this supreme moment. It is my treatment of poor Morstan’s orphan. The cursed greed which has been my besetting sin through life has withheld from her the treasure, half at least of which should have been hers. And yet I have made no use of it myself,—so blind and foolish a thing is avarice. The mere feeling of possession has been so dear to me that I could not bear to share it with another. See that chaplet tipped with pearls beside the quinine-bottle. Even that I could not bear to part with, although I had got it out with the design of sending it to her. You, my sons, will give her a fair share of the Agra treasure. But send her nothing—not even the chaplet—until I am gone. After all, men have been as bad as this and have recovered.

“‘I will tell you how Morstan died,’ he continued. ‘He had suffered for years from a weak heart, but he concealed it from every one. I alone knew it. When in India, he and I, through a remarkable chain of circumstances, came into possession of a considerable treasure. I brought it over to England, and on the night of Morstan’s arrival he came straight over here to claim his share. He walked over from the station, and was admitted by my faithful old Lal Chowdar, who is now dead. Morstan and I had a difference of opinion as to the division of the treasure, and we came to heated words. Morstan had sprung out of his chair in a paroxysm of anger, when he suddenly pressed his hand to his side, his face turned a dusky hue, and he fell backwards, cutting

his head against the corner of the treasure-chest. When I stooped over him I found, to my horror, that he was dead.

"For a long time I sat half distracted, wondering what I should do. My first impulse was, of course, to call for assistance; but I could not but recognize that there was every chance that I would be accused of his murder. His death at the moment of a quarrel, and the gash in his head, would be black against me. Again, an official inquiry could not be made without bringing out some facts about the treasure, which I was particularly anxious to keep secret. He had told me that no soul upon earth knew where he had gone. There seemed to be no necessity why any soul ever should know.

"I was still pondering over the matter, when, looking up, I saw my servant, Lal Chowdar, in the door-way. He stole in and bolted the door behind him. 'Do not fear, Sahib,' he said. 'No one need know that you have killed him. Let us hide him away, and who is the wiser?' 'I did not kill him,' said I. Lal Chowdar shook his head and smiled. 'I heard it all, Sahib,' said he. 'I heard you quarrel, and I heard the blow. But my lips are sealed. All are asleep in the house. Let us put him away together.' That was enough to decide me. If my own servant could not believe my innocence, how could I hope to make it good before twelve foolish tradesmen in a jury-box? Lal Chowdar and I disposed of the body that night, and within a few days the London papers were full of the mysterious disappearance of Captain Morstan. You will see from what I say that I can hardly be blamed in the matter. My fault lies in the fact that we concealed not only the body, but also the treasure, and that I have clung to Morstan's share as well as to my own. I wish you, therefore, to make restitution. Put your ears down to my mouth. The treasure is hidden in——' At this instant a horrible change came over his expression; his eyes stared wildly, his jaw dropped, and he yelled, in a voice which I can never forget, 'Keep him out! For Christ's sake keep him out!' We both stared round at the window behind us upon which his gaze was fixed. A face was looking in at us out of the darkness. We could see the whitening of the nose where it was pressed against the glass. It was a bearded, hairy face, with wild cruel eyes and an expression of concentrated malevolence. My brother and I rushed towards the window, but the man was gone. When we returned to my father his head had dropped and his pulse had ceased to beat.

"We searched the garden that night, but found no sign of the intruder, save that just under the window a single footmark was visible in the flower-bed. But for that one trace, we might have thought that our imaginations had conjured up that wild, fierce face. We soon, however, had another and a more striking proof that there were secret agencies at work all round us. The window of my father's room was found open in the morning, his cupboards and boxes had been rifled, and upon his chest was fixed a torn piece of paper, with the words 'The sign of the four' scrawled across it. What the phrase meant, or who our secret visitor may have been, we never knew. As far as we can judge, none of my father's property had been actually stolen, though everything had been turned out. My brother and

I naturally associated this peculiar incident with the fear which haunted my father during his life; but it is still a complete mystery to us."

The little man stopped to relight his hookah and puffed thoughtfully for a few moments. We had all sat absorbed, listening to his extraordinary narrative. At the short account of her father's death Miss Morstan had turned deadly white, and for a moment I feared that she was about to faint. She rallied, however, on drinking a glass of water which I quietly poured out for her from a Venetian carafe upon the side-table. Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his chair with an abstracted expression and the lids drawn low over his glittering eyes. As I glanced at him I could not but think how on that very day he had complained bitterly of the commonplaceness of life. Here at least was a problem which would tax his sagacity to the utmost. Mr. Thaddeus Sholto looked from one to the other of us with an obvious pride at the effect which his story had produced, and then continued between the puffs of his overgrown pipe.

"My brother and I," said he, "were, as you may imagine, much excited as to the treasure which my father had spoken of. For weeks and for months we dug and delved in every part of the garden, without discovering its whereabouts. It was maddening to think that the hiding-place was on his very lips at the moment that he died. We could judge the splendor of the missing riches by the chaplet which he had taken out. Over this chaplet my brother Bartholomew and I had some little discussion. The pearls were evidently of great value, and he was averse to part with them, for, between friends, my brother was himself a little inclined to my father's fault. He thought, too, that if we parted with the chaplet it might give rise to gossip and finally bring us into trouble. It was all that I could do to persuade him to let me find out Miss Morstan's address and send her a detached pearl at fixed intervals, so that at least she might never feel destitute."

"It was a kindly thought," said our companion, earnestly. "It was extremely good of you."

The little man waved his hand deprecatingly. "We were your trustees," he said. "That was the view which I took of it, though Brother Bartholomew could not altogether see it in that light. We had plenty of money ourselves. I desired no more. Besides, it would have been such bad taste to have treated a young lady in so scurvy a fashion. '*Le mauvais goût mène au crime.*' The French have a very neat way of putting these things. Our difference of opinion on this subject went so far that I thought it best to set up rooms for myself: so I left Pondicherry Lodge, taking the old khitmutgar and Williams with me. Yesterday, however, I learn that an event of extreme importance has occurred. The treasure has been discovered. I instantly communicated with Miss Morstan, and it only remains for us to drive out to Norwood and demand our share. I explained my views last night to Brother Bartholomew: so we shall be expected, if not welcome, visitors."

Mr. Thaddeus Sholto ceased, and sat twitching on his luxurious settee. We all remained silent, with our thoughts upon the new

development which the mysterious business had taken. Holmes was the first to spring to his feet.

"You have done well, sir, from first to last," said he. "It is possible that we may be able to make you some small return by throwing some light upon that which is still dark to you. But, as Miss Morstan remarked just now, it is late, and we had best put the matter through without delay."

Our new acquaintance very deliberately coiled up the tube of his hookah, and produced from behind a curtain a very long befrogged top-coat with Astrakhan collar and cuffs. This he buttoned tightly up, in spite of the extreme closeness of the night, and finished his attire by putting on a rabbit-skin cap with hanging lappets which covered the ears, so that no part of him was visible save his mobile and peaky face. "My health is somewhat fragile," he remarked, as he led the way down the passage. "I am compelled to be a valetudinarian."

Our cab was awaiting us outside, and our programme was evidently prearranged, for the driver started off at once at a rapid pace. Thaddeus Sholto talked incessantly, in a voice which rose high above the rattle of the wheels.

"Bartholomew is a clever fellow," said he. "How do you think he found out where the treasure was? He had come to the conclusion that it was somewhere in-doors: so he worked out all the cubic space of the house, and made measurements everywhere, so that not one inch should be unaccounted for. Among other things, he found that the height of the building was seventy-four feet, but on adding together the heights of all the separate rooms, and making every allowance for the space between, which he ascertained by borings, he could not bring the total to more than seventy feet. There were four feet unaccounted for. These could only be at the top of the building. He knocked a hole, therefore, in the lath-and-plaster ceiling of the highest room, and there, sure enough, he came upon another little garret above it, which had been sealed up and was known to no one. In the centre stood the treasure-chest, resting upon two rafters. He lowered it through the hole, and there it lies. He computes the value of the jewels at not less than half a million sterling."

At the mention of this gigantic sum we all stared at one another open-eyed. Miss Morstan, could we secure her rights, would change from a needy governess to the richest heiress in England. Surely it was the place of a loyal friend to rejoice at such news; yet I am ashamed to say that selfishness took me by the soul, and that my heart turned as heavy as lead within me. I stammered out some few halting words of congratulation, and then sat downcast, with my head drooped, deaf to the babble of our new acquaintance. He was clearly a confirmed hypochondriac, and I was dreamily conscious that he was pouring forth interminable trains of symptoms, and imploring information as to the composition and action of innumerable quack nostrums, some of which he bore about in a leather case in his pocket. I trust that he may not remember any of the answers which I gave him that night. Holmes declares that he overheard me caution him against the great danger of taking more than two drops of castor oil, while I recom-

mended strychnine in large doses as a sedative. However that may be, I was certainly relieved when our cab pulled up with a jerk and the coachman sprang down to open the door.

"This, Miss Morstan, is Pondicherry Lodge," said Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, as he handed her out.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRAGEDY OF PONDICHERRY LODGE.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when we reached this final stage of our night's adventures. We had left the damp fog of the great city behind us, and the night was fairly fine. A warm wind blew from the westward, and heavy clouds moved slowly across the sky, with half a moon peeping occasionally through the rifts. It was clear enough to see for some distance, but Thaddeus Sholto took down one of the side-lamps from the carriage to give us a better light upon our way.

Pondicherry Lodge stood in its own grounds, and was girt round with a very high stone wall topped with broken glass. A single narrow iron-clamped door formed the only means of entrance. On this our guide knocked with a peculiar postman-like rat-tat.

"Who is there?" cried a gruff voice from within.

"It is I, McMurdo. You surely know my knock by this time."

There was a grumbling sound and a clanking and jarring of keys. The door swung heavily back, and a short, deep-chested man stood in the opening, with the yellow light of the lantern shining upon his protruded face and twinkling distrustful eyes.

"That you, Mr. Thaddeus? But who are the others? I had no orders about them from the master."

"No, McMurdo? You surprise me! I told my brother last night that I should bring some friends."

"He hain't been out o' his room to-day, Mr. Thaddeus, and I have no orders. You know very well that I must stick to regulations. I can let you in, but your friends they must just stop where they are."

This was an unexpected obstacle. Thaddeus Sholto looked about him in a perplexed and helpless manner. "This is too bad of you, McMurdo!" he said. "If I guarantee them, that is enough for you. There is the young lady, too. She cannot wait on the public road at this hour."

"Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus," said the porter, inexorably. "Folk may be friends o' yours, and yet no friends o' the master's. He pays me well to do my duty, and my duty I'll do. I don't know none o' your friends."

"Oh, yes, you do, McMurdo," cried Sherlock Holmes, genially. "I don't think you can have forgotten me. Don't you remember the amateur who fought three rounds with you at Alison's rooms on the night of your benefit four years back?"

"Not Mr. Sherlock Holmes!" roared the prize-fighter. "God's truth! how could I have mistook you? If instead o' standin' there

so quiet you had just stepped up and given me that cross-hit of yours under the jaw, I'd ha' known you without a question. Ah, you're one that has wasted your gifts, you have! You might have aimed high, if you had joined the fancy."

"You see, Watson, if all else fails me I have still one of the scientific professions open to me," said Holmes, laughing. "Our friend won't keep us out in the cold now, I am sure."

"In you come, sir, in you come,—you and your friends," he answered. "Very sorry, Mr. Thaddeus, but orders are very strict. Had to be certain of your friends before I let them in."

Inside, a gravel path wound through desolate grounds to a huge clump of a house, square and prosaic, all plunged in shadow save where a moonbeam struck one corner and glimmered in a garret window. The vast size of the building, with its gloom and its deathly silence, struck a chill to the heart. Even Thaddeus Sholto seemed ill at ease, and the lantern quivered and rattled in his hand.

"I cannot understand it," he said. "There must be some mistake. I distinctly told Bartholomew that we should be here, and yet there is no light in his window. I do not know what to make of it."

"Does he always guard the premises in this way?" asked Holmes.

"Yes; he has followed my father's custom. He was the favorite son, you know, and I sometimes think that my father may have told him more than he ever told me. That is Bartholomew's window up there where the moonshine strikes. It is quite bright, but there is no light from within, I think."

"None," said Holmes. "But I see the glint of a light in that little window beside the door."

"Ah, that is the housekeeper's room. That is where old Mrs. Bernstone sits. She can tell us all about it. But perhaps you would not mind waiting here for a minute or two, for if we all go in together and she has had no word of our coming she may be alarmed. But hush! what is that?"

He held up the lantern, and his hand shook until the circles of light flickered and wavered all round us. Miss Morstan seized my wrist, and we all stood with thumping hearts, straining our ears. From the great black house there sounded through the silent night the saddest and most pitiful of sounds,—the shrill, broken whimpering of a frightened woman.

"It is Mrs. Bernstone," said Sholto. "She is the only woman in the house. Wait here. I shall be back in a moment." He hurried for the door, and knocked in his peculiar way. We could see a tall old woman admit him, and sway with pleasure at the very sight of him.

"Oh, Mr. Thaddeus, sir, I am so glad you have come! I am so glad you have come, Mr. Thaddeus, sir!" We heard her reiterated rejoicings until the door was closed and her voice died away into a muffled monotone.

Our guide had left us the lantern. Holmes swung it slowly round, and peered keenly at the house, and at the great rubbish-heaps which cumbered the grounds. Miss Morstan and I stood together, and her hand was in mine. A wondrous subtle thing is love, for here were we

two who had never seen each other before that day, between whom no word or even look of affection had ever passed, and yet now in an hour of trouble our hands instinctively sought for each other. I have marvelled at it since, but at the time it seemed the most natural thing that I should go out to her so, and, as she has often told me, there was in her also the instinct to turn to me for comfort and protection. So we stood hand in hand, like two children, and there was peace in our hearts for all the dark things that surrounded us.

"What a strange place!" she said, looking round.

"It looks as though all the moles in England had been let loose in it. I have seen something of the sort on the side of a hill near Ballarat, where the prospectors had been at work."

"And from the same cause," said Holmes. "These are the traces of the treasure-seekers. You must remember that they were six years looking for it. No wonder that the grounds look like a gravel-pit."

At that moment the door of the house burst open, and Thaddeus Sholto came running out, with his hands thrown forward and terror in his eyes.

"There is something amiss with Bartholomew!" he cried. "I am frightened! My nerves cannot stand it." He was, indeed, half blubbering with fear, and his twitching feeble face peeping out from the great Astrakhan collar had the helpless appealing expression of a terrified child.

"Come into the house," said Holmes, in his crisp, firm way.

"Yes, do!" pleaded Thaddeus Sholto. "I really do not feel equal to giving directions."

We all followed him into the housekeeper's room, which stood upon the left-hand side of the passage. The old woman was pacing up and down with a scared look and restless picking fingers, but the sight of Miss Morstan appeared to have a soothing effect upon her.

"God bless your sweet calm face!" she cried, with an hysterical sob. "It does me good to see you. Oh, but I have been sorely tried this day!"

Our companion patted her thin, work-worn hand, and murmured some few words of kindly womanly comfort which brought the color back into the other's bloodless cheeks.

"Master has locked himself in and will not answer me," she explained. "All day I have waited to hear from him, for he often likes to be alone; but an hour ago I feared that something was amiss, so I went up and peeped through the key-hole. You must go up, Mr. Thaddeus,—you must go up and look for yourself. I have seen Mr. Bartholomew Sholto in joy and in sorrow for ten long years, but I never saw him with such a face on him as that."

Sherlock Holmes took the lamp and led the way, for Thaddeus Sholto's teeth were chattering in his head. So shaken was he that I had to pass my hand under his arm as we went up the stairs, for his knees were trembling under him. Twice as we ascended Holmes whipped his lens out of his pocket and carefully examined marks which appeared to me to be mere shapeless smudges of dust upon the cocoa-nut matting which served as a stair-carpet. He walked slowly from step-to

step, holding the lamp low, and shooting keen glances to right and left. Miss Morstan had remained behind with the frightened housekeeper.

The third flight of stairs ended in a straight passage of some length, with a great picture in Indian tapestry upon the right of it and three doors upon the left. Holmes advanced along it in the same slow and methodical way, while we kept close at his heels, with our long black shadows streaming backwards down the corridor. The third door was that which we were seeking. Holmes knocked without receiving any answer, and then tried to turn the handle and force it open. It was locked on the inside, however, and by a broad and powerful bolt, as we could see when we set our lamp up against it. The key being turned, however, the hole was not entirely closed. Sherlock Holmes bent down to it, and instantly rose again with a sharp intaking of the breath.

"There is something devilish in this, Watson," said he, more moved than I had ever before seen him. "What do you make of it?"

I stooped to the hole, and recoiled in horror. Moonlight was streaming into the room, and it was bright with a vague and shifty radiance. Looking straight at me, and suspended, as it were, in the air, for all beneath was in shadow, there hung a face,—the very face of our companion Thaddeus. There was the same high, shining head, the same circular bristle of red hair, the same bloodless countenance. The features were set, however, in a horrible smile, a fixed and unnatural grin, which in that still and moonlit room was more jarring to the nerves than any scowl or contortion. So like was the face to that of our little friend that I looked round at him to make sure that he was indeed with us. Then I recalled to mind that he had mentioned to us that his brother and he were twins.

"This is terrible!" I said to Holmes. "What is to be done?"

"The door must come down," he answered, and, springing against it, he put all his weight upon the lock. It creaked and groaned, but did not yield. Together we flung ourselves upon it once more, and this time it gave way with a sudden snap, and we found ourselves within Bartholomew Sholto's chamber.

It appeared to have been fitted up as a chemical laboratory. A double line of glass-stoppered bottles was drawn up upon the wall opposite the door, and the table was littered over with Bunsen burners, test-tubes, and retorts. In the corners stood carboys of acid in wicker baskets. One of these appeared to leak or to have been broken, for a stream of dark-colored liquid had trickled out from it, and the air was heavy with a peculiarly pungent, tar-like odor. A set of steps stood at one side of the room, in the midst of a litter of lath and plaster, and above them there was an opening in the ceiling large enough for a man to pass through. At the foot of the steps a long coil of rope was thrown carelessly together.

By the table, in a wooden arm-chair, the master of the house was seated all in a heap, with his head sunk upon his left shoulder, and that ghastly, inscrutable smile upon his face. He was stiff and cold, and had clearly been dead many hours. It seemed to me that not only his features but all his limbs were twisted and turned in the most fantastic fashion. By his hand upon the table there lay a peculiar instrument,—

a brown, close-grained stick, with a stone head like a hammer, rudely lashed on with coarse twine. Beside it was a torn sheet of note-paper with some words scrawled upon it. Holmes glanced at it, and then handed it to me.

"You see," he said, with a significant raising of the eyebrows.

In the light of the lantern I read, with a thrill of horror, "The sign of the four."

"In God's name, what does it all mean?" I asked.

"It means murder," said he, stooping over the dead man. "Ah, I expected it. Look here!" He pointed to what looked like a long, dark thorn stuck in the skin just above the ear.

"It looks like a thorn," said I.

"It is a thorn. You may pick it out. But be careful, for it is poisoned."

I took it up between my finger and thumb. It came away from the skin so readily that hardly any mark was left behind. One tiny speck of blood showed where the puncture had been.

"This is all an insoluble mystery to me," said I. "It grows darker instead of clearer."

"On the contrary," he answered, "it clears every instant. I only require a few missing links to have an entirely connected case."

We had almost forgotten our companion's presence since we entered the chamber. He was still standing in the door-way, the very picture of terror, wringing his hands and moaning to himself. Suddenly, however, he broke out into a sharp, querulous cry.

"The treasure is gone!" he said. "They have robbed him of the treasure! There is the hole through which we lowered it. I helped him to do it! I was the last person who saw him! I left him here last night, and I heard him lock the door as I came down-stairs."

"What time was that?"

"It was ten o'clock. And now he is dead, and the police will be called in, and I shall be suspected of having had a hand in it. Oh, yes, I am sure I shall. But you don't think so, gentlemen? Surely you don't think that it was I? Is it likely that I would have brought you here if it were I? Oh, dear! oh, dear! I know that I shall go mad!" He jerked his arms and stamped his feet in a kind of convulsive frenzy.

"You have no reason for fear, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes, kindly, putting his hand upon his shoulder. "Take my advice, and drive down to the station to report the matter to the police. Offer to assist them in every way. We shall wait here until your return."

The little man obeyed in a half-stupefied fashion, and we heard him stumbling down the stairs in the dark.

CHAPTER VI.

SHERLOCK HOLMES GIVES A DEMONSTRATION.

"Now, Watson," said Holmes, rubbing his hands, "we have half an hour to ourselves. Let us make good use of it. My case is, as I have told you, almost complete; but we must not err on the side of

over-confidence. Simple as the case seems now, there may be something deeper underlying it."

"Simple!" I ejaculated.

"Surely," said he, with something of the air of a clinical professor expounding to his class. "Just sit in the corner there, that your foot-prints may not complicate matters. Now to work! In the first place, how did these folk come, and how did they go? The door has not been opened since last night. How of the window?" He carried the lamp across to it, muttering his observations aloud the while, but addressing them to himself rather than to me. "Window is snibbed on the inner side. Framework is solid. No hinges at the side. Let us open it. No water-pipe near. Roof quite out of reach. Yet a man has mounted by the window. It rained a little last night. Here is the print of a foot in mould upon the sill. And here is a circular muddy mark, and here again upon the floor, and here again by the table. See here, Watson! This is really a very pretty demonstration."

I looked at the round, well-defined muddy discs. "This is not a footmark," said I.

"It is something much more valuable to us. It is the impression of a wooden stump. You see here on the sill is the boot-mark, a heavy boot with a broad metal heel, and beside it is the mark of the timber-toe."

"It is the wooden-legged man."

"Quite so. But there has been some one else,—a very able and efficient ally. Could you scale that wall, doctor?"

I looked out of the open window. The moon still shone brightly on that angle of the house. We were a good sixty feet from the ground, and, look where I would, I could see no foothold, nor as much as a crevice in the brick-work.

"It is absolutely impossible," I answered.

"Without aid it is so. But suppose you had a friend up here who lowered you this good stout rope which I see in the corner, securing one end of it to this great hook in the wall. Then, I think, if you were an active man, you might swarm up, wooden leg and all. You would depart, of course, in the same fashion, and your ally would draw up the rope, untie it from the hook, shut the window, snib it on the inside, and get away in the way that he originally came. As a minor point it may be noted," he continued, fingering the rope, "that our wooden-legged friend, though a fair climber, was not a professional sailor. His hands were far from horny. My lens discloses more than one blood-mark, especially towards the end of the rope, from which I gather that he slipped down with such velocity that he took the skin off his hand."

"This is all very well," said I, "but the thing becomes more unintelligible than ever. How about this mysterious ally? How came he into the room?"

"Yes, the ally!" repeated Holmes, pensively. "There are features of interest about this ally. He lifts the case from the regions of the commonplace. I fancy that this ally breaks fresh ground in the annals of crime in this country,—though parallel cases suggest themselves from India, and, if my memory serves me, from Senegambia."

"How came he, then?" I reiterated. "The door is locked, the window is inaccessible. Was it through the chimney?"

"The grate is much too small," he answered. "I had already considered that possibility."

"How then?" I persisted.

"You will not apply my precept," he said, shaking his head. "How often have I said to you that when you have eliminated the impossible whatever remains, *however improbable*, must be the truth? We know that he did not come through the door, the window, or the chimney. We also know that he could not have been concealed in the room, as there is no concealment possible. Whence, then, did he come?"

"He came through the hole in the roof," I cried.

"Of course he did. He must have done so. If you will have the kindness to hold the lamp for me, we shall now extend our researches to the room above,—the secret room in which the treasure was found."

He mounted the steps, and, seizing a rafter with either hand, he swung himself up into the garret. Then, lying on his face, he reached down for the lamp and held it while I followed him.

The chamber in which we found ourselves was about ten feet one way and six the other. The floor was formed by the rafters, with thin lath-and-plaster between, so that in walking one had to step from beam to beam. The roof ran up to an apex, and was evidently the inner shell of the true roof of the house. There was no furniture of any sort, and the accumulated dust of years lay thick upon the floor.

"Here you are, you see," said Sherlock Holmes, putting his hand against the sloping wall. "This is a trap-door which leads out on to the roof. I can press it back, and here is the roof itself, sloping at a gentle angle. This, then, is the way by which Number One entered. Let us see if we can find some other traces of his individuality."

He held down the lamp to the floor, and as he did so I saw for the second time that night a startled, surprised look come over his face. For myself, as I followed his gaze my skin was cold under my clothes. The floor was covered thickly with the prints of a naked foot,—clear, well defined, perfectly formed, but scarce half the size of those of an ordinary man.

"Holmes," I said, in a whisper, "a child has done this horrid thing."

He had recovered his self-possession in an instant. "I was staggered for the moment," he said, "but the thing is quite natural. My memory failed me, or I should have been able to foretell it. There is nothing more to be learned here. Let us go down."

"What is your theory, then, as to those footmarks?" I asked, eagerly, when we had regained the lower room once more.

"My dear Watson, try a little analysis yourself," said he, with a touch of impatience. "You know my methods. Apply them, and it will be instructive to compare results."

"I cannot conceive anything which will cover the facts," I answered.

"It will be clear enough to you soon," he said, in an off-hand way. "I think that there is nothing else of importance here, but I will look."

He whipped out his lens and a tape measure, and hurried about the room on his knees, measuring, comparing, examining, with his long thin nose only a few inches from the planks, and his beady eyes gleaming and deep-set like those of a bird. So swift, silent, and furtive were his movements, like those of a trained blood-hound picking out a scent, that I could not but think what a terrible criminal he would have made had he turned his energy and sagacity against the law, instead of exerting them in its defence. As he hunted about, he kept muttering to himself, and finally he broke out into a loud crow of delight.

"We are certainly in luck," said he. "We ought to have very little trouble now. Number One has had the misfortune to tread in the creasote. You can see the outline of the edge of his small foot here at the side of this evil-smelling mess. The carboy has been cracked, you see, and the stuff has leaked out."

"What then?" I asked.

"Why, we have got him, that's all," said he. "I know a dog that would follow that scent to the world's end. If a pack can track a trailed herring across a shire, how far can a specially-trained hound follow so pungent a smell as this? It sounds like a sum in the rule of three. The answer should give us the—— But halloo! here are the accredited representatives of the law."

Heavy steps and the clamor of loud voices were audible from below, and the hall door shut with a loud crash.

"Before they come," said Holmes, "just put your hand here on this poor fellow's arm, and here on his leg. What do you feel?"

"The muscles are as hard as a board," I answered.

"Quite so. They are in a state of extreme contraction, far exceeding the usual *rigor mortis*. Coupled with this distortion of the face, this Hippocratic smile, or '*risus sardonius*,' as the old writers called it, what conclusion would it suggest to your mind?"

"Death from some powerful vegetable alkaloid," I answered,—
"some strychnine-like substance which would produce tetanus."

"That was the idea which occurred to me the instant I saw the drawn muscles of the face. On getting into the room I at once looked for the means by which the poison had entered the system. As you saw, I discovered a thorn which had been driven or shot with no great force into the scalp. You observe that the part struck was that which would be turned towards the hole in the ceiling if the man were erect in his chair. Now examine this thorn."

I took it up gingerly and held it in the light of the lantern. It was long, sharp, and black, with a glazed look near the point as though some gummy substance had dried upon it. The blunt end had been trimmed and rounded off with a knife.

"Is that an English thorn?" he asked.

"No, it certainly is not."

"With all these data you should be able to draw some just inference. But here are the regulars: so the auxiliary forces may beat a retreat."

As he spoke, the steps which had been coming nearer sounded loudly on the passage, and a very stout, portly man in a gray suit

strode heavily into the room. He was red-faced, burly and plethoric, with a pair of very small twinkling eyes which looked keenly out from between swollen and puffy pouches. He was closely followed by an inspector in uniform, and by the still palpitating Thaddeus Sholto.

"Here's a business!" he cried, in a muffled, husky voice. "Here's a pretty business! But who are all these? Why, the house seems to be as full as a rabbit-warren!"

"I think you must recollect me, Mr. Athelney Jones," said Holmes, quietly.

"Why, of course I do!" he wheezed. "It's Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the theorist. Remember you! I'll never forget how you lectured us all on causes and inferences and effects in the Bishopgate jewel case. It's true you set us on the right track; but you'll own now that it was more by good luck than good guidance."

"It was a piece of very simple reasoning."

"Oh, come, now, come! Never be ashamed to own up. But what is all this? Bad business! Bad business! Stern facts here,—no room for theories. How lucky that I happened to be out at Norwood over another case! I was at the station when the message arrived. What d'you think the man died of?"

"Oh, this is hardly a case for me to theorize over," said Holmes, dryly.

"No, no. Still, we can't deny that you hit the nail on the head sometimes. Dear me! Door locked, I understand. Jewels worth half a million missing. How was the window?"

"Fastened; but there are steps on the sill."

"Well, well, if it was fastened the steps could have nothing to do with the matter. That's common sense. Man might have died in a fit; but then the jewels are missing. Ha! I have a theory. These flashes come upon me at times.—Just step outside, sergeant, and you, Mr. Sholto. Your friend can remain.—What do you think of this, Holmes? Sholto was, on his own confession, with his brother last night. The brother died in a fit, on which Sholto walked off with the treasure. How's that?"

"On which the dead man very considerably got up and locked the door on the inside."

"Hum! There's a flaw there. Let us apply common sense to the matter. This Thaddeus Sholto *was* with his brother; there *was* a quarrel: so much we know. The brother is dead and the jewels are gone. So much also we know. No one saw the brother from the time Thaddeus left him. His bed had not been slept in. Thaddeus is evidently in a most disturbed state of mind. His appearance is—well, not attractive. You see that I am weaving my web round Thaddeus. The net begins to close upon him."

"You are not quite in possession of the facts yet," said Holmes. "This splinter of wood, which I have every reason to believe to be poisoned, was in the man's scalp where you still see the mark; this card, inscribed as you see it, was on the table; and beside it lay this rather curious stone-headed instrument. How does all that fit into your theory?"

"Confirms it in every respect," said the fat detective, pompously. "House is full of Indian curiosities. Thaddeus brought this up, and if this splinter be poisonous Thaddeus may as well have made murderous use of it as any other man. The card is some hocus-pocus,—a blind, as like as not. The only question is, how did he depart? Ah, of course, here is a hole in the roof." With great activity, considering his bulk, he sprang up the steps and squeezed through into the garret, and immediately afterwards we heard his exulting voice proclaiming that he had found the trap-door.

"He can find something," remarked Holmes, shrugging his shoulders. "He has occasional glimmerings of reason. *Il n'y a pas des sots si incommodes que ceux qui ont de l'esprit!*"

"You see!" said Athelney Jones, reappearing down the steps again. "Facts are better than mere theories, after all. My view of the case is confirmed. There is a trap-door communicating with the roof, and it is partly open."

"It was I who opened it."

"Oh, indeed! You did notice it, then?" He seemed a little crest-fallen at the discovery. "Well, whoever noticed it, it shows how our gentleman got away. Inspector!"

"Yes, sir," from the passage.

"Ask Mr. Sholto to step this way.—Mr. Sholto, it is my duty to inform you that anything which you may say will be used against you. I arrest you in the queen's name as being concerned in the death of your brother."

"There, now! Didn't I tell you!" cried the poor little man, throwing out his hands, and looking from one to the other of us.

"Don't trouble yourself about it, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes. "I think that I can engage to clear you of the charge."

"Don't promise too much, Mr. Theorist,—don't promise too much!" snapped the detective. "You may find it a harder matter than you think."

"Not only will I clear him, Mr. Jones, but I will make you a free present of the name and description of one of the two people who were in this room last night. His name, I have every reason to believe, is Jonathan Small. He is a poorly-educated man, small, active, with his right leg off, and wearing a wooden stump which is worn away upon the inner side. His left boot has a coarse, square-toed sole, with an iron band round the heel. He is a middle-aged man, much sunburned, and has been a convict. These few indications may be of some assistance to you, coupled with the fact that there is a good deal of skin missing from the palm of his hand. The other man——"

"Ah! the other man—?" asked Athelney Jones, in a sneering voice, but impressed none the less, as I could easily see, by the precision of the other's manner.

"Is a rather curious person," said Sherlock Holmes, turning upon his heel. "I hope before very long to be able to introduce you to the pair of them.—A word with you, Watson."

He led me out to the head of the stair. "This unexpected occur-

rence," he said, "has caused us rather to lose sight of the original purpose of our journey."

"I have just been thinking so," I answered. "It is not right that Miss Morstan should remain in this stricken house."

"No. You must escort her home. She lives with Mrs. Cecil Forrester, in Lower Camberwell: so it is not very far. I will wait for you here if you will drive out again. Or perhaps you are too tired?"

"By no means. I don't think I could rest until I know more of this fantastic business. I have seen something of the rough side of life, but I give you my word that this quick succession of strange surprises to-night has shaken my nerve completely. I should like, however, to see the matter through with you, now that I have got so far."

"Your presence will be of great service to me," he answered. "We shall work the case out independently, and leave this fellow Jones to exult over any mare's-nest which he may choose to construct. When you have dropped Miss Morstan I wish you to go on to No. 3 Pinchin Lane, down near the water's edge at Lambeth. The third house on the right-hand side is a bird-stuffer's: Sherman is the name. You will see a weasel holding a young rabbit in the window. Knock old Sherman up, and tell him, with my compliments, that I want Toby at once. You will bring Toby back in the cab with you."

"A dog, I suppose."

"Yes,—a queer mongrel, with a most amazing power of scent. I would rather have Toby's help than that of the whole detective force of London."

"I shall bring him, then," said I. "It is one now. I ought to be back before three, if I can get a fresh horse."

"And I," said Holmes, "shall see what I can learn from Mrs. Bernstone, and from the Indian servant, who, Mr. Thaddeus tells me, sleeps in the next garret. Then I shall study the great Jones's methods and listen to his not too delicate sarcasms. '*Wir sind gewohnt dass die Menschen verhöhnen was sie nicht verstehen.*' Goethe is always pithy."

CHAPTER VII.

THE EPISODE OF THE BARREL.

THE police had brought a cab with them, and in this I escorted Miss Morstan back to her home. After the angelic fashion of women, she had borne trouble with a calm face as long as there was some one weaker than herself to support, and I had found her bright and placid by the side of the frightened housekeeper. In the cab, however, she first turned faint, and then burst into a passion of weeping,—so sorely had she been tried by the adventures of the night. She has told me since that she thought me cold and distant upon that journey. She little guessed the struggle within my breast, or the effort of self-restraint which held me back. My sympathies and my love went out to her, even as my hand had in the garden. I felt that years of the conven-

tionalities of life could not teach me to know her sweet, brave nature as had this one day of strange experiences. Yet there were two thoughts which sealed the words of affection upon my lips. She was weak and helpless, shaken in mind and nerve. It was to take her at a disadvantage to obtrude love upon her at such a time. Worse still, she was rich. If Holmes's researches were successful, she would be an heiress. Was it fair, was it honorable, that a half-pay surgeon should take such advantage of an intimacy which chance had brought about? Might she not look upon me as a mere vulgar fortune-seeker? I could not bear to risk that such a thought should cross her mind. This Agra treasure intervened like an impassable barrier between us.

It was nearly two o'clock when we reached Mrs. Cecil Forrester's. The servants had retired hours ago, but Mrs. Forrester had been so interested by the strange message which Miss Morstan had received that she had sat up in the hope of her return. She opened the door herself, a middle-aged, graceful woman, and it gave me joy to see how tenderly her arm stole round the other's waist and how motherly was the voice in which she greeted her. She was clearly no mere paid dependant, but an honored friend. I was introduced, and Mrs. Forrester earnestly begged me to step in and to tell her our adventures. I explained, however, the importance of my errand, and promised faithfully to call and report any progress which we might make with the case. As we drove away I stole a glance back, and I still seem to see that little group on the step, the two graceful, clinging figures, the half-opened door, the hall light shining through stained glass, the barometer, and the bright stair-rod. It was soothing to catch even that passing glimpse of a tranquil English home in the midst of the wild, dark business which had absorbed us.

And the more I thought of what had happened, the wilder and darker it grew. I reviewed the whole extraordinary sequence of events as I rattled on through the silent gas-lit streets. There was the original problem: that at least was pretty clear now. The death of Captain Morstan, the sending of the pearls, the advertisement, the letter,—we had had light upon all those events. They had only led us, however, to a deeper and far more tragic mystery. The Indian treasure, the curious plan found among Morstan's baggage, the strange scene at Major Sholto's death, the rediscovery of the treasure immediately followed by the murder of the discoverer, the very singular accompaniments to the crime, the footsteps, the remarkable weapons, the words upon the card, corresponding with those upon Captain Morstan's chart,—here was indeed a labyrinth in which a man less singularly endowed than my fellow-lodger might well despair of ever finding the clue.

Pinchin Lane was a row of shabby two-storied brick houses in the lower quarter of Lambeth. I had to knock for some time at No. 3 before I could make any impression. At last, however, there was the glint of a candle behind the blind, and a face looked out at the upper window.

"Go on, you drunken vagabone," said the face. "If you kick up any more row I'll open the kennels and let out forty-three dogs upon you."

"If you'll let one out it's just what I have come for," said I.

"Go on!" yelled the voice. "So help me gracious, I have a wiper in this bag, an' I'll drop it on your 'ead if you don't hook it."

"But I want a dog," I cried.

"I won't be argued with!" shouted Mr. Sherman. "Now stand clear; for when I say 'three,' down goes the wiper."

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes—" I began, but the words had a most magical effect, for the window instantly slammed down, and within a minute the door was unbarred and open. Mr. Sherman was a lanky, lean old man, with stooping shoulders, a stringy neck, and blue-tinted glasses.

"A friend of Mr. Sherlock is always welcome," said he. "Step in, sir. Keep clear of the badger; for he bites. Ah, naughty, naughty, would you take a nip at the gentleman?" This to a stoat which thrust its wicked head and red eyes between the bars of its cage. "Don't mind that, sir: it's only a slow-worm. It hain't got no fangs, so I gives it the run o' the room, for it keeps the beetles down. You must not mind my bein' just a little short wi' you at first, for I'm guyed at by the children, and there's many a one just comes down this lane to knock me up. What was it that Mr. Sherlock Holmes wanted, sir?"

"He wanted a dog of yours."

"Ah! that would be Toby."

"Yes, Toby was the name."

"Toby lives at No. 7 on the left here." He moved slowly forward with his candle among the queer animal family which he had gathered round him. In the uncertain, shadowy light I could see dimly that there were glancing, glimmering eyes peeping down at us from every cranny and corner. Even the rafters above our heads were lined by solemn fowls, who lazily shifted their weight from one leg to the other as our voices disturbed their slumbers.

Toby proved to be an ugly, long-haired, lop-eared creature, half spaniel and half lurcher, brown-and-white in color, with a very clumsy waddling gait. It accepted after some hesitation a lump of sugar which the old naturalist handed to me, and, having thus sealed an alliance, it followed me to the cab, and made no difficulties about accompanying me. It had just struck three on the Palace clock when I found myself back once more at Pondicherry Lodge. The ex-prize-fighter McMurdo had, I found, been arrested as an accessory, and both he and Mr. Sholto had been marched off to the station. Two constables guarded the narrow gate, but they allowed me to pass with the dog on my mentioning the detective's name.

Holmes was standing on the door-step, with his hands in his pockets, smoking his pipe.

"Ah, you have him there!" said he. "Good dog, then! Athelney Jones has gone. We have had an immense display of energy since you left. He has arrested not only friend Thaddeus, but the gatekeeper, the housekeeper, and the Indian servant. We have the place to ourselves, but for a sergeant up-stairs. Leave the dog here, and come up."

We tied Toby to the hall table, and reascended the stairs. The room was as we had left it, save that a sheet had been draped over

the central figure. A weary-looking police-sergeant reclined in the corner.

"Lend me your bull's-eye, sergeant," said my companion. "Now tie this bit of card round my neck, so as to hang it in front of me. Thank you. Now I must kick off my boots and stockings.—Just you carry them down with you, Watson. I am going to do a little climbing. And dip my handkerchief into the creasote. That will do. Now come up into the garret with me for a moment."

We clambered up through the hole. Holmes turned his light once more upon the footsteps in the dust.

"I wish you particularly to notice these footmarks," he said. "Do you observe anything noteworthy about them?"

"They belong," I said, "to a child or a small woman."

"Apart from their size, though. Is there nothing else?"

"They appear to be much as other footmarks."

"Not at all. Look here! This is the print of a right foot in the dust. Now I make one with my naked foot beside it. What is the chief difference?"

"Your toes are all cramped together. The other print has each toe distinctly divided."

"Quite so. That is the point. Bear that in mind. Now, would you kindly step over to that flap-window and smell the edge of the wood-work? I shall stay over here, as I have this handkerchief in my hand."

I did as he directed, and was instantly conscious of a strong tarry smell.

"That is where he put his foot in getting out. If *you* can trace him, I should think that Toby will have no difficulty. Now run downstairs, loose the dog, and look out for Blondin."

By the time that I got out into the grounds Sherlock Holmes was on the roof, and I could see him like an enormous glow-worm crawling very slowly along the ridge. I lost sight of him behind a stack of chimneys, but he presently reappeared, and then vanished once more upon the opposite side. When I made my way round there I found him seated at one of the corner eaves.

"That you, Watson?" he cried.

"Yes."

"This is the place. What is that black thing down there?"

"A water-barrel."

"Top on it?"

"Yes."

"No sign of a ladder?"

"No."

"Confound the fellow! It's a most break-neck place. I ought to be able to come down where he could climb up. The water-pipe feels pretty firm. Here goes, anyhow."

There was a scuffling of feet, and the lantern began to come steadily down the side of the wall. Then with a light spring he came on to the barrel, and from there to the earth.

"It was easy to follow him," he said, drawing on his stockings and

boots. "Tiles were loosened the whole way along, and in his hurry he had dropped this. It confirms my diagnosis, as you doctors express it."

The object which he held up to me was a small pocket or pouch woven out of colored grasses and with a few tawdry beads strung round it. In shape and size it was not unlike a cigarette-case. Inside were half a dozen spines of dark wood, sharp at one end and rounded at the other, like that which had struck Bartholomew Sholto.

"They are hellish things," said he. "Look out that you don't prick yourself. I'm delighted to have them, for the chances are that they are all he has. There is the less fear of you or me finding one in our skin before long. I would sooner face a Martini bullet, myself. Are you game for a six-mile trudge, Watson?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Your leg will stand it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Here you are, doggy! Good old Toby! Smell it, Toby, smell it!" He pushed the creasote handkerchief under the dog's nose, while the creature stood with its fluffy legs separated, and with a most comical cock to its head, like a connoisseur sniffing the *bouquet* of a famous vintage. Holmes then threw the handkerchief to a distance, fastened a stout cord to the mongrel's collar, and led him to the foot of the water-barrel. The creature instantly broke into a succession of high, tremulous yelps, and, with his nose on the ground, and his tail in the air, pattered off upon the trail at a pace which strained his leash and kept us at the top of our speed.

The east had been gradually whitening, and we could now see some distance in the cold gray light. The square, massive house, with its black, empty windows and high, bare walls, towered up, sad and forlorn, behind us. Our course led right across the grounds, in and out among the trenches and pits with which they were scarred and intersected. The whole place, with its scattered dirt-heaps and ill-grown shrubs, had a blighted, ill-omened look which harmonized with the black tragedy which hung over it.

On reaching the boundary wall Toby ran along, whining eagerly, underneath its shadow, and stopped finally in a corner screened by a young beech. Where the two walls joined, several bricks had been loosened, and the crevices left were worn down and rounded upon the lower side, as though they had frequently been used as a ladder. Holmes clambered up, and, taking the dog from me, he dropped it over upon the other side.

"There's the print of wooden-leg's hand," he remarked, as I mounted up beside him. "You see the slight smudge of blood upon the white plaster. What a lucky thing it is that we have had no very heavy rain since yesterday! The scent will lie upon the road in spite of their eight-and-twenty hours' start."

I confess that I had my doubts myself when I reflected upon the great traffic which had passed along the London road in the interval. My fears were soon appeased, however. Toby never hesitated or swerved, but waddled on in his peculiar rolling fashion. Clearly, the pungent smell of the creasote rose high above all other contending scents.

"Do not imagine," said Holmes, "that I depend for my success in this case upon the mere chance of one of these fellows having put his foot in the chemical. I have knowledge now which would enable me to trace them in many different ways. This, however, is the readiest, and, since fortune has put it into our hands, I should be culpable if I neglected it. It has, however, prevented the case from becoming the pretty little intellectual problem which it at one time promised to be. There might have been some credit to be gained out of it, but for this too palpable clue."

"There is credit, and to spare," said I. "I assure you, Holmes, that I marvel at the means by which you obtain your results in this case, even more than I did in the Jefferson Hope murder. The thing seems to me to be deeper and more inexplicable. How, for example, could you describe with such confidence the wooden-legged man?"

"Pshaw, my dear boy! it was simplicity itself. I don't wish to be theatrical. It is all patent and above-board. Two officers who are in command of a convict-guard learn an important secret as to buried treasure. A map is drawn for them by an Englishman named Jonathan Small. You remember that we saw the name upon the chart in Captain Morstan's possession. He had signed it in behalf of himself and his associates,—the sign of the four, as he somewhat dramatically called it. Aided by this chart, the officers—or one of them—gets the treasure and brings it to England, leaving, we will suppose, some condition under which he received it unfulfilled. Now, then, why did not Jonathan Small get the treasure himself? The answer is obvious. The chart is dated at a time when Morstan was brought into close association with convicts. Jonathan Small did not get the treasure because he and his associates were themselves convicts and could not get away."

"But this is mere speculation," said I.

"It is more than that. It is the only hypothesis which covers the facts. Let us see how it fits in with the sequel. Major Sholto remains at peace for some years, happy in the possession of his treasure. Then he receives a letter from India which gives him a great fright. What was that?"

"A letter to say that the men whom he had wronged had been set free."

"Or had escaped. That is much more likely, for he would have known what their term of imprisonment was. It would not have been a surprise to him. What does he do then? He guards himself against a wooden-legged man,—a white man, mark you, for he mistakes a white tradesman for him, and actually fires a pistol at him. Now, only one white man's name is on the chart. The others are Hindoos or Mohammedans. There is no other white man. Therefore we may say with confidence that the wooden-legged man is identical with Jonathan Small. Does the reasoning strike you as being faulty?"

"No: it is clear and concise."

"Well, now, let us put ourselves in the place of Jonathan Small. Let us look at it from his point of view. He comes to England with the double idea of regaining what he would consider to be his rights and of having his revenge upon the man who had wronged him. He found

out where Sholto lived, and very possibly he established communications with some one inside the house. There is this butler, Lal Rao, whom we have not seen. Mrs. Bernstone gives him far from a good character. Small could not find out, however, where the treasure was hid, for no one ever knew, save the major and one faithful servant who had died. Suddenly Small learns that the major is on his death-bed. In a frenzy lest the secret of the treasure die with him, he runs the gauntlet of the guards, makes his way to the dying man's window, and is only deterred from entering by the presence of his two sons. Mad with hate, however, against the dead man, he enters the room that night, searches his private papers in the hope of discovering some memorandum relating to the treasure, and finally leaves a memento of his visit in the short inscription upon the card. He had doubtless planned beforehand that should he slay the major he would leave some such record upon the body as a sign that it was not a common murder, but, from the point of view of the four associates, something in the nature of an act of justice. Whimsical and bizarre conceits of this kind are common enough in the annals of crime, and usually afford valuable indications as to the criminal. Do you follow all this?"

"Very clearly."

"Now, what could Jonathan Small do? He could only continue to keep a secret watch upon the efforts made to find the treasure. Possibly he leaves England and only comes back at intervals. Then comes the discovery of the garret, and he is instantly informed of it. We again trace the presence of some confederate in the household. Jonathan, with his wooden leg, is utterly unable to reach the lofty room of Bartholomew Sholto. He takes with him, however, a rather curious associate, who gets over this difficulty, but dips his naked foot into creasote, whence come Toby, and a six-mile limp for a half-pay officer with a damaged tendo Achilles."

"But it was the associate, and not Jonathan, who committed the crime."

"Quite so. And rather to Jonathan's disgust, to judge by the way he stamped about when he got into the room. He bore no grudge against Bartholomew Sholto, and would have preferred if he could have been simply bound and gagged. He did not wish to put his head in a halter. There was no help for it, however: the savage instincts of his companion had broken out, and the poison had done its work: so Jonathan Small left his record, lowered the treasure-box to the ground, and followed it himself. That was the train of events as far as I can decipher them. Of course as to his personal appearance he must be middle-aged, and must be sunburned after serving his time in such an oven as the Andamans. His height is readily calculated from the length of his stride, and we know that he was bearded. His hairiness was the one point which impressed itself upon Thaddeus Sholto when he saw him at the window. I don't know that there is anything else."

"The associate?"

"Ah, well, there is no great mystery in that. But you will know all about it soon enough. How sweet the morning air is! See how

that one little cloud floats like a pink feather from some gigantic flamingo. Now the red rim of the sun pushes itself over the London cloud-bank. It shines on a good many folk, but on none, I dare bet, who are on a stranger errand than you and I. How small we feel with our petty ambitions and strivings in the presence of the great elemental forces of nature! Are you well up in your Jean Paul?"

"Fairly so. I worked back to him through Carlyle."

"That was like following the brook to the parent lake. He makes one curious but profound remark. It is that the chief proof of man's real greatness lies in his perception of his own smallness. It argues, you see, a power of comparison and of appreciation which is in itself a proof of nobility. There is much food for thought in Richter. You have not a pistol, have you?"

"I have my stick."

"It is just possible that we may need something of the sort if we get to their lair. Jonathan I shall leave to you, but if the other turns nasty I shall shoot him dead." He took out his revolver as he spoke, and, having loaded two of the chambers, he put it back into the right-hand pocket of his jacket.

We had during this time been following the guidance of Toby down the half-rural villa-lined roads which lead to the metropolis. Now, however, we were beginning to come among continuous streets, where laborers and dockmen were already astir, and slatternly women were taking down shutters and brushing door-steps. At the square-topped corner public houses business was just beginning, and rough-looking men were emerging, rubbing their sleeves across their beards after their morning wet. Strange dogs sauntered up and stared wonderingly at us as we passed, but our inimitable Toby looked neither to the right nor to the left, but trotted onwards with his nose to the ground and an occasional eager whine which spoke of a hot scent.

We had traversed Streatham, Brixton, Camberwell, and now found ourselves in Kennington Lane, having borne away through the side-streets to the east of the Oval. The men whom we pursued seemed to have taken a curiously zigzag road, with the idea probably of escaping observation. They had never kept to the main road if a parallel side-street would serve their turn. At the foot of Kennington Lane they had edged away to the left through Bond Street and Miles Street. Where the latter street turns into Knight's Place, Toby ceased to advance, but began to run backwards and forwards with one ear cocked and the other drooping, the very picture of canine indecision. Then he waddled round in circles, looking up to us from time to time, as if to ask for sympathy in his embarrassment.

"What the deuce is the matter with the dog?" growled Holmes. "They surely would not take a cab, or go off in a balloon."

"Perhaps they stood here for some time," I suggested.

"Ah! it's all right. He's off again," said my companion, in a tone of relief.

He was indeed off, for after sniffing round again he suddenly made up his mind, and darted away with an energy and determination such as he had not yet shown. The scent appeared to be much hotter than

before, for he had not even to put his nose on the ground, but tugged at his leash and tried to break into a run. I could see by the gleam in Holmes's eyes that he thought we were nearing the end of our journey.

Our course now ran down Nine Elms until we came to Broderick and Nelson's large timber-yard, just past the White Eagle tavern. Here the dog, frantic with excitement, turned down through the side-gate into the enclosure, where the sawyers were already at work. On the dog raced through sawdust and shavings, down an alley, round a passage, between two wood-piles, and finally, with a triumphant yelp, sprang upon a large barrel which still stood upon the hand-trolley on which it had been brought. With lolling tongue and blinking eyes, Toby stood upon the cask, looking from one to the other of us for some sign of appreciation. The staves of the barrel and the wheels of the trolley were smeared with a dark liquid, and the whole air was heavy with the smell of creasote.

Sherlock Holmes and I looked blankly at each other, and then burst simultaneously into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS.

"WHAT now?" I asked. "Toby has lost his character for infallibility."

"He acted according to his lights," said Holmes, lifting him down from the barrel and walking him out of the timber-yard. "If you consider how much creasote is carted about London in one day, it is no great wonder that our trail should have been crossed. It is much used now, especially for the seasoning of wood. Poor Toby is not to blame."

"We must get on the main scent again, I suppose."

"Yes. And, fortunately, we have no distance to go. Evidently what puzzled the dog at the corner of Knight's Place was that there were two different trails running in opposite directions. We took the wrong one. It only remains to follow the other."

There was no difficulty about this. On leading Toby to the place where he had committed his fault, he cast about in a wide circle and finally dashed off in a fresh direction.

"We must take care that he does not now bring us to the place where the creasote-barrel came from," I observed.

"I had thought of that. But you notice that he keeps on the pavement, whereas the barrel passed down the roadway. No, we are on the true scent now."

It tended down towards the river-side, running through Belmont Place and Prince's Street. At the end of Broad Street it ran right down to the water's edge, where there was a small wooden wharf. Toby led us to the very edge of this, and there stood whining, looking out on the dark current beyond.

"We are out of luck," said Holmes. "They have taken to a boat

here." Several small punts and skiffs were lying about in the water and on the edge of the wharf. We took Toby round to each in turn, but, though he sniffed earnestly, he made no sign.

Close to the rude landing-stage was a small brick house, with a wooden placard slung out through the second window. "Mordecai Smith" was printed across it in large letters, and, underneath, "Boats to hire by the hour or day." A second inscription above the door informed us that a steam launch was kept,—a statement which was confirmed by a great pile of coke upon the jetty. Sherlock Holmes looked slowly round, and his face assumed an ominous expression.

"This looks bad," said he. "These fellows are sharper than I expected. They seem to have covered their tracks. There has, I fear, been preconcerted management here."

He was approaching the door of the house, when it opened, and a little, curly-headed lad of six came running out, followed by a stoutish, red-faced woman with a large sponge in her hand.

"You come back and be washed, Jack," she shouted. "Come back, you young imp; for if your father comes home and finds you like that, he'll let us hear of it."

"Dear little chap!" said Holmes, strategically. "What a rosy-cheeked young rascal! Now, Jack, is there anything you would like?"

The youth pondered for a moment. "I'd like a shillin'," said he.

"Nothing you would like better?"

"I'd like two shillin' better," the prodigy answered, after some thought.

"Here you are, then! Catch!—A fine child, Mrs. Smith!"

"Lor' bless you, sir, he is that, and forward. He gets a'most too much for me to manage, specially when my man is away days at a time."

"Away, is he?" said Holmes, in a disappointed voice. "I am sorry for that, for I wanted to speak to Mr. Smith."

"He's been away since yesterday mornin', sir, and, truth to tell, I am beginnin' to feel frightened about him. But if it was about a boat, sir, maybe I could serve as well."

"I wanted to hire his steam launch."

"Why, bless you, sir, it is in the steam launch that he has gone. That's what puzzles me; for I know there ain't more coals in her than would take her to about Woolwich and back. If he'd been away in the barge I'd ha' thought nothin'; for many a time a job has taken him as far as Gravesend, and then if there was much doin' there he might ha' stayed over. But what good is a steam launch without coals?"

"He might have bought some at a wharf down the river."

"He might, sir, but it weren't his way. Many a time I've heard him call out at the prices they charge for a few odd bags. Besides, I don't like that wooden-legged man, wi' his ugly face and outlandish talk. What did he want always knockin' about here for?"

"A wooden-legged man?" said Holmes, with bland surprise.

"Yes, sir, a brown, monkey-faced chap that's called more'n once for my old man. It was him that roused him up yesternight, and, what's

more, my man knew he was comin', for he had steam up in the launch. I tell you straight, sir, I don't feel easy in my mind about it."

"But, my dear Mrs. Smith," said Holmes, shrugging his shoulders, "you are frightening yourself about nothing. How could you possibly tell that it was the wooden-legged man who came in the night? I don't quite understand how you can be so sure."

"His voice, sir. I knew his voice, which is kind o' thick and foggy. He tapped at the winder,—about three it would be. 'Show a leg, matey,' says he: 'time to turn out guard.' My old man woke up Jim,—that's my eldest,—and away they went, without so much as a word to me. I could hear the wooden leg clackin' on the stones."

"And was this wooden-legged man alone?"

"Couldn't say, I am sure, sir. I didn't hear no one else."

"I am sorry, Mrs. Smith, for I wanted a steam launch, and I have heard good reports of the—— Let me see, what is her name?"

"The Aurora, sir."

"Ah! She's not that old green launch with a yellow line, very broad in the beam?"

"No, indeed. She's as trim a little thing as any on the river. She's been fresh painted, black with two red streaks."

"Thanks. I hope that you will hear soon from Mr. Smith. I am going down the river; and if I should see anything of the Aurora I shall let him know that you are uneasy. A black funnel, you say?"

"No, sir. Black with a white band."

"Ah, of course. It was the sides which were black. Good-morning, Mrs. Smith.—There is a boatman here with a wherry, Watson. We shall take it and cross the river."

"The main thing with people of that sort," said Holmes, as we sat in the sheets of the wherry, "is never to let them think that their information can be of the slightest importance to you. If you do, they will instantly shut up like an oyster. If you listen to them under protest, as it were, you are very likely to get what you want."

"Our course now seems pretty clear," said I.

"What would you do, then?"

"I would engage a launch and go down the river on the track of the Aurora."

"My dear fellow, it would be a colossal task. She may have touched at any wharf on either side of the stream between here and Greenwich. Below the bridge there is a perfect labyrinth of landing-places for miles. It would take you days and days to exhaust them, if you set about it alone."

"Employ the police, then."

"No. I shall probably call Athelney Jones in at the last moment. He is not a bad fellow, and I should not like to do anything which would injure him professionally. But I have a fancy for working it out myself, now that we have gone so far."

"Could we advertise, then, asking for information from wharfingers?"

"Worse and worse! Our men would know that the chase was hot at their heels, and they would be off out of the country. As it is, they

are likely enough to leave, but as long as they think they are perfectly safe they will be in no hurry. Jones's energy will be of use to us there, for his view of the case is sure to push itself into the daily press, and the runaways will think that every one is off on the wrong scent."

"What are we to do, then?" I asked, as we landed near Millbank Penitentiary.

"Take this hansom, drive home, have some breakfast, and get an hour's sleep. It is quite on the cards that we may be afoot to-night again. Stop at a telegraph-office, cabby! We will keep Toby, for he may be of use to us yet."

We pulled up at the Great Peter Street post-office, and Holmes despatched his wire. "Whom do you think that is to?" he asked, as we resumed our journey.

"I am sure I don't know."

"You remember the Baker Street division of the detective police force whom I employed in the Jefferson Hope case?"

"Well," said I, laughing.

"This is just the case where they might be invaluable. If they fail, I have other resources; but I shall try them first. That wire was to my dirty little lieutenant, Wiggins, and I expect that he and his gang will be with us before we have finished our breakfast."

It was between eight and nine o'clock now, and I was conscious of a strong reaction after the successive excitements of the night. I was limp and weary, befogged in mind and fatigued in body. I had not the professional enthusiasm which carried my companion on, nor could I look at the matter as a mere abstract intellectual problem. As far as the death of Bartholomew Sholto went, I had heard little good of him, and could feel no intense antipathy to his murderers. The treasure, however, was a different matter. That, or part of it, belonged rightfully to Miss Morstan. While there was a chance of recovering it I was ready to devote my life to the one object. True, if I found it it would probably put her forever beyond my reach. Yet it would be a petty and selfish love which would be influenced by such a thought as that. If Holmes could work to find the criminals, I had a tenfold stronger reason to urge me on to find the treasure.

A bath at Baker Street and a complete change freshened me up wonderfully. When I came down to our room I found the breakfast laid and Holmes pouring out the coffee.

"Here it is," said he, laughing, and pointing to an open newspaper. "The energetic Jones and the ubiquitous reporter have fixed it up between them. But you have had enough of the case. Better have your ham and eggs first."

I took the paper from him and read the short notice, which was headed "Mysterious Business at Upper Norwood."

"About twelve o'clock last night," said the *Standard*, "Mr. Bartholomew Sholto, of Pondicherry Lodge, Upper Norwood, was found dead in his room under circumstances which point to foul play. As far as we can learn, no actual traces of violence were found upon Mr. Sholto's person, but a valuable collection of Indian gems which the

deceased gentleman had inherited from his father has been carried off. The discovery was first made by Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, who had called at the house with Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, brother of the deceased. By a singular piece of good fortune, Mr. Athelney Jones, the well-known member of the detective police force, happened to be at the Norwood Police Station, and was on the ground within half an hour of the first alarm. His trained and experienced faculties were at once directed towards the detection of the criminals, with the gratifying result that the brother, Thaddeus Sholto, has already been arrested, together with the housekeeper, Mrs. Bernstone, an Indian butler named Lal Rao, and a porter, or gatekeeper, named McMurdo. It is quite certain that the thief or thieves were well acquainted with the house, for Mr. Jones's well-known technical knowledge and his powers of minute observation have enabled him to prove conclusively that the miscreants could not have entered by the door or by the window, but must have made their way across the roof of the building, and so through a trap-door into a room which communicated with that in which the body was found. This fact, which has been very clearly made out, proves conclusively that it was no mere hap-hazard burglary. The prompt and energetic action of the officers of the law shows the great advantage of the presence on such occasions of a single vigorous and masterful mind. We cannot but think that it supplies an argument to those who would wish to see our detectives more decentralized, and so brought into closer and more effective touch with the cases which it is their duty to investigate."

"Isn't it gorgeous!" said Holmes, grinning over his coffee-cup. "What do you think of it?"

"I think that we have had a close shave ourselves of being arrested for the crime."

"So do I. I wouldn't answer for our safety now, if he should happen to have another of his attacks of energy."

At this moment there was a loud ring at the bell, and I could hear Mrs. Hudson, our landlady, raising her voice in a wail of expostulation and dismay.

"By heaven, Holmes," I said, half rising, "I believe that they are really after us."

"No, it's not quite so bad as that. It is the unofficial force,—the Baker Street irregulars."

As he spoke, there came a swift pattering of naked feet upon the stairs, a clatter of high voices, and in rushed a dozen dirty and ragged little street-Arabs. There was some show of discipline among them, despite their tumultuous entry, for they instantly drew up in line and stood facing us with expectant faces. One of their number, taller and older than the others, stood forward with an air of lounging superiority which was very funny in such a disreputable little scarecrow.

"Got your message, sir," said he, "and brought 'em on sharp. Three bob and a tanner for tickets."

"Here you are," said Holmes, producing some silver. "In future they can report to you, Wiggins, and you to me. I cannot have the house invaded in this way. However, it is just as well that you should

all hear the instructions. I want to find the whereabouts of a steam launch called the *Aurora*, owner Mordecai Smith, black with two red streaks, funnel black with a white band. She is down the river somewhere. I want one boy to be at Mordecai Smith's landing-stage opposite Millbank to say if the boat comes back. You must divide it out among yourselves, and do both banks thoroughly. Let me know the moment you have news. Is that all clear?"

"Yes, guv'nor," said Wiggins.

"The old scale of pay, and a guinea to the boy who finds the boat. Here's a day in advance. Now off you go!" He handed them a shilling each, and away they buzzed down the stairs, and I saw them a moment later streaming down the street.

"If the launch is above water they will find her," said Holmes, as he rose from the table and lit his pipe. "They can go everywhere, see everything, overhear every one. I expect to hear before evening that they have spotted her. In the mean while, we can do nothing but await results. We cannot pick up the broken trail until we find either the *Aurora* or Mr. Mordecai Smith."

"Toby could eat these scraps, I dare say. Are you going to bed, Holmes?"

"No: I am not tired. I have a curious constitution. I never remember feeling tired by work, though idleness exhausts me completely. I am going to smoke and to think over this queer business to which my fair client has introduced us. If ever man had an easy task, this of ours ought to be. Wooden-legged men are not so common, but the other man must, I should think, be absolutely unique."

"That other man again!"

"I have no wish to make a mystery of him,—to you, anyway. But you must have formed your own opinion. Now, do consider the data. Diminutive footmarks, toes never fettered by boots, naked feet, stone-headed wooden mace, great agility, small poisoned darts. What do you make of all this?"

"A savage!" I exclaimed. "Perhaps one of those Indians who were the associates of Jonathan Small."

"Hardly that," said he. "When first I saw signs of strange weapons I was inclined to think so; but the remarkable character of the footmarks caused me to reconsider my views. Some of the inhabitants of the Indian Peninsula are small men, but none could have left such marks as that. The Hindoo proper has long and thin feet. The sandal-wearing Mohammedan has the great toe well separated from the others, because the thong is commonly passed between. These little darts, too, could only be shot in one way. They are from a blow-pipe. Now, then, where are we to find our savage?"

"South American," I hazarded.

He stretched his hand up, and took down a bulky volume from the shelf. "This is the first volume of a gazetteer which is now being published. It may be looked upon as the very latest authority. What have we here? 'Andaman Islands, situated 340 miles to the north of Sumatra, in the Bay of Bengal.' Hum! hum! What's all this? Moist climate, coral reefs, sharks, Port Blair, convict-barracks, Rutland

Island, cottonwoods— Ah, here we are. ‘The aborigines of the Andaman Islands may perhaps claim the distinction of being the smallest race upon this earth, though some anthropologists prefer the Bushmen of Africa, the Digger Indians of America, and the Terra del Fuegians. The average height is rather below four feet, although many full-grown adults may be found who are very much smaller than this. They are a fierce, morose, and intractable people, though capable of forming most devoted friendships when their confidence has once been gained.’ Mark that, Watson. Now, then, listen to this. ‘They are naturally hideous, having large, misshapen heads, small, fierce eyes, and distorted features. Their feet and hands, however, are remarkably small. So intractable and fierce are they that all the efforts of the British officials have failed to win them over in any degree. They have always been a terror to shipwrecked crews, braining the survivors with their stone-headed clubs, or shooting them with their poisoned arrows. These massacres are invariably concluded by a cannibal feast.’ Nice, amiable people, Watson! If this fellow had been left to his own unaided devices this affair might have taken an even more ghastly turn. I fancy that, even as it is, Jonathan Small would give a good deal not to have employed him.”

“But how came he to have so singular a companion?”

“Ah, that is more than I can tell. Since, however, we had already determined that Small had come from the Andamans, it is not so very wonderful that this islander should be with him. No doubt we shall know all about it in time. Look here, Watson; you look regularly done. Lie down there on the sofa, and see if I can put you to sleep.”

He took up his violin from the corner, and as I stretched myself out he began to play some low, dreamy, melodious air,—his own, no doubt, for he had a remarkable gift for improvisation. I have a vague remembrance of his gaunt limbs, his earnest face, and the rise and fall of his bow. Then I seemed to be floated peacefully away upon a soft sea of sound, until I found myself in dream-land, with the sweet face of Mary Morstan looking down upon me.

CHAPTER IX.

A BREAK IN THE CHAIN.

It was late in the afternoon before I woke, strengthened and refreshed. Sherlock Holmes still sat exactly as I had left him, save that he had laid aside his violin and was deep in a book. He looked across at me, as I stirred, and I noticed that his face was dark and troubled.

“You have slept soundly,” he said. “I feared that our talk would wake you.”

“I heard nothing,” I answered. “Have you had fresh news, then?”

“Unfortunately, no. I confess that I am surprised and disappointed. I expected something definite by this time. Wiggins has just been up to report. He says that no trace can be found of the launch. It is a provoking check, for every hour is of importance.”

"Can I do anything? I am perfectly fresh now, and quite ready for another night's outing."

"No; we can do nothing. We can only wait. If we go ourselves, the message might come in our absence, and delay be caused. You can do what you will, but I must remain on guard."

"Then I shall run over to Camberwell and call upon Mrs. Cecil Forrester. She asked me to, yesterday."

"On Mrs. Cecil Forrester?" asked Holmes, with the twinkle of a smile in his eyes.

"Well, of course on Miss Morstan too. They were anxious to hear what happened."

"I would not tell them too much," said Holmes. "Women are never to be entirely trusted,—not the best of them."

I did not pause to argue over this atrocious sentiment. "I shall be back in an hour or two," I remarked.

"All right! Good luck! But, I say, if you are crossing the river you may as well return Toby, for I don't think it is at all likely that we shall have any use for him now."

I took our mongrel accordingly, and left him, together with a half-sovereign, at the old naturalist's in Pinchin Lane. At Camberwell I found Miss Morstan a little weary after her night's adventures, but very eager to hear the news. Mrs. Forrester, too, was full of curiosity. I told them all that we had done, suppressing, however, the more dreadful parts of the tragedy. Thus, although I spoke of Mr. Sholto's death, I said nothing of the exact manner and method of it. With all my omissions, however, there was enough to startle and amaze them.

"It is a romance!" cried Mrs. Forrester. "An injured lady, half a million in treasure, a black cannibal, and a wooden-legged ruffian. They take the place of the conventional dragon or wicked earl."

"And two knight-errants to the rescue," added Miss Morstan, with a bright glance at me.

"Why, Mary, your fortune depends upon the issue of this search. I don't think that you are nearly excited enough. Just imagine what it must be to be so rich, and to have the world at your feet!"

It sent a little thrill of joy to my heart to notice that she showed no sign of elation at the prospect. On the contrary, she gave a toss of her proud head, as though the matter were one in which she took small interest.

"It is for Mr. Thaddeus Sholto that I am anxious," she said. "Nothing else is of any consequence; but I think that he has behaved most kindly and honorably throughout. It is our duty to clear him of this dreadful and unfounded charge."

It was evening before I left Camberwell, and quite dark by the time I reached home. My companion's book and pipe lay by his chair, but he had disappeared. I looked about in the hope of seeing a note, but there was none.

"I suppose that Mr. Sherlock Holmes has gone out," I said to Mrs. Hudson as she came up to lower the blinds.

"No, sir. He has gone to his room, sir. Do you know, sir,"

sinking her voice into an impressive whisper, "I am afraid for his health?"

"Why so, Mrs. Hudson?"

"Well, he's that strange, sir. After you was gone he walked and he walked, up and down, and up and down, until I was weary of the sound of his footstep. Then I heard him talking to himself and muttering, and every time the bell rang out he came on the stair-head, with 'What is that, Mrs. Hudson?' And now he has slammed off to his room, but I can hear him walking away the same as ever. I hope he's not going to be ill, sir. I ventured to say something to him about cooling medicine, but he turned on me, sir, with such a look that I don't know how ever I got out of the room."

"I don't think that you have any cause to be uneasy, Mrs. Hudson," I answered. "I have seen him like this before. He has some small matter upon his mind which makes him restless." I tried to speak lightly to our worthy landlady, but I was myself somewhat uneasy when through the long night I still from time to time heard the dull sound of his tread, and knew how his keen spirit was chafing against this involuntary inaction.

At breakfast-time he looked worn and haggard, with a little fleck of feverish color upon either cheek.

"You are knocking yourself up, old man," I remarked. "I heard you marching about in the night."

"No, I could not sleep," he answered. "This infernal problem is consuming me. It is too much to be balked by so petty an obstacle, when all else had been overcome. I know the men, the launch, everything; and yet I can get no news. I have set other agencies at work, and used every means at my disposal. The whole river has been searched on either side, but there is no news, nor has Mrs. Smith heard of her husband. I shall come to the conclusion soon that they have scuttled the craft. But there are objections to that."

"Or that Mrs. Smith has put us on a wrong scent."

"No, I think that may be dismissed. I had inquiries made, and there is a launch of that description."

"Could it have gone up the river?"

"I have considered that possibility too, and there is a search-party who will work up as far as Richmond. If no news comes to-day, I shall start off myself to-morrow, and go for the men rather than the boat. But surely, surely, we shall hear something."

We did not, however. Not a word came to us either from Wiggins or from the other agencies. There were articles in most of the papers upon the Norwood tragedy. They all appeared to be rather hostile to the unfortunate Thaddeus Sholto. No fresh details were to be found, however, in any of them, save that an inquest was to be held upon the following day. I walked over to Camberwell in the evening to report our ill success to the ladies, and on my return I found Holmes dejected and somewhat morose. He would hardly reply to my questions, and busied himself all evening in an abstruse chemical analysis which involved much heating of retorts and distilling of vapors, ending at last in a smell which fairly drove me out of the apartment. Up to

the small hours of the morning I could hear the clinking of his test-tubes which told me that he was still engaged in his malodorous experiment.

In the early dawn I woke with a start, and was surprised to find him standing by my bedside, clad in a rude sailor dress with a pea-jacket, and a coarse red scarf round his neck.

"I am off down the river, Watson," said he. "I have been turning it over in my mind, and I can see only one way out of it. It is worth trying, at all events."

"Surely I can come with you, then?" said I.

"No; you can be much more useful if you will remain here as my representative. I am loath to go, for it is quite on the cards that some message may come during the day, though Wiggins was despondent about it last night. I want you to open all notes and telegrams, and to act on your own judgment if any news should come. Can I rely upon you?"

"Most certainly."

"I am afraid that you will not be able to wire to me, for I can hardly tell yet where I may find myself. If I am in luck, however, I may not be gone so very long. I shall have news of some sort or other before I get back."

I had heard nothing of him by breakfast-time. On opening the *Standard*, however, I found that there was a fresh allusion to the business. "With reference to the Upper Norwood tragedy," it remarked, "we have reason to believe that the matter promises to be even more complex and mysterious than was originally supposed. Fresh evidence has shown that it is quite impossible that Mr. Thaddeus Sholto could have been in any way concerned in the matter. He and the housekeeper, Mrs. Bernstone, were both released yesterday evening. It is believed, however, that the police have a clue as to the real culprits, and that it is being prosecuted by Mr. Athelney Jones, of Scotland Yard, with all his well-known energy and sagacity. Further arrests may be expected at any moment."

"That is satisfactory so far as it goes," thought I. "Friend Sholto is safe, at any rate. I wonder what the fresh clue may be; though it seems to be a stereotyped form whenever the police have made a blunder."

I tossed the paper down upon the table, but at that moment my eye caught an advertisement in the agony column. It ran in this way:

"**LOST.**—Whereas Mordecai Smith, boatman, and his son Jim, left Smith's Wharf at or about three o'clock last Tuesday morning in the steam launch *Aurora*, black with two red stripes, funnel black with a white band, the sum of five pounds will be paid to any one who can give information to Mrs. Smith, at Smith's wharf, or at 221 b Baker Street, as to the whereabouts of the said Mordecai Smith and the launch *Aurora*."

This was clearly Holmes's doing. The Baker Street address was enough to prove that. It struck me as rather ingenious, because it might be read by the fugitives without their seeing in it more than the natural anxiety of a wife for her missing husband.

It was a long day. Every time that a knock came to the door, or a sharp step passed in the street, I imagined that it was either Holmes returning or an answer to his advertisement. I tried to read, but my thoughts would wander off to our strange quest and to the ill-assorted and villanous pair whom we were pursuing. Could there be, I wondered, some radical flaw in my companion's reasoning? Might he be suffering from some huge self-deception? Was it not possible that his nimble and speculative mind had built up this wild theory upon faulty premises? I had never known him to be wrong; and yet the keenest reasoner may occasionally be deceived. He was likely, I thought, to fall into error through the over-refinement of his logic,—his preference for a subtle and bizarre explanation when a plainer and more commonplace one lay ready to his hand. Yet, on the other hand, I had myself seen the evidence, and I had heard the reasons for his deductions. When I looked back on the long chain of curious circumstances, many of them trivial in themselves, but all tending in the same direction, I could not disguise from myself that even if Holmes's explanation were incorrect the true theory must be equally *outré* and startling.

At three o'clock in the afternoon there was a loud peal at the bell, an authoritative voice in the hall, and, to my surprise, no less a person than Mr. Athelney Jones was shown up to me. Very different was he, however, from the brusque and masterful professor of common sense who had taken over the case so confidently at Upper Norwood. His expression was downcast, and his bearing meek and even apologetic.

"Good-day, sir; good-day," said he. "Mr. Sherlock Holmes is out, I understand."

"Yes, and I cannot be sure when he will be back. But perhaps you would care to wait. Take that chair and try one of these cigars."

"Thank you; I don't mind if I do," said he, mopping his face with a red bandanna handkerchief.

"And a whiskey-and-soda?"

"Well, half a glass. It is very hot for the time of year; and I have had a good deal to worry and try me. You know my theory about this Norwood case?"

"I remember that you expressed one."

"Well, I have been obliged to reconsider it. I had my net drawn tightly round Mr. Sholto, sir, when pop he went through a hole in the middle of it. He was able to prove an alibi which could not be shaken. From the time that he left his brother's room he was never out of sight of some one or other. So it could not be he who climbed over roofs and through trap-doors. It's a very dark case, and my professional credit is at stake. I should be very glad of a little assistance."

"We all need help sometimes," said I.

"Your friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes is a wonderful man, sir," said he, in a husky and confidential voice. "He's a man who is not to be beat. I have known that young man go into a good many cases, but I never saw the case yet that he could not throw a light upon. He is irregular in his methods, and a little quick perhaps in jumping at theories, but, on the whole, I think he would have made a most promising officer, and I don't care who knows it. I have had a wire from

him this morning, by which I understand that he has got some clue to this Sholto business. Here is his message."

He took the telegram out of his pocket, and handed it to me. It was dated from Poplar at twelve o'clock. "Go to Baker Street at once," it said. "If I have not returned, wait for me. I am close on the track of the Sholto gang. You can come with us to-night if you want to be in at the finish."

"This sounds well. He has evidently picked up the scent again," said I.

"Ah, then he has been at fault too," exclaimed Jones, with evident satisfaction. "Even the best of us are thrown off sometimes. Of course this may prove to be a false alarm; but it is my duty as an officer of the law to allow no chance to slip. But there is some one at the door. Perhaps this is he."

A heavy step was heard ascending the stair, with a great wheezing and rattling as from a man who was sorely put to it for breath. Once or twice he stopped, as though the climb were too much for him, but at last he made his way to our door and entered. His appearance corresponded to the sounds which we had heard. He was an aged man, clad in seafaring garb, with an old pea-jacket buttoned up to his throat. His back was bowed, his knees were shaky, and his breathing was painfully asthmatic. As he leaned upon a thick oaken cudgel his shoulders heaved in the effort to draw the air into his lungs. He had a colored scarf round his chin, and I could see little of his face save a pair of keen dark eyes, overhung by bushy white brows, and long gray side-whiskers. Altogether he gave me the impression of a respectable master mariner who had fallen into years and poverty.

"What is it, my man?" I asked.

He looked about him in the slow methodical fashion of old age.

"Is Mr. Sherlock Holmes here?" said he.

"No; but I am acting for him. You can tell me any message you have for him."

"It was to him himself I was to tell it," said he.

"But I tell you that I am acting for him. Was it about Mordecai Smith's boat?"

"Yes. I knows well where it is. An' I knows where the men he is after are. An' I knows where the treasure is. I knows all about it."

"Then tell me, and I shall let him know."

"It was to him I was to tell it," he repeated, with the petulant obstinacy of a very old man.

"Well, you must wait for him."

"No, no; I ain't goin' to lose a whole day to please no one. If Mr. Holmes ain't here, then Mr. Holmes must find it all out for himself. I don't care about the look of either of you, and I won't tell a word."

He shuffled towards the door, but Athelney Jones got in front of him.

"Wait a bit, my friend," said he. "You have important information, and you must not walk off. We shall keep you, whether you like or not, until our friend returns."

The old man made a little run towards the door, but, as Athelney Jones put his broad back up against it, he recognized the uselessness of resistance.

"Pretty sort o' treatment this!" he cried, stamping his stick. "I come here to see a gentleman, and you two, who I never saw in my life, seize me and treat me in this fashion!"

"You will be none the worse," I said. "We shall recompense you for the loss of your time. Sit over here on the sofa, and you will not have long to wait."

He came across sullenly enough, and seated himself with his face resting on his hands. Jones and I resumed our cigars and our talk. Suddenly, however, Holmes's voice broke in upon us.

"I think that you might offer me a cigar too," he said.

We both started in our chairs. There was Holmes sitting close to us with an air of quiet amusement.

"Holmes!" I exclaimed. "You here! But where is the old man?"

"Here is the old man," said he, holding out a heap of white hair. "Here he is,—wig, whiskers, eyebrows, and all. I thought my disguise was pretty good, but I hardly expected that it would stand that test."

"Ah, you rogue!" cried Jones, highly delighted. "You would have made an actor, and a rare one. You had the proper workhouse cough, and those weak legs of yours are worth ten pound a week. I thought I knew the glint of your eye, though. You didn't get away from us so easily, you see."

"I have been working in that get-up all day," said he, lighting his cigar. "You see, a good many of the criminal classes begin to know me,—especially since our friend here took to publishing some of my cases: so I can only go on the war-path under some simple disguise like this. You got my wire?"

"Yes; that was what brought me here."

"How has your case prospered?"

"It has all come to nothing. I have had to release two of my prisoners, and there is no evidence against the other two."

"Never mind. We shall give you two others in the place of them. But you must put yourself under my orders. You are welcome to all the official credit, but you must act on the lines that I point out. Is that agreed?"

"Entirely, if you will help me to the men."

"Well, then, in the first place I shall want a fast police-boat—a steam launch—to be at the Westminster Stairs at seven o'clock."

"That is easily managed. There is always one about there; but I can step across the road and telephone to make sure."

"Then I shall want two stanch men, in case of resistance."

"There will be two or three in the boat. What else?"

"When we secure the men we shall get the treasure. I think that it would be a pleasure to my friend here to take the box round to the young lady to whom half of it rightfully belongs. Let her be the first to open it.—Eh, Watson?"

"It would be a great pleasure to me."

"Rather an irregular proceeding," said Jones, shaking his head. "However, the whole thing is irregular, and I suppose we must wink at it. The treasure must afterwards be handed over to the authorities until after the official investigation."

"Certainly. That is easily managed. One other point. I should much like to have a few details about this matter from the lips of Jonathan Small himself. You know I like to work the detail of my cases out. There is no objection to my having an unofficial interview with him, either here in my rooms or elsewhere, as long as he is efficiently guarded?"

"Well, you are master of the situation. I have had no proof yet of the existence of this Jonathan Small. However, if you can catch him I don't see how I can refuse you an interview with him."

"That is understood, then?"

"Perfectly. Is there anything else?"

"Only that I insist upon your dining with us. It will be ready in half an hour. I have oysters and a brace of grouse, with something a little choice in white wines.—Watson, you have never yet recognized my merits as a housekeeper."

CHAPTER X.

THE END OF THE ISLANDER.

OUR meal was a merry one. Holmes could talk exceedingly well when he chose, and that night he did choose. He appeared to be in a state of nervous exaltation. I have never known him so brilliant. He spoke on a quick succession of subjects,—on miracle-plays, on mediæval pottery, on Stradivarius violins, on the Buddhism of Ceylon, and on the war-ships of the future,—handling each as though he had made a special study of it. His bright humor marked the reaction from his black depression of the preceding days. Athelney Jones proved to be a sociable soul in his hours of relaxation, and faced his dinner with the air of a *bon vivant*. For myself, I felt elated at the thought that we were nearing the end of our task, and I caught something of Holmes's gayety. None of us alluded during dinner to the cause which had brought us together.

When the cloth was cleared, Holmes glanced at his watch, and filled up three glasses with port. "One bumper," said he, "to the success of our little expedition. And now it is high time we were off. Have you a pistol, Watson?"

"I have my old service-revolver in my desk."

"You had best take it, then. It is well to be prepared. I see that the cab is at the door. I ordered it for half-past six."

It was a little past seven before we reached the Westminster wharf, and found our launch awaiting us. Holmes eyed it critically.

"Is there anything to mark it as a police-boat?"

"Yes,—that green lamp at the side."

"Then take it off."

The small change was made, we stepped on board, and the ropes were cast off. Jones, Holmes, and I sat in the stern. There was one man at the rudder, one to tend the engines, and two burly police-inspectors forward.

"Where to?" asked Jones.

"To the Tower. Tell them to stop opposite to Jacobson's Yard."

Our craft was evidently a very fast one. We shot past the long lines of loaded barges as though they were stationary. Holmes smiled with satisfaction as we overhauled a river steamer and left her behind us.

"We ought to be able to catch anything on the river," he said.

"Well, hardly that. But there are not many launches to beat us."

"We shall have to catch the Aurora, and she has a name for being a clipper. I will tell you how the land lies, Watson. You recollect how annoyed I was at being balked by so small a thing?"

"Yes."

"Well, I gave my mind a thorough rest by plunging into a chemical analysis. One of our greatest statesmen has said that a change of work is the best rest. So it is. When I had succeeded in dissolving the hydrocarbon which I was at work at, I came back to our problem of the Sholtos, and thought the whole matter out again. My boys had been up the river and down the river without result. The launch was not at any landing-stage or wharf, nor had it returned. Yet it could hardly have been scuttled to hide their traces,—though that always remained as a possible hypothesis if all else failed. I knew that this man Small had a certain degree of low cunning, but I did not think him capable of anything in the nature of delicate finesse. That is usually a product of higher education. I then reflected that since he had certainly been in London some time—as we had evidence that he maintained a continual watch over Pondicherry Lodge—he could hardly leave at a moment's notice, but would need some little time, if it were only a day, to arrange his affairs. That was the balance of probability, at any rate."

"It seems to me to be a little weak," said I. "It is more probable that he had arranged his affairs before ever he set out upon his expedition."

"No, I hardly think so. This lair of his would be too valuable a retreat in case of need for him to give it up until he was sure that he could do without it. But a second consideration struck me. Jonathan Small must have felt that the peculiar appearance of his companion, however much he may have top-coated him, would give rise to gossip, and possibly be associated with this Norwood tragedy. He was quite sharp enough to see that. They had started from their head-quarters under cover of darkness, and he would wish to get back before it was broad light. Now, it was past three o'clock, according to Mrs. Smith, when they got the boat. It would be quite bright, and people would be about in an hour or so. Therefore, I argued, they did not go very far. They paid Smith well to hold his tongue, reserved his launch for the final escape, and hurried to their lodgings with the treasure-box. In a couple of nights, when they had time to see what view the papers

took, and whether there was any suspicion, they would make their way under cover of darkness to some ship at Gravesend or in the Downs, where no doubt they had already arranged for passages to America or the Colonies."

"But the launch? They could not have taken that to their lodgings."

"Quite so. I argued that the launch must be no great way off, in spite of its invisibility. I then put myself in the place of Small, and looked at it as a man of his capacity would. He would probably consider that to send back the launch or to keep it at a wharf would make pursuit easy if the police did happen to get on his track. How, then, could he conceal the launch and yet have her at hand when wanted? I wondered what I should do myself if I were in his shoes. I could only think of one way of doing it. I might hand the launch over to some boat-builder or repairer, with directions to make a trifling change in her. She would then be removed to his shed or yard, and so be effectually concealed, while at the same time I could have her at a few hours' notice."

"That seems simple enough."

"It is just these very simple things which are extremely liable to be overlooked. However, I determined to act on the idea. I started at once in this harmless seaman's rig and inquired at all the yards down the river. I drew blank at fifteen, but at the sixteenth—Jacobson's—I learned that the Aurora had been handed over to them two days ago by a wooden-legged man, with some trivial directions as to her rudder. 'There ain't naught amiss with her rudder,' said the foreman. 'There she lies, with the red streaks.' At that moment who should come down but Mordecai Smith, the missing owner? He was rather the worse for liquor. I should not, of course, have known him, but he bellowed out his name and the name of his launch. 'I want her to-night at eight o'clock,' said he,—'eight o'clock sharp, mind, for I have two gentlemen who won't be kept waiting.' They had evidently paid him well, for he was very flush of money, chucking shillings about to the men. I followed him some distance, but he subsided into an ale-house: so I went back to the yard, and, happening to pick up one of my boys on the way, I stationed him as a sentry over the launch. He is to stand at the water's edge and wave his handkerchief to us when they start. We shall be lying off in the stream, and it will be a strange thing if we do not take men, treasure, and all."

"You have planned it all very neatly, whether they are the right men or not," said Jones; "but if the affair were in my hands I should have had a body of police in Jacobson's Yard, and arrested them when they came down."

"Which would have been never. This man Small is a pretty shrewd fellow. He would send a scout on ahead, and if anything made him suspicious he would lie snug for another week."

"But you might have stuck to Mordecai Smith, and so been led to their hiding-place," said I.

"In that case I should have wasted my day. I think that it is a hundred to one against Smith knowing where they live. As long as he

has liquor and good pay, why should he ask questions? They send him messages what to do. No, I thought over every possible course, and this is the best."

While this conversation had been proceeding, we had been shooting the long series of bridges which span the Thames. As we passed the City the last rays of the sun were gilding the cross upon the summit of St. Paul's. It was twilight before we reached the Tower.

"That is Jacobson's Yard," said Holmes, pointing to a bristle of masts and rigging on the Surrey side. "Cruise gently up and down here under cover of this string of lighters." He took a pair of night-glasses from his pocket and gazed some time at the shore. "I see my sentry at his post," he remarked, "but no sign of a handkerchief."

"Suppose we go down-stream a short way and lie in wait for them," said Jones, eagerly. We were all eager by this time, even the policemen and stokers, who had a very vague idea of what was going forward.

"We have no right to take anything for granted," Holmes answered. "It is certainly ten to one that they go down-stream, but we cannot be certain. From this point we can see the entrance of the yard, and they can hardly see us. It will be a clear night and plenty of light. We must stay where we are. See how the folk swarm over yonder in the gaslight."

"They are coming from work in the yard."

"Dirty-looking rascals, but I suppose every one has some little immortal spark concealed about him. You would not think it, to look at them. There is no *a priori* probability about it. A strange enigma is man!"

"Some one calls him a soul concealed in an animal," I suggested.

"Winwood Reade is good upon the subject," said Holmes. "He remarks that, while the individual man is an insoluble puzzle, in the aggregate he becomes a mathematical certainty. You can, for example, never foretell what any one man will do, but you can say with precision what an average number will be up to. Individuals vary, but percentages remain constant. So says the statistician. But do I see a handkerchief? Surely there is a white flutter over yonder."

"Yes, it is your boy," I cried. "I can see him plainly."

"And there is the Aurora," exclaimed Holmes, "and going like the devil! Full speed ahead, engineer. Make after that launch with the yellow light. By heaven, I shall never forgive myself if she proves to have the heels of us!"

She had slipped unseen through the yard-entrance and passed behind two or three small craft, so that she had fairly got her speed up before we saw her. Now she was flying down the stream, near in to the shore, going at a tremendous rate. Jones looked gravely at her and shook his head.

"She is very fast," he said. "I doubt if we shall catch her."

"We *must* catch her!" cried Holmes, between his teeth. "Heap it on, stokers! Make her do all she can! If we burn the boat we must have them!"

We were fairly after her now. The furnaces roared, and the power-

ful engines whizzed and clanked, like a great metallic heart. Her sharp, steep prow cut through the still river-water and sent two rolling waves to right and to left of us. With every throb of the engines we sprang and quivered like a living thing. One great yellow lantern in our bows threw a long, flickering funnel of light in front of us. Right ahead a dark blur upon the water showed where the *Aurora* lay, and the swirl of white foam behind her spoke of the pace at which she was going. We flashed past barges, steamers, merchant-vessels, in and out, behind this one and round the other. Voices hailed us out of the darkness, but still the *Aurora* thundered on, and still we followed close upon her track.

"Pile it on, men, pile it on!" cried Holmes, looking down into the engine-room, while the fierce glow from below beat upon his eager, aquiline face. "Get every pound of steam you can."

"I think we gain a little," said Jones, with his eyes on the *Aurora*.

"I am sure of it," said I. "We shall be up with her in a very few minutes."

At that moment, however, as our evil fate would have it, a tug with three barges in tow blundered in between us. It was only by putting our helm hard down that we avoided a collision, and before we could round them and recover our way the *Aurora* had gained a good two hundred yards. She was still, however, well in view, and the murky uncertain twilight was settling into a clear starlit night. Our boilers were strained to their utmost, and the frail shell vibrated and creaked with the fierce energy which was driving us along. We had shot through the Pool, past the West India Docks, down the long Deptford Reach, and up again after rounding the Isle of Dogs. The dull blur in front of us resolved itself now clearly enough into the dainty *Aurora*. Jones turned our search-light upon her, so that we could plainly see the figures upon her deck. One man sat by the stern, with something black between his knees over which he stooped. Beside him lay a dark mass which looked like a Newfoundland dog. The boy held the tiller, while against the red glare of the furnace I could see old Smith, stripped to the waist, and shovelling coals for dear life. They may have had some doubt at first as to whether we were really pursuing them, but now as we followed every winding and turning which they took there could no longer be any question about it. At Greenwich we were about three hundred paces behind them. At Blackwall we could not have been more than two hundred and fifty. I have coursed many creatures in many countries during my checkered career, but never did sport give me such a wild thrill as this mad, flying man-hunt down the Thames. Steadily we drew in upon them, yard by yard. In the silence of the night we could hear the panting and clanking of their machinery. The man in the stern still crouched upon the deck, and his arms were moving as though he were busy, while every now and then he would look up and measure with a glance the distance which still separated us. Nearer we came and nearer. Jones yelled to them to stop. We were not more than four boat's-lengths behind them, both boats flying at a tremendous pace. It was a clear reach of the river, with Barking Level upon one side and the melancholy Plumstead Marshes upon the

other. At our hail the man in the stern sprang up from the deck and shook his two clinched fists at us, cursing the while in a high, cracked voice. He was a good-sized, powerful man, and as he stood poising himself with legs astride I could see that from the thigh downwards there was but a wooden stump upon the right side. At the sound of his strident, angry cries there was movement in the huddled bundle upon the deck. It straightened itself into a little black man—the smallest I have ever seen—with a great, misshapen head and a shock of tangled, dishevelled hair. Holmes had already drawn his revolver, and I whipped out mine at the sight of this savage, distorted creature. He was wrapped in some sort of dark ulster or blanket, which left only his face exposed; but that face was enough to give a man a sleepless night. Never have I seen features so deeply marked with all bestiality and cruelty. His small eyes glowed and burned with a sombre light, and his thick lips were writhed back from his teeth, which grinned and chattered at us with a half animal fury.

"Fire if he raises his hand," said Holmes, quietly. We were within a boat's-length by this time, and almost within touch of our quarry. I can see the two of them now as they stood, the white man with his legs far apart, shrieking out curses, and the unhallowed dwarf with his hideous face, and his strong yellow teeth gnashing at us in the light of our lantern.

It was well that we had so clear a view of him. Even as we looked he plucked out from under his covering a short, round piece of wood, like a school-ruler, and clapped it to his lips. Our pistols rang out together. He whirled round, threw up his arms, and with a kind of choking cough fell sideways into the stream. I caught one glimpse of his venomous, menacing eyes amid the white swirl of the waters. At the same moment the wooden-legged man threw himself upon the rudder and put it hard down, so that his boat made straight in for the southern bank, while we shot past her stern, only clearing her by a few feet. We were round after her in an instant, but she was already nearly at the bank. It was a wild and desolate place, where the moon glimmered upon a wide expanse of marsh-land, with pools of stagnant water and beds of decaying vegetation. The launch with a dull thud ran up upon the mud-bank, with her bow in the air and her stern flush with the water. The fugitive sprang out, but his stump instantly sank its whole length into the sodden soil. In vain he struggled and writhed. Not one step could he possibly take either forwards or backwards. He yelled in impotent rage, and kicked frantically into the mud with his other foot, but his struggles only bored his wooden pin the deeper into the sticky bank. When we brought our launch alongside he was so firmly anchored that it was only by throwing the end of a rope over his shoulders that we were able to haul him out, and to drag him, like some evil fish, over our side. The two Smiths, father and son, sat sullenly in their launch, but came aboard meekly enough when commanded. The *Aurora* herself we hauled off and made fast to our stern. A solid iron chest of Indian workmanship stood upon the deck. This, there could be no question, was the same that had contained the ill-omened treasure of the Sholtos. There was no key, but it was of con-

siderable weight, so we transferred it carefully to our own little cabin. As we steamed slowly up-stream again, we flashed our search-light in every direction, but there was no sign of the Islander. Somewhere in the dark ooze at the bottom of the Thames lie the bones of that strange visitor to our shores.

"See here," said Holmes, pointing to the wooden hatchway. "We were hardly quick enough with our pistols." There, sure enough, just behind where we had been standing, stuck one of those murderous darts which we knew so well. It must have whizzed between us at the instant that we fired. Holmes smiled at it and shrugged his shoulders in his easy fashion, but I confess that it turned me sick to think of the horrible death which had passed so close to us that night.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GREAT AGRA TREASURE.

OUR captive sat in the cabin opposite to the iron box which he had done so much and waited so long to gain. He was a sunburned, reckless-eyed fellow, with a net-work of lines and wrinkles all over his mahogany features, which told of a hard, open-air life. There was a singular prominence about his bearded chin which marked a man who was not to be easily turned from his purpose. His age may have been fifty or thereabouts, for his black, curly hair was thickly shot with gray. His face in repose was not an unpleasing one, though his heavy brows and aggressive chin gave him, as I had lately seen, a terrible expression when moved to anger. He sat now with his handcuffed hands upon his lap, and his head sunk upon his breast, while he looked with his keen, twinkling eyes at the box which had been the cause of his ill-doings. It seemed to me that there was more sorrow than anger in his rigid and contained countenance. Once he looked up at me with a gleam of something like humor in his eyes.

"Well, Jonathan Small," said Holmes, lighting a cigar, "I am sorry that it has come to this."

"And so am I, sir," he answered, frankly. "I don't believe that I can swing over the job. I give you my word on the book that I never raised hand against Mr. Sholto. It was that little hell-hound Tonga who shot one of his cursed darts into him. I had no part in it, sir. I was as grieved as if it had been my blood-relation. I welshed the little devil with the slack end of the rope for it, but it was done, and I could not undo it again."

"Have a cigar," said Holmes; "and you had best take a pull out of my flask, for you are very wet. How could you expect so small and weak a man as this black fellow to overpower Mr. Sholto and hold him while you were climbing the rope?"

"You seem to know as much about it as if you were there, sir. The truth is that I hoped to find the room clear. I knew the habits of the house pretty well, and it was the time when Mr. Sholto usually went down to his supper. I shall make no secret of the business. The best defence that I can make is just the simple truth. Now, if it had

been the old major I would have swung for him with a light heart. I would have thought no more of knifing him than of smoking this cigar. But it's cursed hard that I should be lagged over this young Sholto, with whom I had no quarrel whatever."

"You are under the charge of Mr. Athelney Jones, of Scotland Yard. He is going to bring you up to my rooms, and I shall ask you for a true account of the matter. You must make a clean breast of it, for if you do I hope that I may be of use to you. I think I can prove that the poison acts so quickly that the man was dead before ever you reached the room."

"That he was, sir. I never got such a turn in my life as when I saw him grinning at me with his head on his shoulder as I climbed through the window. It fairly shook me, sir. I'd have half killed Tonga for it if he had not scrambled off. That was how he came to leave his club, and some of his darts too, as he tells me, which I dare say helped to put you on our track; though how you kept on it is more than I can tell. I don't feel no malice against you for it. But it does seem a queer thing," he added, with a bitter smile, "that I who have a fair claim to nigh upon half a million of money should spend the first half of my life building a breakwater in the Andamans, and am like to spend the other half digging drains at Dartmoor. It was an evil day for me when first I clapped eyes upon the merchant Achmet and had to do with the Agra treasure, which never brought anything but a curse yet upon the man who owned it. To him it brought murder, to Major Sholto it brought fear and guilt, to me it has meant slavery for life."

At this moment Athelney Jones thrust his broad face and heavy shoulders into the tiny cabin. "Quite a family party," he remarked. "I think I shall have a pull at that flask, Holmes. Well, I think we may all congratulate each other. Pity we didn't take the other alive; but there was no choice. I say, Holmes, you must confess that you cut it rather fine. It was all we could do to overhaul her."

"All is well that ends well," said Holmes. "But I certainly did not know that the Aurora was such a clipper."

"Smith says she is one of the fastest launches on the river, and that if he had had another man to help him with the engines we should never have caught her. He swears he knew nothing of this Norwood business."

"Neither he did," cried our prisoner,—"not a word. I chose his launch because I heard that she was a flier. We told him nothing, but we paid him well, and he was to get something handsome if we reached our vessel, the Esmeralda, at Gravesend, outward bound for the Brazils."

"Well, if he has done no wrong we shall see that no wrong comes to him. If we are pretty quick in catching our men, we are not so quick in condemning them." It was amusing to notice how the consequential Jones was already beginning to give himself airs on the strength of the capture. From the slight smile which played over Sherlock Holmes's face, I could see that the speech had not been lost upon him.

"We will be at Vauxhall Bridge presently," said Jones, "and shall land you, Dr. Watson, with the treasure-box. I need hardly tell you that I am taking a very grave responsibility upon myself in doing this. It is most irregular; but of course an agreement is an agreement. I must, however, as a matter of duty, send an inspector with you, since you have so valuable a charge. You will drive, no doubt?"

"Yes, I shall drive."

"It is a pity there is no key, that we may make an inventory first. You will have to break it open. Where is the key, my man?"

"At the bottom of the river," said Small, shortly.

"Hum! There was no use your giving this unnecessary trouble. We have had work enough already through you. However, doctor, I need not warn you to be careful. Bring the box back with you to the Baker Street rooms. You will find us there, on our way to the station."

They landed me at Vauxhall, with my heavy iron box, and with a bluff, genial inspector as my companion. A quarter of an hour's drive brought us to Mrs. Cecil Forrester's. The servant seemed surprised at so late a visitor. Mrs. Cecil Forrester was out for the evening, she explained, and likely to be very late. Miss Morstan, however, was in the drawing-room: so to the drawing-room I went, box in hand, leaving the obliging inspector in the cab.

She was seated by the open window, dressed in some sort of white diaphanous material, with a little touch of scarlet at the neck and waist. The soft light of a shaded lamp fell upon her as she leaned back in the basket chair, playing over her sweet, grave face, and tinting with a dull, metallic sparkle the rich coils of her luxuriant hair. One white arm and hand drooped over the side of the chair, and her whole pose and figure spoke of an absorbing melancholy. At the sound of my foot-fall she sprang to her feet, however, and a bright flush of surprise and of pleasure colored her pale cheeks.

"I heard a cab drive up," she said. "I thought that Mrs. Forrester had come back very early, but I never dreamed that it might be you. What news have you brought me?"

"I have brought something better than news," said I, putting down the box upon the table and speaking jovially and boisterously, though my heart was heavy within me. "I have brought you something which is worth all the news in the world. I have brought you a fortune."

She glanced at the iron box. "Is that the treasure, then?" she asked, coolly enough.

"Yes, this is the great Agra treasure. Half of it is yours and half is Thaddeus Sholto's. You will have a couple of hundred thousand each. Think of that! An annuity of ten thousand pounds. There will be few richer young ladies in England. Is it not glorious?"

I think that I must have been rather overacting my delight, and that she detected a hollow ring in my congratulations, for I saw her eyebrows rise a little, and she glanced at me curiously.

"If I have it," said she, "I owe it to you."

"No, no," I answered, "not to me, but to my friend Sherlock

Holmes. With all the will in the world, I could never have followed up a clue which has taxed even his analytical genius. As it was, we very nearly lost it at the last moment."

"Pray sit down and tell me all about it, Dr. Watson," said she.

I narrated briefly what had occurred since I had seen her last,—Holmes's new method of search, the discovery of the Aurora, the appearance of Athelney Jones, our expedition in the evening, and the wild chase down the Thames. She listened with parted lips and shining eyes to my recital of our adventures. When I spoke of the dart which had so narrowly missed us, she turned so white that I feared that she was about to faint.

"It is nothing," she said, as I hastened to pour her out some water. "I am all right again. It was a shock to me to hear that I had placed my friends in such horrible peril."

"That is all over," I answered. "It was nothing. I will tell you no more gloomy details. Let us turn to something brighter. There is the treasure. What could be brighter than that? I got leave to bring it with me, thinking that it would interest you to be the first to see it."

"It would be of the greatest interest to me," she said. There was no eagerness in her voice, however. It had struck her, doubtless, that it might seem ungracious upon her part to be indifferent to a prize which had cost so much to win.

"What a pretty box!" she said, stooping over it. "This is Indian work, I suppose?"

"Yes; it is Benares metal-work."

"And so heavy!" she exclaimed, trying to raise it. "The box alone must be of some value. Where is the key?"

"Small threw it into the Thames," I answered. "I must borrow Mrs. Forrester's poker." There was in the front a thick and broad hasp, wrought in the image of a sitting Buddha. Under this I thrust the end of the poker and twisted it outward as a lever. The hasp sprang open with a loud snap. With trembling fingers I flung back the lid. We both stood gazing in astonishment. The box was empty!

No wonder that it was heavy. The iron-work was two-thirds of an inch thick all round. It was massive, well made, and solid, like a chest constructed to carry things of great price, but not one shred or crumb of metal or jewelry lay within it. It was absolutely and completely empty.

"The treasure is lost," said Miss Morstan, calmly.

As I listened to the words and realized what they meant, a great shadow seemed to pass from my soul. I did not know how this Agra treasure had weighed me down, until now that it was finally removed. It was selfish, no doubt, disloyal, wrong, but I could realize nothing save that the golden barrier was gone from between us. "Thank God!" I ejaculated from my very heart.

She looked at me with a quick, questioning smile. "Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Because you are within my reach again," I said, taking her hand. She did not withdraw it. "Because I love you, Mary, as truly as ever a man loved a woman. Because this treasure, these riches, sealed my

lips. Now that they are gone I can tell you how I love you. That is why I said, 'Thank God.'

"Then I say, 'Thank God,' too," she whispered, as I drew her to my side. Whoever had lost a treasure, I knew that night that I had gained one.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STRANGE STORY OF JONATHAN SMALL.

A VERY patient man was that inspector in the cab, for it was a weary time before I rejoined him. His face clouded over when I showed him the empty box.

"There goes the reward!" said he, gloomily. "Where there is no money there is no pay. This night's work would have been worth a tenner each to Sam Brown and me if the treasure had been there."

"Mr. Thaddeus Sholto is a rich man," I said. "He will see that you are rewarded, treasure or no."

The inspector shook his head despondently, however. "It's a bad job," he repeated; "and so Mr. Athelney Jones will think."

His forecast proved to be correct, for the detective looked blank enough when I got to Baker Street and showed him the empty box. They had only just arrived, Holmes, the prisoner, and he, for they had changed their plans so far as to report themselves at a station upon the way. My companion lounged in his arm-chair with his usual listless expression, while Small sat stolidly opposite to him with his wooden leg cocked over his sound one. As I exhibited the empty box he leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud.

"This is your doing, Small," said Athelney Jones, angrily.

"Yes, I have put it away where you shall never lay hand upon it," he cried, exultantly. "It is my treasure; and if I can't have the loot I'll take darned good care that no one else does. I tell you that no living man has any right to it, unless it is three men who are in the Andaman convict-barracks and myself. I know now that I cannot have the use of it, and I know that they cannot. I have acted all through for them as much as for myself. It's been the sign of four with us always. Well I know that they would have had me do just what I have done, and throw the treasure into the Thames rather than let it go to kith or kin of Sholto or of Morstan. It was not to make them rich that we did for Achmet. You'll find the treasure where the key is, and where little Tonga is. When I saw that your launch must catch us, I put the loot away in a safe place. There are no rupees for you this journey."

"You are deceiving us, Small," said Athelney Jones, sternly. "If you had wished to throw the treasure into the Thames it would have been easier for you to have thrown box and all."

"Easier for me to throw, and easier for you to recover," he answered, with a shrewd, sidelong look. "The man that was clever enough to hunt me down is clever enough to pick an iron box from the bottom of a river. Now that they are scattered over five miles or so,

it may be a harder job. It went to my heart to do it, though. I was half mad when you came up with us. However, there's no good grieving over it. I've had ups in my life, and I've had downs, but I've learned not to cry over spilled milk."

"This is a very serious matter, Small," said the detective. "If you had helped justice, instead of thwarting it in this way, you would have had a better chance at your trial."

"Justice?" snarled the ex-convict. "A pretty justice! Whose loot is this, if it is not ours? Where is the justice that I should give it up to those who have never earned it? Look how I have earned it! Twenty long years in that fever-ridden swamp, all day at work under the mangrove-tree, all night chained up in the filthy convict-huts, bitten by mosquitoes, racked with ague, bullied by every cursed black-faced policeman who loved to take it out of a white man. That was how I earned the Agra treasure; and you talk to me of justice because I cannot bear to feel that I have paid this price only that another may enjoy it! I would rather swing a score of times, or have one of Tonga's darts in my hide, than live in a convict's cell and feel that another man is at his ease in a palace with the money that should be mine." Small had dropped his mask of stoicism, and all this came out in a wild whirl of words, while his eyes blazed, and the handcuffs clanked together with the impassioned movement of his hands. I could understand, as I saw the fury and the passion of the man, that it was no groundless or unnatural terror which had possessed Major Sholto when he first learned that the injured convict was upon his track.

"You forget that we know nothing of all this," said Holmes, quietly. "We have not heard your story, and we cannot tell how far justice may originally have been on your side."

"Well, sir, you have been very fair-spoken to me, though I can see that I have you to thank that I have these bracelets upon my wrists. Still, I bear no grudge for that. It is all fair and above-board. If you want to hear my story I have no wish to hold it back. What I say to you is God's truth, every word of it. Thank you; you can put the glass beside me here, and I'll put my lips to it if I am dry."

"I am a Worcestershire man myself,—born near Pershore. I dare say you would find a heap of Smalls living there now if you were to look. I have often thought of taking a look round there, but the truth is that I was never much of a credit to the family, and I doubt if they would be so very glad to see me. They were all steady, chapel-going folk, small farmers, well known and respected over the country-side, while I was always a bit of a rover. At last, however, when I was about eighteen, I gave them no more trouble, for I got into a mess over a girl, and could only get out of it again by taking the queen's shilling and joining the 3d Buffs, which was just starting for India."

"I wasn't destined to do much soldiering, however. I had just got past the goose-step, and learned to handle my musket, when I was fool enough to go swimming in the Ganges. Luckily for me, my company sergeant, John Holder, was in the water at the same time, and he was one of the finest swimmers in the service. A crocodile took me, just as

I was half-way across, and nipped off my right leg as clean as a surgeon could have done it, just above the knee. What with the shock and the loss of blood, I fainted, and should have been drowned if Holder had not caught hold of me and paddled for the bank. I was five months in hospital over it, and when at last I was able to limp out of it with this timber toe strapped to my stump I found myself invalided out of the army and unfitted for any active occupation.

"I was, as you can imagine, pretty down on my luck at this time, for I was a useless cripple though not yet in my twentieth year. However, my misfortune soon proved to be a blessing in disguise. A man named Abelwhite, who had come out there as an indigo-planter, wanted an overseer to look after his coolies and keep them up to their work. He happened to be a friend of our colonel's, who had taken an interest in me since the accident. To make a long story short, the colonel recommended me strongly for the post, and, as the work was mostly to be done on horseback, my leg was no great obstacle, for I had enough knee left to keep a good grip on the saddle. What I had to do was to ride over the plantation, to keep an eye on the men as they worked, and to report the idlers. The pay was fair, I had comfortable quarters, and altogether I was content to spend the remainder of my life in indigo-planting. Mr. Abelwhite was a kind man, and he would often drop into my little shanty and smoke a pipe with me, for white folk out there feel their hearts warm to each other as they never do here at home.

"Well, I was never in luck's way long. Suddenly, without a note of warning, the great mutiny broke upon us. One month India lay as still and peaceful, to all appearance, as Surrey or Kent; the next there were two hundred thousand black devils let loose, and the country was a perfect hell. Of course you know all about it, gentlemen,—a deal more than I do, very like, since reading is not in my line. I only know what I saw with my own eyes. Our plantation was at a place called Muttra, near the border of the Northwest Provinces. Night after night the whole sky was alight with the burning bungalows, and day after day we had small companies of Europeans passing through our estate with their wives and children, on their way to Agra, where were the nearest troops. Mr. Abelwhite was an obstinate man. He had it in his head that the affair had been exaggerated, and that it would blow over as suddenly as it had sprung up. There he sat on his veranda, drinking whiskey-pegs and smoking cheroots, while the country was in a blaze about him. Of course we stuck by him, I and Dawson, who, with his wife, used to do the book-work and the managing. Well, one fine day the crash came. I had been away on a distant plantation, and was riding slowly home in the evening, when my eye fell upon something all huddled together at the bottom of a steep nullah. I rode down to see what it was, and the cold struck through my heart when I found it was Dawson's wife, all cut into ribbons, and half eaten by jackals and native dogs. A little farther up the road Dawson himself was lying on his face, quite dead, with an empty revolver in his hand and four Sepoys lying across each other in front of him. I reined up my horse, wondering which way I should turn, but at that moment I saw thick smoke curling up from Abelwhite's bungalow and the flames beginning to burst through the roof.

I knew then that I could do my employer no good, but would only throw my own life away if I meddled in the matter. From where I stood I could see hundreds of the black fiends, with their red coats still on their backs, dancing and howling round the burning house. Some of them pointed at me, and a couple of bullets sang past my head: so I broke away across the paddy-fields, and found myself late at night safe within the walls at Agra.

"As it proved, however, there was no great safety there, either. The whole country was up like a swarm of bees. Wherever the English could collect in little bands they held just the ground that their guns commanded. Everywhere else they were helpless fugitives. It was a fight of the millions against the hundreds; and the cruellest part of it was that these men that we fought against, foot, horse, and gunners, were our own picked troops, whom we had taught and trained, handling our own weapons, and blowing our own bugle-calls. At Agra there were the 3d Bengal Fusiliers, some Sikhs, two troops of horse, and a battery of artillery. A volunteer corps of clerks and merchants had been formed, and this I joined, wooden leg and all. We went out to meet the rebels at Shahgunge early in July, and we beat them back for a time, but our powder gave out, and we had to fall back upon the city. Nothing but the worst news came to us from every side,—which is not to be wondered at, for if you look at the map you will see that we were right in the heart of it. Lucknow is rather better than a hundred miles to the east, and Cawnpore about as far to the south. From every point on the compass there was nothing but torture and murder and outrage.

"The city of Agra is a great place, swarming with fanatics and fierce devil-worshippers of all sorts. Our handful of men were lost among the narrow, winding streets. Our leader moved across the river, therefore, and took up his position in the old fort of Agra. I don't know if any of you gentlemen have ever read or heard anything of that old fort. It is a very queer place,—the queerest that ever I was in, and I have been in some rum corners, too. First of all, it is enormous in size. I should think that the enclosure must be acres and acres. There is a modern part, which took all our garrison, women, children, stores, and everything else, with plenty of room over. But the modern part is nothing like the size of the old quarter, where nobody goes, and which is given over to the scorpions and the centipedes. It is all full of great deserted halls, and winding passages, and long corridors twisting in and out, so that it is easy enough for folk to get lost in it. For this reason it was seldom that any one went into it, though now and again a party with torches might go exploring.

"The river washes along the front of the old fort, and so protects it, but on the sides and behind there are many doors, and these had to be guarded, of course, in the old quarter as well as in that which was actually held by our troops. We were short-handed, with hardly men enough to man the angles of the building and to serve the guns. It was impossible for us, therefore, to station a strong guard at every one of the innumerable gates. What we did was to organize a central guard-house in the middle of the fort, and to leave each gate under the charge of one white man and two or three natives. I was selected to

take charge during certain hours of the night of a small isolated door upon the southwest side of the building. Two Sikh troopers were placed under my command, and I was instructed if anything went wrong to fire my musket, when I might rely upon help coming at once from the central guard. As the guard was a good two hundred paces away, however, and as the space between was cut up into a labyrinth of passages and corridors, I had great doubts as to whether they could arrive in time to be of any use in case of an actual attack.

"Well, I was pretty proud at having this small command given me, since I was a raw recruit, and a game-legged one at that. For two nights I kept the watch with my Punjaubees. They were tall, fierce-looking chaps, Mahomet Singh and Abdullah Khan by name, both old fighting-men who had borne arms against us at Chilian-wallah. They could talk English pretty well, but I could get little out of them. They preferred to stand together and jabber all night in their queer Sikh lingo. For myself, I used to stand outside the gate-way, looking down on the broad, winding river and on the twinkling lights of the great city. The beating of drums, the rattle of tomtoms, and the yells and howls of the rebels, drunk with opium and with bang, were enough to remind us all night of our dangerous neighbors across the stream. Every two hours the officer of the night used to come round to all the posts, to make sure that all was well.

"The third night of my watch was dark and dirty, with a small, driving rain. It was dreary work standing in the gate-way hour after hour in such weather. I tried again and again to make my Sikhs talk, but without much success. At two in the morning the rounds passed, and broke for a moment the weariness of the night. Finding that my companions would not be led into conversation, I took out my pipe, and laid down my musket to strike the match. In an instant the two Sikhs were upon me. One of them snatched my firelock up and levelled it at my head, while the other held a great knife to my throat and swore between his teeth that he would plunge it into me if I moved a step.

"My first thought was that these fellows were in league with the rebels, and that this was the beginning of an assault. If our door were in the hands of the Sepoys the place must fall, and the women and children be treated as they were in Cawnpore. Maybe you gentlemen think that I am just making out a case for myself, but I give you my word that when I thought of that, though I felt the point of the knife at my throat, I opened my mouth with the intention of giving a scream, if it was my last one, which might alarm the main guard. The man who held me seemed to know my thoughts; for, even as I braced myself to it, he whispered, 'Don't make a noise. The fort is safe enough. There are no rebel dogs on this side of the river.' There was the ring of truth in what he said, and I knew that if I raised my voice I was a dead man. I could read it in the fellow's brown eyes. I waited, therefore, in silence, to see what it was that they wanted from me.

"'Listen to me, Sahib,' said the taller and fiercer of the pair, the one whom they called Abdullah Khan. 'You must either be with us

now or you must be silenced forever. The thing is too great a one for us to hesitate. Either you are heart and soul with us on your oath on the cross of the Christians, or your body this night shall be thrown into the ditch and we shall pass over to our brothers in the rebel army. There is no middle way. Which is it to be, death or life? We can only give you three minutes to decide, for the time is passing, and all must be done before the rounds come again.'

"How can I decide?" said I. 'You have not told me what you want of me. But I tell you now that if it is anything against the safety of the fort I will have no truck with it, so you can drive home your knife and welcome.'

"It is nothing against the fort," said he. 'We only ask you to do that which your countrymen come to this land for. We ask you to be rich. If you will be one of us this night, we will swear to you upon the naked knife, and by the threefold oath which no Sikh was ever known to break, that you shall have your fair share of the loot. A quarter of the treasure shall be yours. We can say no fairer.'

"But what is the treasure, then?" I asked. 'I am as ready to be rich as you can be, if you will but show me how it can be done.'

"You will swear, then," said he, 'by the bones of your father, by the honor of your mother, by the cross of your faith, to raise no hand and speak no word against us, either now or afterwards?'

"I will swear it," I answered, 'provided that the fort is not endangered.'

"Then my comrade and I will swear that you shall have a quarter of the treasure which shall be equally divided among the four of us.'

"There are but three," said I.

"No; Dost Akbar must have his share. We can tell the tale to you while we await them. Do you stand at the gate, Mahomet Singh, and give notice of their coming. The thing stands thus, Sahib, and I tell it to you because I know that an oath is binding upon a Feringhee, and that we may trust you. Had you been a lying Hindoo, though you had sworn by all the gods in their false temples, your blood would have been upon the knife, and your body in the water. But the Sikh knows the Englishman, and the Englishman knows the Sikh. Hearken, then, to what I have to say.

"There is a rajah in the northern provinces who has much wealth, though his lands are small. Much has come to him from his father, and more still he has set by himself, for he is of a low nature and hoards his gold rather than spend it. When the troubles broke out he would be friends both with the lion and the tiger,—with the Sepoy and with the Company's Raj. Soon, however, it seemed to him that the white men's day was come, for through all the land he could hear of nothing but of their death and their overthrow. Yet, being a careful man, he made such plans that, come what might, half at least of his treasure should be left to him. That which was in gold and silver he kept by him in the vaults of his palace, but the most precious stones and the choicest pearls that he had he put in an iron box, and sent it by a trusty servant who, under the guise of a merchant, should take it to the fort at Agra, there to lie until the land is at peace. Thus, if the

rebels won he would have his money, but if the Company conquered his jewels would be saved to him. Having thus divided his hoard, he threw himself into the cause of the Sepoys, since they were strong upon his borders. By his doing this, mark you, Sahib, his property becomes the due of those who have been true to their salt.

"This pretended merchant, who travels under the name of Achmet, is now in the city of Agra, and desires to gain his way into the fort. He has with him as travelling-companion my foster-brother Dost Akbar, who knows his secret. Dost Akbar has promised this night to lead him to a side-postern of the fort, and has chosen this one for his purpose. Here he will come presently, and here he will find Mahomet Singh and myself awaiting him. The place is lonely, and none shall know of his coming. The world shall know of the merchant Achmet no more, but the great treasure of the rajah shall be divided among us. What say you to it, Sahib?"

"In Worcestershire the life of a man seems a great and a sacred thing; but it is very different when there is fire and blood all round you and you have been used to meeting death at every turn. Whether Achmet the merchant lived or died was a thing as light as air to me, but at the talk about the treasure my heart turned to it, and I thought of what I might do in the old country with it, and how my folk would stare when they saw their ne'er-do-weel coming back with his pockets full of gold moidores. I had, therefore, already made up my mind. Abdullah Khan, however, thinking that I hesitated, pressed the matter more closely.

"Consider, Sahib," said he, 'that if this man is taken by the commandant he will be hung or shot, and his jewels taken by the government, so that no man will be a rupee the better for them. Now, since we do the taking of him, why should we not do the rest as well? The jewels will be as well with us as in the Company's coffers. There will be enough to make every one of us rich men and great chiefs. No one can know about the matter, for here we are cut off from all men. What could be better for the purpose? Say again, then, Sahib, whether you are with us, or if we must look upon you as an enemy.'

"I am with you heart and soul," said I.

"It is well," he answered, handing me back my firelock. 'You see that we trust you, for your word, like ours, is not to be broken. We have now only to wait for my brother and the merchant.'

"Does your brother know, then, of what you will do?" I asked.

"The plan is his. He has devised it. We will go to the gate and share the watch with Mahomet Singh.'

"The rain was still falling steadily, for it was just the beginning of the wet season. Brown, heavy clouds were drifting across the sky, and it was hard to see more than a stone-cast. A deep moat lay in front of our door, but the water was in places nearly dried up, and it could easily be crossed. It was strange to me to be standing there with those two wild Punjaubees waiting for the man who was coming to his death.

"Suddenly my eye caught the glint of a shaded lantern at the other side of the moat. It vanished among the mound-heaps, and then appeared again coming slowly in our direction.

"'Here they are!' I exclaimed.

"'You will challenge him, Sahib, as usual,' whispered Abdullah. 'Give him no cause for fear. Send us in with him, and we shall do the rest while you stay here on guard. Have the lantern ready to uncover, that we may be sure that it is indeed the man.'

"The light had flickered onwards, now stopping and now advancing, until I could see two dark figures upon the other side of the moat. I let them scramble down the sloping bank, splash through the mire, and climb half-way up to the gate, before I challenged them.

"'Who goes there?' said I, in a subdued voice.

"'Friends,' came the answer. I uncovered my lantern and threw a flood of light upon them. The first was an enormous Sikh, with a black beard which swept nearly down to his cummerbund. Outside of a show I have never seen so tall a man. The other was a little, fat, round fellow, with a great yellow turban, and a bundle in his hand, done up in a shawl. He seemed to be all in a quiver with fear, for his hands twitched as if he had the ague, and his head kept turning to left and right with two bright little twinkling eyes, like a mouse when he ventures out from his hole. It gave me the chills to think of killing him, but I thought of the treasure, and my heart set as hard as a flint within me. When he saw my white face he gave a little chirrup of joy and came running up towards me.

"'Your protection, Sahib,' he panted,—'your protection for the unhappy merchant Achmet. I have travelled across Rajpootana that I might seek the shelter of the fort at Agra. I have been robbed and beaten and abused because I have been the friend of the Company. It is a blessed night this when I am once more in safety,—I and my poor possessions.'

"'What have you in the bundle?' I asked.

"'An iron box,' he answered, 'which contains one or two little family matters which are of no value to others, but which I should be sorry to lose. Yet I am not a beggar; and I shall reward you, young Sahib, and your governor also, if he will give me the shelter I ask.'

"I could not trust myself to speak longer with the man. The more I looked at his fat, frightened face, the harder did it seem that we should slay him in cold blood. It was best to get it over.

"'Take him to the main guard,' said I. The two Sikhs closed in upon him on each side, and the giant walked behind, while they marched in through the dark gate-way. Never was a man so compassed round with death. I remained at the gate-way with the lantern.

"I could hear the measured tramp of their footsteps sounding through the lonely corridors. Suddenly it ceased, and I heard voices, and a scuffle, with the sound of blows. A moment later there came, to my horror, a rush of footsteps coming in my direction, with the loud breathing of a running man. I turned my lantern down the long, straight passage, and there was the fat man, running like the wind, with a smear of blood across his face, and close at his heels, bounding like a tiger, the great black-bearded Sikh, with a knife flashing in his hand. I have never seen a man run so fast as that little merchant. He was gaining on the Sikh, and I could see that if he once passed

me and got to the open air he would save himself yet. My heart softened to him, but again the thought of his treasure turned me hard and bitter. I cast my firelock between his legs as he raced past, and he rolled twice over like a shot rabbit. Ere he could stagger to his feet the Sikh was upon him, and buried his knife twice in his side. The man never uttered moan nor moved muscle, but lay where he had fallen. I think myself that he may have broken his neck with the fall. You see, gentlemen, that I am keeping my promise. I am telling you every word of the business just exactly as it happened, whether it is in my favor or not."

He stopped, and held out his manacled hands for the whiskey-and-water which Holmes had brewed for him. For myself, I confess that I had now conceived the utmost horror of the man, not only for this cold-blooded business in which he had been concerned, but even more for the somewhat flippant and careless way in which he narrated it. Whatever punishment was in store for him, I felt that he might expect no sympathy from me. Sherlock Holmes and Jones sat with their hands upon their knees, deeply interested in the story, but with the same disgust written upon their faces. He may have observed it, for there was a touch of defiance in his voice and manner as he proceeded.

"It was all very bad, no doubt," said he. "I should like to know how many fellows in my shoes would have refused a share of this loot when they knew that they would have their throats cut for their pains. Besides, it was my life or his when once he was in the fort. If he had got out, the whole business would come to light, and I should have been court-martialled and shot as likely as not; for people were not very lenient at a time like that."

"Go on with your story," said Holmes, shortly.

"Well, we carried him in, Abdullah, Akbar, and I. A fine weight he was, too, for all that he was so short. Mahomet Singh was left to guard the door. We took him to a place which the Sikhs had already prepared. It was some distance off, where a winding passage leads to a great empty hall, the brick walls of which were all crumbling to pieces. The earth floor had sunk in at one place, making a natural grave, so we left Achmet the merchant there, having first covered him over with loose bricks. This done, we all went back to the treasure.

"It lay where he had dropped it when he was first attacked. The box was the same which now lies open upon your table. A key was hung by a silken cord to that carved handle upon the top. We opened it, and the light of the lantern gleamed upon a collection of gems such as I have read of and thought about when I was a little lad at Pershore. It was blinding to look upon them. When we had feasted our eyes we took them all out and made a list of them. There were one hundred and forty-three diamonds of the first water, including one which has been called, I believe, 'the Great Mogul' and is said to be the second largest stone in existence. Then there were ninety-seven very fine emeralds, and one hundred and seventy rubies, some of which, however, were small. There were forty carbuncles, two hundred and ten sapphires, sixty-one agates, and a great quantity of beryls, onyxes, cats'-eyes, turquoises, and other stones, the very names of which I did not

know at the time, though I have become more familiar with them since. Besides this, there were nearly three hundred very fine pearls, twelve of which were set in a gold coronet. By the way, these last had been taken out of the chest and were not there when I recovered it.

"After we had counted our treasures we put them back into the chest and carried them to the gate-way to show them to Mahomet Singh. Then we solemnly renewed our oath to stand by each other and be true to our secret. We agreed to conceal our loot in a safe place until the country should be at peace again, and then to divide it equally among ourselves. There was no use dividing it at present, for if gems of such value were found upon us it would cause suspicion, and there was no privacy in the fort nor any place where we could keep them. We carried the box, therefore, into the same hall where we had buried the body, and there, under certain bricks in the best-preserved wall, we made a hollow and put our treasure. We made careful note of the place, and next day I drew four plans, one for each of us, and put the sign of the four of us at the bottom, for we had sworn that we should each always act for all, so that none might take advantage. That is an oath that I can put my hand to my heart and swear that I have never broken.

"Well, there's no use my telling you gentlemen what came of the Indian mutiny. After Wilson took Delhi and Sir Colin relieved Lucknow the back of the business was broken. Fresh troops came pouring in, and Nana Sahib made himself scarce over the frontier. A flying column under Colonel Greathed came round to Agra and cleared the Pandies away from it. Peace seemed to be settling upon the country, and we four were beginning to hope that the time was at hand when we might safely go off with our shares of the plunder. In a moment, however, our hopes were shattered by our being arrested as the murderers of Achmet.

"It came about in this way. When the rajah put his jewels into the hands of Achmet he did it because he knew that he was a trusty man. They are suspicious folk in the East, however: so what does this rajah do but take a second even more trusty servant and set him to play the spy upon the first? This second man was ordered never to let Achmet out of his sight, and he followed him like his shadow. He went after him that night, and saw him pass through the door-way. Of course he thought he had taken refuge in the fort, and applied for admission there himself next day, but could find no trace of Achmet. This seemed to him so strange that he spoke about it to a sergeant of guides, who brought it to the ears of the commandant. A thorough search was quickly made, and the body was discovered. Thus at the very moment that we thought that all was safe we were all four seized and brought to trial on a charge of murder,—three of us because we had held the gate that night, and the fourth because he was known to have been in the company of the murdered man. Not a word about the jewels came out at the trial, for the rajah had been deposed and driven out of India: so no one had any particular interest in them. The murder, however, was clearly made out, and it was certain that we must all have been concerned in it. The three Sikhs got penal servitude

for life, and I was condemned to death, though my sentence was afterwards commuted into the same as the others.

"It was rather a queer position that we found ourselves in then. There we were all four tied by the leg and with precious little chance of ever getting out again, while we each held a secret which might have put each of us in a palace if we could only have made use of it. It was enough to make a man eat his heart out to have to stand the kick and the cuff of every petty jack-in-office, to have rice to eat and water to drink, when that gorgeous fortune was ready for him outside, just waiting to be picked up. It might have driven me mad; but I was always a pretty stubborn one, so I just held on and bided my time.

"At last it seemed to me to have come. I was changed from Agra to Madras, and from there to Blair Island in the Andamans. There are very few white convicts at this settlement, and, as I had behaved well from the first, I soon found myself a sort of privileged person. I was given a hut in Hope Town, which is a small place on the slopes of Mount Harriet, and I was left pretty much to myself. It is a dreary, fever-stricken place, and all beyond our little clearings was infested with wild cannibal natives, who were ready enough to blow a poisoned dart at us if they saw a chance. There was digging, and ditching, and yam-planting, and a dozen other things to be done, so we were busy enough all day; though in the evening we had a little time to ourselves. Among other things, I learned to dispense drugs for the surgeon, and picked up a smattering of his knowledge. All the time I was on the lookout for a chance of escape; but it is hundreds of miles from any other land, and there is little or no wind in those seas: so it was a terribly difficult job to get away.

"The surgeon, Dr. Somerton, was a fast, sporting young chap, and the other young officers would meet in his rooms of an evening and play cards. The surgery, where I used to make up my drugs, was next to his sitting-room, with a small window between us. Often, if I felt lonesome, I used to turn out the lamp in the surgery, and then, standing there, I could hear their talk and watch their play. I am fond of a hand at cards myself, and it was almost as good as having one to watch the others. There was Major Sholto, Captain Morstan, and Lieutenant Bromley Brown, who were in command of the native troops, and there was the surgeon himself, and two or three prison-officials, crafty old hands who played a nice sly safe game. A very snug little party they used to make.

"Well, there was one thing which very soon struck me, and that was that the soldiers used always to lose and the civilians to win. Mind, I don't say that there was anything unfair, but so it was. These prison-chaps had done little else than play cards ever since they had been at the Andamans, and they knew each other's game to a point, while the others just played to pass the time and threw their cards down anyhow. Night after night the soldiers got up poorer men, and the poorer they got the more keen they were to play. Major Sholto was the hardest hit. He used to pay in notes and gold at first, but soon it came to notes of hand and for big sums. He sometimes would win for a few deals, just to give him heart, and then the luck would set in

against him worse than ever. All day he would wander about as black as thunder, and he took to drinking a deal more than was good for him.

"One night he lost even more heavily than usual. I was sitting in my hut when he and Captain Morstan came stumbling along on the way to their quarters. They were bosom friends, those two, and never far apart. The major was raving about his losses.

"It's all up, Morstan,' he was saying, as they passed my hut. 'I shall have to send in my papers. I am a ruined man.'

"Nonsense, old chap!' said the other, slapping him upon the shoulder. 'I've had a nasty facer myself, but——' That was all I could hear, but it was enough to set me thinking.

"A couple of days later Major Sholto was strolling on the beach : so I took the chance of speaking to him.

"I wish to have your advice, major,' said I.

"Well, Small, what is it?' he asked, taking his cheroot from his lips.

"I wanted to ask you, sir,' said I, 'who is the proper person to whom hidden treasure should be handed over. I know where half a million worth lies, and, as I cannot use it myself, I thought perhaps the best thing that I could do would be to hand it over to the proper authorities, and then perhaps they would get my sentence shortened for me.'

"Half a million, Small?' he gasped, looking hard at me to see if I was in earnest.

"Quite that, sir,—in jewels and pearls. It lies there ready for any one. And the queer thing about it is that the real owner is outlawed and cannot hold property, so that it belongs to the first comer.'

"To government, Small,' he stammered,—'to government.' But he said it in a halting fashion, and I knew in my heart that I had got him.

"You think, then, sir, that I should give the information to the Governor-General?' said I, quietly.

"Well, well, you must not do anything rash, or that you might repent. Let me hear all about it, Small. Give me the facts.'

"I told him the whole story, with small changes so that he could not identify the places. When I had finished he stood stock still and full of thought. I could see by the twitch of his lip that there was a struggle going on within him.

"This is a very important matter, Small,' he said, at last. 'You must not say a word to any one about it, and I shall see you again soon.'

"Two nights later he and his friend Captain Morstan came to my hut in the dead of the night with a lantern.

"I want you just to let Captain Morstan hear that story from your own lips, Small,' said he.

"I repeated it as I had told it before.

"It rings true, eh?' said he. 'It's good enough to act upon?'

"Captain Morstan nodded.

"Look here, Small,' said the major. 'We have been talking it over, my friend here and I, and we have come to the conclusion that

this secret of yours is hardly a government matter, after all, but is a private concern of your own, which of course you have the power of disposing of as you think best. Now, the question is, what price would you ask for it? We might be inclined to take it up, and at least look into it, if we could agree as to terms.' He tried to speak in a cool, careless way, but his eyes were shining with excitement and greed.

"'Why, as to that, gentlemen,' I answered, trying also to be cool, but feeling as excited as he did, 'there is only one bargain which a man in my position can make. I shall want you to help me to my freedom, and to help my three companions to theirs. We shall then take you into partnership, and give you a fifth share to divide between you.'

"'Hum!' said he. 'A fifth share! That is not very tempting.'

"'It would come to fifty thousand apiece,' said I.

"'But how can we gain your freedom? You know very well that you ask an impossibility.'

"'Nothing of the sort,' I answered. 'I have thought it all out to the last detail. The only bar to our escape is that we can get no boat fit for the voyage, and no provisions to last us for so long a time. There are plenty of little yachts and yawls at Calcutta or Madras which would serve our turn well. Do you bring one over. We shall engage to get aboard her by night, and if you will drop us on any part of the Indian coast you will have done your part of the bargain.'

"'If there were only one,' he said.

"'None or all,' I answered. 'We have sworn it. The four of us must always act together.'

"'You see, Morstan,' said he, 'Small is a man of his word. He does not flinch from his friends. I think we may very well trust him.'

"'It's a dirty business,' the other answered. 'Yet, as you say, the money would save our commissions handsomely.'

"'Well, Small,' said the major, 'we must, I suppose, try and meet you. We must first, of course, test the truth of your story. Tell me where the box is hid, and I shall get leave of absence and go back to India in the monthly relief-boat to inquire into the affair.'

"'Not so fast,' said I, growing colder as he got hot. 'I must have the consent of my three comrades. I tell you that it is four or none with us.'

"'Nonsense!' he broke in. 'What have three black fellows to do with our agreement?'

"'Black or blue,' said I, 'they are in with me, and we all go together.'

'Well, the matter ended by a second meeting, at which Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan, and Dost Akbar were all present. We talked the matter over again, and at last we came to an arrangement. We were to provide both the officers with charts of the part of the Agra fort and mark the place in the wall where the treasure was hid. Major Sholto was to go to India to test our story. If he found the box he was to leave it there, to send out a small yacht provisioned for a voyage, which was to lie off Rutland Island, and to which we were to make our way, and finally to return to his duties. Captain Morstan was then to apply for leave of absence, to meet us at Agra, and there we

were to have a final division of the treasure, he taking the major's share as well as his own. All this we sealed by the most solemn oaths that the mind could think or the lips utter. I sat up all night with paper and ink, and by the morning I had the two charts all ready, signed with the sign of four,—that is, of Abdullah, Akbar, Mahomet, and myself.

"Well, gentlemen, I weary you with my long story, and I know that my friend Mr. Jones is impatient to get me safely stowed in chokey. I'll make it as short as I can. The villain Sholto went off to India, but he never came back again. Captain Morstan showed me his name among a list of passengers in one of the mail-boats very shortly afterwards. His uncle had died, leaving him a fortune, and he had left the army, yet he could stoop to treat five men as he had treated us. Morstan went over to Agra shortly afterwards, and found, as we expected, that the treasure was indeed gone. The scoundrel had stolen it all, without carrying out one of the conditions on which we had sold him the secret. From that day I lived only for vengeance. I thought of it by day and I nursed it by night. It became an overpowering, absorbing passion with me. I cared nothing for the law,—nothing for the gallows. To escape, to track down Sholto, to have my hand upon his throat,—that was my one thought. Even the Agra treasure had come to be a smaller thing in my mind than the slaying of Sholto.

"Well, I have set my mind on many things in this life, and never one which I did not carry out. But it was weary years before my time came. I have told you that I had picked up something of medicine. One day when Dr. Somerton was down with a fever a little Andaman Islander was picked up by a convict-gang in the woods. He was sick to death, and had gone to a lonely place to die. I took him in hand, though he was as venomous as a young snake, and after a couple of months I got him all right and able to walk. He took a kind of fancy to me then, and would hardly go back to his woods, but was always hanging about my hut. I learned a little of his lingo from him, and this made him all the fonder of me.

"Tonga—for that was his name—was a fine boatman, and owned a big, roomy canoe of his own. When I found that he was devoted to me and would do anything to serve me, I saw my chance of escape. I talked it over with him. He was to bring his boat round on a certain night to an old wharf which was never guarded, and there he was to pick me up. I gave him directions to have several gourds of water and a lot of yams, cocoa-nuts, and sweet potatoes.

"He was stanch and true, was little Tonga. No man ever had a more faithful mate. At the night named he had his boat at the wharf. As it chanced, however, there was one of the convict-guard down there,—a vile Pathan who had never missed a chance of insulting and injuring me. I had always vowed vengeance, and now I had my chance. It was as if fate had placed him in my way that I might pay my debt before I left the island. He stood on the bank with his back to me, and his carbine on his shoulder. I looked about for a stone to beat out his brains with, but none could I see. Then a queer thought came into my head and showed me where I could lay my hand on a weapon. I

sat down in the darkness and unstrapped my wooden leg. With three long hops I was on him. He put his carbine to his shoulder, but I struck him full, and knocked the whole front of his skull in. You can see the split in the wood now where I hit him. We both went down together, for I could not keep my balance, but when I got up I found him still lying quiet enough. I made for the boat, and in an hour we were well out at sea. Tonga had brought all his earthly possessions with him, his arms and his gods. Among other things, he had a long bamboo spear, and some Andaman cocoa-nut matting, with which I made a sort of a sail. For ten days we were beating about, trusting to luck, and on the eleventh we were picked up by a trader which was going from Singapore to Jiddah with a cargo of Malay pilgrims. They were a rum crowd, and Tonga and I soon managed to settle down among them. They had one very good quality: they let you alone and asked no questions.

"Well, if I were to tell you all the adventures that my little chum and I went through, you would not thank me, for I would have you here until the sun was shining. Here and there we drifted about the world, something always turning up to keep us from London. All the time, however, I never lost sight of my purpose. I would dream of Sholto at night. A hundred times I have killed him in my sleep. At last, however, some three or four years ago, we found ourselves in England. I had no great difficulty in finding where Sholto lived, and I set to work to discover whether he had realized the treasure, or if he still had it. I made friends with some one who could help me,—I name no names, for I don't want to get any one else in a hole,—and I soon found that he still had the jewels. Then I tried to get at him in many ways; but he was pretty sly, and had always two prize-fighters, besides his sons and his khitmutgar, on guard over him.

"One day, however, I got word that he was dying. I hurried at once to the garden, mad that he should slip out of my clutches like that, and, looking through the window, I saw him lying in his bed, with his sons on each side of him. I'd have come through and taken my chance with the three of them, only even as I looked at him his jaw dropped, and I knew that he was gone. I got into his room that same night, though, and I searched his papers to see if there was any record of where he had hidden our jewels. There was not a line, however: so I came away, bitter and savage as a man could be. Before I left I bethought me that if I ever met my Sikh friends again it would be a satisfaction to know that I had left some mark of our hatred: so I scrawled down the sign of the four of us, as it had been on the chart, and I pinned it on his bosom. It was too much that he should be taken to the grave without some token from the men whom he had robbed and befooled.

"We earned a living at this time by my exhibiting poor Tonga at fairs and other such places as the black cannibal. He would eat raw meat and dance his war-dance: so we always had a hatful of pennies after a day's work. I still heard all the news from Pondicherry Lodge, and for some years there was no news to hear, except that they were hunting for the treasure. At last, however, came what we had

waited for so long. The treasure had been found. It was up at the top of the house, in Mr. Bartholomew Sholto's chemical laboratory. I came at once and had a look at the place, but I could not see how with my wooden leg I was to make my way up to it. I learned, however, about a trap-door in the roof, and also about Mr. Sholto's supper-hour. It seemed to me that I could manage the thing easily through Tonga. I brought him out with me with a long rope wound round his waist. He could climb like a cat, and he soon made his way through the roof, but, as ill luck would have it, Bartholomew Sholto was still in the room, to his cost. Tonga thought he had done something very clever in killing him, for when I came up by the rope I found him strutting about as proud as a peacock. Very much surprised was he when I made at him with the rope's end and cursed him for a little blood-thirsty imp. I took the treasure-box and let it down, and then slid down myself, having first left the sign of the four upon the table, to show that the jewels had come back at last to those who had most right to them. Tonga then pulled up the rope, closed the window, and made off the way that he had come.

"I don't know that I have anything else to tell you. I had heard a waterman speak of the speed of Smith's launch the *Aurora*, so I thought she would be a handy craft for our escape. I engaged with old Smith, and was to give him a big sum if he got us safe to our ship. He knew, no doubt, that there was some screw loose, but he was not in our secrets. All this is the truth, and if I tell it to you, gentlemen, it is not to amuse you,—for you have not done me a very good turn,—but it is because I believe the best defence I can make is just to hold back nothing, but let all the world know how badly I have myself been served by Major Sholto, and how innocent I am of the death of his son."

"A very remarkable account," said Sherlock Holmes. "A fitting wind-up to an extremely interesting case. There is nothing at all new to me in the latter part of your narrative, except that you brought your own rope. That I did not know. By the way, I had hoped that Tonga had lost all his darts; yet he managed to shoot one at us in the boat."

"He had lost them all, sir, except the one which was in his blow-pipe at the time."

"Ah, of course," said Holmes. "I had not thought of that."

"Is there any other point which you would like to ask about?" asked the convict, affably.

"I think not, thank you," my companion answered.

"Well, Holmes," said Athelney Jones, "you are a man to be humored, and we all know that you are a connoisseur of crime, but duty is duty, and I have gone rather far in doing what you and your friend asked me. I shall feel more at ease when we have our story-teller here safe under lock and key. The cab still waits, and there are two inspectors down-stairs. I am much obliged to you both for your assistance. Of course you will be wanted at the trial. Good-night to you."

"Good-night, gentlemen both," said Jonathan Small.

"You first, Small," remarked the wary Jones as they left the room. "I'll take particular care that you don't club me with your wooden leg, whatever you may have done to the gentleman at the Andaman Isles."

"Well, and there is the end of our little drama," I remarked, after we had sat some time smoking in silence. "I fear that it may be the last investigation in which I shall have the chance of studying your methods. Miss Morstan has done me the honor to accept me as a husband in prospective."

He gave a most dismal groan. "I feared as much," said he. "I really cannot congratulate you."

I was a little hurt. "Have you any reason to be dissatisfied with my choice?" I asked.

"Not at all. I think she is one of the most charming young ladies I ever met, and might have been most useful in such work as we have been doing. She had a decided genius that way: witness the way in which she preserved that Agra plan from all the other papers of her father. But love is an emotional thing, and whatever is emotional is opposed to that true cold reason which I place above all things. I should never marry myself, lest I bias my judgment."

"I trust," said I, laughing, "that my judgment may survive the ordeal. But you look weary."

"Yes, the reaction is already upon me. I shall be as limp as a rag for a week."

"Strange," said I, "how terms of what in another man I should call laziness alternate with your fits of splendid energy and vigor."

"Yes," he answered, "there are in me the makings of a very fine loafer and also of a pretty spry sort of fellow. I often think of those lines of old Goethe,—

Schade dass die Natur nur *einen* Mensch aus dir schuf,
Denn zum würdigen Mann war und zum Schelmen der Stoff.

By the way, *à propos* of this Norwood business, you see that they had, as I surmised, a confederate in the house, who could be none other than Lal Rao, the butler: so Jones actually has the undivided honor of having caught one fish in his great haul."

"The division seems rather unfair," I remarked. "You have done all the work in this business. I get a wife out of it, Jones gets the credit, pray what remains for you?"

"For me," said Sherlock Holmes, "there still remains the cocaine-bottle." And he stretched his long white hand up for it.

THE END.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S "ELIXIR OF LIFE."

HOW HAWTHORNE WROTE.

II.

[WE have seen, in last month's instalment, the manner in which Nathaniel Hawthorne laid his first grasp upon the elements of a story,—how the subject began to shape itself, not in his mind, perhaps, but under his hand, after the early mental processes had already been performed. Instead of starting, as in the published "Septimius," with a pastoral glimpse of those young people on a spring day, and with an allusion to the impending shadow of war, he aims at once at the core of the matter, and brings the hero, Septimius, himself to investigation. Until he has made this central figure in some degree real and reasonable to his own view, he cannot, it would seem, attend to any of the side-issues or environment of the tale. It is the human beings that he cares for,—their inmost hearts and souls: their outward aspect, and the events in which they are to take part, exist solely as an outcome of what they are, and as a means of forcing that inner being of theirs into visible manifestation. Meanwhile, however, the proportions and coloring of the story regarded as a whole, and from the artist's point of view, are always present in his mind, and he perceives intuitively the propriety of grouping certain elements in the picture. The story is of Life, its possibilities and its limitations; and the characters and occurrences on which the action turns must be representative respectively of the most widely diverse types of humanity and of the most fundamental situations. It is not even necessary to suppose that Hawthorne consciously resolved on this; but he conceived his theme deeply and reverently, and the artistic instinct in him—which is merely the instinct to be true—supplied the rest.

Now, it may be noted that not only in the present story and in "Septimius," but in "The Dolliver Romance," and even in "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret" (which has no avowed relation to the idea of earthly immortality), there are certain leading characters bearing to one another something more than a family resemblance. The same character, in the various stories, will not always have the same part to play; yet he or she will have a like effect in the different designs. Take, for example, the character of Doctor Grimshawe himself. He is described as broad, rather short, shaggy-headed, with a red ugly face and fierce red eyes; he continually smokes a pipe and has recourse to a black bottle; he cultivates spiders, and talks in a queer, fierce, forcible, scoffing way that puzzles and intimidates his hearers. In "Septimius Felton" the personage known as Doctor Portsoaken is, with slight changes, the same man: he is a similar mixture of roughness, coarseness, intellect, mystery, and spider-webs. The Colonel Dabney of "The Dolliver Romance" is, again, but an elder brother of these two: he is more pronounced in evil than they, but the "grim old wreck,

with his ashen, angry, wrinkled face, which, till extreme age quenched it, had been a blazing red, his dull, fiery eyes, and his terrible outbursts of wrath," is obviously a member of the same family. A rich, strong, passionate color glows through them all,—a coarse, earthly force, which, to the author's perception, was a necessary element in a tale of earthly immortality. It is echoed in the crusty Hannah of "Grimshawe," in the old Martha of "Dolliver," and in the much more elaborated Aunt Keziah and Aunt Nashoba of "Septimius" and "The Elixir." On the opposite or spiritual side, we have, in the different stories, the children Elsie and Pansie, and the maiden Rose; and in "Septimius" and in the present story there is the mysterious, phantom-like girl whom the young officer wronged, and who haunts his grave on the hill-top.

These and other features of resemblance in the stories are the result, not of any dearth of inventiveness in the writer's mind, but of a controlling artistic instinct, which recognized their presence as essential to the proper treatment of the theme. And if the earthly features are emphasized more strongly than the spiritual ones, it is by way of indicating that it is to this side of our nature that the idea of earthly immortality most strongly appeals, and towards which those who favor it inevitably tend. For immortality, in the usual sense, is one thing, and indefinite prolongation of physical existence is quite another,—is, indeed, separated from it as nadir from zenith. It is the aim of the story to explain and expound this difference; and the spiritual aspect of it, as being familiar to thought, is passed over lightly.

We now come to the second distinct step in the evolution of the idea,—the analysis of death. Until this step has been taken, we are not in a position to appreciate the value either of a physical life freed from the apprehension of death, or of a spiritual life which has left death's gates behind it. The placing of the story at a period of war renders the introduction of the necessary episode natural and unforced. Septimius might have been made a murderer; but a needless shadow would thus have been cast upon the picture, and a superfluous element introduced into his character. As it is, we are required only to contemplate the abrupt and untimely termination of a life, the agent being the very man, of all others, to whom physical life has assumed an exaggerated and paramount value. The perverse irony of the situation is manifest; and it is also made to subserve the advancement of the plot. For the gay, fascinating, and somewhat cynical young English officer whom Septimius slays (in a sort of duel forced on him by the officer himself) turns out to be his own distant kinsman, the last representative of the English branch of the family that remained in possession of the English estates at the remote and indeterminate epoch of the American emigrants' departure. The bearing of this upon Septimius's history will be immediately evident.

The succession of events at this point is enough like that in the published "Septimius" to relieve us of the necessity of quoting at length. We see the dawn of the April morning, after a night of vague alarms, rumors, and omens, when the British soldiers, in their march from Boston, had received their first check in Lexington, and were now advancing along the old road which still stretches between that town

and Concord. Septimius, his step-sister Rose, and her lover, Robert, are standing by the roadside before their dwellings, discussing the news, and full of dark forebodings. And even now the head of the column is seen amidst the dust down the road, the barrels of their muskets gleaming in the sunshine. Robert counsels Rose to fly, but old Aunt Nashoba will not have it so.]

"No, no," she cries, brandishing a broom, "let her stay here with me! I'm not afraid of the villains, though they spare neither men nor women. And you, Seppy, my boy, what do you mean to do? Where's your old gun, that came from England, and that was owned by the Norton that lived among the Indians? Some say Satan gave it to him, and that the barrel was forged in Tophet, and so cunningly that it is sure to kill. Where is it, I say? It is not in your blood, whether Indian, Norman, or Puritan, to be quiet such a day as this!"

But Septimius is sensible of an odd chilliness and composure, "like those places of still water that we see in a rushing stream." "I know not what I have to do with the quarrel," he says, coolly. "I am almost a clergyman, and have no such conviction of our right as would justify me in shedding blood or taking life,—that precious possession that we should be so much the more careful of because we know not what it is, nor why it is given, and so cannot justly estimate its value; only, all our instincts assure us that it is incalculably valuable. Ah, what a strength of motive must it be," he adds, "that would induce me to take what I myself hold at so high a price and would keep so tenaciously!"

Aunt Nashoba peers askance into his face, marvelling whence he inherits this coldness of the blood, and doubting that he is bewitched; and Robert, scandalized at his mood, strives to awaken his spirit. "These British regulars," he exclaims, "have killed your countrymen, and are marching hither with bloody hands, to kill us, and burn our houses, and haul away our women by the hair, and you talk of the preciousness of human life! If I get near enough to one of those Englishmen to see the buttons on his waistcoat, he shall find what value I have for his life,—just at the powder and bullet that it will take to kill him!" And when Rose would deprecate his fierceness, "Ah, Rose," he says, "do not say anything to discourage me! anything to make my hand tremble and shake my aim, or unnerve me if it comes to wielding the musket-butt, on a day like this. Bid me think what I have to fight for,—my country, my mother, you, Rose! What is a man's life—an enemy's or mine—in comparison with these?"

And here—because in any great tumult of affairs "there is an influence which causes feminine coldness and reserve to dissolve like a slight frost-work, so that young girls, if conscious of any weakness at heart, any slightest inclination for a young man, had better not trust themselves with him at such times, for it will be almost certain to display itself: rules of decorum are obliterated, maiden chariness is shaken from its proprieties; the great, restraining orderliness of human life being done away with, for the time, by the interposition of critical circumstances, all the ordinary rules are suspended along with it,"—at this strange juncture, then, "Rose allowed Robert—or rather she could not help it—to be aware of a tenderness on her part that she had never before betrayed; and, scarcely conscious that Septimius and Aunt Nashoba were there, she suffered him half to enclose her with his arm." Whereupon Aunt Nashoba, sneering at them, like an old witch as she was, jogs Septimius's arm. "Look at them!" she says. "Isn't it a pretty sight, when the people's hearts are stirring up to war, and when in an hour some of us may be lying dead, and the boy Robert among them! I wonder how a woman feels to be hugged! Nobody ever hugged me!" No wonder; for, "to say the truth, there never could have been much feminine charm in poor Aunt Nashoba, even in her freshest days; and now she was surely the ugliest old squaw-like, witch-like figure, so fierce, so wild, so slovenly, that could well be seen or fancied: smoke-dried, too, yellow as the jaundice, wrinkled, and with the Indian look more perceptible than usual under the stir of the morning's alarm. On the other hand, there could not be a chaster yet tenderer spectacle than that of the young man and girl, whom the flames of mutual affection seemed to envelop in a sort of illuminated veil, for an instant, before the two spectators; so sweet a sight, so congenial with that soft, sunny morning of early

spring, as if that genial sunshine were what had brought it to sudden perfection; whereas it was the high atmosphere of danger and trouble in which this Alpine flower had bloomed."

The spectacle softens even Aunt Nashoba. "He is a goodly young fellow," she mutters, "six feet and an inch high at least, and as stalwart a man as shoulders his musket to-day. And Rose is a pretty flower: none of the witch blood in her veins,—she'd never ride on a broomstick, or brandish a tomahawk; but she has her uses, for all that. God bless them both!"

[This picturesque passage is not found in "Septimius Felton."]

Meanwhile, the British, preceded by five or six mounted officers, were advancing at a rapid pace, the officers pausing occasionally to let the column of infantry come up. One of these halts took place opposite Septimius's abode. Seeing Septimius standing there with his aunt and sister (Robert had departed to join the militia in the village), the officers spoke together, and one of them, a handsome and gay young fellow, threw himself from his horse and approached the group.

"How far off is the village, bumpkin?" said he, with a kind of insolent good humor; "and is this the way?"

"It is not my business to tell you," said Septimius, haughtily, though his heart beat quick at finding himself thus immediately confronted with the enemy. "I am no traitor!"

"No traitor, only a rebel," said the young officer, laughing carelessly. "But we will not shoot you for your contumacy; at least not yet, while we have this very pretty damsel, and this respectable old lady, to give us the information which you refuse.—What say you, my dear?" he continued, addressing Rose; "will you tell a poor youth the way, and go along with him a little, showing it?"

"Get along with you, villain!" cried Aunt Nashoba, unconsciously clawing into vacancy, as if impelled to clutch the young man's curling locks. "We will show you no way, unless it be to the pit! Meddle with me and see what you come by! My great-grandfather took a scalp, and perhaps the hair was as curly as that on your head!"

But Rose, fearing an actual encounter, pointed along the road. "There, there is your way," she said. "Good Englishman, for Heaven's sake don't harm us!"

"Harm you! Not for the world, my angel,—unless you call this harm!" said the young man, suddenly throwing his arm round the young girl's neck and snatching a kiss; "and as for the excellent and warlike old dame, in case of an encounter I fear I should come by more harm than I could possibly do her. So, another kiss, and I am gone!"

"Stop, sir!" said Septimius, who ought, indeed, to have interfered sooner, but, being a person of shy habits, with no propensity for action, had not readily seen what to do. "Coward, do you make war on women?"

Being of a temper irascible enough, but that kindled gradually, he was by this time in a dark rage, and, clutching at the insolent young Englishman's throat, might have done him a mischief, being of a more stalwart make than he, had they really come to close grips. But the officer, who seemed to keep his physical powers as well as his wits prompt for use, easily escaped from his grasp, without laying hand on

sword, and, as safe as if he were of intangible essence, held up his riding-whip, playfully threatening his antagonist.

"Take care, friend, take care, or you will come by a notable disgrace," cried he; "and I would not willingly inflict it in presence of your pretty sweetheart, or sister, whichever she be, for the sake of the kiss I snatched from her."

"Come, no more of this nonsense!" cried one of the young man's companions, impatiently. "Here is old Pitcairn close behind. Mount, and forward, or you will be sharply reprimanded."

The officer made no more delay, but, flinging a laughing and kindly glance at Rose, one of gibing defiance at Septimius, and making a mock obeisance to Aunt Nashoba, who uttered a kind of spiteful snort in reply, like a cat just ready for the scratch, he mounted and rode forward, laughing merrily with his companions.

[It will repay students to compare the above more elaborate version of the scene with the brief treatment of it in "Septimius." All this part of the story is worked up in greater detail than in the published romance, though resembling it in general features; and Aunt Nashoba, throughout, is given much more prominence than Aunt Keziah in the other book. While the British column is marching by, for example, she delivers herself of the following remark: "If our men now, Seppy, are what they were when your great-grandfather the parson shot an Indian with his great-grandfather's gun, not half of these villains will ever see Boston again, not to say their own country. Ha! ha! I wonder how many of their shirts will be bloody before night! I pity the washer-woman!" And a little later we see the old lady working off her superfluous energy in her domestic duties, which she "carried on with more than her usual vigor; rattling among pots and pans with a sort of frenzy, and often taking a slight potation from a certain earthen jug, the muzzle of which was stopped with a corn-cob, and which seemed much to comfort Aunt Nashoba, although by no means to assuage the fiery ardor of her proceedings. She rattled and clattered like a whirlwind through the house, making still another and another and yet other visits to the brown jug aforesaid, of the contents of which (and they are very important to our story) we shall give the reader such account as we can, in a future page."

An interval now elapses, during which the British soldiers are marching to Concord bridge and meeting their repulse there, whereof faint intimations come through the air to Septimius, who, outwardly calm, is inwardly deeply perturbed. For, "when we are angriest or most passion-stirred in whatever mood of love or hate, or in highest poetic mood, or in whatever intensest action, there is a certain semblance of quiet, which has a homely symbol in the slumbering and snoring of a child's top, that goes to sleep because it is in such a frantic whirl."

Presently to him enters Aunt Nashoba.]

"Seppy, boy, what is the matter with you? Ain't you ashamed to hide yourself in the house, when every young man in the country is astir? Here is the old gun I have brought you, and the powder-horn.

You used to shoot ducks well enough : try if you can hit a man, with that Indian eye of yours !"

"Well, Aunt Nashoba," said Septimius, opening the door, "so far as taking the gun in hand and going to our own hill-top, I will do as you bid me. But I will slay nobody. Do not hope it."

"That is as may turn out," said Aunt Nashoba, turning upon him with her wild, cruel eyes all glittering, so that she was transformed into an actual squaw. "You will be the first of your race that did not bloody his hand when there was good opportunity. But be careful, Seppy dear. Tree yourself, and watch your chance."

He took the ponderous old gun, which might once have had a match-lock, but now had a clumsy old wheel-lock, and threw over his shoulder the antique powder-horn, carved curiously with devices of twining snakes and tortoises, that looked like an Indian's handiwork ; and with these and a green bullet-pouch, he left the house, and climbed the hill-side. He heard Rose calling to him, but did not turn back.

Here he remains, hearing the sounds of the retreat of the British gradually coming nearer, until the redcoats themselves appear down the road, having thrown out a flank guard on the ridge of hills to their left. The men of this squad presently ascend his own hill, and as he withdraws among the bushes they pass close to him. In their rear follows a young officer, who, hearing a slight noise made by Septimius, covers him with his pistol, and cries out, "Stand forth, or I shoot !"

Out steps Septimius accordingly, and the two recognize each other. It is the same young officer that had snatched a kiss from Rose. In compliance with his challenge, though unwillingly, Septimius raises his gun, and both fire. Septimius feels a sting on his temple, where the bullet of the officer grazed him ; but the latter falls dying, with a hole in his breast.

Septimius is horror-struck, and scarcely realizes what has happened ; but the officer is dying in earnest, and hastens to give his slayer some directions regarding the disposal of his remains. Round his neck he wears a miniature of a woman's face, which he desired to have sent to a certain address, although the bullet that had wounded him had passed through the pictured countenance. His sword and fusil belong to Septimius as spoils of war, and his watch he gives him as a keepsake. Then he bids him bury him where he lies. "I have a reason for it," he says, "and a most earnest one, and there may be mischief if you disregard my wish. Bury me here, and tell no one the spot. A secret," he adds, "shall be buried with me, that has vexed my race too long. See that you keep your promise, or there may be a penalty come even on you. Bury me as I lie. Take nothing from me save what I have given you. Farewell !"

"Shall I pray with you ?" says Septimius, in a faltering voice.

"I thank you," replies the other, quietly, though speaking with difficulty, "but I seem to hear my mother's voice, telling me to say the same old familiar words she used to say by my bedside when I was a child. Ah ! I know I have been a wild and naughty child, dear mother ; but you are praying for me, and all will be well. Yes, I hear her quiet voice, as of old. All will be well. God forgive me. Amen !"

He seems to sink away, but after a moment partly revives again, and mutters that he dreamt that some one was groping in his breast. Then, with another farewell, he closes his eyes and dies indeed. Septimius has slain a man.

The gloom and horror of his lonely meditation are disturbed by a step among the shrubbery ; and here follows a scene not found in "Septimius."

He heard a screeching voice, in as ugly a tone as ever came from the human throat, if it were not rather a screech-owl's ; for it was fierce, and all the worse because it was a woman that made it ; and

Septimius knew whose it was, in spite of a fierceness and horror that he had never heard in it before.

"Seppy! Scalp him, Seppy!"

He turned slowly round, and there, just peeping over the hill, was Aunt Nashoba, with whatever there was of witch and Indian squaw in her alive and triumphing over what civilization and Christianity had been trying for a century and a half to do towards taming her,—a strange, turbulent figure, with her Indian eyes glittering, stretching out her claws towards the poor victim, as if she would herself do what she bade Septimius do. As he made no response, she came stealthily creeping towards the corpse, appearing to be drawn by it, as such things have a sensible attraction for wild beasts; or like a crow snuffing carrion; till she stood over it, looking down upon it with an insatiable curiosity and a kind of greediness.

"Ah, the villain!" muttered she. "That was a shot worthy of our old red grandsire. Scalp him, Seppy! scalp him!"

"Hush, witch! are you woman at all? Look at the boy, and think that he had a mother!" said Septimius, in utter loathing of poor Aunt Nashoba.

Whether it were that Septimius's harsh rebuke produced the effect, or that her hidden womanhood—the English womanhood, capable of tender love, sweet and mild affections, and household woes and joys—awoke in her and overcame the savage strain whose instinct it was to be like the she-wolf—so it was that, as Aunt Nashoba looked down on the dead youth, a change came over her face, and, as well as its ugliness might allow, it began to show symptoms of compassion.

"Well, he is a beauty, and but a boy, too, with his mother's milk hardly out of him. Oh, Seppy, Seppy, it was a cruel thing to kill him, when the Indian has been out of you so long! But is he quite dead? If there's any life in him, a taste of my drink might raise him from the dead: your great-grandsire could all but raise the dead with it."

"Your drink will not help him," said Septimius. "Nothing will help him. He is dead, and I must bury him here."

"Here! on our hill-top! without a funeral! without a coffin!" cried Aunt Nashoba. "Why, Seppy, 'twill be heathenish—cruel! I shall lose my church-membership if I consent to it."

"He chose it himself, poor fellow," answered Septimius, "and I have promised to gratify him. And it is not for you and me, Aunt Nashoba, with the blood that we inherit, to be horror-stricken at the thought of putting a man to his last rest where he chanced to fall and die. Many of our ancestry have lain unburied in their native forests, except as the leaves fell, autumn after autumn, and covered them."

"You say true, Seppy," said Aunt Nashoba; "and he is such a fresh blossom, that it would be a pity not to let him lie in fresh earth; for in our burial-ground it has been turned over-much, and is made up of bones of good housewives, heavy farmers, and such tame clay, that I should hate to have that earth clogging round my own old bones. So I'll help you bury the poor lad according to his own notion."

Feeling an uneasiness as long as the dead youth lay there, Septimius fetched a shovel and pickaxe, marked out a six-foot space, and began his unwonted office of grave-digger, and, burrowing vigorously, was soon half hidden in the hollow that he made. Aunt Nashoba, meanwhile, with tender care, laid the dead youth's limbs straight, and arranged the clustering curls over his brow; and taking off his crimson silken sash, which was very wide and voluminous when unfolded, and might have served to bear him off in, wounded, from a battle-field, she decided that this would be a fitting shroud to envelop him in. At length the new grave, though a somewhat rugged-sided and unshapely specimen of the narrow house, was ready for its tenant.

"Look at him," said Aunt Nashoba. "He's smiling at us, as if he were pleased with what we're doing for him."

The old woman was right. But, though Septimius struggled to believe that the smile was a divinely decreed augury of the blessedness of heavenly immortality, yet, sad doubter and questioner that he was, another view of the matter obtruded itself, and would not be shut out. What claim had this young man, having led a wild and evil life, and dying with a wrong upon his conscience (as Septimius inferred from something he had intimated about the young girl who was the original of the miniature), and having lost the purity of childhood, and contracted early the vices of a man,—what claim had he to receive the hallowed radiance of bliss at once upon his brow? How could it be the sign and seal of Heaven's approval, dying, as he did, in attempting a bloody act, and having scant time for the beginning of repentance, none for the genuine change of heart that could have transformed the dissolute boy into the purified spirit? Was this bliss upon the features, therefore, anything more than a token of that contemptuous kindness (it was Septimius's expression, not ours) which Nature shows, in innumerable ways, for our physical comfort; never giving us a needless anguish; and so, when death is inevitable, she has contrived that the bitterness of it should be past, and that the last effect of life, and the last sensation of the body, before feeling quite deserts it, should be a thrill of the very highest rapture that the body has ever experienced, and the glow resulting from it is what we see upon the features? This idea was of a piece with the earthliness that haunted all Septimius's meditations at this period: there was an evil ingenuity in it: he valued mortal life so much, chiefly because doubts had got possession of his mind, whether the end of all our being was not to be consummated here. Therefore none the more joyfully for this sweet and high expression did he proceed to lay his slain antagonist in the hasty grave prepared for him.

At Aunt Nashoba's suggestion, they opened the crimson sash upon the ground, when it proved to be six feet square, and very strong, though of so delicate a texture as not to have been cumbersome to the wearer; then lifted the corpse and laid it upon the silk, and gathered up the corners for a shroud.

"Lift you his head," said Aunt Nashoba.

"Are you strong enough to lift his feet?" said Septimius.

"I think so," said Aunt Nashoba: "I am a vigorous woman of

my age ; but, to tell you the truth, Seppy, I am a good deal taken down by the thought of this poor boy's being killed on our hill. I thought the Indian blood would have helped me better than it does. Seppy, I must go down the hill and take just a sip of your great-grandsire's drink : it will strengthen me for anything. Meanwhile, do you be thinking of a prayer to say over him ; else there will be nothing to keep him quiet in the new grave."

With these words, poor rheumatic Aunt Nashoba went down the hill, but speedily returned, looking much invigorated, refreshed, and comforted.

"Now say your prayer, Seppy, and we will lift him into his grave. You are almost a minister, you know."

"Would you have me lift hands like these to Heaven?" asked Septimius, holding them out before her eyes. "I will make no prayer to-day. Pray you if you like."

"I have no gift of prayer, Seppy," said Aunt Nashoba, "and I have heard it told of my great-grandmother that she went mumbling a prayer one day in the wood (she had lost her teeth and spoke very indistinctly), and the Black Man showed himself and said he was her God. Perhaps she did not quite know in her heart which of the two she loved. At any rate, they hanged the poor thing for it. Now, Seppy, I have sometimes, in my trouble, and when my drink was low in the bottle, had a temptation to try what would happen if I were to mumble a prayer, and whether the Black Man would do as much for me. So I will not pray at this grave, lest the wrong one hear it,—lest the young man's soul fare the worse for it."

"He will sleep as well without it," said Septimius.

"It's a pity to bury up this good silk," said Aunt Nashoba, feeling of the scarf, "but it serves him instead of all other decorations."

They put green branches at the bottom of the grave, lowered the slender form of the young man into it, and then threw in boughs of white pine and sprigs of wintergreen and hemlock, so that he was enclosed in a sort of green coffin. Then each threw a handful of earth into the grave, after which Septimius set to work with immense vigor and rapidity, shovelling the earth and pebbles back into the pit ; for he had a repugnance to the lingering way in which Aunt Nashoba seemed inclined to perform their strange rites, as if she derived a dismal sort of enjoyment from the thing, something like that of a mother putting her child to bed ; and finally she smoothed down the little hillock that rounded itself over what was just now a pit, as the mother smooths the pillow and bedclothes.

At that moment a distant boom of cannon smote upon the air, indicating that the disastrous rout of the British was stayed by reinforcements from Boston. The sound served to the young soldier for the volley which his comrades should have shot over him.

"Let it alone now, Aunt Nashoba," said Septimius, as the old woman kept smoothing down the heap. "You make it look too much like a grave already. People will wonder what it can be."

"Let them wonder, or let them know : what do you care?" said Aunt Nashoba. "A score of our townsmen will boast, all the rest of

their lives, of having done just such a deed as you have done to-day. To be sure, it is not quite the thing for a minister to do. Bloody fingers should not break the communion-bread. And yet I don't know! Your great-grandfather preached and prayed and broke the communion-bread twenty years after he slew and scalped the Indian."

"Scalped him?" exclaimed Septimius. "Did he scalp him, Aunt Nashoba?"

"That he did! and got the reward for it,—twenty pounds currency," answered the old lady.

"Then it's my belief he's had a fitter reward since!" said the young man. "But come, we have done all we can for poor Francis Norton. Let us leave him now."

"Francis Norton, do you call him?" said Aunt Nashoba.

"He so called himself," answered Septimius.

"Dear me! I thought I loved the boy strangely! Then he was one of our English relations, and nobody had a better right to bury him than we, though mayhap some other hand might more fitly have slain him. Here, Seppy, here's something that may tell you something about him, and what his kinship was. It's well we did not bury it."

[In "Septimius" the hero's family name is, early in the story, given as "Felton." The above passage indicates that the name here designed for him was the same as that of the youth he slew. It is also to be observed that in "Septimius" the officer gives the packet voluntarily to his slayer, whereas here he made it his last request to be buried with it. Aunt Nashoba unwittingly frustrates this wish, thereby inflicting upon her nephew some twinges of conscience.]

She put into his hand a parchment case or envelope, tied up with a string and sealed with black wax, and apparently containing papers; and as Septimius took it he perceived that the bullet had gone directly through it, and that it was besmeared with blood from the young officer's wound. The truth was that, in arranging the body for its extempore burial, Aunt Nashoba's hand had touched the parchment package, and, having a reverence for all written documents, the greater that she could not read them, she had taken possession of them, thinking that they might be of use above ground and could be of none beneath it. In so doing, however, she had probably defeated the whole object that Francis Norton had in view in prescribing the secret burial, and had kept still on earth some secret which he had apparently wished to be buried from the knowledge of man, and had kept a mischief alive and active which otherwise would have gone to decay, like a pestilence hidden among the bones and ashes of its last victim.

"Aunt Nashoba, you have done wrong," said Septimius, sternly; for it is to be noted that, since he had slain a man, he insensibly took more state and authority on him than heretofore. "You have made me violate the poor youth's dying wishes, and break my promise to bury along with him everything save the articles which he mentioned, and which he freely bequeathed to me, his slayer. It is impressed on my mind that there is deadly mischief within this parchment, be-

smeared with blood as it is, and bored with the deadly bullet. You are responsible to me and the world for it."

"No, no, Seppy," said Aunt Nashoba, "I'll not be answerable for any witchcraft there may be in that package. You need never break the seal, unless you like; and if you choose to bury it again, there is the spade, and there's the earth lying loose as yet: so 'twill be easy digging. But if you'll take my advice you'll keep the package, and open it and puzzle it out at your leisure. Who knows what it may be? I've often heard that, if ever we had our rights, there are great estates coming to us in England; and these papers may tell us all about it. But bury them if you like. It is your own choice to keep them or no."

If there had been no other inducement to keep the package than the one suggested by Aunt Nashoba,—the chance, namely, that it might contain documents enabling him to trace out and establish his claim to an English inheritance,—it is probable that Septimius would again have betaken himself to the grave-digger's toil, and not have rested till he had deposited the mysterious parchment on the dead breast of its former possessor, thus hiding forever the secret that it contained. But the young officer had uttered a few words that sank into Septimius's memory and were more strongly felt and appreciated by him now than when he had heard them. When uttered, they seemed to partake of the mocking, mystifying, playful, boyish mood in which, so far as Septimius had opportunity to observe, the young officer indulged, and which even his death-wound had not wholly done away with. Therefore it might all, perhaps, have been an old hereditary jest, handed down from generation to generation, and laughed at by each with a mirth that was but an echo and could not be appreciated by strangers. But now, with that fresh hillock before him, and the blood-stained corpse that he knew was beneath it, the words took the solemnity of a dying man's almost latest utterance; the assertion (for so Septimius interpreted it) that his fatal bullet had cut off the prospect of an existence capable of being prolonged indefinitely beyond the common lot of mortals; and what was more natural than to suppose the secret of such existence contained in the package so strangely treasured in the young man's breast? or what likelier than that, disappointed of his hope of such long life, he should choose, in a natural resentment, to keep the benefit of it from his slayer?

"At all events," thought he, "it was a mad wish of his to seek to bury the secret with him, be it what it may. I am his executor at least, if not his heir, and can better judge what is fit to be done than he, in the surprise and agony of his dying moments. I will examine the papers, and bury them afterwards, should that appear the best mode of dealing with them."

They now descended the hill, Septimius bearing along with him the spoils of the poor youth,—the sword, the gun, and the rest of the property which he resolved to keep in trust for the heirs of the young man, whenever they should appear. On reaching the house, Aunt Nashoba betook herself to the chimney-corner, where she squatted (a favorite attitude of hers, derived from the Indians) over the little rem-

nant of embers, looking much like a very old and withered frog; and, first of all taking a cupful of her favorite herb-drink, she lighted a pipe, and brooded over the occurrences of the day, uttering no distinct word, but mumbling a good deal of indistinct mutter, which seemed to be of much the same substance as the puffs of strongly odorous smoke which came from her lips. Probably it was this habit of muttering to herself, together, perhaps, with the deep rumblings of wind in the chimney, that seemed to answer her, that led to the odd stories about Aunt Nashoba's holding conversations with the demons,—a scandal for which it was once moved to bring her before the church and to combine with this investigation an inquiry into the composition of the herb-drink of which she made such a mystery. Fortunately, the minister discouraged the idea, and Aunt Nashoba still continued to mumble in her chimney-corner, puff her rank tobacco, and sip her herb-drink, in peace.

In reference to this very drink, moreover, there was an awful statement that it was concocted after a recipe from that famous ancestress who had been hanged for witchcraft, and that it was the liquor brewed in the infernal regions, which used to be handed round for the refreshment and delectation of the company at the merry-meetings of witches, wizards, Indian sorcerers, and demons, in the primitive forest. And, furthermore, those who had been favored by Aunt Nashoba with an opportunity to taste this exquisite beverage ever afterwards believed the legend, believing that such a brewage could have had no less diabolical an origin.

[Here we will leave Septimius until next month. The above scene at the grave differs in most respects from that in the published volume. There it is the minister, and not Aunt Nashoba, who surprises Septimius on the hill-top, beside the body of his victim, and the conversation that ensues between them is of a comparatively unimportant character. It is evident that it was Hawthorne's original intention to make Aunt Nashoba a leading personage in the evolution of the tale: her portrait is already very powerfully drawn. In the next instalment we shall see in what adventures and complications the possession of the parchment packet involved him.]

Julian Hawthorne.

(To be continued.)

EVERGREENS.

HOW deathlessly from age to age
The master-minds have wrought!
We cull from many a precious page
Their evergreens of thought.

William H. Hayne.

D. J. Foster

WHY DO WE MEASURE MANKIND?

WHY should you, the reader, put yourself to the trouble of being measured, weighed, and otherwise tested? Why should I, the writer, and why should others, take the trouble of persuading you to go through the process? Are the objects to be gained sufficient to deserve this fuss? The reader may be supposed to say, "I do not care for science, and do not intend to go out of my way to advance it. The so-called scientific men may, and probably have, reasons satisfactory to themselves for asking me to go and be tested, but their motives do not influence me a jot. If anybody can show me that all this measuring will be useful to myself, I will undergo it with pleasure; otherwise not."

It is to this very cynical and not quite imaginary speaker that the first answer must be given. It will make it easier to do so satisfactorily if we confine ourselves to showing that there will be at least a fair proportion between his expenditure and what he will gain by it. So we must begin by showing what the cost of measurement is likely to be.

At the laboratory at Cambridge the charge of threepence per head suffices to defray the working expenses of a short but important series of tests, and of registering the results for future reference. But the use of the part of the room where the testing is carried on is given free of cost, the operator has other sources of remuneration, and the instruments were presented. At the International Health Exhibition the charge was the same, and fully defrayed the working expenses. Here also the necessary space and protection were gratuitously given, and the instruments were lent. The little laboratory I have started and carry on, that is attached to the Western Gallery of the South Kensington Scientific Collection, hardly serves as a guide towards expense. There the measurements are at present gratuitous. I think we may say, roundly, that a laboratory that was much and regularly frequented could be wholly and well maintained by a charge of a shilling per head. Accepting this as a basis to reason from, the question that the cynical reader is supposed to have asked may be changed into this:

"Is it worth while for myself, or for my boys and girls, to pay a shilling, a sixpence, or other small sum, in order to be measured and tested in many ways, to have the results registered for future reference, and their meaning explained?" I do not say anything about the trouble of going to the laboratory, because there may be an equivalent for it in the instruction to be found in the books and diagrams that are kept there, and in the amusement of seeing the process. I have always noticed that people seem much interested in looking on.

First, as regards boys and girls, in what way would the measurements be worth the expenditure on them? The answer is briefly this. They will show how the boy or girl ranks among other children of the same sex, age, and of similar social position, in respect to physical efficiency in various specified respects, which give a fair indication of

physical efficiency generally. A comparison of the measures made from time to time will show whether the child maintains his former rank, or whether he is gaining on it or losing it. It must be confessed that at the present moment the necessary tables for giving this information are very imperfect. They exist as yet only for some faculties, ages, and broad subdivisions of social position. But there is nothing to hinder the indefinite extension of tables of this kind. Their construction is steadily going on. Before long, the required information may be given with perfect distinctness for many measurable qualities.

As an example of what can easily be done, let us consider the measurement of eyesight. Its degree of keenness, in persons whose power of accommodating the focal length is normal, is most easily ascertained by noting the greatest distance at which printed numerals of a specified size can be freely read. Measurement would give an indication of the eyesight becoming less good, long before the child would find it out for himself or before its impairment could attract the observation of others. It is frightful to think of the frequent mischief to eyesight that has been caused by the neglect at schools of the most elementary requisites to protect it from unnecessary strain, such as an abundance of light coming from the proper direction, and desks and chairs so shaped as to discourage a lolling or sidelong attitude, by supporting the book or paper squarely before the reader. The stupid want of care in providing these essentials to eye-comfort has gone far towards converting the educated classes of Germany and the cultured girls of England into short-sighted sections of society. When measurement shows that the sight is beginning to be slightly impaired, there is probably time to hunt out and abolish the cause of mischief before serious harm is done, and an occasional small fee would be little grudged by most persons to insure so timely a warning of danger.

The unobserved existence of color-blindness is another possibility well worth being inquired into at an early age, as it materially limits the choice of occupation. It is curious to hear how late it may be in life before this remarkable defect is found out either by the person or his friends; and, as it affects about one male in twenty-five, the risk of being subject to it is considerable. I have myself witnessed painful scenes at my own laboratory when the discovery was first made by grown-up persons who came there for general measurement. One case occurs vividly to me as I write, which will serve as an example of what might often happen. A young widow brought her only son, a youth of about eighteen, to the laboratory. When he was put to the color test he blundered hopelessly among the reds and greens. I privately drew his mother's attention to his indecision and blunders, while he was in the midst of them, but she could not or would not believe that he really had not the power of distinguishing colors. At first she thought he was joking, then she expressed her vexation at his silliness, and at last grew quite angry with the lad. Poor boy! It was easy to realize from that brief experience all the accusations of stupidity and of negligence and all the humiliations that must be endured by every color-blind person, until the true cause of his failures is ascertained to be due neither to stupidity nor to negligence, but to a natural incapacity in a

single particular. Not a few persons have entered upon their occupations without the least conception that this irremediable defect must cause them to fail. In some pursuits color-blindness is no hindrance to success: in others it is an absolute bar. Therefore before preparing plans for a start in life the efficiency of the color sense ought to be tested.

The rest of my remarks will refer to adults as well as to youths, though after adult life has been reached the value of yearly measurement decreases. Perhaps the best general test of bodily efficiency is the breathing capacity, taken not by itself, but with reference either to the stature or the weight. Lungs that are amply large enough for a small man would be wholly inefficient for a large one, as the tables of averages and of "rank" show very distinctly. The next test in importance is that of strength, and preferably the strength of grip. It serves as a fair sample of the general strength, and it can be measured very easily and accurately, without any risk of bodily strain. Like the breathing capacity, the strength also has to be considered in reference to the stature. The possession of a considerable amount of breathing capacity and of muscular strength is an important element of success in an active life, and the rank that a youth holds among his fellows in these respects is a valuable guide to the selection of the occupation for which he is naturally fitted, whether it should be an active or a sedentary one. As life proceeds, the strength declines somewhat, and the breathing capacity is materially reduced. It is well that a man should have the advantage which occasional measurement affords, to be warned of any premature decay in his powers. If it should take place, and if it is due to mere indolence and disuse, he may exert himself with advantage before it is too late. A register of measures resembles a well-kept account-book. It shows from time to time the exact state of a man's powers, as the account-book shows that of his fortune.

Whatever may be whispered by the inner voices of vanity or of envy, no sane and experienced person can doubt the enormous difference between the natural gifts of different men, whether in moral power, in taste, in intellect, or in physical endowments. Those who have frequently pitted themselves fairly against others, doing their very best to succeed, must have often known what it is to be utterly beaten by their natural superiors. It is only those who have kept aloof from contest who can possibly flatter themselves with the belief that their failures are wholly due to circumstance and in no degree to natural incapacity. Such persons will quickly be awakened from their self-conceit by submitting themselves to physical measurement and thereby ascertaining their exact rank among others in each several respect. They will be pretty sure to receive a good moral lesson from the results.

Employers of labor might often find it helpful to require a list of laboratory measurements when selecting between many candidates who otherwise seem to be equal in merit. Certainly a man who was thereby shown to be measurably much more highly endowed than the generality of his class with physical efficiency would have a corresponding chance of being selected for any post in which physical efficiency of the kind tested was of advantage. I have great hope of seeing a system of

moderate marks for physical efficiency introduced into the competitive examinations of candidates for the Army, Navy, and Indian Civil Services.

In this brief notice I will allude to only one other advantage in going to a laboratory,—namely, the help that the registration of the measures might hereafter give to identification. Rogues had better avoid such places, but respectable people who may possibly at some future time desire to have their identity proved, or at least their presumed identity with some other undesirable personage disproved, might reasonably go to a laboratory to secure the necessary evidence. Differences that hardly strike the eye or are retained in the memory, whether of the breadth or of the length of the head, or of the cubit, or of the length of foot, and so forth, exceed the greatest errors of measurement that need be feared, added to the utmost change of which the human body is capable between the ages of twenty-one and sixty. They are relied upon as guides to identification in the criminal administration of France, according to the method of M. Alphonse Bertillon. The prints of the thumbs or fingers also afford a singularly exact means of identification. I now always cause the thumb-prints to be taken at my laboratory, partly for that reason, and partly because they bear, to myself, a present interest of their own, that lies wholly outside the subject we are talking about, and of which I hope before long to give some account.

The stage at which we have thus far arrived is that a man who occasionally takes a child, or who goes for his own sake, to a well-equipped laboratory where numerous measurements are made, where their meaning is explained and the results are preserved, will obtain what is worth much more to himself than the small fee which is sufficient to defray the cost of the process.

Now let us endeavor to justify those who, like the writer of these remarks, are taking much trouble to persuade persons to be measured and afterwards to discuss the results. Is it more than a harmless hobby on their part, or have they substantial reasons for what they do? My reply is that these measurements afford apparently the only way of obtaining information upon a variety of important topics on which we are at present in deplorable ignorance.

For example, we have no knowledge of the degree in which the promises of youth are fulfilled in after-life. How far may the vigor, strength, keenness of senses, and efficiency in other respects at the various ages of childhood and boyhood be accepted as true indications of the future efficiency of the man? The answer to this question has a direct bearing on the value of examinations at different ages, as a means of selecting capable candidates for employment. To the best of my knowledge, this problem has never been adequately discussed,—mainly, I presume, owing to the want of a sufficient collection of trustworthy data. It is a question that admits of a perfectly precise and complete answer, as those who are familiar with the modern developments of statistical analysis are well able to appreciate.

Another problem is to ascertain with precision the influences of special education as distinguished from natural capacity. Suppose there

are two youths who have been reared in a similar and ordinary way, and who are alike in their physical performances, but that one of them afterwards becomes an artisan in a trade that greatly exercises some particular set of muscles, while there is nothing peculiar in the occupation followed by the other. The years go by, and the performances of the same persons are again compared. What is the difference between them now, in respect to the set of muscles in question? By taking many such pairs, the entire history of the effects of that sort of education ought to be clearly made out. We should learn, and be able to express in a very compendious way, the frequency with which education produces each of the various gradations of effect. We should, for example, know in what proportion of cases the strength of those muscles was increased by a quarter, by a half, or in any other ratio. No measurements of persons engaged in different occupations, without a knowledge of their previous history, can tell us this. It would be absurd to compare the strength of the arms of blacksmiths with that of the arms of tailors, for the very obvious reason that strong men rarely become tailors, or weak men blacksmiths. The results of such comparisons as these would confuse natural gifts with acquired ones, and would probably be more influenced by the former than by the latter.

It would be most instructive to analyze the measures after a sufficient number had accumulated, in order to find out the rate at which the education of a muscle or a faculty proceeds. At a gymnasium the hitherto imperfectly exercised muscles of new-comers become rapidly strengthened, but the rate of their daily improvement steadily lessens, and at last it stands still. Then the limit of perfectibility has been reached. Experiences of this kind on a large enough scale to give trustworthy results would have a direct bearing on the science of education.

The effect of environment is another obvious line of investigation. As we should have *precise measures* to deal with, we might fairly hope to obtain *precise* results. This, in the most general sense and in the briefest form, is the true justification of those who spend their time in measuring mankind.

The educational effect of a habit of human measurement may be of much value in promoting accuracy of ideas and language. The present vague way in which men mostly estimate and describe the performances of themselves or others testifies to much muddleheadedness and to a sad lack of power of expression. There is no measure in their epithets; their phraseology readily flies off into hyperbole; superlatives abound, but precision is wanting. The generality of mankind would be astonished to learn that a precise measure may be applied to the general performance of a man, although his performances vary in value from time to time, and that a measure of the most successful performance is of very little importance. They never dream of using the simple scientific expression, say in reference to a marksman, that such a proportion of his shots, at such and such a range, lie within such and such a distance either to the right or to the left of the bull's-eye. They have no conception of *the completeness* with which a brief statement like that defines the varying accuracy of his aim; how it enables us to foretell the distance within which one-quarter of his shots, one-half, or any

other specified proportion of them, will fall. There is a world of interest hidden from the minds of the great majority of educated men, to whom the conceptions and laws of the higher statistics are unknown. A familiarity with these conceptions would soon be gained by the habit of dealing with human measurements, as by the assignment of rank in a class, or by making other deductions that I have not space to refer to here, such as the numerical values by which the nearness of different degrees of kinship may be expressed, or the closeness of correlation between different parts of the body. There is no intrinsic difficulty in grasping the conceptions of which I speak, but they are foreign to present usage, and look strange at first sight. They are, consequently, very difficult to express briefly and intelligibly to those to whom they are wholly new.

It is reasonable to expect that if intelligent interest should be taken by many persons in the methods of human measurement, the number of the faculties that we shall be able to deal with will steadily increase. It is only a few months since the ingenuity of one of the masters at Eton College devised a test of muscular endurance. It is made with an ordinary grip dynamometer, that measures the strength of squeeze or grasp. The utmost strength of squeeze is first noted; then a second trial is made to test the length of time during which the experimentee can maintain his previous grip, so far as not to permit the index hand of the instrument to fall back more than ten pounds below its previous maximum. This precise limit of ten pounds is of small importance, as when the muscles fail they give way rapidly. Experience has not yet adequately confirmed the value of this simple and novel measure of an important quality. It is alluded to merely as an example of one of the steps by which the art of human measurement may become indefinitely extended.

Francis Galton, F.R.S.

BOMBIN.

THEY are burying Bombin over the way.
 The village street will miss him some,—
 His vacant smile and look astray,
 And the unused tongue grown strangely dumb.
 Six feet to rest in many a day,
 Prince or princess, what more have they?
 Six feet by three of narrow clay.

The school-boys straying along the street
 Will miss the quaint, uncanny form,
 The sad tired look they would surely meet
 In summer's sun or winter's storm,
 And the head that little more did shield
 Than it finds to-day in potter's field,
 Unless there is shelter unrevealed.

Somewhere she went for a short sojourn,
A kind sweet woman, with words of joy,
And the light of love in her eyes did burn ;
And with her the gold-haired, blue-eyed boy
Of Bombin went ; and all was fair,
For who so happy as he was there ?
For love of his kin was his only care.

The cars went over a precipice,
And the two fair people came back no more,
And so fell Bombin's house of bliss.
The gods who rule on sea and shore
Took away his faithful and happy mind,
And left but little of thought behind,
Yet in that little was hope confined.

Bombin each day, when the mails came in,
Stood in the row at the postman's door,
With a look of hope on his face so thin,
And waited there till his chance was o'er ;
And he turned sadly, and went his way,
To come again on the coming day
And hear the postman say him nay.

The years went by, and a message came ;
It summoned him to the latest mail ;
And I hope he reads his hopeless name
Where the saddest lives the most avail,
And that that lost woman waits for him,
With his tattered coat and eyes grown dim,
In the fields of the New Jerusalem ;

And the boy with the shining golden hair,
And dimpled small hands leaning down,
And sunny eyes, and face so fair,
May clutch his hand in a far-off town,
And lead him through a golden door,
And go away from his side no more,
For the ferries are far to the further shore.

Who knows ? Bombin is buried to-day,
And the village streets are a shade more drear,
And we who are left have much to say
Of many things we still must hear.
Was Bombin's life more aimless quite
Than the vistaless one of the Sybarite
Or the eyeless path of the anchorite ?

Daniel L. Dawson.

THE SALON IDEA IN NEW YORK.

Can rules or tutors educate
 The semi-god whom we await?
 He must be musical,
 Tremulous, impressional,
 Alive to gentle influence
 Of landscape and of sky,
 And tender to the spirit-touch
 Of man's or maiden's eye;
 But, to his native centre fast,
 Shall into Future fuse the Past,
 And the world's flowing fates in his own mould recast.
 EMERSON.

IT may be that the literary drawing-rooms of the metropolis form a subject so delicate in its connection with personal sensitiveness that its discussion should be relegated solely to the aforesaid assemblies. Possessing undoubted interest, and perhaps comparative freshness, as a topic, the salient features of the *salon*, as it has grown and flowered in this alien soil, will be roughly outlined, in the hope that more attention may be drawn to the laudable efforts that have been made to give needed opportunity to Genius, to Culture, and to Art.

If anything is true of life in the metropolis, it is that it is too serious, too hurried, too money-making, in its diurnal pursuits. To offset this, its amusements are apt to be of too trivial, passive, or sensuous a nature. To rush through two days' work in one, whether in Wall Street, Park Row, or Union Square, and to spend the evening with the "Minstrels," or lounge in an opera-box, trying to compel recreation from surges of sensuous music and gorgeous panoply,—this is a frequent way of making the night balance the day.

Such is not the ideal of life to those who hope for the supremacy of the finer qualities of the mind. With the plea for more intellectual entertainments must also go one for less haste and worry for the last dollar in business life. The devotee of Mammon during the day can hardly shine among the Muses and Graces at night.

It is a regrettable fact that the mere existence of classes and cliques in society is apt to bring about unreasonable jealousies and animosities between those classes. If literary drawing-rooms can be made to bring together representatives of the various classes, they may do much good. The different strata need to be kept mellow by intercommunication and sympathy if budding talent is to push its way to the top.

There are times when it is an inestimable boon to have a cultured circle open to you, where a valued idea may be unfolded and perfected by the friction of minds. The little touch of sympathy gained in such places may prove the magnetic spark that shall set world-wide influences in motion.

For these and kindred reasons a good word for the literary coteries in New York, their past efforts and present aims, may not be out of

place. The leaders of intellectual life there form a mighty power, when even a few are gathered together; but they lack organized expression, to a great extent. The differentiation of life tends too much to make each man a specialist, more or less isolated from his kind, a cog on a wheel instead of a man. A return to plain living and high thinking, to sociability, to studious, ingenuous comradeship, is desirable for all such. Gold and Position and Pleasure may be worth some of this fevered struggle to secure; but how about Life itself? Is it not worth thinking about? Is not fifty minutes of indulgence to the life of the soul better than a cycle in the Cathay of Wall Street?

Before recounting the experiments and describing the gatherings that have marked the introduction of *conversazioni* in New York, it may be well to glance at the classic French models of this form of entertainment, at those brilliant *salons* of the past that wielded so mighty an influence, that were powers to be courted or dreaded, but

Whose lights are dead,
Whose guests are fled.

The name of Madame de Staël is concededly pre-eminent as representative of the halcyon era of the *salon*. It is unnecessary to say that New York has no such woman as was this superbly-endowed and fascinating daughter of Literature, who grew up under the guardianship of a wonderfully-gifted mother and listened in her girlhood to the conversations of Buffon, Diderot, Marmontel, and St-Lambert,—a woman who dazzled Bonaparte until he grew jealous or afraid of her, who rallied around her such lights as Talleyrand, Constant, Gérard, and Montmorency, and who made celebrities such as Madame Récamier, the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, Sophie Gay, and Madame Le Brun shine only as if by her reflected light. It would appear as if to edit a newspaper, play in tragedies, or write brilliant books was but by-play to her. Evidently she was born to show what could be made out of a literary drawing-room presided over by one who was indubitably queen in that province, so that even when banished forty leagues from Paris she had power to make her parlor more of a court than the Emperor could make his palace; and it was said of her gatherings that republican orators and journalists went from her parlors in the evening with their speeches or editorials for the morrow ready prepared, so potent was the inspiration of her presence and conversation.

One who would study the requirements of a leader of brilliant men and women, such as would change a formal parlor assemblage into a court of wit and wisdom, will immediately see that the first requirements such a leader must possess are entire fearlessness and independence of thought and action. It is because New York society (one might as well say modern society) apparently lacks a woman who combines rare mental and physical charms with absolute fearlessness and indifference to criticism, that we have no such successful *salon* queens as Madame de Staël.

How patent it is that people will not unbend and become sympathetic in company unless they can get rid of this sensitiveness to criti-

cism, of which literary people often have the lion's share! Who is going to present a cherished idea when he expects it to be picked to pieces, sneered at, laughed at, distorted, and, in fact, foully murdered, and its ghastly relics thrown back in his face? Only a presiding genius, a woman to whom all defer, whose smile confers the highest court decoration in the room, whose personal assumption of all risk of criticism sets every one else free, whose manner encourages each to do and be his best, and who recognizes her humblest guest as the equal of princes,—only such a woman need hope to make her drawing-room brilliant, powerful, and famous. If a woman lacks this magnetic force and devotion to her guests and the spirit of the occasion, she may have all the brilliant men and women in the country in her parlors, and, ten to one, they will move around like puppets and talk gibberish.

Here is a motto for a *salon*, culled from Madame de Staël, which is worthy to be studied by all earnest promoters of culture:

"It is important to connect classes now at variance; and to do this urbanity of manners is the most efficacious means, in order that enlightened men, firmly united and connected, may form a tribunal of opinion to distribute praise and censure, and likewise to exercise an influence over literature, so that authors may apprehend what is the natural spirit and taste."

It is quite evident that the woman who wrote thus might pick up in a drawing-room to-day the sceptre which she dropped in the first part of the century.

Travellers tell us that New York as a city grows more and more like Paris. There are features of that city that the average New-Yorker is still Puritanical enough to prefer should not be imitated by his favorite city. But as far as imitating the brightness, the vivacity, the clean streets, the open museums, the courage, artistic spirit, independence, and general *bonhomie* of the gay capital is concerned, we could have much worse models. In considering what availability there is in the idea of the French drawing-room for us, we must of course take cognizance of New York as it is, even more carefully than we study France at the periods when the *salon* was most powerful. Meanwhile, if any of us prefer to copy from English precedent, we have only to observe that the "drawing-room" is a quite popular London institution, not only as patronized by the nobility and the younger school of artists and writers, but as used by the most aristocratic for social and political purposes. Such political canvassers as Lady Churchill and Lady Rosebery could write interesting views of the *salon* and its influence on politics. One of these London clubs is called the "Salon," and is now enjoying decided success. Any wielder of pen or brush may belong, and the different members entertain the club in turn.

But New York is neither Paris nor London. It has some peculiar conditions that operate against large and brilliant literary *soirées*. It is not a capital city. Therefore we have a scarcity of leading diplomats or statesmen. Begging the pardon of Washington people, we feel like a big Sunday-school that has seen the circus and the lions go by to entertain the boys in a much smaller village. Some will argue that we are too busy a people to stop for the elegant exchange of thought in

drawing-rooms. It is a fact that many of our brightest men and women are also the busiest,—in newspaper, magazine, and publishing offices, lawyers, physicians, ministers, etc. Still, many of them would find the time, if the congenial place and company and “atmosphere” were provided. As for the average busy, money-making, mercantile-minded New-Yorker, he would in most instances prefer the theatre to conversation.

Still, the need of an intellectual “Exchange” is obvious. Is it not true to some extent that many of our novelists are giving us more or less false pictures of fashionable life for the very reason that they do not see the interior of that life, but, instead, see only one side of it? Then the false idea is perpetuated by people reading such delineations, and, perhaps, accepting or unconsciously imitating them. The doubly-false reflection thus continues to lead each class farther away from natural, healthful standards of living. Artists are perhaps less free from a catering to what they fancy to be the weakness of luxurious people. Yet would it not have a salutary effect on art if there were a more healthful and representative tribunal of opinion and criticism?

Nor is it probable that the Bohemian element would be the only one to make advances towards a common meeting-ground under unimpeachable auspices. The names of a numerous class of young men in society come to mind,—clever and well-educated scions of the oldest families, who have passed the adolescent period of dancing attendance on *débutantes*, who are tired of the excess of vapidness in ultra-fashionable life, and who would enjoy trying their wings in the company of our best thinkers, writers, and artists. They would not only ornament but enliven any such gathering. Need it be said that there are as many fashionable young ladies with spirit and ambition to complement them? Successes in art like Miss Rosina Emmet’s, or in literature like Amélie Rives’s, are indicative of such a feeling that is widely prevalent. And again, New York is growing less hurried, more leisurely. Witness the shorter working-hours, the Saturday half-holiday, the long summer vacations in the country. As a city grows old, after a certain period of nervous growth, it becomes more sedate, and adopts the gait and motion of an elderly person. New York’s position is assured; it need not hurry; it even has a “past,” and is falling into the steps of London. People are beginning to forsake the elevated roads for the leisurely, humdrum, easy-going stages and horse-cars. We are beginning to realize that the man who hastes loses the pleasure of living. Hence the increasing opportunity for informal social intercourse.

It hardly seems worth while to argue, either, that literary drawing-rooms might prove a great boon to New York society, if rightly conducted, or that it is possible and entirely feasible so to conduct them and to make them a success. And yet many literary and “society” people shake their heads and smile incredulously. Certainly the greatest literary centre on this side of the ocean must be strangely impotent if it cannot make as much a success of literary entertainments as it does of other things it attempts.

Yet there are difficulties, it must be conceded, and perhaps one cannot state them better than by using the words of a popular matron in

society, who attempted a *salon* and failed, or, rather, thought she failed. "Somehow," said she, "I could never get my guests to thoroughly mix and sympathize. The fashionable clique and the literary or Bohemian set would always keep a little aloof, as if they feared to venture off their own ground; and each preferred to stay where they felt their superiority. Of course this feeling was not conducive to animated conversation, and my mixtures of wealth and Bohemia seemed to make a rather heavy composition. They did not leaven each other.

"Next I tried to entertain Bohemians by themselves, and, while a few were inclined to talk too much, the most of them were stiff and silent. Cliques and jealousies were quite apparent, and it was evident that they enjoyed more the watching of some one else venturing to 'take a slide' on the ice of conversation, and laughing at the occasional tumbles, than to make an attempt themselves.

"Then there were *such* eccentric people who would occasionally creep in, either with friends who had received cards or else boldly on their own recognizance. There was the lean, long-haired individual who *would* get up and talk on the most abstruse topic imaginable and coldly bore people to death. One old woman with false frizzes would follow me round the parlor all the evening, cornering me at every opportunity, and reciting verses that were tinctured with nothing but lunacy.

"There was even a person whose engrossing idea was that the grindstones were all turned the wrong way, and if they were only turned from left to right the world would be made an Eden again!"

This hostess could not have failed because of any lack in her own attractiveness. A native Southern grace and hospitality, united with rare intellectual charms and indubitable tact and various social resources, make her in many ways a model. It is quite likely that she was too charitable, and included in her *salon* many people who could not or would not contribute to the feast of reason. For it is certain that her own informal drawing-rooms or days at home are as charming and edifying as possible, and are frequented by a constellation of social and literary stars.

The opinion of another conspicuous leader in society, one of the few gentlemen of leisure and taste who keep up the traditions of Lord Chesterfield and devote themselves to society, may be quoted as coming from a source where social tendencies are weighed with great nicety. He said recently, "It is really a great lack in our best society, that of intellectual entertainment and conversation. The tendency for social intercourse to degenerate into mere hollow talk and babble is so strong that something should be done to avert it. The fashionable call,—what is it? A few trite observations on the opera, the weather, the day's social sensation, with perhaps some threadbare witticism or the latest fad in fashionable slang, all in a high-pitched metallic voice, constitute the intellectual pabulum. If one ventures an original remark or introduces a subject that calls for any brain-effort, he is likely to be met with a wide stare instead of anything like sympathetic response. There is the greatest opportunity for a lady of brilliant qualities to institute a *salon* and do a great amount of good right in the upper 'four hundred' of fashionable society."

The idea of the literary *conversazione*, however, has not been confined to theory in this city, but has passed the boundary into practice. It has been of long, if of interrupted, growth; it has led to many pleasant meetings, notwithstanding some failures; and perhaps the only reason it has not scored an adequate and brilliant triumph and won an assured position is that the demands on it have also grown, and grown faster than the institution itself. For New York society grows larger and more unwieldy each year; and if it shall ever flower into a really representative and brilliant literary *salon* this would have to be representative of a number of lesser ones,—so rich are we in writers, artists, and clever people generally.

When one comes to instance some of the gatherings of metropolitan culture,—hostesses who have made many a pleasant evening for weary scribblers, houses that have heard many a pungent sally of wit, and literary clubs in which weighty questions have been tossed about as shuttlecocks,—the number which come to mind is astonishing, and does not at first intimate that the *salon* idea needs any nursing. Sound a white-haired *littérateur* of standing, and how his eyes will kindle with recollections of drawing-rooms where wit and grace sparkled more than champagne and diamonds! In the words of *Touchstone*, he “will rhyme you [on *salons*] eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping-hours excepted.”

Many will recollect a house in the vicinity of Gramercy Park whose fair young hostess was wont to hold evening receptions and supper-parties on Sunday evenings. People dropped in after ten o'clock, and many a good thing was said over her coffee or chocolate. A lady who made a striking social success with her literary receptions was Mrs. Sidney Brooks, who some ten years ago used to entertain almost every distinguished foreigner that came to these shores. As she kept up her informal levees at Newport in the summer season, she won an acknowledged place as a social leader. Mrs. Paran Stevens has to a considerable extent taken the place of Mrs. Brooks. Her house in Fifth Avenue has been the social Mecca to which most titled visitors have been accredited. Those who enjoy her good graces feel sure of meeting good company on any Sunday evening in her stately parlors, which are a veritable museum of paintings and sculpture. Mrs. Stevens's hospitality, broad views, and faculty of making people feel at ease have helped wonderfully to make her receptions successful. A dinner-party to her most favored guests or to strangers generally precedes the evening's entertainment, which is entirely informal. Her latch-string at Newport is just as free: so that when she makes her periodical trips to Europe she is one of the most missed of New York women.

The late Mrs. John Jacob Astor, as many know, was decidedly catholic and cordial in entertaining the literary world as well as the fashionable, and it is quite probable that the wife of W. W. Astor, himself a successful author, will follow where that most gracious and widely-mourned lady, the elder Mrs. Astor, was so successful.

Glancing up and down Fifth Avenue, many ladies suggest themselves as natural leaders of the literary movement, whose receptions approach the *salon* idea and might, with their influence and gifts, easily

fill it. Such a one is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, herself an arsenal of expedients for amusing a company, and her house a palace to inspire a dullard. Mrs. W. C. Whitney, enterprising and winning, with her Washington experience in diplomatic circles, will probably enlarge the space devoted to letters in her château drawing-room. Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, a peerless hostess, of New-England culture and antecedents, with a magnificent house, always hospitable to the gifted as well as to the foreign nobility, comes easily on this list of natural leaders. Only a favored few of the literary coterie, however, meet at Mrs. Roberts's.

One must hurry on to reach the genuine Bohemian assemblies, but on the way must note such semi-literary centres as the houses of Judge and Mrs. Brady and their gifted daughters; General A. S. Webb's; Mrs. Robert Hoe's, the cosy retreat of the Grolier guild; Mrs. and the clever Misses Remsen; the musical Misses Shea; Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher; the Misses Gallaudet; Mrs. Van Anken, now Mrs. Andrews; the Doremuses, di Cesnolas, and Drapers. Nor must one forget Washington Square, where Mrs. Hicks Lord holds her marvellous assemblies of learning and blood, wit and beauty, where Mrs. Griswold Gray, a most charming hostess, entertains several literary clubs, and where the literary ex-railroad-magnate George R. Blanchard rallies a coterie of sympathetic souls and admirers. Mr. L. K. Hammersley's *salon* for gentlemen is not only a novelty, but also a highly pleasing and practical scheme for enjoying the cream of club-life in one's own house, to the exclusion of scandal, bores, and club-servants. Indeed, in this line one should put in a word for the studio receptions of Mr. Harry Cannon or the winter smokes of the Salmagundi.

For an example of a delightful, informal, almost spontaneous infusing of the guild of culture,—a *salon par excellence* for this city,—one cannot but refer to Professor and Mrs. Vincenzo Botta's long-established literary receptions. Distinguished guests like Dr. Holmes or Matthew Arnold might come and go at the Bottas house, but the guild that frequented it hoped that the receptions might go on forever, for they seemed to have as perennial a charm as Tennyson's brook. Though some of the same people—General Winslow, Horace Porter, Albert Bierstadt, Edgar Fawcett, Judge Davis, Mrs. Butterfield, Mrs. Neftel, Mrs. Isaac Lawrence, and others—strive to keep up the traditions of Mrs. Bottas's *salon* in "The Drawing-Room Club," yet it can never have the same charm in its peripatetic wanderings. This organization, however, has displayed vigor, even, it is said, to the extent of securing a charter, and has listened to several papers at private houses or public rooms.

To return to private parlors. The late Miss Mary L. Booth should be long remembered in Bohemia for the evenings she regularly devoted to the social amenities that authors so often need. Colonel Higginson, R. H. Stoddard, Mrs. Spofford, Lew Wallace, Mrs. Sangster, W. W. Story, Hamilton Gibson, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Jewett, are a few of many who have contributed to the unpublished magazine of wit in Miss Booth's parlors. Mrs. John Bigelow's house in Gramercy Park was distinctively a home of literature,—a place where conversation never

flagged, and both the talk and the company had the charm of pleasant variety. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's is more of a refuge for serious workers in literature, and indicates a large acquaintance among the thinkers of the city. On the other hand, Mrs. John D. Jones rallies a more talkative following of wits, doctors, lawyers, judges, and clergymen. Mrs. Musgrave's name is identified with many evenings of exquisite music and charming hospitality, while Mrs. Colden Murray and her companions of the Pianists' Club are open to the same charge.

A decidedly pleasant and congenial company of writers, artists, and musical people meets at such houses as Mrs. T. M. Wheeler's, where there are many attractions besides the hostess and her talented artist daughter. Miss Wheeler has, indeed, quite a *salon* of leading writers painted on canvas. Much the same people meet at Mrs. F. B. Thurber's, Mrs. Arthur Sherwood's, R. W. Gilder's, Miss Gilder's charming rooms, E. C. Stedman's, or Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's cheery apartments. Such gatherings are not apt to be so large as to be unwieldy and "stiff," and the conversation is sure to be fresh and bracing. Art, music, and literary topics come up bright from the mint and with all the attractiveness of personal sympathy and knowledge.

The house of Mrs. Burton N. Harrison is a bright oasis, known of many prominent writers as well as a large contingent of our leisurely society. The hostess draws tribute from genius of all kinds, and her receptions are noted for all that is best and most gracious on such occasions. Here flourished *The Ephemeron*, the journalistic night-blooming cereus, that came to an untimely end, but afforded such amusement that it deserves to be resurrected. Professor Boyesen, F. D. Millet, Julian Hawthorne, the sturdy democrat and millionaire author Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Potter, Miss Fairfax, are among those met at Mrs. Harrison's.

Mrs. John Sherwood rallies a large and powerful acquaintance in society and literature. One can imagine how brilliant would be the result if the energies and gifts that she devotes to charity and entertainments at the houses of others were concentrated to forming a literary shrine in her own parlors. As it is, she entertains a favored number,—though her joy appears to be in work rather than in receiving homage. She sustains the reputation of the best conversationalist among the ladies at dinner-parties that the city holds,—which is no slight distinction.

One must glance briefly at some other noted hostesses, like that clever little lady, "Jennie June," in whose parlors it is always June, the season of roses, of good-fellowship and perennial pleasure. The Sunday evenings are never too long at Mrs. Croly's,—a house that all regret must now be closed for a time. Many have attended the receptions of that lovely and accomplished woman, Madame Modjeska, at the Clarendon. Though they never attained to the great desideratum of entire warmth and sympathy, owing doubtless to much strangeness between guests themselves, it was not due to any lack in the gracious hostess.

Mrs. O. B. Bunce entertains informally a numerous coterie in liter-

ature, friends of the Appleton house and others. Mrs. H. Herrman has brought together more than once a delighted company to listen to music, or to the perfect sentences of Julia Ward Howe, or to lecturers like Mr. Conway. Another whose name is familiar is Mrs. Frank Leslie, who holds court at the Windsor, Thursday evenings, when she converses with a half-dozen various foreign gentlemen at once, listens to Joaquin Miller's latest poem, or touches the guitar to a Spanish serenade. At Mrs. Fanny Barrow's may be met many an affectionate admirer of that perennial story-teller,—people such as Miss Craddock, W. H. Bishop, or Miss Combs. Mrs. Harriet Webb's house, the favorite haunt of the Criterion Club, and a resort for a varied circle of Bohemians, is another exponent of the *salon* idea. But the list can only be indicative or representative, not exhaustive nor exclusive. Neither can one enumerate particularly the choice souls to be met at any house with exactness, as the *littérateur* is a migratory bird.

One must not forget to mention Mrs. Josephine May, who plays the piano so exquisitely that the 'cello virtuoso Mr. Bergner is proud to accompany her. Her *musicales* and receptions draw a throng of brainy people who might well represent the culture of the city. Her Fifth-Avenue parlors are also admirably adapted for a *salon*. Many people, too, can testify to the attractiveness of the Sunday evening receptions of Robert Ingersoll, whether it be due to the genial magnetism of the host or to the grace and—one must say it—the beauty of the daughters.

Our regular literary clubs deserve notice as aggressive champions in the renaissance of intellectual and artistic entertainments as against the kind whose attractions are only gastronomic, anatomic, sartorial, or suggestive of Babel. Most of them are so well known as to call for only brief recognition. The Thursday Evening, conservative and exclusive, leads an easy life, entertained at private houses by the invitation of some one of its members, such as John Jay, Pierpont Morgan, Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. George Bowdoin, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John Taylor Johnston, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Jr., W. W. Astor, Chauncey M. Depew, Philip Schuyler, and Mrs. R. B. Minturn. Its entertainments are simple and of a passive order, including magic-lantern exhibitions, recitations, essays, music, etc., at the discretion of the hostess. Its success has been marked, and so its features are worthy of imitation or study.

As a foil to the Thursday Evening, the Nineteenth Century Club is enterprising, aggressive, and cosmopolitan,—an arena where atheists and clergymen play at quarter-staff and give resounding thwacks, where no question is too weighty to be tackled, and where the greatest freedom of speech prevails. The club certainly deserves credit for independence and sturdy tenacity, and it has no doubt broken ground that will produce good crops. It is a question which are the more enjoyable,—the quiet social meetings at the houses of members, or the open discussions of social topics, where ladies watch timidly the athletic intellects like Numidian lions in strenuous combat. The late Courtlandt Palmer was its president; and Andrew Carnegie, T.

G. Shearman, A. H. Nicoll, Van Buren Desbrow, Rabbi Gottheil, Robert Ingersoll, Mrs. Custer, and Dr. Hammond are among the members.

The ladies' *Causeries de Lundi*, which has often met at Mrs. Astor's, has done excellent work, keeping up in many busy society and literary women their interest in and study of science, and forming a bond of sympathy incomparably better than gossip, to say the least. The Goethe Club, with Mr. Godwin as president, has had some interesting sessions, and some able papers have been recently read before it by Mr. Lathrop and others. The Cosmopolitan Club may be added to the list as a fairly successful society, which has not, however, made so great a bid for public notice as some of the others. The Wagner Society, recently formed, might be instanced also,—the rumors of occasional dissonance and rivalries being but natural to a company of admirers of the tempestuous composer.

Recognizing all the pleasant assemblies for culture, then, in the city, and some of the best have probably not been mentioned, it may yet be admitted that our literary *salons* lack considerably of ideal excellence and usefulness, in number, force, method, and brilliance. The ladies who preside over them and the men and women who compose them would be the readiest to admit this. Nor is it profitable to wish for Madame de Staëls or Margaret Fullers. We could probably not have Mrs. Julia Ward Howe for the asking, either. Evidently our *salon* queens must be found in New York; and the above list is certainly a promising one. To a woman of tact, of ideas, of accomplishments and charming manners, the opportunity for wielding a great influence through her drawing-room should be very alluring. The aggressive ladies who wish to vote might by their influence wield thousands of votes in such a regency, and do a lasting good to society. It would certainly be no mean ambition to harmonize cliques and classes in society, to study and rightly apprehend the best tendencies of the day, to guard jealously the canons of the best art, to uphold American ideas and principles, to rid society of shams, and to give all worthy political measures the sustaining influence of social recognition. Viewed in this light, the *salon* has a field of usefulness as well as the press and the pulpit.

If a dozen men or women were to entertain us, after the manner of the Salmagundi Club, with five-minute sketches of an ideal *salon*, the pictures would probably show a wide variety. But doubtless a few of the bolder lines would agree on such points as the exclusion of chronic bores, hobby-riders, snobs, and dead-weights; the production of essays on interesting topics and their informal discussion, without *vivisection*; music and recitations enough for variety, always providing the quality is good; the absence of formalities without the absence of good breeding; and the necessity of some popular, capable, and fearless leader who should command the utmost deference and the best efforts of all present and so produce the utmost good-fellowship. Perhaps most necessary of all would be that each person should bring to such a gathering an earnest desire and a practical purpose to contribute to the general profit and enjoyment, and to increase its influence for good.

A Frenchman of rank recently wrote to a gentleman in this city asking what was the best plan for making the acquaintance of rich American ladies in "*high-life saloons*." Of course he was not to be blamed for not appreciating the highly contrasting shades of meaning in the word "saloon," nor for his ignorance of our social usages. He would find that the doors of our "saloons" swing easily enough; and even the doors of society are all too apt to open to the sesame of a title. Is it not unfortunate that there are not more doors in society as open to the young, the ingenuous, and the gifted, as are the "saloons" with gilded lamps? Is it too utopian an idea to look forward to a time when the *salon* shall usurp the *saloon* and become the greater power in our social and political life?

C. H. Crandall.

VALENTINE.

WINTER turneth unto Spring,
 Icicles upon his cheek
 Into tear-drops melting fast:
 Fitting time it is to speak.
 Sweetheart, to my plea incline,
 Take me for your valentine.

Long I, like the birds that lilt
 In the spicy forest brush,
 Like the bee asearch for flowers,
 Brooks enchained by winter's hush,
 Murmuring, 'tween stones and ice,
 Dreams of summer's paradise.

To the buds upon the tree
 All the juices long to flow;
 They in silence long to break,—
 Break their downy coats and blow.
 Nature's longing heart is mine,—
 Be that heart your valentine.

Open at the sweetest page,—
 Winter turning into Spring,
 Brooklets longing for the sun,
 Birds and branches listening
 For the south wind in the pine.
 Sweetheart, read your valentine.

Margaret H. Lawless.

SHELLEY'S WELSH HAUNTS.

THE poetry of England in our century has notoriously gathered much about her mountains, and English poets have shown no infrequent disposition to make their home there. Yet of the four or five great mountain districts of the country—"The Lakes," "The Highlands," Wales, Killarney—only two can be said to have received that poetic transfiguration in the national consciousness which belongs to what we call classic ground. And these two owe their quality principally to two men,—one of them a Lowlander, who had not yet discovered that his true genius lay in painting men, not mountains, when he threw out that charming but essentially second-rate picture of Highland life which, just because it was charming and second-rate, at once captivated the great public and surrounded Loch Katrine with a halo of indefinable romance that still lends zest to a picnic on its shores; the other, the only full and legitimate member of that heterogeneous family of "Lakists," of whom some, like Southey, lived at the Lakes and wrote about other things, while others, like Coleridge, lived somewhere else and wrote about—other things too. Something of accident, we see, was at work in attracting to these two centres, pre-eminently, the impulses of mountain poetry which in the early years of our century palpitated vaguely through the English air. And one may surmise that accident was not less concerned in diverting them from other regions by nature not less favorable to them. Wales, in particular, with its scenery still more impressive and vaster in scale than that of the Lakes,—why is it provincial while the Lakes are classical? It is true that Thomas Gray elaborated some fine verses about Snowdon from his well-stocked library at Cambridge; true that the "matchless Orinda," a century earlier, anticipated the revival of "sentiment" in the sweet shire of Cardigan; true that Thomas Peacock, in the pursuit of that "Snowdonian antelope" who by and by became his wife, gathered the materials for pictures of Merioneth scenery which serve as a romantic background for the post-prandial discussions of his philosophic Epicureans; true that—but there were no end to these pleasing intimations of the unfulfilled. Wales has, for all that, had no Scott and no Wordsworth, or, at best, only such as have been mute as well as inglorious on what patriotic Welshmen call the wrong side of Offa's dike. Yet it has been within a measurable distance of such good fortune: it has, if not produced, yet lured within its borders, as something more than passing guests, poets capable of immortalizing whatever they touched. While the promise was still unaccomplished, however, some perversity of fortune intervened: the incredulity of landlords, or the intrusiveness of burglars, or the more subtle amenities of the "aristocrat" and the "saint" (two classes into which an exhaustive analysis has resolved the Cambrian population), put the shy genius to flight, and wild Wales sank back into its natural seclusion, though not silent, yet unsung.

The reader will have perceived that we refer to a picturesque episode

in Shelley's early life. Of all the haunts of beauty on this side the Channel,—and he tried many,—Wales, it is clear, attracted him most. For absolute loveliness, indeed, the arbutus islands of Killarney bore away the palm, and later on, at Como, he knew no other scene to compare with that exquisite lake. But he never thought of revisiting Killarney, while his fancy continually recurred to Wales, nor did he ever abandon the hope of finding a home there, until the day when, foiled and baffled, he indignantly shook the dust of England from his feet, never to return. Three houses in Wales were occupied for a longer or shorter time by Shelley: Tanyrallt, near Tremadoc, the scene of his heroic efforts to save Mr. Madock's sea-wall; Cwm Elan, where he stayed as the guest of his cousin Thomas Grove in the July of 1811, immediately before his first marriage; and Nantgwillt, which he occupied in the following summer, with his young wife and the redoubtable "Eliza." The first is destroyed, the others remain substantially as Shelley knew them. Above all, it was the old mansion of Nantgwillt which fascinated him, with its wild witchery of wood and water, its dark precipices and brawling stream, and its flitting population of ghosts and goblins. In the year after his residence there, we find him again longing for Nantgwillt; and in the following year, 1814, he had infused the same longing into his future second wife. "Oh, how I long to be at our dear home," she writes to him in the midst of money and other troubles, "where nothing can trouble us, neither friends nor enemies! . . . Nantgwillt,—do you not wish to be settled there, in a house you know, love, with your own Mary,—nothing to disturb you, studying, walking? Oh, it is much better, believe me, not to be able to see the light of the sun for mountains than for houses!"*

It was under circumstances which made it easy to understand its charm for Shelley that the present writer saw the spot thus feelingly described by the town-bred daughter of Godwin. Nantgwillt and Cwm Elan lie within half an hour's walk of each other, near the meeting-point of the deep and narrow glens of the Elan and the Clearwen. The easiest approach is from the little town of Rhayader, five miles off, but a more suggestive way (for good walkers) is to cross from the west coast over the high table-land which divides the valleys of the Ystwyth and the Elan and follow the little river down from its uncertain source among the moors. For several miles it meanders quietly through a bleak heathery upland, until a huge mass of mountains, rising right athwart its path, turns it into a narrow ravine that shelves away to the south and abruptly changes at once its course and its character. The still stream now roars and foams among the rocks through which it has fretted its tortuous way, and its dark waters grow darker as the wall of mountains on either hand climbs higher and higher up to the sky. As it descends, the landscape, while continually gaining in scale and grandeur, assumes at the same time a richer and more varied beauty; luxuriant masses of oak and beech nestle under the lower slopes, or detach themselves in graceful clusters along the meadows and hedge-rows; the stream flows more quietly now, overshadowed by the leafy

* Quoted by Dowden, Shelley, i. 502.

woodlands it feeds, and sending up into the still air, as evening draws on, a tender haze that mellows all hues and gradually blends with the deepening shadows. Slowly the valley grows dim, while the limestone precipices still flame crimson overhead. It was in this gracious season of the day that we found ourselves, after winding through a thick wood, standing, with scarcely a moment's warning, before the gate of Cwm Elan. A stately eighteenth-century mansion, gleaming pale and ghostly against its embosoming background of forest; desolate and forlorn enough, too, for it is long since it had a tenant, and the visitor wanders freely along the garden-walks which Shelley often paced with his impatient step, fuming at the strange fact that there were people who, like his genial host and cousin, "never thought." The situation recalled that of a homelier dwelling occupied about the same time by a greater poet than Shelley,—Goethe's charming "Garden-house," which looks out from its embosoming woods across the gray gleaming reaches of the Ilm at Weimar. How characteristic of the two lives, that Goethe's was his home, set in the midst of the scene where he labored for fifty years, and in view of the spot where he was to rest at their close, while Shelley's was but one of the countless resting-places of his bright, erratic spirit, and divided by a thousand miles from that dark-blue Spezzian bay on whose shore, ten years later, the consuming fire bore up into the July sky all of him that could fade!

Immediately opposite to Cwm Elan the river is crossed, and a few minutes' walk along a wooded lane leads to the point at which it enters the still narrower and deeper gorge of Clearwen. A light gleamed cheerfully from one of the clustered cottages by the bridge, and the gathering darkness afforded a welcome excuse for inquiries. In Professor Dowden's Shelley mention is made of an aged woman, Elizabeth (or rather, it would seem, "Gwen") Jones, who remembered, in the days when as a young girl she carried the post-bag to and fro, a "very strange gentleman" who wore his neck bare and was addicted to the well-known Shelleyan sport of sailing paper boats. Could any further grain of reminiscence be extracted by dialectic ingenuity from the faded memory of fourscore-and-ten? But no; a kindlier destiny had conveyed poor old "Gwennie," as her neighbors fondly called her, forever beyond the reach of the inquisitor; six years ago she died, and she lies in the lonely churchyard, within a stone's throw of the high-road along which she had once hastened, a child, laden with the rapturous outpourings of the strange gentleman to his philosophic Portia.

The autumnal moon had now risen, golden, over the mountains, and, as we strolled up the Clearwen valley, lay full upon the river that brawls and dances along its rocky bed to the left of the road; to the right the woods sloped steeply up to the precipices. At length a gate appeared, and beyond it a drive. Within, some fifty yards away, stood a large mansion of the last century, with low gable crowning the centre of the façade, and windows opening upon the lawn. The moon shone directly over it, casting its shadow in sharp profile upon the grass, whence a pale reflected light glimmered upon its gray stone walls covered here and there with ivy and creepers. Behind, and on either side, arose a tumultuous phalanx of pines, tossing their dark arms in

fantastic disarray against the pale-purple sky,—a ghostly assemblage of silent shapes, wildly beckoning or derisively pointing, fit accompaniment to the lonely house, to the amphitheatre of solemn mountains in whose heart it lay, to the mystic voice of the river rushing, now invisible, at its feet. I stood before Nantgwillt. So seen, the best-loved of Shelley's Welsh haunts appeared instinct with the spirit of Shelleyan landscape. The house itself, indeed, revealed in its architecture the manner of a prosaic and rationalistic age, just as in Shelley himself there ran a vein of the eighteenth century congealing the surface of his ardent prose into hard and rigid dialectic. But the sober style of the building appeared in a setting of the wildest romance; and the rationalist in Shelley was embedded in, and at length overwhelmed and all but obliterated by, the poet.

Very little of Shelley's poetry belongs, however, to this time, and that little is still unmistakably boyish. Nor has the scenery of Cwm Elan left deep traces upon his later verse. The grander scenery of the Alps was more fitted to occupy an imagination which, like his, lived upon the immaterial elements of landscape, as of life,—upon light and space and air,—things to be fully realized only when the landscape is on a great scale. Whatever Shelley saw became intense, luminous, passionate in his vitalizing thought; and there are touches in the beautiful glen and river pictures of "*Alastor*" which suggest rather a sublimated reminiscence of Wales than a simple reproduction of Switzerland or the Rhine. The "*labyrinthine dell*" recalls the tortuous curves of Cwm Elan; the "*pass*" where

the abrupt mountain breaks,
And seems with its accumulated crags
To overhang the world,

reads like a grandiose rendering of the "rocks piled on each other to an immense height and intersected with clouds" which he describes in prose to his "*Portia*," or the

mountain piles
That load in grandeur Cambria's emerald vales,

of which he tells in an early unpublished sonnet quoted by Mr. Dowden. In "*Alastor*," again, it is to be noted, Shelley was palpably under the influence of Wordsworth,—more so than ever before or after; and that influence, while it doubtless tended to temper and to chasten the etherealizing bias of his style, at the same time rendered him more alive to the power of the native scenery in which Wordsworth's genius familiarly moved. Yet it was but for a moment; his faculty lay elsewhere; and it was not the Lord Chancellor's decree alone, but his destiny and his genius, which, four years after the delicious and unforgotten days at Nantgwillt, led him from England to Italy, his home and his grave.

C. H. Herford.

THE BLUE-AND-GOLD MAN-CHILD.

I.

AS Joce Jeffries, parting her way through the elder-bushes, stood still a moment to pull down a bunch of the berries which spread like a red-brown canopy above her, she saw the sun-bonnet of Samson Gearing's wife.

"Well, law! I thought I heard somebody in here," she exclaimed. "Have you got many?"

"About a half a bucketful," replied Samson Gearing's wife, displaying her elderberries by a motion of the elbow. "Enough to make pies for quarterly meetin'. A body don't know hardly what to make pies of, now the plums is all gone and it bein' such a bad peach year. Our folks gits tired of apples."

"So do our'n; but I don't think elderberry-pies is fit to eat this time of year. We jam our'n and kind of git the wild taste out."

"It's anything to fill up the table quarterly-meetin' times," said Samson Gearing's wife, shredding off the fruit with a tranquil hand. "How's all up to your house? You goin' to attend?"

"That's the calculation," replied Joce, lifting her skirts higher above her dew-soaked ankles. The adjacent woods were full of morning stir, and the fragrance of all these elder-bushes filling the fence-corners was pungent. There was an immense spider-web, humid and glistening, between Joce's face and the rising sun. The proprietor of the web had yellow spots on a hairy black coat: he sat on a leaf to which he had attached one guy-rope of his snare. "Mother she's been workin' too hard. The rest's reasonable. I'll be glad when the fall work's done. And I concluded I'd come down and git some of these here elderberries before they was carried off. Mis' Lib Stevenson made us welcome to them for the pickin'."

"She done me the same," remarked Samson Gearing's wife, with composure. "The' ain't nobody up to her house that'll tech elderberries."

"Specially her man-child," said Joce, laughing and showing the wine-stain of the seed-like fruit in her mouth.

The name of an empress had been contracted and ruralized to fit this huge, sylvan, middle-aged creature who laid hold of all things with a materialistic grip. Her freedom of comment was always royal.

Samson Gearing's wife chuckled under her sun-bonnet slats. "Man-child!" said she, with zest as fresh as if she had not tickled herself with the name for a score of years.

"Doll-baby's what he is," pronounced Joce, shredding a very full bush into her basket.

"Yes, she's babied him up till it's been the ruination of him," assented Samson Gearing's wife. "But a body never knows what they'd do if they had just one own child, and him weakly. He didn't

weigh but two pound and a half when he was born, and his head was the biggest part about him. I see him settin' on the floor lookin' like a little tadpole; and he could talk and reach when folks said he wouldn't never walk. He did walk, though, fine-ly. And *then* he wasn't bigger than a monkey. Mis' Lib Stevenson's seen trouble, losin' her man, and havin' his girls by his first wife and their husbands cut up about the property. And *him* never good for nothin' about the farm, so she has to hire all the time. I don't know what I'd reely do if he's my boy."

"You'd set him in a horse-collar and give him playthings," said Joce, lifting her lip. "That's pretty nigh what Mis' Lib Stevenson's always done with her man-child. Now, if I owned him I'd put him in one of these here leather slings that the young ones shoot birds with, and just as far as I could sling him the man-child 'd go."

"Oh, you never had the feelin's of a mother, Joce," said Samson Gearing's wife.

"And I never could see how Mis' Lib Stevenson could have," said Joce, tramping the bushes down, "considerin'."

Mrs. Lib Stevenson was long used to the feeling that her neighbors talked about her,—not in the general spirit of criticism, but with particular contempt and disapproval. She did not care: there was so much which seemed hardly worth while to her in common trivial conversation, and her vital interests were so centred in her son, that she could not be sensitive around the outer rim of her nature.

Mrs. Lib was a lean but handsome brown-eyed woman, a mixture of gentleness and strength, ignorance and learning, keenness and credulity. She kept her house well, even to daintiness; she would also put on a pair of her husband's boots kept for the purpose, and tramp over her farm, looking to its minute interests.

Before the women left the elderberry-bushes, Mrs. Lib had her milk-pans shining in the sun, and the day's churning in a crank-churn set on the dewy brick pavement in front of her milk-house. The milk-house door stood open, and looking down the steps you could see the covered crocks and tins in rows on a sweet cemented floor. The projecting roof overshadowed the woman farmer. She sat on a splint-bottomed chair and whirled the churn-crank, feeling contented with the pleasant landscape. That negative content became positive joy in her face when a slim little fellow came out of the house to stand by her churn. He had a very youthful face with an aged expression, clear, high temples, and eyes deepening from blue to blue, like the sky. His head, on such a narrow stem of body, looked top-heavy, and its apparent size was increased by clusters of gold-tinted curls. There was nothing clammy or unwholesome about his pale little hands. His lips had the undefined flush and half-crumpled appearance of white-rose petals. He was more like a pretty, tenderly-bred girl than a youth of twenty-one; nervous in all his motions, and full of a trembling sensibility which called forth its responsive lights like a fitting aurora on his mother's face. His whole appearance went beyond exquisite neatness; it betokened luxurious elegance; he wore a dressing-gown of flowered

silk, and tiptoed, as Oberon might do, in wee slippers upon the dew-damp walk. This was an ineffectual, fairy creature to be living in a world of big men and women such as inhabited the banks of the Feeder.

"Shall we have breakfast now, Lewie?" asked Mrs. Lib, who never put this man-child at the table with her hired laborers.

"Whenever you please, mither," responded Lewie. And he went around her chair and kissed her, drawing her head back against him.

"Some of the neighbors or the men might see," observed Mrs. Lib, laughing and patting his hand. The churn-dasher rested from its work. "I guess I'll let it stand," she added, "till I set the breakfast on. The cream's only started."

"Mither dear," continued the mellow tones of Lewie,—and his voice was his most mannish attribute,—it had chest-depths and could be deliberate and impressive, "I want to talk to you just now. I want you to put me right."

"You haven't had bad feelings in the night?" spoke out the mother. "Them pains in your limbs were all gone."

Lewie leaned his head back against the milk-house and looked up into the deep autumn sky. A cedar-bird tilted from the roof-comb and glanced at him before uttering its note and taking flight. He could hear the poultry in the barn-yard, the colts in the pasture. Every animal had its proper expression, while he stood dumb and shamed beside that heart which was tenderest to him in the world.

"Speak out," said Mrs. Lib, in a sharp tone of alarm. "What makes you look that way? What is the matter?"

Lewie all at once flung himself upon her lap and clasped her neck. He sobbed against her breast, and Boadicea defending Britain never looked more the queen and mighty mother than did this plain farming woman. She strained him to her and kissed his hair, his ears, and his temples, over and over.

"Oh, my baby, my blue-and-gold man-child! Bless the little man! My darling! Who has done anything to hurt him? Don't you know mither is always here to stand between you and trouble? Tell me, Lewie. Tell me, my boy."

"I can't," he whispered.

"Something's happened to him that he can't tell! Is it anything you've done?"

He shook his head, its golden fleece rubbing her cheek.

"Then it's what somebody has done against you," pronounced Mrs. Lib, with a manner militant.

Again he shook his head.

"Then what do you *want*?"

"I want," stammered Lewie, tracing the outline of her shoulder with unconscious finger, "to be liked."

"He wants to be liked!" exclaimed his mother, pulling his face upward and boring it with the fervid irons of her maternal brown eyes. The fine hairs upon the skin around her mouth began to show plainly against an ashy background. She was too cunning a woman to add, "Do I not adore you? Whom will you find in all the world that will answer your needs and ask nothing in return, like your

mother?" Neither did she cry out, as one has every right to do when a sensitive nerve is suddenly laid bare.

"Who is she?" inquired Mrs. Lib, dryly, pressing her cheek against his forehead.

"Mither, you can guess."

"Big Joce Jeffr's?" put forth Mrs. Lib, with hard hilarity, and Lewie shook in her arms. "You're lookin' out for a stepmother, and she'd *be* one. 'Tisn't one of the Gearing girls?"

"Nor any other person six feet high," suggested the man-child, as a pointer.

"There ain't many squabs lives in this neighborhood. But there's Elder Brock's girl comes round with him every quarterly meeting."

The silence which grew around this point seemed to increase until it enclosed them like a huge bubble and swam apart with them off the earth. Rainbow colors came and went before Mrs. Lib's eyes, and, stealthily as she wiped one eye with the knuckle of her forefinger, it splashed the man-child's cheek.

"Why, mither, do you care that way?" he exclaimed.

"No! No, I don't care. Of course you'll have to get married some time, if you can suit yourself. I's wondering if she'd like to hear you read Emerson and them poets as well as I do."

"It wouldn't make a bit of difference," murmured Lewie. "Do you think it's possible she might like me, mither?"

"She'd jump to get you," returned Mrs. Lib, with practical hardness. "Who's the Brocks, I'd like to know! Except her father's our presidin' elder and a good man, they ain't worth a cent in the world. And you've as nice a property as ever laid out of doors, and when I'm dead you'll have more."

The man-child caressed her shoulder and said, "I wouldn't know how to live if you were dead, mither."

"Wouldn't you?" she replied, with a keen tingle of delight in her voice. "Even with Elsie Brock? You wouldn't want me to be clearin' out to let her have full sweep?"

"Why, no! She would just live with us, of course, and everything would go on the same as now."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Lib, smiling, and showing the pleasantest amber lights of her eyes. "They say your son's your son till he gets him a wife."

"But you tell me I'm like boy and girl both to you; and your daughter's your daughter the whole of your life, mither."

This pet name, borrowed from the Scotch, Lewie accompanied by a gentle stroke of his hand down one side of her face. He did look very effeminate sitting upon her knees,—a gayly-plumaged bird perching. Any masculine man must have observed him with contempt; and Ham Jeffries was rudely masculine, so that he hated any softness in himself. He said he had no use for any woman who couldn't heft her end of the load and turn off a day's work same as a good horse could. So when he came unexpectedly around Mrs. Lib's house—having tied his nag at the front fence—and saw the man-child on the mother's lap, his disgust was extreme.

It was but a dissolving view which he had, however, so soon was Mrs. Lib transformed into the woman of business standing up to talk unconcernedly with him. Lewie did not like Ham Jeffries's glistening red cheeks and black eyes. He preferred the society of the bees and the risk of their stings to Ham Jeffries's society and the risk of his stings, and with much candor marched toward the hives while Mrs. Lib held conference.

Ham looked after Lewie, lifting his lip, and giving his own big boot an expressive swish with the cattle-whip which he carried coiled in one hand.

"Elder Brock and Elsie they've just come to 'r house. Said they promised to come home with you to dinner after big meetin' to-morrow. I's goin' past, and thought I'd better ask whether you expect to fetch them home with you, or if I should offer him my mare and buggy."

"We expect to drive two horses to our two-seated buggy," replied Mrs. Lib, trimly. "The elder's a big man, but I reckon we can pull him."

"Oh, it's all right, then. Folks here so's they're able to set up, I s'pose," said Ham, narrowing his eyes and smiling.

"We're hearty," replied Mrs. Lib. "How's all at your house?"

"Middlin'. So's they can loll round on each other's laps. Tell Lew," said Ham, as he started, switching his boot again with the cattle-whip, "I seen a real easy swing up to Lancaster last week. A man can lay down and stretch himself out in it. They call it a hammick."

"Thank you kindly. I'll tell him," said Mrs. Lib, with undisturbed good humor, sitting down again to her churning.

II.

The principal session of quarterly meeting was over, the elder and his daughter had been driven to Stevensons' through the silent autumn noon sunshine, and with their host and hostess had eaten such a dinner as Ohio farm-houses set forth. The elder was a huge, benevolent man, illiterate but earnest, whose hale old cheeks seemed to cast a pinkish tint into his gray hair. He filled up Mrs. Lib's best hair-cloth rocker, visibly breathing in long heaves beneath the hands which he crossed upon his mighty chest, and watched—with curious interest in the gambols of such a creature—Lewie's attitudes toward Elsie. Mrs. Lib also sat beside a window where she could watch the two heads moving about her garden. She was solemn in her best black cashmere dress, and examined Brother Brock with a penetrating eye when he talked.

"The Lord," said he, ponderously, "has seed fit to call my family all home, Sister Stevenson, except the one yo-lamb." He beat his chair-arm reflectively with the side of his fist. "And I have just this keer now: that is, to see her settled before I'm called myself."

"That's a natural feelin', Brother Brock," said Mrs. Lib. She was startled by the sudden thud of her own pulses.

"Yes. They may not put me on the superannuated list for a good many ye's yit; I hope my usefulness ain't over; but, whether I live to be superannuated or not, I want to see her settled. Yes, I druther

see her settled soon than not so airy. And I guess the thing is workin' about." The elder laughed a good-natured rumble. "Brother Jeffr's son is a fine young man. He ain't been brought under conviction of his sins yit, but he has a prayin' father and mother, and he showed consider'ble intrust at the last revival. 'Tain't houses and big farms and fine furneytoor that makes a woman happy in the married state: it's a manly husband. But Brother Ham Jeffr's is right well fixed, too, for a young man."

"Ham Jeffr's and Elsie's up and down engaged to be married, then?" queried Mrs. Lib. In her neighborhood such a question was considered a prying indelicacy, but she could stop at nothing while she thought of the blue eyes and curly golden head.

"Well," said the elder, twinkling, and using his privilege of evasion, "they haven't took me into their counsel yit."

"Ham Jeffr's is a decent enough young man," the widow's conscience compelled her to admit. "I never heard anything against him, except he was pretty free and rough with his tongue."

"Them kind of faults wears away with experience," said Brother Brock. "The deepest convicted sinner I ever seen had been a profane swearer."

Mrs. Lib fixed her eyes on the splashy figure of her parlor carpet. She was used to concentrating her thoughts to a focus; and all the outdoor world,—lighted by that double portion of sunshine with which autumn garnishes the crowns and feet of all trees,—the ponderous ticking of the cherry clock, feeling its way with iron hands around its own scarred face,—even the elder's voice carrying on a burden of camp-meeting reminiscences, had no part in her mind, while she gazed and talked with that inner voice which sometimes does, but generally does not, use the tongue.

"My man-child can't stand suffering. He never could endure pain. That butter-faced Elsie Brock! I wish I could *make* her love him. Yet she'll never appreciate him and know all that's in him, like I do. It might be best to have him die, if I could be dead with him. But then the girls would get his things I've saved and taken care of. Misery and satisfaction get so mixed in this world you can't separate them nor say what's best. I can't bear to see him wrapped up in any woman not good enough for him, and yet I couldn't lay still in my grave and leave him alone."

Thus her mental activity ran on into jangles while she looked at the carpet or nodded assent at Brother Brock.

Like all energetic women who feel the responsibilities of this intertangled life, she was fiercely anxious to act as a special Providence to her own. That changeable and elusive quality which we call happiness, and which varies so strongly at different periods of our experience, she was determined to have for her son; while, staring this determination in the face, stood the common lot of probable disappointment.

The innocent creature who was adding to the many agonies Mrs. Lib had endured over her man-child walked along the garden-path, enjoying the surface of all things, without a suspicion that she was potentate of the soil on which she trod.

Lewie, trim in his tailor-made Sunday clothes, hung beside her, his eyes watching the German gravity of Elsie's face. The girl's ways were plain and Quaker-like. Her various little adornments were conspicuous only in being exceedingly clean. She had a bulging white forehead and calm blue eyes, and her strongest trait was a direct sincerity almost as ponderous as her father's physical presence.

"But didn't you ever hear of Spenser's 'Faerie Queene'?" said Lewie, hovering.

"No," replied Elsie, in perfect good-fellowship, "but my grandmother used to tell about spooks. There really isn't any spooks or fairies."

"This is such a beautiful poem."

"Is it long?"

"Yes. But I can repeat the argument to you."

"I don't like to hear arguments," said Elsie, "or debates of any kind."

"But I wish you would like what I do," urged the man-child. "I've walked up and down this particular garden-alley—from that cross-path to the currant-bushes—nearly every evening since I was a little boy. Mother set the pinks all along because I enjoy them so much."

"Yes," assented Elsie, forming the words with sweet lips, "I think pinks are the most prettiest flower that grows."

Lewie laughed and trembled, feeling the sincere goodness of her soul penetrate him like some exquisite odor.

"You couldn't use any word that I wouldn't admire," said he. "And I'd like to know how you spell, so I could spell just like you."

"I don't spell very well," owned Elsie, sincerely. "I always had to work, and didn't get much of a chance at schoolin'. Your mother's educated you up to be a fine scholar. But doesn't so much readin' and study make you feel kind of do-less?"

The pipes of the late summer insects came in to fill a pause; and Elsie knocked a grasshopper off her sleeve.

"Is your father do-less because he preaches instead of ploughs?" put forth Lewie, after turning her question in his mind.

"No, he isn't. Some folks says he's the powerfulest exhorter they ever heard."

"Consider me an exhorter, too," said Lewie. "I expect to do my work, if I don't do it altogether with my muscles like Ham Jeffr's. Did you ever lean against the window-sash at night, with nothing but it between you and the great dark, and feel as if you *must* burst out and fly to the ends of the earth?"

"No," said Elsie. "I always put the blind down and seen if things were comfortable for father."

"It does please me to have you talk like you do!" the boy exclaimed, laughing. "I'm a balloon; you're the rope that holds me."

Elsie regarded him with serene disapproval.

"I ain't a rope," said she. "You talk so funny."

"Don't you like to hear me talk a bit?" faltered Lewie.

"I don't mind it," she replied, strictly candid in her demeanor, "when I hain't got better company."

"And what do you call better company?" the boy inquired, his lips whitening. "Is it Ham Jeffr's?"

"He's been keepin' company with me till I've got used to him," said Elsie, glancing mildly toward the road.

"Do you like him?"

"He's real good company," the girl admitted.

The boy gazed at her with a fierce puckering of his whole face.

Elsie was watching two calves which poked their noses between the garden-palings. The expanse of their pasture was not enough for them, but they must be stretching at raspberry-briers on forbidden ground. The swiftly-changing countenance beside her passed through its passion unnoted by her. Lewie turned his back.

"Them's right nice calves," said Elsie.

The boy whispered between his teeth, "You've the soul of a butcher!"

Mrs. Lib saw him flying from the garden, and heard him run upstairs, where he slammed and locked his chamber door.

Later, she knocked to call him down to prayers and Sunday evening luncheon.

"Don't let anybody come near me," he responded. "I'm in solitary confinement."

And, knowing him as she did, she made excuses for him, and herself drove the Brocks to evening meeting, where they were to be delivered into the hands of other neighbors. After the sermon and exhortation Ham Jeffries stood at the chapel door and crooked his arm for Elsie. Mrs. Lib had imagination enough to arrange the conversation in which the girl would express to her lover her candid disapproval of Lewie, while the two drove along moonlighted roads. It was egotism on her part, however, to suppose that he occupied a fraction of their talk.

She crept home through the woods herself, and gave the horses to her hired man, who was sitting on the barn-yard fence whistling and waiting for her.

Her man-child's room stood open and empty, so she lay down on the sitting-room lounge and waited for him, as many a mother has waited for a wayward child. Next day would be her wash-day. She needed sleep for the hard labors to be performed; but these would be as nothing compared to the strain of that cord by which the boy dragged her after all his moods.

He came in after midnight, damp with dew and physically exhausted, and Mrs. Lib made him lie on the lounge while she brought him a drink of jelly-water. She was triumphant at having him once more for her own, she was hurt and indignant because he had evidently met with a repulse, she was solemnly bent on comforting him as only an angel or a doting woman can comfort.

"I'll be the death of you yet, mither," he whispered, remorsefully, setting the empty goblet down.

"Not while my man-child comes home to lay his head in my lap," said Mrs. Lib. She saw with the eyes of hard practical sense that his

fancy had been but the caprice of a boy, while with the eyes of sympathetic insight she beheld the gash which even this had left in his soul.

"Soon as harvest is clean over, Lewie, we'll go away for another little journey together."

"I'd like to get out of this into something else, mither. Why isn't every woman like you?"

"Oh, the one you're to have will be clear beyond me, man-child!"

"I wish people were born mated; then they would never go bumping against walls like blind bats."

"Give us mothers a chance before the wives are fetched onto the carpet. You wouldn't have been satisfied with *this* one. In five years' time you'd rue it."

"Mither, I walked for hours in the woods. I thought it over and over. It isn't her liking Ham Jeffr's. But she wasn't the person I thought her. I've lost something I can never get back. I've lost that person forever."

"No, you haven't," said Mrs. Lib. "Travel on awhile with mither, and we'll come to her yet."

The elderberry-bushes had ripened their remaining tender green parasols into huge ruby bunches when Joce Jeffries again encountered the sun-bonnet of Samson Gearing's wife among the leaves.

"I thought I'd come down and pick some more of these elderberries before you carried them all off," she observed in greeting.

"I guess Mis' Lib Stevenson don't care which of us gets them," said Samson Gearing's wife.

"No; she's all took up with gettin' ready for another jaunt with that man-child of hers."

"Is it on account of his health?"

"No. It's on account of his lackin' horse sense," said the large woman, treading down bushes without mercy. "Folks that's born that way has far to go in this world."

M. H. Catherwood.

GRACE.

I KNOW not what, but when she lifts her hand
 To point a flower's perfection, with but "See,
 How exquisite!" the blossom magically
 Assumes a rare new richness, as by wand,
 And all the quickened sense is straightway fanned
 With wave on wave of Eden fragrancy,
 A subtlety we may not understand,
 Past painter's brush, past poet's minstrelsy.

Orelia Key Bell.

THE NEWSPAPER AND THE INDIVIDUAL: A PLEA FOR PRESS CENSORSHIP.

(BY THE CITY EDITOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA "PRESS.")

THE city editor is the man who says twenty thousand words about his neighbors every morning. Good news is no news, and most of the twenty thousand words are disagreeable ones. It is the city editor's duty, then, before all men, to be circumspect about the pains and penalties in such cases made and provided. The news or telegraph editor says more things than the city editor, and generally more disagreeable things, but he does not say them about his neighbors. He says them, as a general thing, about people who do not know he is saying them. The chief editorial writer says more important things than either the news or city editor, and says them in a more elaborately disagreeable and authoritative way, but he says them about a class of people whose principal function in life is to have things said about them; that is to say, that callous and casehardened class known as Public Men, whom the laws and Constitution strip of the right of self-defence, and who remind the quizzical observer of affairs in a free country of the rows of puppets at a country fair whom everybody has the right of pelting at five cents a pelt. The puppets are continually hit; they are continually knocked down; they always reappear smiling by a simple but invisible and ingenious device which is known in mechanics as a spiral spring and in public life as a Pull.

To illustrate more clearly the functions and responsibility of these three executive heads of the editorial or "up-stairs" half of a newspaper. If the news editor describes in glowing hues the career of a metropolitan adventuress, the only antagonistic interest aroused is a mild wonder on the part of the personage in question as to how the newspapers "got on to" her. If the chief editorial writer decides that a certain Public Personage has broken every law in the U.S. Revised Statutes, every principle of political morality, every promise in the party platform, and every pledge in his letter of acceptance, the person most grievously hurt is the private personage who keeps the Public Personage's scrap-book and by such decision has his weighty labors added to. But if the city editor should happen to say that Lawyer Muggins has filed papers in divorce in behalf of Grocer Buggins against Mrs. Buggins, and it should turn out that Lawyer Muggins had only drawn the papers and sent them by his clerk to be filed and the clerk had loitered in one of the inns about the court and had arrived thereat too late to file the papers, then would it be conclusively proved to Grocer and Mrs. Buggins that each had grounds for a libel suit, in which belief Lawyer Muggins and his clerk would undoubtedly concur; to the chief editorial writer, that the city news was so unreliable that he did not dare trust himself to comment upon it; to the editor-in-chief, that such extraordinary recklessness showed an amount of

indiscretion sufficient to warrant the reorganization of the department; to the manager, that such carelessness damaged the property; to the friends of the Bugginses, that the newspapers ought to be suppressed; to the managing editor, that we've been rather unlucky lately; and to the other newspapers, that you are a "daily fake" or a "mendacious contemporary."

It therefore follows that the city editor becomes an expert on the seamy side of newspaper life, a connoisseur in libel suits, corrections, retractions, and the relations of the newspaper, not to the public, but to the individual. As one of this class of experts, though perhaps the least of the class, the fact that has struck me with the greatest force in the relation of the newspaper to the individual is the utter inadequacy of the present libel law to protect either party to that interminable quarrel. In closely following the numerous attempts in this and other States so to amend that law as to afford the now notoriously inadequate protection, I have come to the fixed conclusion that the only way to amend the libel law is to abolish it. If it were abolished it would have to be replaced. There is but one thing which can replace it,—a press censorship.

This is a startling, a sweeping, a perhaps impracticable and apparently reactionary proposition. But let us think what the present libel law is. An engine for the oppression of decent citizens and conscientious journals. A harbor of refuge for the expert purveyor of filth in journalism. A club in the hands of the bravo and adventurer. On the newspaper side of the question, I doubt if a single capitalist could be induced to invest a single dollar in a newspaper enterprise if he knew what a mediæval instrument for the suppression of truth the libel law is. Every day we see cable despatches portraying the hardships of English editors under English law. The law of England as to civil suits is the law of Pennsylvania. The common-law decision that a woman who is called a bawd and simply proved to be a procuress is entitled to damages stands to-day in this State, and in most States of the Union. It is no defence to prove a man ten thousand times blacker than he has been painted. He must be conclusively shown to have been of exactly the same shade. If you have thrown a soft crimson reflection on his character, it will not aid you to say you might have made a fierce scarlet. This is the law to which respectable moneyed and business men, the owners of newspapers, and conscientious, clean, and upright professional men, the writers of them, are amenable in the year of grace 1890. This is but a joint, a cog in this monstrous engine of oppression, devised as it was for the suppression of a free press, and since unchanged by a single relieving statute or decision.

On the other hand, the condition of the individual is, if anything, worse than that of the newspaper. The worst wrongs that the newspaper of to-day can inflict and does daily inflict can be brought under no measure of civil damages. Let me illustrate. A short time ago a respectable and generally careful newspaper, which claims and possesses an enormous daily circulation, published as a fact in the leading news article on its first page that a whole class of securities, in which hundreds of its own constituents had invested hundreds of thousands

of dollars, was worthless. It did so upon the testimony of an anonymous individual who had paid a flying visit to the section of the country in which the investments in question were made. The anxiety, the sleepless nights, the distrust of all investments, caused by this careless use of a great function, are simply incalculable; but, as this journal had erroneously charged not man but the elements with the depreciation of these securities, there was and can be no legal redress for this unsettling of the financial world. Under a discreet press censorship a fine of ten thousand dollars would be a light penalty for such an offence, and a repetition of its commission would be followed by a suppression of the newspaper. Another case which has attracted wide attention is the practical murder of a once distinguished New York physician by a "sensational" New York newspaper. In his tottering mind there was a great, morbid horror of publicity. That newspaper gave him four columns of it, and he went and hanged himself. A discreet press censorship would have allotted to the man or men who had an individual participation in that publication the term of imprisonment prescribed by the law for any other homicide. But under the "law of evidence" (that quaint antiquated instrument for the extinction of the spirit and the survival of the letter, the devilish ingenuity of which I, from my adolescence in a law office, to this day have admired as a modern mechanic may admire the thumb-screws or the iron boot in the Tower) that death could not be laid at the door of the men who wrought it. Yet some newspaper will suffer for that crime,—not the newspaper in question, but some newspaper a thousand miles east or west or north or south, which has been innocently misled into saying that a parricide was a simple murderer, or that a forger was a pickpocket, but which will be duly mulcted in damages and costs because the judge and jury and the people think that "the newspapers" are "growing too bold."

It is plain, therefore, that it is impossible to assess the most serious damages that a newspaper can inflict. Under the conditions of modern life, the common law cannot protect the individual from the unscrupulous or reckless newspaper. Let us glance at some of the propositions to protect the newspaper from the individual. One which is frequently insisted on by a high authority is to make a security for costs a preliminary to the institution of a libel suit. This might do away with a small percentage of speculative libel suits, but would not prevent the institution of a single spiteful one. Another is the allowance of the plea of retraction in mitigation of damages. It is not the assessment of damages, which is a trade risk, which is most hurtful to a newspaper in an unsuccessful litigation, but the loss of prestige and incitement of other suits. Still another provides that express malice shall be shown in order to carry punitive damages. The intricate and inexact common law leans somewhat in this direction now, but all experience teaches that a jury will hang a very large verdict on very small proof of express malice. The amendment which has been most loudly advocated in one quarter relieves the publisher of all liability and places it solely on the writer. Personally, I, in common with most writers, I think, would welcome this amendment. The dignified retirement of the second tier

for the three months following a plea of guilty would be heaven compared with the month or so of nervous strain consequent upon the preparation and trial of a libel suit. But the proposition to relieve the principal beneficiary of an offence from all responsibility for its commission is so inherently absurd as to call for no comment, adverse or otherwise. Still another device is to make the source of a newspaper's information solely liable for its correctness. This would be to destroy the press as an institution and make it a more or less foul conduit of rumor.

It therefore follows, I take it, that the law of the land is quite incompetent to protect the newspaper from the unscrupulous individual.

Let us, then, frankly acknowledge that the law of the land is incompetent to deal with the relations of the individual to the newspaper. Long, long since we practically acknowledged its incompetency to deal with the relations of the public man and the newspaper, by giving the latter comparative immunity for anything it might publish concerning the former. Let us erect an extra-judicial body which shall, with the approval of the legislative body, create its own code. Let it be composed of one journalist, one lawyer, and one man of affairs. Let it define exactly, after mature deliberation and the hearing of all sides, exactly what the functions of a newspaper are, and let it protect its use of those functions and punish its abuse. I am quite aware of the clack and clatter which any newspaper advocating this reform would meet. We would hear first of "the constitutional right of trial by jury." The gentlemen of the long robe are making that constitutional right such a public scandal that it is a question if it long survives; but grant its immortality,—the American Constitution is about the most elastic thing in the cosmos. For three months of every year in the city of Philadelphia a court sits which tries the moral character and claims to good citizenship of three thousand men, finds more than half of them wanting, stamps them as wanting, is sustained by the law and public opinion in so doing, and does it all without the aid of "the jury system" or "the law of evidence." No press censorship could be more arbitrary than the License Courts of Philadelphia and Pittsburg; and yet if a press censorship when erected should accomplish one-half the good that the License Courts have done, newspaper and individual alike would rise up and call it blessed. The times are ripening for a change. The murmurs of the people are loud. The press of the country is attempting to deal to-day with assaults upon its liberties in the courts. It may soon have to deal with them in the legislatures. When a good general knows the ground on which an impending battle is to be fought, he occupies the ground.

A. E. Watrous.

MARRIED GENIUSES.

WHEN Alphonse Daudet wrote, nearly twenty years ago, a series of sketches entitled "*Les Femmes d'Artistes*," he probably did not imagine the scope which the title would gain by translation in America. "*Wives of Geniuses*" is the name of the book, recently issued in English here, and the freedom of translation will scarcely be unpleasing to the author, for, although nearly all the male characters in the book are artists, it is with the mental quality called genius, and not with any special method of expression, that the author concerns himself.

The purpose of the sketches collectively is to show that geniuses should not marry. The author has too much genius of the higher quality known as common sense to prosily argue his side of the subject; he reasons by illustration instead, giving a few clever sketches of the lives of poets, painters, sculptors, dramatists, and other alleged geniuses to prove that wife and family hamper the man in whom is the spark supposed to be divine, and prevent him letting his light so shine that it shall glorify—himself. The author would not for the world be understood as implying that the fault is all with the women; on the contrary, his sketches warn women not to marry geniuses, for these fellows make unsatisfactory husbands; they may be faithful, but they are given to fits of abstraction, and become so absorbed in whatever may be the newest subject in mind that they have neither head nor heart for anything else. It matters not if the wife be sweet, loving, intelligent, complaisant, and adoring, she is not mentally her husband's other self, so she is to him a hindrance instead of a help.

It may be said, in passing, that if the rule needs proof in the form of an exception, the author himself supplies it, for Daudet has long been happily married, his wife is said to be part and parcel of her husband in all respects, and their relations are as delightful as any of which romancers dream.

It would be easy to dismiss such a book with the thought that its ideas are peculiarly French, and that Frenchmen of imaginative temperament are so affected and selfish that an honest and self-respecting woman is beyond their comprehension. But talk like Daudet's about married geniuses is not confined to France; much of it had come from England. Who does not remember the columns and pages of dreary twaddle inflicted upon the reading public when Dickens separated from his wife on the ground of "incompatibility"? The termination of Ruskin's marital relations started a new deluge of words about the miseries of married genius, and essayists are not done peering into the family life of Carlyle and his wife. There are whispered tragedies about the married lives of some American geniuses; women, as well as men, are pitying some husbands while being sorry for the wives, men are indignant that some women artists and authors were tied to "sticks" by the marriage-knot, and there seems a general impression that among geniuses marriage is a failure.

Waiving, as too well known to require discussion, the fact that genius, like the grace of God, does not always bring common sense with it, and that without the exercise of common sense any person may marry disastrously, it is fair to ask, What is a genius, that exception should be made in his case to the rules that govern ordinary humanity? Is he a being of a distinct species, or one of the gods, that he should be regarded as unlike other human beings? Is he so

great that woman, who is so little lower than the angels that men seldom can see where one ends and the other begins, is unfit to be his mate?

He is nothing of the sort, but merely a man who has the faculty, natural or acquired, of for a time concentrating his mind on a given subject. Worshipful awe in the presence of genius began in old times, when art was almost the only outlet of imagination, concentration, and executive ability. Nowadays, however, opportunity makes so many occupations for genius that the woman who would avoid marrying a man who may distinguish himself in some way above his fellows must not marry at all. It requires as much genius to devise a new machine as to write a poem,—to plan and complete a railway as to paint a great picture,—to evolve a beautiful house from rough stone and wood as to coax a statue from a block of marble: the direction may be different, but the mental qualities required are the same. But does any one advise that inventors, architects, engineers, railway presidents, or even the politicians who wrest victory from defeat in doubtful States, shall not marry? Does any one counsel women not to marry such men? Not unless the world has changed since yesterday.

Unquestioning worship of genius should take a place among the dying beliefs. The indulgence that has been granted genius has no more foundation in morals and manners than "the divinity that doth hedge a king." Before education, proper food and clothing, soap and a knowledge of its uses, were within the reach of every one, men in general were so stupid that when any one displayed enough ability to rule his fellow-beings he was regarded as a part of the Divine: so the king could do no wrong. Other men were punished for murder, theft, and lying, but the king could behead his father, strangle his mother, steal his neighbor's wife, and break his word, as carelessly as if it were merely one of the ten commandments, and the people never said him nay. All that has been changed; even an Asiatic sultan cannot be killed nowadays without a lot of foreign physicians being persuaded to certify that he committed suicide.

In like manner geniuses have been discovered to be similar to other men, and to be liked or detested accordingly. It is no longer a sign of genius to display long hair, dirty linen, or rude manners. Men no longer crown the genius with laurel, nor do women lay offerings of flowers at his feet, unless a genius for murder has brought him under the shadow of the gallows. The genius of to-day, like his commonplace neighbor, is expected to pay his washerwoman, keep off the grass in the parks, avoid mistaking his neighbor's property for his own, and be knocked down if he calls another man a liar. Like other men, he must keep a civil tongue in his head, pay his taxes, vote not more than once on election-day, and be picked up by the police if he seeks inspiration too long in the bottle. To do him justice, he is quite as careful as his neighbors to comply with these and all other approved rules of conduct, and his respectability has no undesirable effect upon his work, whatever it may be.

Why, then, should it be assumed that he cannot behave himself properly in marriage without belittling the output of his brain? Simply because some people have been foolish enough to allow him more privileges than other men, and absolve him from some responsibilities, and because some geniuses have been mean enough to take advantage of these concessions. Geniuses are not unlike the rest of us in this respect: no class of persons ever were discovered that could be absolved from mental and moral obligation without harm to themselves and torment for every one about them. Unfortunately for women, it is from their sex

that most unusual allowances to geniuses come. Women who make the mistake of believing their own lives petty because consumed in attending to small things, imagine that the man-life is grandest and most admirable which produces results most distinctly visible. It seems not to occur to them that a good poem, novel, picture, or statue is the result of as much petty, worrying detail as the making-over of a new dress or the management of a successful home. Before the man who does something that seems unusual, that "stands out," these women bow down and worship, and men accept such attentions quite as naturally as women, though gods haven't the faculty of goddesses for sometimes stepping from their shrines to be gracious.

But suppose that a woman's adoration of a man's genius cause her to marry him! Well, she is not to be envied. A woman who marries a man for any quality which is not distinctively husbandly commits a terrible blunder, and there seems to be no law of earth or heaven to relieve woman, any more than man, of the penalties of blundering. Genius does not necessarily imply the accompaniment of a single human virtue. Aaron Burr was a genius, and a curse to every one who liked him; Guiteau wrote some poems that were not bad; indeed, Satan is a marvellous genius, according to the confessions of those who believe in his personality. Genius is often an accident of birth, for physical reasons which anatomists are beginning to understand; it comes as unexpectedly, through natural or abnormal causes, as the handsome face or the adorable moustache for which some women marry, and with deplorable results.

After much observation of living geniuses,—for "a cat may look at a king,"—the writer feels justified in saying that, other conditions being equal, as usually they are, no other men are happier in married life or make better husbands. Further, to no man is the companionship of a loving woman so necessary and precious as to him whose work demands extreme mental concentration. No true genius is likely to attain to the full measure of his ideals, or to be satisfied with his work; he can out-criticise his critics: so the sympathy of his wife is unspeakably gratifying and consoling. The results of his work are as truly due to his wife as to himself, though her hand may never have touched it nor her mind comprehended it. Though he be so great in his line as to have no peer, and she the simplest of women, her love, if it be constant and active, is what he most needs, and quite as much as he deserves. To such a woman the heart of a man really great goes out in continual gratitude; and, after all, it was his heart for which she married him, unless she was a fool.

If geniuses should not marry, what is to become of men? Genius is not a monopoly of the ruder sex; it is quite as common among women as among men. There is not a department of art which has not been successfully invaded by women. Women's names abound in catalogues of modern picture-exhibitions; women write a full half of our popular novels and many of our poems; women on the lyric and dramatic stage rank as high in public estimation and on managers' pay-rolls as men; women deliver lectures (before the curtain as well as behind it), and some of them preach good sermons. Not a month passes without the results of woman's inventive genius being recorded in the Patent Office at Washington. In the broader fields of applied genius the man must be blind who cannot see that woman has no superior in the concentration of mind, the absorption in the work in hand, which are the distinguishing marks of genius. It requires as high quality of genius to dress beautifully and in taste, or to make the inside of a house slightly with common material, as to turn mere paint and

canvas into a picture. The world contains no more estimable, marvellous work of genius than the successful maintenance of a two-thousand dollar home on a one-thousand dollar income; yet everybody knows women who accomplish it. Are not such geniuses to marry? The serious suggestion of so dreadful a possibility would cause a revolt such as the world has never dreamed of. Men are enduring creatures,—being born of women,—but they are smart enough to know when endurance means annihilation.

Geniuses must marry and be given in marriage; without it they never can live up to their possibilities. They must marry, as most of them do, in their capacity of human beings,—not geniuses. Life in all its natural interests is quite the same to the genius as to any one else, for he can never safely rear his head above the clouds unless his feet are firmly planted on the earth. Selfishness, arrogance, thoughtlessness, and cruelty are not distinguishing marks of genius, but faults too common in individual members of all classes: they merely become more prominent when allied to genius. When this is understood, as it should have been long before this, a large class of people, who, taken for all in all, are quite as estimable as their neighbors, will be relieved of a burden of undeserved suspicion.

John Habberton.

THE FORESTRY PROBLEM.

WHEN Columbus discovered America it was a land of forests, a woodland world, on which he seemed to have fallen. And for nearly three hundred years afterwards the settlers, in their march westward, found interminable avenues of trees. It seemed as if America was the native realm of the forest giant. In the present century, however, there has been found good reason to reverse this decision. In the region west of the Mississippi a treeless domain has been entered upon, much greater in dimensions than the forest-land to the east. The State of Texas alone contains treeless areas greater than Pennsylvania, and most of the States and Territories of the Far West possess forests only on their mountain crests and slopes.

Originally, as the most recent statistics indicate, not more than four-tenths of the area of the United States was forest-clad. At present the forests of marketable timber cover about three-tenths of the area, one-fourth of the whole vast sum having vanished. The remaining fraction is being reduced, by aid of axe and firebrand, with alarming rapidity. The great white-pine forests of the North, our most valuable timber, have already suffered fatal inroads. The pines which once covered New England and New York are no more. Of the formerly vast pine forests of Pennsylvania only a remnant remains. The broad pineries of the Northwest are being cut into and burnt into with frightful lack of economy. The pine belt of the South Atlantic, it is true, still contains immense quantities of excellent timber, while the Gulf States possess pines enough to supply for a long time all probable demands upon them; but these Southern pines are no fitting substitute for the white pine of the North, being hard and resinous and much more difficult to work.

Our forests of hard-wood timber have suffered similar, though less severe, inroads. Several large areas of these still remain. That of the Mississippi

basin has lost much of the best of its walnut, ash, cherry, and yellow poplar, but is still rich in valuable trees. There are two other great bodies of hard-wood timber, which have suffered but little from the axe. One of these is that which covers the Southern Alleghany system, occupying the west of Virginia and the Carolinas and the east of Kentucky and Tennessee. Here abound oak of the best quality, walnut, cherry, and other valuable woods. West of the Mississippi, from central Missouri to central Louisiana, extends another great hard-wood forest, largely composed of oak. The forests of Michigan are yet rich in maples. These constitute the chief existing remains of the once all-embracing forests of the Atlantic region.

The Pacific slope is still rich in mountain-woodlands. The great fir forests of the coast districts of Washington and Oregon are nearly intact, and contain an enormous supply of valuable timber. The sierras of California are richly clothed with pines; but the huge red-woods of the coast ranges, first-cousins of the gigantic Sequoias, are being fatally assailed. These furnish the only real substitute for our vanishing white pines, and at their present rate of reduction they promise to lose their importance before many years have passed. The other valuable forests of the Pacific region are the pines of the western slopes of the northern Rocky Mountains and those of the ranges of central Arizona and southwestern New Mexico. These are yet almost undisturbed. The remaining forests of the Pacific region are fast disappearing, and are of local importance only.

The forest wealth of the United States, as the above statement indicates, is still enormous, but it is far from inexhaustible, and the wasteful consumption to which it is exposed, if not checked, will before many years leave us poor in timber. As to its value, we may state that the forest-products of a single year, 1880, were estimated by the Census agents as worth probably \$700,000,000. In the same year 10,274,089 acres were robbed of their forests by the agency of fire, thus adding enormously to our annual consumption of woodland wealth. In regard to our most valuable timber, the white pine, the total supply ready for the axe was estimated by Professor Sargent in 1882 at about 80,000,000,000 feet, while it was being consumed at an annual rate of 10,000,000,000 feet.

The axe, as we have said, is far from being alone to blame for the destruction of our forests, though it has done its work with reckless waste. Two other agencies of destruction have added enormously to the devastation. One of these is the agency of fire, which annually sweeps over many square miles of primeval forest, destroying all life in its fatal pathway, and injuring the fertility of the soil to such a degree that years of useless undergrowth must elapse before the surface is in condition to bear another forest; and frequently the new-grown trees are of inferior species, far less valuable economically than those which they replace.

These ruinous conflagrations are in great part due to pure carelessness. Their most frequent causes are the heedlessness of farmers in brush-burning and of hunters in leaving their camp-fires unextinguished. The railroads also are answerable for a considerable share of the damage. The heaps of dried refuse left by the lumbermen are like so many powder-magazines, and have much to do with the starting and the spread of the flames. All these causes are preventable, and for one acre burned over by act of Providence there are fifty burned over through the improvidence of man.

A second source of great damage is the forest browsing of animals. It is

common in the Southern Atlantic States and in California to turn cattle, sheep, horses, and hogs into the woods, to pick up there a scanty subsistence. The result is the destruction of seedling plants in immense numbers, while young trees, and often old ones, are killed by the loss of their bark. Hogs add to the ruin by rooting up the young pines and feeding on their succulent roots. Professor Sargent tells us that at the opening of the dry season in California immense herds of cattle, horses, and sheep are driven into the mountains to graze, and that from the foot-hills to the highest alpine meadows not only every blade of grass but also every seedling tree is destroyed. The present forests await the axe, but the hopes of future forests are ruined.

Nor is this all. The sharp hoofs of the sheep, winding up the steep acclivities, tread out the roots of the grasses and other perennial plants; the soil, deprived of its vegetable covering, is washed away by the rains; and not only is the possibility of future forests destroyed, but the fertile plains below are threatened with burial under the gravel and sand swept from the bare mountain-sides.

The evil results of the reckless destruction of our forests is by no means confined to loss of timber, though this in itself is sufficiently severe. It takes from fifty years to a century or more to replace a mature tree that has been destroyed; and where the course pursued seems specially designed to prevent its replacement, its loss is irreparable. But forests are of other utility than as sources of lumber-supply. As guards to the river-flow they are of inestimable value, and the loss of the mountain-forests of our country would prove seriously disastrous to the fertility of the plains,—fatally so, in some instances. It seems not without design that the watercourses of the land have their sources in the forests, since these are the balance-wheels of the rivers, the regulating agency to retain the rains and yield their waters in quiet flow instead of in desolating torrents to the plains. Their destruction means the ruin of our great rivers for purposes of navigation and irrigation, the desolation of bordering cities, and the devastating overflow of fertile valleys.

The forest-covered hill has as one of its chief missions the retention of the rains, which percolate slowly through the mat of fallen leaves and the covering of soil, gradually feeding the springs and streams, while much of the water is returned to the air through leaf-evaporation. The snows of winter are likewise retained, and melt but slowly. A forest-denuded hill, on the contrary, suffers the rains to flow at once into the streams, swelling them suddenly and dangerously, while in seasons of drought they become injuriously reduced. The snows likewise, lying on bare hill-sides, melt with perilous rapidity under the first warm suns of spring, pour their waters in torrents into the streams, and make themselves felt in ruin far below. Nor is this the only damage. The mountains, once denuded of their trees, soon become robbed of their soil, and incapable of future forest growth. The work which nature has done through ages of slow soil-building is often thus undone in a few years of man's *civilized* energy.

The question which next arises is, how is this destruction to be avoided? That governmental interference for the protection of the forests is necessary is self-evident; but what steps should government take to prevent man's lavish wastefulness and restrain the selfishness of reckless individuals who may well say, "After us the deluge," since their methods of operation are particularly well calculated to drown the river-valleys with annual floods? In parts of Europe conservative methods are now in progress. Many of the river-yielding

hills of that continent have been long since denuded of their trees and soil, and their rivers in consequence vibrate between destructive flood and shallow flow, to the virtual ruin of large districts of fertile land. France and some other countries are seeking to reafforest the hills, but the process must necessarily be a slow one. The slopes are terraced and the descending waters made to flow slowly back and forth in lateral channels, thus preventing their rapid descent to the plains, and favoring the accumulation of soil and the growth of the trees which are planted on the terraces.

In this country, fortunately, such measures have not become necessary, and it is to be hoped that our forest conditions may reach no such extreme. We have grown wise in time, and a present application of our wisdom may save us from much future trouble. That our woodlands can be made permanently productive has already been proved in Maine. In that State the reckless waste of former years has been followed by a careful preservation of the forest, while fires in the woodlands have almost ceased. The cutting of young trees is in large measure prohibited, and large areas are being replanted. The people of Maine clearly perceived that one of their chief sources of wealth was vanishing, and the growth of a healthy public opinion has put an end to waste by fire and axe. A fixed annual supply from that State may be counted on in the future.

In New York earnest attention has recently been directed to the Adirondack forests, the rapid felling of which is threatening serious injury to the Hudson River, whose head-waters they protect. The State owns much of this forest-land, and is seeking to acquire more, as State ownership seems the only safeguard against the reckless greed of foresters.

In the West the prairie-regions are becoming covered with woodland with encouraging rapidity. The original cause of the treeless character of these great plains is not well known, but it has been long continued by the annual grass-burnings and the almost impenetrable character of the soil. The breaking of the soil with the plough, the cessation of the burnings, and the efforts of the farmers, promise before many years to produce a decided change of condition in these fertile plains, whose climate and rainfall, except in their western border-land, are well adapted to the growth of trees. Several of the prairie States—as Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa—offer a reward for the planting of trees, and this stimulus has done much to promote the rapid spread of woodland throughout this region. One valuable result of this process will probably be to reduce the destructiveness of the winds which cause such havoc upon these Western plains.

Just what measures will be best adapted to preserve the forests which remain to us can be decided only by experiment. Severe penalties for the starting of woodland fires would seem in order, rewards for the preservation as well as for the planting of young trees, and a rigid system of supervision over the still extensive government forests, with strict regulations in regard to the cutting of mountain-woodlands. The "killing the goose which lays the golden eggs," which has been the method hitherto in our forest economy, needs to be sternly prohibited, if we are to transmit to our children the noble forest domain with which nature has provided us.

It cannot be said that this vital necessity has made itself apparent to Congress, whose course of action has been conspicuous for the unconcern and levity with which it has treated this great question. Fortunately, the people themselves have taken it in hand. State Forestry Associations are earnestly studying the situation and pressing for reform, and the new institution of Arbor Day is instilling into

the rising generation that reverence for the tree which has almost died out under the long tyranny of the axe. These movements had their fitting expression in the Forestry Congress which recently met in Philadelphia, in which the situation was ably discussed and an urgent appeal made to Congress to adopt stringent measures of forest-preservation. This was embodied in a resolution asking Congress to withdraw from sale for the present all forest-lands belonging to the government, and to provide for their protection until a governmental commission shall have thoroughly examined these woodland regions, decided what forests shall be permanently preserved, and laid out a plan of national forest administration.

That this shall be done speedily and efficiently, and shall be aided and abetted by similar local action in the several States, is most earnestly to be desired, both for our own sake and for that of the generations to come.

Charles Morris.

THE DISSIPATION OF READING.

It is related somewhere of a remarkable somebody that after reading his morning paper he could repeat its contents *verbatim*, including the advertisements. Wonderful, to be sure! But what object had he in reading everything in his morning paper? Of the thousand items in it, how many of them either concerned or interested himself? He read for either mental solace or mental stimulant. He took his morning dram of reading as the toper takes his cocktail. It was habit and necessity with him.

It is told of another somebody that he would not read a newspaper at any time,—asserting as his reason that nine-tenths of it was an irritating patchwork of events, soul-stirring and aggravating, and the other tenth did not contain comfort proportioned to the smart.

In neither of these opposite cases was there intellectual temperance.

The profit in judicious reading, both in quantity and in quality, is undeniable, but by far the greater number of readers are mental drunkards. Their dissipation is most injurious to themselves, and selfish towards others: they do little if any thinking; they absorb mental stimulants; they excrete nothing.

The habitual reader of fiction must have a daily dose and be wrought up by the excitement it affords,—must live for hours among fancied characters and exciting scenes,—love with lovers, hate with haters, mourn with mourners, be supremely happy if all things turn out right, or suffer the pains of quarrelsome disgust if things go wrong. Among the readers of all classes of literature these mental inebriates exist. Their mental cravings must be gratified. Writers upon every subject concoct their several tipples, and the book-stall is the inviting bar at which they purchase, or the library the well-stocked cellar from which they draw. The effect of constant imbibition from the mighty river of Literature upon the minds of such drinkers is most damaging. Reading from habit, their intellectual faculties cease to act in unison with the eye: the book becomes the brain. When it is read and covers closed, its ideas are inside, indelibly inscribed in the ink that lives, but such readers' memories have not received on their tablets one single scratch to mark its perusal. Again, so much do such repeated

debaucheries of the intellect disorder it, that column after column will word for word be taken in by the eye while thought wanders away on a tramp of its own. A touch, a slammed door, an upward cast of the eye, and the half-hour's reading and the half-hour's tramp are blanks comparable to fly-leaves. The drunkard is subject to alcoholic trances; the dissipated reader has reading-trances quite as profound.

Reading too much has worse results than reading too little. Action may and does accompany ignorance, but idleness is the result of living upon the brain of others. The reading debauchee neither acts nor thinks.

The endeavor of readers should be to benefit themselves by what they read, and to benefit others by what they remember and think about it. As they indulge in viands, so should they offer them.

The curiosities of the dissipation of reading are many. An acquaintance of the writer's—a distinguished lawyer—carries home with him from his office, not briefs to be conned, but dime novels, and draws from their vivid imagery of impossible life a forgetfulness of all business care. Reading to such a one is the eighth sister of Sleep. If the orders for books given by one of America's greatest statesmen to his importing book-agent were shown to the public, it would be seen that he sought his mental cups in *erotica*. A well-known author does not compose a line until the last edition of his favorite evening paper is read by him from title to tail-piece,—such is the fascination of the daily sheet. One of the oldest and most reliable booksellers in the country said, "I rarely sell a copy of Rabelais to others than clergymen." Think of it!—Rabelais as a clerical *pousse-café*!

Works upon chemistry are plentiful upon the desk of a busy railroad official, and he may often be found apparently deeply absorbed in them. He confesses that beyond H_2O he does not remember a single chemical formula, nor could he perform an experiment to save his neck; but when a knotty railroad problem has to be solved he finds his best inspiration among acids and salts and the intricacies of their compounds.

Certain books are indulged in by many persons as necessary condiments to season enjoyably their daily lives, and they are wretched without these cerebral stimulants. To many people the Bible is as potent as Bourbon. The writings of Artemus Ward were as an elixir to the mighty Lincoln.

The output of the press in these our times is enormous. From its champagnes to its heaviest ports, it affords choice stimulants; but they should be used neither as mental intoxicants nor as Lethean draughts.

Among the treasures of fairy-lore is the story of a not extraordinary young prince who preferred play to study. He strongly objected, so the story goes, to compulsory cramming by the wise men assembled from all parts of the world to instruct him. A pitying and beneficent fairy presented him with a relieving sponge possessing wonderful properties. While he indulged in his predilection for play at will, his instructors lectured at the sponge to their hearts' content, and it patiently absorbed their words. When the young prince tired of his tops or the jabber of his playmates, he had but to give the sponge a squeeze and hearken to all that had been said into it, or to as little as he chose to squeeze out. The wise men, prince, and sponge have their counterparts in writers, readers, and books. Writers talk into books, and readers squeeze their ideas out. The dissipated reader takes the dose because he is tired of everything else. In these modern times dissipated absorption may be better likened to a hypo-

dermic injection: it is only skin-deep, but it affects the whole mental and physical structure.

The newspaper-habit is a vicious foe to concentration of thought. We could not do without newspapers; their influence for good, instruction, and advancement is marvellous; but the habit of reading column after column, mechanically, dropping inch by inch from one subject to another, from murder to heroic act, from scandal to deserved praise, from the prices of marketing to the selected poem in the corner, is stuffing the mind with incompatibles and indigestibles, highly pernicious to consecutive thinking. And the same can be said of the book-habit.

The ancient slur, "He has forgotten more than you ever knew," is in most instances an unintended compliment to the second person singular. It is not what is forgotten, but what is known and remembered, that equips the mind for usefulness.

Most victims of the newspaper- and book-habits can diagnose their own cases,—if they are not too far gone to make the effort. Let such as have had either a somnolent, Lethæan, exhilarating, or nauseating draught in this article describing their own disease inquire of themselves the names of the heroes and heroines they were so much interested in, in the novel they read a week ago; or the last chemical theory, so strikingly ingenious; or the latest departure in theology, so liberal and sensible; or the whereabouts of the orbit of the newly-discovered planet; or yesterday's state of Haytian affairs, so exciting to read about; or the number of Queen Victoria's descendants and the amount it costs to keep them, which so roused their sympathies for the English tax-payer and excited their enthusiasm for republican institutions and the independence of republican babies. If they remember a single item, or can recall a single answer, there is hope for themselves yet.

The remedy is simple and worth taking, even if it does cause a wry face at first. Let the person who reads a sentence or chapter turn book or paper upside down while thought, writing, or conversation engages him or her upon its subject-matter. This is feeding memory, and improving the mental faculties by its quick digestion. Such a plan cultivates the thinking-habit, which is an antidote to all evils produced by the dissipation of reading.

Charles Mollvaine.

TRADUTTORE TRADITORE.

THE "traitor translator" has been a fruitful source of wrath on the part of the betrayed author and of amusement on the part of the general public. Some of his blunders are really bewildering. One can understand how Cibber's comedy of "Love's Last Shift" lent itself to travesty as "*La dernière Chemise de l'Amour*," how Congreve's tragedy of "The Mourning Bride" might become "*L'Épouse de Matin*," or how "The Bride of Lammermoor" might be turned into "*La Bride* [*the bridle*] *de Lammermoor*." One can even understand how the English student could have rendered the Greek *embrontelos* (a thunderstruck, or idiotic, person) by "a thundering fool." But Miss Cooper, the daughter of the novelist, tells a story which is well-nigh incredible. When in Paris, she saw

a French translation of "The Spy," in which a man is represented as tying his horse to a locust. Not understanding that the locust-tree was meant, the intelligent Frenchman translated the word as "sauterelle," and, feeling that some explanation was due, he gravely explained in a note that grasshoppers grew to an enormous size in America, and that one of them, dead and stuffed, was placed at the door of the mansion for the convenience of visitors on horse-back. Another case where the translator, vaguely conscious that his version lacks intelligibility, increases the fun by volunteering explanations, is that of the Frenchman who rendered a "Welsh rabbit" (in one of Scott's novels) "a rabbit of Wales," and then inserted a foot-note explaining that the superior flavor of the rabbits of Wales led to a great demand for them in Scotland, where consequently they were forwarded in considerable numbers. Far more candid was the editor of an Italian paper, *Il Giornale delle due Sicilie*, who, translating from an English newspaper an account of a husband killing his wife with a poker, cautiously rendered the latter word as *pokero*, naively admitting, "we do not know with certainty whether this thing 'pokero' be a domestic or a surgical instrument."

As a rule, the public have to bear this sort of thing as well as they can and try to lighten the burden by grinning. But in Paris, when *L'Opinion Nationale* undertook to publish a translation of "Our Mutual Friend" under the title of "L'Ami Commun," the readers arose *en masse* after the first seven chapters had been issued, and protested against the continuance of a tale which abounded in such monstrous absurdities. And the public were right; though they probably held the author rather than the translator responsible. A literary gentleman who translates "a pea overcoat" as "un paletot du couleur de purée de pois" ("a coat of the color of pea-soup") is capable of almost any enormity. And in fact he was guilty of the following. In introducing Twemlow to the reader, Dickens employs this language: "There was an innocent piece of dinner-furniture that went on easy casters, and was kept over a livery-stable yard in Duke Street, St. James's, when not in use, to whom the Veneerings were a source of blind confusion. The name of this article was Twemlow." The rendering of this sentence was as follows: "Il y a dans le quartier de St. James, où quand il ne sort pas il est remise au-dessus d'une écurie de Duke Street, un meuble de salle-à-manger, meuble innocent, chaussé de larges souliers de castor, pour qui les Veneerings sont un sujet d'inquiétude perpétuelle. Ce meuble inoffensif s'appelle Twemlow."

But what can be expected of a nation where so great a man as Alexandre Dumas undertook to introduce a translation of Goethe's "Faust" in Paris, though he confessed that he only knew enough of the German language to ask his way, to purchase his ticket on a railway, and to order his meals, when in Germany?

German, indeed, has proved as great a stumbling-block to our Gallic neighbors as English. A certain Bouchette, the biographer of Jacob Boehm, gave, in an appendix, a list of his works. One of these was Boehm's "Reflections on Isaiah Stiefel." Now, Stiefel was a contemporary theological writer; but the word *stiefel* also means a "boot," and poor M. Bouchette, knowing that the subject of the treatise was scriptural, fell into the delicious error of translating the title as "Réflexions sur les Bottes d'Isaïe."

It is well known that Voltaire, in his version of Shakespeare, perpetrated several egregious blunders; but even in our own time some of his countrymen

have scarcely been more happy in their attempts to translate our great dramatist's works. Jules Janin, the eminent critic, rendered Macbeth's words, "Out, out, brief candle!" as "Sortez, courte chandelle!" Another French writer has committed an equally strange mistake. Northumberland, in the Second Part of "King Henry IV.," says,—

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone.

The translator's version of the words italicized is, "Ainsi, douleur, va-t'en!" ("Thus, grief, go away with you!")

In a recent illustrated catalogue of the Paris Salon, which gives rough sketches of the pictures, with their titles in English and in French, there is one sketch representing a number of nude ladies disporting themselves in the clouds, to which the English inscription is "Milk Street." Your astonishment is changed to delight when you find that this is a translation of "*La Voie lactée*."

An English temperance orator in Paris preached a sermon in French to a large audience, and at the close of his animadversions recommended his astonished hearers to eschew everything but *l'eau de vie*, which means "brandy," but by which he intended "the water of life."

The translation by a miss in her teens of "never mind" into "*jamais esprit*" is matched by a version, which once amused the undergraduates of a Philadelphia university, of the title of a popular song. The Latin translation is as follows: "*Qui crudus enim lectus, albus et spiravit.*" Our classical readers might puzzle over the above for a long time without discovering that it means "Hurrah for the red, white, and blue!" But even this was eclipsed by the Englishman who, coming to a foreign teacher to be "finished" in German, was asked to write a sentence in colloquial English and then to translate it. He wrote, "He has bolted and has not settled his bill," translating it by "Er hat verriegelt und hat nicht ansiedelt seinen Schnabel." *Verriegeln* meaning "to bolt a door," *ansiedeln* "to settle as a colonist," and *Schnabel* "the bill of a bird," this extraordinary sentence really signified, "He has driven in a bolt and has not colonized his beak."

But the height of pretentious absurdity was reached in a volume of translations of Spanish poems published in London several years ago, which contained such gems as the following:

I stand by smiling Bacchus,
In joy us wont to wrap he;
The wise Dorilla lack us
The knowledge to be happy.

What matters it if even
In fair as diamond splendor
The sun is fixed in heaven?
Me light he's born to render.

The moon is, so me tell they,
With living beings swarmy;
"There may be thousands,"—well, they
Can never come to harm me.

BOOK-TALK.

Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyám has often been cited by literary annalists as an example of a still-birth which was to have a later and a glorious avatar. A fresh instance of the same phenomenon must now be cited in the case of "Looking Backward." Published over a year ago, it has only within the past few months bounded into popularity. It is a good sign when books of this serious import are read and discussed by the public,—a sign that the tragic cruelty of our present social system, its hideous injustice, its selfishness which yet runs counter to all true self-interest, its lamentable failure, are calling loudly for reform at the hands of earnest and thoughtful men and women. That the outcome of the present struggle between labor and capital will be in the line of progression, no man, with the history of the past before him, can doubt for a moment. Nor can any man safely assert that such a Utopia as Mr. Bellamy paints may not be established by the twentieth century on the ruins of our present order. Mr. Bellamy has cogently answered a criticism in a Boston paper which insisted not that so great a degree of human felicity and moral development was unattainable by the race, but that it was unattainable within the limit of time which the author fixes. "Looking Backward," says Mr. Bellamy, "although in form a fanciful romance, is intended, in all seriousness, as a forecast in accordance with the principles of evolution of the next stage in the industrial and social development of humanity, especially in this country, and no part of it is believed by the author to be better supported by the indications of probability than the implied prediction that the dawn of the new era is already near at hand, and that the full day will swiftly follow. Does this seem at first thought incredible, in view of the vastness of the changes presupposed? What is the teaching of history, but that great national transformations, while ages in unnoticed preparation, when once inaugurated are accomplished with a rapidity and resistless momentum proportioned to their magnitude, not limited by it?" Thou reasonest well, Mr. Bellamy: would to God that fine words would butter parsnips and logic would control events! We certainly rise from the perusal of this book with buoyant hopes, with visions of an approaching golden era in which poverty and crime shall be abolished, because poverty and crime are the necessary outcome of human struggles with the environment, and the environment itself is only the result of a yet inchoate evolution. Mr. Bellamy's cheerful optimism in the midst of what he looks upon as the horrors of the present, his firm belief in the natural goodness of man and in the magnificent future open before him, act as a stimulating tonic. Whether the predictions of "Looking Backward" are realized or not, it may live in literature among the many famous Utopias which keen wits and kindly hearts have conceived of from time to time, and as a representative of the ideals cherished by humanity at the close of the nineteenth century.

In his "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" Dr. Holmes refers with kindly sympathy to those sweet albino poets the burden of whose plaintive songs is, "I shall die and be forgotten, and the world will go on just as if I had never been;—and yet how I have loved! how I have longed! how I have suffered!"

And, so saying, the eyes grow brighter and brighter, and the features thinner and thinner, until at last the veil of flesh is threadbare, and still singing they drop it and pass onward!" "How marvellously appropriate to Marie Bashkirtseff!" you will say at once. And so it is, and, what is more extraordinary, you find the same sentiment expressed in almost the same words in the preface to her Journal, which Cassell has just issued in an English translation: "This is the thought that has always terrified me. To live, to have so much ambition, to suffer, to weep, to struggle, and in the end to be forgotten; as if I had never existed." And the poor girl, dreading lest she should not live long enough to become famous, trusts at least that "this journal will be interesting to the psychologist." That very remark, which might set the teeth on edge if it came from any one less naïve and spontaneous,—as from one who, finding herself unequal to the task of becoming a great actor in the theatre of life, contents herself with being a freak in a side-show,—that very remark describes exactly what the perennial interest of the book must be. "I write down everything, everything, everything!" she cries; and we believe her implicitly, in spite of the fact that she is a woman, and that we with our clever worldly wisdom would naturally be inclined to look askance at a woman's self-revelations, holding that she cannot help having her reserves even in her moods of uttermost frankness. If you did not believe this poor little girl whose great eyes look upon you so piteously and appealingly from out of the lovely face in the frontispiece, you would see nothing extraordinary in her or in her career. She died at twenty-four without having accomplished any great work. She had a voice once, which she lost, but which does not seem ever to have been a peerless one; she painted pictures full of life and spirit, but not great pictures; she was differentiated from the mass of clever young people who long to be famous, to have the world at their feet, only by the terrible hold which this passion took upon her, and by marvellous powers of introspection, or rather it would be more pertinent to say by the savage ingenuousness which cast off the trammels of conventional pudency and could leave her naked and not ashamed. She is an unbounded egotist; she takes an intense interest in herself, but she lets nothing swerve her from the task of being her own best interpreter; she points out her good traits, numbers and extols them, gravely and seriously; she exposes her weaknesses not only without shrinking, but with no consciousness of the fact that she ought to shrink. They are there, why shouldn't people know all about them? If she had had any sense of humor it would have destroyed everything.

Why does this book take such a mighty hold upon us? Because it reflects the egotism of all of us. We too have been in Arcadia. We too have lived in a world where glory awaited us. We too have felt our hearts beat in anticipation of the time when we should be figuring away brilliantly in the arena of action. Yes, even you, my middle-aged fellow-fogy, have passed through those dreams. The fever may have taken a mild form; it may have limited itself to a boyish desire to scalp Indians on the plains, or to rifle mail-coaches à la Jesse James. But in some form or other it was there. You have grown wiser now. You have curbed your ambitions. You have renounced your ideals. You are satisfied if you can get "social recognition" and a fair competence, you solace yourself with the substantial joys of terrapin and truffles, you cultivate a taste for *bric-à-brac*, you read Howells's prose and Dobson's poetry. You say you have gained common sense. Bah! Nature is tired of you, that is the real truth; she has thrown you aside as a failure, she has found out her mistake: she

visits with wondrous dreams only the young and eager whose possibilities have not yet been put to the test. But because she once liked you and believed in you she smooths your pathway to the eventual grave. She has only the husks of her former bounty to bestow, but she gives you an appetite for husks, and you are content.

It is a good thing for Marie's fame, perhaps, that she died young, so that she shall ever remain the most striking embodiment in literature of the divine discontent of youth. She will always look at us with the same soulful eyes; we shall have no disturbing vision of her when she had lost her fairness and become fat and forty and (to close with a bull) had destroyed her "Journal."

William S. Walsh.

If the ingenious theory advanced in his voluminous "Viking Age" should be eventually upset, Mr. Paul B. Du Chaillu would none the less have contributed to our literature a book of permanent interest and worth. The argument he advances, as the result of years of archæological investigation and a patient study of the Sagas, does away with the so-called Jutes, Angles, and Saxons whom we have been taught to regard as Germanic tribes, our remote ancestors, who left the Cimbric Chersonese and settled in Britain in the early centuries of the Christian era. Mr. Du Chaillu simply asks, Were not the Romans mistaken in giving the names of Saxons and Franks to the maritime tribes of whose origin, country, and homes they knew nothing? Were not these Saxons and Franks in reality tribes of Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians? That the testimony of the Eddas and Sagas should seem to favor this novel proposition is not, perhaps, a cogent reason for accepting it. This literary evidence is of too late a date, and on its face not wholly trustworthy. But the abundant archæological finds of recent years are more convincing. They lead Mr. Du Chaillu, at any rate, to the conclusion that the "Viking Age" lasted without interruption from about the second century of our era to about the middle of the twelfth; that the ancestors of the Northmen migrated at a very remote period from the shores of the Black Sea, through southwestern Russia, to the shores of the Baltic; that the various tribes reached a high degree of civilization, and were skilled in weaving and in the arts of writing, gilding, and enamelling; that they not only led their conquering hosts through Germany and the South of Europe, and into Palestine and Africa, but, as the undisputed masters of the sea, even crossed the ocean to America; and that early and late it was their surplus population that colonized Roman Britain and thus made them the Norse progenitors of the English race.

A pretty hypothesis, surely, and so buttressed with likely interpretation of moot passages in authentic history, but, above all, as we have said, with an imposing array of archæological discoveries, that it is only seemly the modest reviewer should stand mutely aside and await the judgment of his betters. Perhaps the philologist is, after all, the man to adjudge this question; but whether or not it shall be ever settled, who cares? That for which we are sincerely grateful to Mr. Du Chaillu is his copious translation of a quaint and picturesque literature, illuminated by hundreds of vivid pictorial glimpses of the Norse life it perpetuates. It is as tonic as the shock of frosty air in the face of a feverish student to live in fancy among these heroic Vikings, to listen to the songs of their *scalde*, to watch their sacrifices and their *idrottir*, their swimming and snowshoe contests, their furious battles fought hand to hand. The procession of

Olafs, Sigurds, Ivars, and Harolds moves before us, stirring our blood; gladly would we own these mighty heroes as ancestors. And they? If perchance they view us from afar, are they proud of us? Or do they murmur at the abasement of the strain?

Melville Philips.

"Aspects of the Earth. A Popular Account of some Familiar Geological Phenomena." By Prof. N. S. Shaler. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

In these days of active literary evolution we may perhaps extend the domain of "books that are books" beyond the somewhat narrow limits to which Charles Lamb confined it. Such subjects as science, for instance, lay, in the opinion of this amiable essayist, quite outside the realm of literature. A scientific volume might be a book in flesh and blood, but was not so in spirit, and took its proper place in an outer limbo that was filled with all manner of statistical and technical lumber. We have, in a measure, "reformed all that." Science is taking on some of the literary spirit,—popular science, that is, science which is intended to reach the multitude and pleasantly deceive readers into the acquisition of knowledge. Professor Shaler's "Aspects of the Earth" belongs to this category, though it does not quite descend to the level of scientific recreation. It is too closely packed with information to be in any ordinary sense light reading. Its method, however, is clear and simple, and the student who sits down to its feast of facts cannot fail to rise with a valuable addition to his knowledge. The author, nevertheless, we venture to suggest, would have done well to confine himself more strictly to facts and indulge less in unproved hypotheses, since some of the views which he advances are scarcely in accordance with the results of observation. He is, we fear, too strongly imbued with the belief that nature employs but one agency to produce one effect, a conception which scientists are growing away from rather than growing towards. In the case of volcanic eruptions, for example, he maintains that they are due solely to the action of the water which was enclosed in the rock strata of the earth during their slow formation on the ocean bottom. It may be possible that this rock-water has something to do with the phenomena, but it is not likely to be accepted by volcanists as the sole or even as the chief agent, since the theory of its agency has not an observed fact in its support. That volcanic eruptions are due to the lifting powers of confined steam is now generally believed, but the water from which this steam arises is most probably that of the ocean and that which exists as streams and reservoirs in the interior of the earth's crust, this water making its way through fissures to the region of molten rock. Among the facts advanced in support of this theory are the following. During volcanic eruptions the surrounding country is frequently drained of its water-supply, the flow being towards the volcanic centre. In the Sandwich Islands it has been observed that an unusual rainfall is very likely to be followed by volcanic outbreaks. The water ejected by volcanoes is evidently sometimes salt and sometimes fresh, as proved by its products. These facts certainly favor the accepted theory that the surface-water makes its way downward to the heated regions of the earth's crust, and, being suddenly converted into steam, produces earthquakes where there is no vent to the surface, and volcanic eruptions where there is such a vent. As for the theory of the present work, no single fact is offered in its favor.

In like manner Professor Shaler attributes the various forms of rotating storm—the cyclone, tornado, dust-whirl, etc.—to a single cause, and this cause

one based more on analogy than on observation. It would undoubtedly simplify the labors of scientists if this doctrine of single causes could be sustained, but nature tells a different story. If Professor Shaler's theory be well founded, all such storms must be preceded by a state of dead calm in the atmosphere; yet the condition ordinarily observed is the reverse of this. We are all aware that the dust-whirls in our streets occur in windy, never in calm weather, and observation has proved that winds immediately precede the tornado. The theory is based on the analogy of the water-whirl, or eddy; but it is well known that this has more than one cause. It may be produced by a downflow, as when water rushes downward through the vent of a bath-tub, but its general cause is the meeting of opposed surface-currents. A similar meeting of opposed air-currents has very probably much to do with the origin of wind-whirls. We might take exception to other statements, such as that declaring that the Gulf Stream has been permanent since the Lower Silurian age of geology; but enough has been said in the way of fault-finding. Aside from these questionable theories, the work is valuable in its discussion of useful facts, is handsomely printed and fully illustrated, and is an important addition to our works on popular science.

Charles Morris.

"Mito Yashiki. A Tale of Old Japan." By Arthur Collins Macclay, author of "A Budget of Letters from Japan." New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Compared with Mr. Greey's translation of that delightful Japanese novel, "The Captive of Love," Mr. Macclay's "Mito Yashiki" is dull. If one wants to get near to the life of the Japanese, Greey's translations offer the easiest way. It has been objected to "The Captive of Love" that the translator softened certain licentious passages which portray the effect of Buddhism on morals. A similar objection may be made to Mr. Macclay's "Mito Yashiki," which is not a "tale," but a rather cumbersome treatise on Japanese life since the fall of feudalism. Mr. Macclay describes the despotic espionage exercised in Japan as late as 1853 under the feudal system; he shows us that the middle classes of the Japanese were and are as contented and as moral as the average citizen of London, enjoying much the same pleasures in a quiet, domestic way. Mr. Macclay, like Mr. Greey, has evidently left out something for fear of bringing a blush to the cheek of the young person who reads tales, but who will not read treatises. What is really needed is an honest and impartial picture of the life of the people of Japan, and the effects of Buddhism—which may mean anything from utter agnosticism to fetish-worship—on their morals and manners. Mr. Macclay at times forgets his pretence of novel-writing and drops into controversy. We see the Buddhist priest out-argued by the fearful despot Gotairo, who is a thorough agnostic, and then we have a Buddhist converted to Christianity by reading the Bible. We are told, however, that the real reason why an intelligent Japanese would surrender his belief that life is entirely bad and annihilation best is that Christianity helps men to build better, fight better, and to have great respect for themselves. The government, therefore, in time will approve of the introduction of Christianity, as it does of the introduction of locomotives, and with the same object,—that of making the Japanese more able to take care of themselves. Mr. Macclay's "Budget of Letters from Japan" might have been written by an energetic tract-distributor, and it had the faults of its qualities; "Mito Yashiki" has few of these faults, though surely a "*mauvaise quatr' heure*" might

be better Frenched, and one is a little shocked when the mystical Buddhist priest says to the awful Gotaïro, "I see where you are crowding me." After that, the Mikado himself might speak of "hustling the mourners" and no surprise be felt. As a contribution to the study of modern Japanese life, Mr. Maclay's book is valuable. It is full of details too often omitted in more pretentious works. But Mr. Maclay is too heavy-handed to write a novel, which just now is becoming the most perfect literary form we have, and which must be like a living organism, not like the cochineal-colored coating to a pill.

"Sforza. A Story of Milan." By William Waldorf Astor, author of "Valentino." New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Duke of Valentino—the "Valentino" of Mr. Astor's two novels, and the Cæsar Borgia of history and fiction—had no doubt some good points, or his contemporaries would not have given him so many opportunities for deceiving them. Yriarte tells us how he came to give up the service of the Church for the career of arms, and Mr. Astor makes him regret this for an equivocal reason. The last we see of this astute personage is as he stands over the body of a wretched Italian into whom he has just plunged a stiletto. The Chevalier Bayard is treated with sympathy, and the opening chapters are vivid and even brilliant. The plot is what might have been expected of a romance of Italy at the end of the fifteenth century: it is the kind of plot that Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., gave us scores of times, and in which G. P. R. James delighted. There is a gallant young noble, in love with a lady of Milan; there is a Spanish girl, also in love with him: the wicked Valentino casts his eyes on the Milanese lady, and she vanishes, through the rather vaguely defined treachery of the Spanish girl. Ludovico Sforza, Isabelle of Aragon, and the Doge of the time appear, with Louis the Twelfth and other historical personages. Mr. Astor has a good style; he would probably write well if he could make up his mind whether he was writing history or fiction. With "Romola" and "I Promessi Sposi" on our book-shelves, it is hard to tolerate lesser books whose authors merely get a prismatic scum from magnificent opportunities. The last chapter is a bit of good writing. If Mr. Astor, who has the talent and the advantages for so doing, would carefully study the period of which he now writes after the manner of a *dilettante*, he might appeal to our intellects and our hearts. In the beautiful and touching description of the death of Ludovico Sforza he shows that he has great felicity and power of expression. It is to be hoped that we shall have no more of the melodramatic Valentino, who, if he murdered within the precincts of his own circle, was never so barbarous as to treat murder as less than a fine art.

"The Aspen Shade." By Mabel Louise Fuller. De Wolfe, Fiske & Co.

This story has more promise than either "Kathleen" or "Theo" showed. Miss Fuller has a vocabulary of delicate shades, imagination, keen observation, and quick sympathy. And she is not deficient in "wit" as Pope meant it, or in wit as we mean it in our time. Mrs. Desmond would be very pleasant if she were not so very elegant. There are great possibilities in her companion, Miss Trecartin, who is not such a Philistine as the American who asked if the Rubens in the Louvre were really "hand-painted," but who approaches that personage in her attitude towards foreign things. On the whole, "The Aspen Shade" is a clever and readable novel.

Maurice F. Egan.

It is a wonder where Mrs. Wister finds so many clever German novels to translate, for really clever novels are rare, and the Germans furnish their quota of dull and stupid ones. "Erlach Court" (J. B. Lippincott Co.), Mrs. Wister's latest translation, is from the German of Ossip Schubin. It is a very entertaining novel, the scene of which is laid first in a country-house in Austria and then shifts to Paris. There is a good deal of quiet and delicious humor in the book, and some of the episodes in Paris, such as a meeting of a singing-class, and a ball given by a rich American woman anxious to shine in high society, are capitally hit off. The character of a gossipy and mischievous old maid, "Stasy," is admirably drawn, and we recognize the type as not at all foreign to our own country. The heroine is a charming girl, ardent, impulsive, and unconventional, who is continually shocking "Stasy" on account of her lack of due regard for the proprieties as "Stasy" interprets them. Schubin understands women well, and he also understands men, but his keen perception of their weaknesses and follies does not blind him to their nobler qualities and impulses. He laughs at folly, but he knows how to sympathize with suffering, and the sad story of the heroine's father is told with rare pathos. It is needless to say that the novel is admirably translated.

To the legions of people interested in bicycles, etc., can be heartily recommended "Cycling Art, Energy, and Locomotion: A Series of Remarks on the Development of Bicycles, Tricycles, and Man-Motor Carriages," by Robert P. Scott (J. B. Lippincott Co.). The growth of the cycle industry within the past few years has been marvellous. It is estimated that there are now upward of six thousand five hundred cycle patents, and millions of dollars are invested in factories for the turning out of machines. Mr. Scott describes many different machines and patents, and discusses various topics and problems of special interest to bicyclists, and at times touches on topics of wider interest, as, for instance, the question of how springs lessen draught by preserving momentum against the diminishing shocks of the road, which has a practical value for every teamster. No patron of the wheel who desires to understand his machine can afford to be without this book.

Every good Philadelphian who has any interest in this city should possess a copy of "Philadelphia and its Environs: A Guide to the City and Surroundings" (J. B. Lippincott Co.). For, no matter how well one may know the city, this book will be sure to add to his store of information, and at the same time will prove a great convenience as a ready reference. To strangers, and to people who are visiting or who intend to visit Philadelphia, the book is indispensable. The alphabetical guide to objects of interest which precedes the descriptive part tells the stranger at once where to go and how to get there, while the descriptive part serves as an excellent guide-book to all the principal points of interest, and is rendered particularly attractive by means of profuse illustrations. No object of interest in or about the city escapes notice, and the information given is terse, accurate, and valuable. The book is clearly printed, and the illustrations are excellent.

H. C. Walsh.

NEW BOOKS.

[The readers of LIPPINCOTT's will find in this new department, from month to month, such concise and critical notice of all noteworthy publications, of which extended reviews are not given elsewhere in the magazine, as will enable them to keep in touch with the world of new books.]

Poetry.—**ASOLANDO, FACTS AND FANCIES**, by Robert Browning (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The literary event of the past year was the issue of this volume of new poems on the day (December 12) of the death of the author. It contains some twenty characteristic pieces, many of them full of the odor and color of Italy, and one, at least ("Rosny"), with its ringing refrain, a reversion to the poet's earlier manner. It is clear that Browning's preachment, in his verse, of the philosophy of his vast learning, has cost him the popularity that George Eliot lost through the maladroit use of her encyclopædic information in fiction. That Browning *could* write clearly when he wished is proved by a dozen of the shorter poems in this volume,—notably by "Summum Bonum" and the sonnet "Now."—**AMERICAN WAR BALLADS AND LYRICS**, two of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets," edited by George Cary Eggleston (Putnams). Nothing of importance is missed in this collection of the songs and ballads of the Colonial wars, the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Rebellion.—**WYNDHAM TOWERS**, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Mr. Aldrich has not achieved distinction by means of his longer poems, but this narrative in blank verse is one of the most admirable of his efforts in poetry. It is a doleful English legend of the days of "the last Tudor's virgin reign,"—a tale of the loves, hate, and mysterious fate of two brothers. There are fine lines in it in plenty, with here and there a skilful change of foot, and throughout an effective control and conduct to the best dramatic end. A happy fancy thus depicts a stretch of Devon coast:

There frets the sea and turns white at the lip,
And in ill weather lets the ledge show fang.

—**POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS**, by Austin Dobson (Dodd, Mead & Co). Plentiful proof is here that if Mr. Dobson would abandon French verse-forms it would be well for his fame. In the two comely volumes there is a respectable body of poetry that does more than charm the ear.

Fiction.—**A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT**, by Mark Twain (Webster). The humorist is in philosophic mood. He introduces his Yankee, Hank Morgan, to Camelot, and permits him to play fantastic tricks with the Knights of the Round Table. He does more, however, than lasso Sir Launcelot in tourney; he discovers to King Arthur the misery of the people and the horrors of slavery. He is well on the way to a complete overthrow of sixth-century customs and the substitution of the conspicuous features of the civilization of our day,—soap-factories are as smoke, "plug" hats are in vogue, the nobility plays base-ball, and dukes are conductors of railroad-trains,—when his career as reformer is suddenly checked by the power of the Church.—**A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD**, by Charles Dudley Warner (Harpers). This is an excellent and impressive study of a familiar and evil phase of our

national life. A young New-England woman of exceptional nicety of moral sense loves and marries a man in whom at first it is difficult to detect unworthiness. Her eyes are opened gradually to the facts of his business. He is a speculator; a wrecker of railroads. But by the time she can see this, the luxuries of her new life have done their levelling work. She cannot look down upon him from a moral height. The lesson rests lightly upon the story; it sits heavily upon the conscience of the reader; it constitutes Mr. Warner's supreme effort in literature.—**A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES**, by W. D. Howells (Harpers). This latest illustration of life as Mr. Howells finds it has one lurid spot. A man is shot to death in it. Even this, however, we may say, is done to the life. An original venture in journalism brings together typical characters of various sections, businesses, and social sets. Mr. Howells makes speaking effigies of them.—**STANDISH OF STANDISH**, by Jane G. Austin (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). A romance of the Pilgrims, with their most picturesque fighter as titular hero, and the gentle John Alden and demure Priscilla in their proper and pleasing rôles.—**THE TWO BROTHERS**, by Guy de Maupassant (Lippincotts). Few foreign novelists have their stories so deftly Englished as is this by Albert Smith, and novels in any tongue are seldom or never published so sumptuously. The fine illustrative drawings by E. Duez and A. Lynch are reproduced exquisitely in photogravure, and the letter-press is of faultless finish. The story deserves its superb setting. A painful plot is wrought out with the delicate touch of a master-hand, leaving at once a picture and a lesson in life.—**STRANGE TRUE STORIES OF LOUISIANA**, by George W. Cable (Scribners). It must be said of these tales by Mr. Cable that the author is too well pleased with them. Their verity has carried him away, and the material (abundant and rich enough, it is true) is not plastic in his hands. The sketchiness fatigues.—**WHITE MARIE**, by Will N. Harben (Cassells). A reminder of the pitiless cruelty of slavery. It transpires when too late that both parents of the heroine, who has passed for an octoroon, were full-blooded whites. But her life is wrecked: she is already the mother of black children. There is inexpressible pathos in the hint that this pivotal fact of the story is but a bare report of an episode in the South before the war.—**THE CAREER OF A NIHILIST**, by Stepniak (Harpers). We are naturally to suppose that only the letter of this work is fiction. It is an authority's artistic description of the life and work of Russia's patriot band of youthful revolutionists.

History and Biography.—**DIARY OF PHILIP HONE**, edited in two volumes by Bayard Tuckerman (Dodd, Mead & Co.). A chance to make the intimate acquaintance of a polished Knickerbocker, who during a quarter of a century (1826-1851) was one of the "leading citizens," socially and commercially, of New York City, its mayor for one term (1826-1827), afterwards the naval officer of its port, and always one of the most honored and hospitable of its residents. The Diary gives interesting glimpses of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Lord Morpeth, Fanny Kemble, Captain Marryat, John Galt, and Charles Dickens. It could, however, with advantage have been readily compressed within smaller space.—**WALPOLE**, by John Morley (Macmillans). The latest issue in the series of "Twelve English Statesmen." There is obvious fitness in the authorship of this monograph, and, after many years and many partial portraits, it seems to us that Walpole is finally given his due. There is no undue celebration of the man's merits; all that he early owed to happy circumstance,

and later to the influence of Queen Caroline, is fully set forth; but his character is brightened by a luminous review of the familiar charges of corruption, and an ample vindication shows through the almost bitter exposure of the malicious libels propagated by the brilliant but unscrupulous Bolingbroke.—**WILBUR FISK**, by Prof. George Prentice (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). This is the representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the series of "American Religious Leaders." It is plain, even in this naturally prejudiced presentment, that the leadership of Fisk lay in the line of action, not in that of thought. He was the first president of Wesleyan University, but his success in the building up of that institution was rather due to the shrewdness and eloquence of his outside activity than to his abilities as an educator. In his own Church he does not rank with Whedon as a theologian; and in the present composite series he is not, of course in this respect, to be compared with the subject of the initial volume, Jonathan Edwards.—**THIERS**, by Paul de Rémusat, translated from the French by Melville B. Anderson (A. C. McClurg). M. Rémusat makes a brave attempt to detach Thiers the writer from Thiers the statesman. But this feat would be impossible to the most artful biographer. All his life he was engaged in reading history, in writing it, in declaiming it to the French Assembly, or in making it. What he actually accomplished as an historian in letters and in life was this. He wrote ten volumes on the French Revolution, twenty volumes on the Consulate and the Empire; he filled fifteen volumes with his parliamentary speeches; and he filled with rare executive ability and exceptional purity of patriotism the office of (first) President of the French Republic.—**SAINT THERESA OF AVILA**, by Mrs. Bradley Gilman (Roberts). The sanity of judgment, impartiality of religious feeling, and adroit condensation of material facts, which characterize this volume, are wholly commendable. The difficult task before the author was to write a life of Theresa the woman, not the saint. The result is interesting, trustworthy, and adequate.

Miscellaneous.—**THE AMERICAN RAILWAY** (Scribners). A comprehensive account of the construction, development, management, and appliances of a stupendous industry, representing over nine thousand million dollars in its hundred and fifty thousand miles of road.—**APPRECIATIONS, WITH AN ESSAY ON STYLE**, by Walter Pater (Macmillans). In these ten essays and postscript, scholarly and thoughtful words are said about Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Sir Thomas Browne, Shakespeare, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The prime objection to Mr. Pater's writing is its exquisite polish. Or, again, it holds so much matter in suspension that clarity is impossible. All the time that one is cordially admiring an art that can enmesh the most fugitive thought, the style is felt to be elliptical and at fault.—**MAN AND HIS WORLD**, by John Darby (Lippincotts). An entertaining and clever extension of the Socratic dialogues. That which is new in the book is best. The author has a "spiritualistic" philosophy of his own, and a forceful way of stating it.—**THE POETRY OF TENNYSON**, by Henry Van Dyke (Scribners). Altogether the most exhaustive and readable criticism of the art and message of Tennyson that has been written. "The Princess" and "Maud" are held to be "two splendid failures."—**PEN DRAWING AND PEN DRAUGHTSMEN**, by Joseph Pennell (Macmillans). A work so important as this cannot be dismissed with a word. It is unique, of extraordinary elegance and interest, and shall be adequately reviewed in another number.



A MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT.

Yes, it had to be admitted, he was gloomy and unfitted for the drain required to measure to occasions as they rise ;
 For on every sheet of paper, by a hyper-nervous caper, came a face of mournful sweetness with an April in the eyes.

April eyes with April weather, sunny smiles and tears together, moods amazing, sweet, capricious, all that ravish us or vex,—
 These, in every phase inviting, laughed or languished through his writing ; for he'd left in tears that morning just the sweetest of the sex.

True, the bee had sipped the clover ; true, the honey-moon was over ; but the dews of dawns succeeding had new richness for his lips :
 So it wasn't incompleteness, nor the lees of surfeit sweetness ; for the brooklet isn't emptied when the feathered rover dips.

No, the deeps were still unsounded, the horizon yet unbounded ; 'twas a matter of adjustment that had gone awry a bit,—
 An attempt at self-assertion,—a laborious exertion to explain a crude position with a cruder lack of wit.

There were habits he depicted, that he didn't want restricted ; nothing villanous or vital : all he wanted was his way.
 And with matters thus adjusted, all their intercourse, he trusted, would be roses, dew, and glamour in a never-ending May.

Did she catch his meaning? "Surely," said his little wife, demurely. "You're to mix your cakes and kisses with a little ancient ale: My desires must be in keeping with your—" Here she fell to weeping, and he had to leave her comfortless, for words had no avail.

* * * * *
So you see his thoughts and phrases had to take abnormal phases; it was natural to conjure out of vacancy a face; Right enough this incompleteness—"Hem!" a voice of witching sweetness; then a pair of arms were folded round his neck in soft embrace.

"George,"—the word had music in it,—“don't turn round, dear, for a minute; I will try to catch the wisdom of your logic if I can; But I always thought adjusting came from patience, yielding, trusting; then I didn't know how hard it was for one to be a man.

"So, if yielding is your weakness, I will bear it, dear, with meekness; but I've thought of one condition—" "So have I," he murmured, "too." And he added, in contrition, "I agree to this condition,—that if ever I'm inclined to yield, 'twill be, my dear, to you."

"Splendid!" cried his angel, sweetly. "If you yield, then yield completely; and there hasn't been a moment quite so opportune as this." Then he quickly turned and faced her, and—because it rhymes—embraced her; then, unmindful of the office-boy, she gave her slave a kiss.



NO RISK.

"A church fair there's to be, I hear,"
A clam remarked upon a fishing-sloop.
"If that's the case," the oyster said, "my dear,
We run no risk of getting 'in the soup.'"

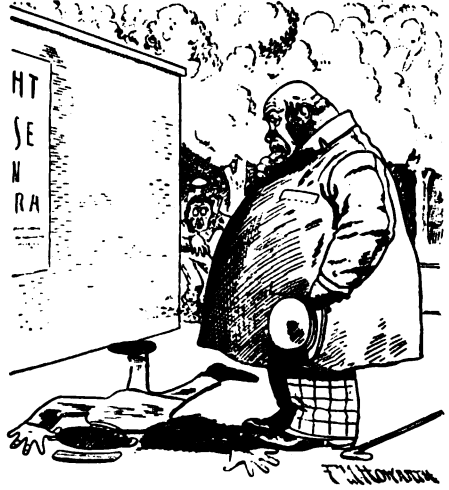
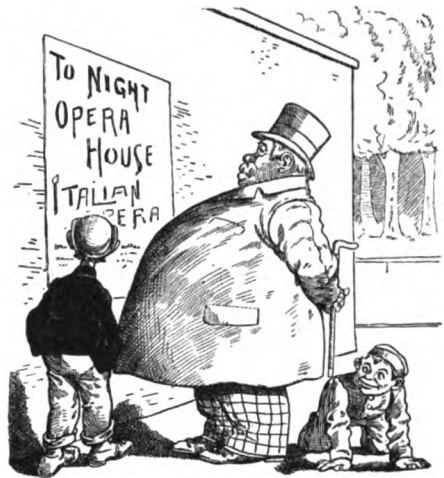
THE fall of the year is a bad time for reforming, because it's impossible to turn over a new leaf.

POSSIBLE AND PLAUSIBLE.

Dolliver.—"What a peculiar book-reviewer Razzle is! Did you ever notice how confused his ideas seem to be?—how rambling and incoherent?"

Pompous.—"Yes; I've noticed it." (*Struck with an idea.*) "Perhaps he reads the books he reviews!"

A FLAT FAILURE.





A SPOOK SURPRISE-PARTY.

They sat on the limb of a crab-apple-tree,
A Bogie, a Spook, and a little Banshee.
The wind blew north, and the wind
blew free,—

Oh, 'twas a merry meeting.
The Bogie had eyes as big as a plate,
The Spook had feet number twenty-eight,
While the Banshee had covered her
horrible pate
With the ghastliest kind of sheet-
ing.

Said the Bogie, at last, with a dismal
wail,
"To frighten folks now I always fail;
They laugh instead of becoming pale
When they at midnight meet me.

Our business is falling in disrepute,
It's neither productive of fame nor loot;
Back to the shades I think I'll scoot,—
There the ghosts will be glad to greet me."

"Not far from here," croaked the grim Banshee,
"Lives a lonely man of low degree;
Pale and sad and sickly he,
And 'twould be funny, very,
To frighten him into a fearful fit,
Just to 'liven us up a bit,
Before we take our final fit
Over the spectral ferry.

"We'll descend on him in a baleful bunch,
Grinning as if we'd like him for lunch;
I'll howl, while the Bogie his teeth can scrunch;
The Spook can be sadly singing."
"Agreed," cried the ghastly, ghostly pair.
They sped away through the midnight air,
Routed the recluse out of his lair,
By their howls, and growls, and ringing.

Courteously he invited them in.
In vain did the Spook grimace and grin,
And the Bogie raise a horrible din:
Their host smiled more than any.
He didn't turn pale nor his blood congeal,
But considerately asked, "Well, how do you
feel?"
And spread them out a bountiful meal,
While his welcome words were many.



"Do you not stand," said the Bogie, "aghast
At the terrible trio who join your repast?
We, whose business it is to cast
Mortals in misery dumb!"
"Afraid of spectres!" he laughed. "Not much!
I make my living by dealing in such,—
Black and white, Danish and Dutch.
Sweet Spooks, I'm a medium!"

Ernest De Lanczy Pierson.



Editor.—“I could, of course, but as long as matches are so cheap I don't see the use.”

HE HAD TRAVELLED.

Enthusiastic Proprietor.—“What do you think of the new hotel?”

Prospective Guest (diffidently).—“Rather fine.”

E. P.—“Fine? Grand, I think! Did you notice the fresco-work in the dining-room and the new furniture in the hall?”

P. G.—“Yes, I noticed them.”

E. P. (persistently).—“Well, what do you think?”

P. S. (gloomily).—“Oh, I suppose I'll have to pay for them before I leave.”

UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

Visitor to Editor.—“Could you use an entirely original poem on ‘The Narcotic Weed’?”

ALL MONARCHS HAVE.

Mrs. Larkin.—“The Queen of Roumania does a great deal of literary work.”

Larkin.—“Yes: she has plenty of ‘subjects’ to choose from.”

A CARELESS GHOST.

First Spirit.—“Hello, Gauzy, that medium's calling for you.”

Second Spirit.—“I don't care a rap.”

LITERAL.

Mistress.—“Why, Bridget, what in the world are you doing?”

Bridget.—“Shure, mum, didn't ye tell me when the baker come to take a few rolls?”

The New York Chinese Dramatic Company has been broken up, but, strange to say, it no longer appears in pieces.



HE SAW THE STARS.

O'Rafferty, who is of an investigating turn of mind, heard that if one goes to the bottom of a well and looks upward, one can see stars at noon as plainly as at night-time. O'Rafferty had his two boys lower him into the well. When he reached the bottom, and just as he turned his gaze heavenward, a brick slipped from the well-curbing and struck O'Rafferty between the eyes. The experiment was a success.

SHE MUST BE.

Mr. Fangle (looking over the house he has just moved into).—"I wonder who lived here last?"

Mrs. Fangle.—"I don't know; but the lady was a Christian."

"How can you tell?"

"She left no rubbish in the cellar."

WHERE SHE COULD FIND IT.

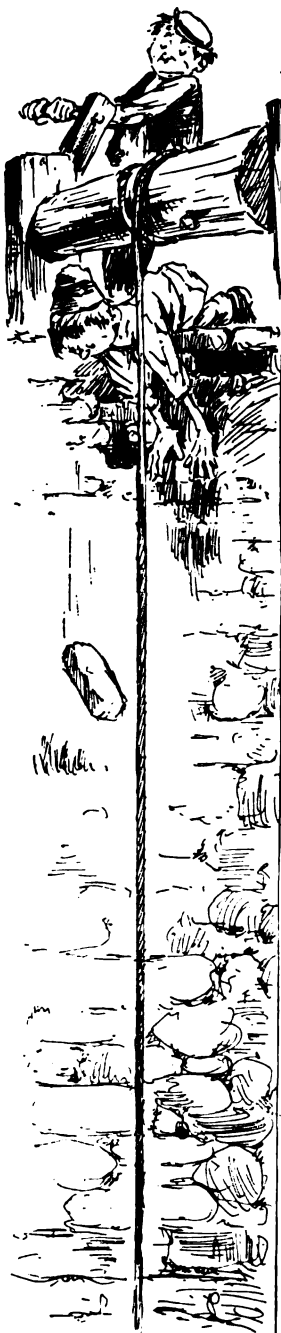
"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" sighed Mrs. Cumso.

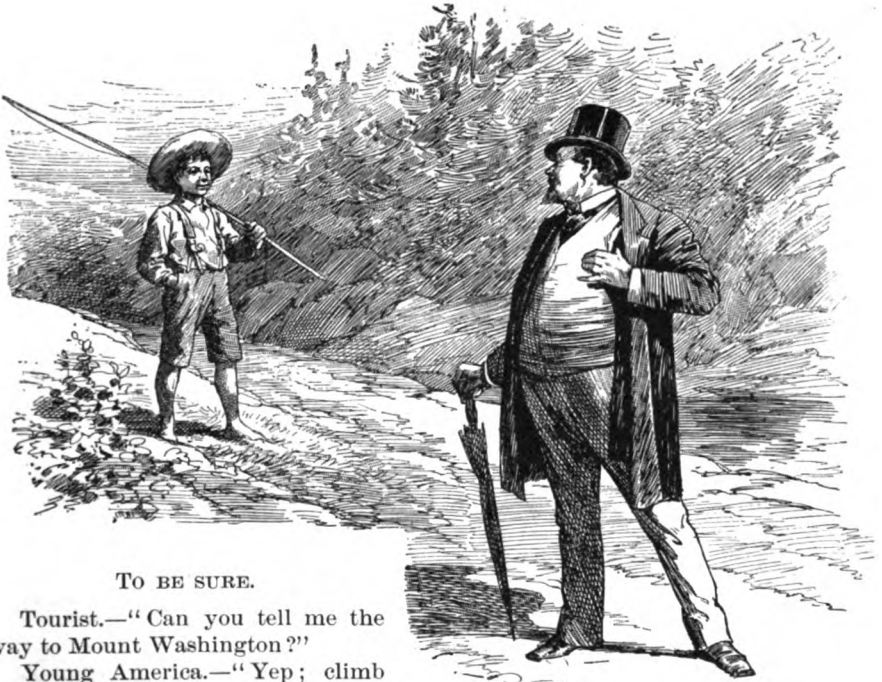
"You can be accommodated in one of the rural wards of Chicago," replied her husband.

When guilty of a foolish act,
What's the humiliating fact?—

The thing itself, or—save the doubt—

That all your friends have found you out?





TO BE SURE.

Tourist.—“Can you tell me the way to Mount Washington?”

Young America.—“Yep; climb it.”

AS USUAL.

First Messenger Boy.—“Hullo, Jim! how are you gettin' along?”

Second Messenger Boy.—“Oh, slow.”

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Brindle.—“I am going to start a magazine.”

Dolliver (dubiously).—“H'm! What are you going to call it?”

Brindle.—“*Success*.”

Dolliver (as before).—“I hope it will be.”

Brindle (confidently).—“I'm sure of it. Nothing succeeds like success.”

THERE is humbug in every trade, but none displays so much craft as ship-building.

THE turning of a ship's rudder from the left conveys a great moral lesson, for it shows a stern determination to follow the right.

CARRYING WEIGHT.

Author.—“I want this article to be leaded.”

Editor (wearily).—“No necessity, sir; it is heavy enough without it.”

SOME POPULAR FALLACIES.

"Love levels all things,"—so 'tis freely said;
Yet lovers never had a level head.

"None but the brave"—again—"deserve the fair."
Only the brave to live with them would dare.

Some think that absence makes the heart grow fond;
But presents will be found a surer bond.

If fools rush in where angels fear to tread,
That's why in love and life the fool's ahead.

"A good thing needs no puffing"? Try it, then,
Upon your choice havanas, smoking men.

"Figures won't lie"? Who said so was not fly;
There's Sallie's figure is a living lie.

"What one man loses is another's gain"?
You lose your temper to your neighbor's bane.

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."—
Not when the fellow feels your purse to find.

"A gentle answer turneth wrath away."—
Best trust your legs and scoot from out the fray.

Wilson K. Welsh.



ANALOGY.

De Pinxt.—"Those youngsters put me in mind of our early efforts in art."

Le Daub.—"How so?"

De Pinxt.—"Their first attempt at drawing don't seem to be a great success."

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA



"Two soldiers."

[Page 369.]

TWO SOLDIERS.

BY
CHARLES KING,
U. S. ARMY,

AUTHOR OF "DUNRAVEN RANCH," "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "FROM
THE RANKS," "THE DESERTER," ETC.



PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

Copyright, 1890, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1890.

TWO SOLDIERS.

I.

THE rain was plashing dismally on the grimy window-sill and over the awning of the shops below. The street-cars went jingling by with a dripping load of outside passengers on both platforms. Wagons and drays, cabs and closed carriages, that rattled or rumbled along the ordinarily busy thoroughfare, looked as though they had been dipped in the river before being turned loose on the street, and their Jehus, a bedraggled lot, must needs have had something amphibious in their composition, else they could not have borne up against the deluge that had been soaking the city for two days past. The policeman, waddling aimlessly about at the opposite corner, enveloped in rubber cap and overcoat, cast occasional wistful glances into the bar-room across the way, wherein the gas was burning in deference to the general gloom that overhung the neighborhood, and such pedestrians as had to be abroad hurried along under their umbrellas as though they half expected to have to swim before they could reach their destination. The dense cloud of sooty smoke that had overhung the metropolis for weeks past, and that wind from any direction could never entirely dissipate, for the simple reason that smoke-stacks by the score shot up in the outskirts on every side, now seemed to be hurled upon the roofs and walls, the windows and the pavement, in a black, pasty, carboniferous deposit, and every object out of doors that one could touch would leave its inky response upon the hand. A more depressing "spell of weather" had not been known for a year, and every living being in sight seemed saturated with the general gloom,—every living being except one: Captain Fred Lane, of the Eleventh Cavalry, was sitting at the dingy window of his office in the recruiting rendezvous on Sycamore Street and actually whistling softly to himself in supreme contentment.

Two missives had reached him that ghastly morning that had served to make him impervious to wind or weather. One—large, formal, impressive, and bearing the stamp of the War Department in heavy type across its upper corner—had borne to him the notification of his promotion to the rank of Captain (Troop D) Eleventh Cavalry, *vice* Curran, retired. The other—a tiny billet—had given him even greater happiness. It might be hard to say how many times he had read and re-read it since he found it on the snowy cloth of his particular breakfast-table in his particular corner of the snug refectory of "The Queen City," on the books of which most respectable if somewhat venerable club his name had been borne among the list of Army or Navy Members ever since his "graduation-leave," fifteen years before.

All his boyhood, up to the time of his winning his cadetship at West Point, had been spent in the city where for the past sixteen months he had considered himself fortunate in being stationed on recruiting-service. During the second year of his term at the Academy he was startled by the receipt of a sad letter from his mother, telling him briefly that his father, long one of the best-known among the business-men of the city, had been compelled to make an assignment. What was worse, he had utterly broken down under the strain, and would probably never be himself again. Proud, sensitive, and honorable, Mr. Lane had insisted on paying to the uttermost farthing of his means. Even the old homestead went, and the broken-hearted man retired with his faithful wife to a humble roof in the suburbs. There, a few months afterwards, he breathed his last, and there, during Fred's graduating year, she followed him. When the boy entered on his career in the army he was practically alone in the world. Out of the wreck of his father's fortune there came to him a little sum that started him in the service free from debt and that served as a nest-egg to attract future accumulations. This he had promptly banked until some good and safe investment should present itself, and, once with his regiment on the frontier, Mr. Lane had found his pay ample for all his needs.

It is unnecessary to recount the history of his fifteen years' service as a subaltern. Suffice it to say that, steering clear of most of the temptations to which young officers were subjected, he had won a reputation as a capital "duty-officer," that was accented here and there by some brilliant and dashing exploits in the numerous Indian campaigns through which the Eleventh had passed with no small credit. Lane was never one of the jovial souls of the regiment. His mood was rather taciturn and contemplative. He read a good deal, and spent many days in the saddle exploring the country in the neighborhood of his post and in hunting and fishing.

But, from the colonel down, there was not a man in the Eleventh who did not thoroughly respect and like him. Among the ladies, however, there were one or two who never lost an opportunity of giving the lieutenant a feline and not ineffective clawing when his name came up for discussion in the feminine conclaves occasionally held in the regiment. Sometimes, too, when opportunity served, he was made the victim of some sharp or sarcastic speech that was not always easy to bear in silence. Mrs. Judson, wife of the captain of B Troop, was reputed to

be "down on Lane," and the men had no difficulty whatever in locating the time when her change of heart took place.

The truth of the matter was that, thanks to simple habits and to his sense of economy, Lane had quite a snug little balance in the bank, and the ladies of the regiment believed it to be bigger than it really was; and, having approved the furnishing and fitting up of his quarters, the next thing, of course, that they essayed to do was to provide him with a wife. There the trouble began. Simultaneously with the arrival of his first bar as a first lieutenant there came from the distant East Mrs. Judson's younger sister "Emmy" and Mrs. Loring's pretty niece Pansy Fletcher. Lane was prompt to call on both, to take the young ladies driving or riding, to be attentive and courteous in every way; but, while he did thus "perceive a divided duty," what was Mrs. Loring's horror on discovering that pretty Pansy had fallen rapturously in love with "Jerry" Lattimore, as handsome, reckless, and impecunious a young dragoon as ever lived, and nothing but prompt measures prevented their marriage! Miss Fletcher was suddenly re-transported to the East, whither Jerry was too hard up to follow; and then, in bitterness of heart, Mrs. Loring blamed poor Fred for the whole transaction. "Why had he held aloof and allowed that—that scamp—that ne'er-do-weel—to cut in and win that innocent child's heart, as he certainly did do?" Against Lattimore the vials of her wrath were emptied *coram publico*, but against Lane she could not talk so openly.

Mrs. Judson had beheld the sudden departure of Miss Pansy with an equanimity she could barely disguise. Indeed, there were not lacking good Christians in the garrison who pointed significantly to the fact that she had almost too hospitably opened her doors to Miss Fletcher and her lover during that brief but volcanic romance. Certain it is, however, that it was in her house and in a certain little nook off the sitting-room that their long, delicious meetings occurred almost daily, the lady of the house being busy about the dining-room, the kitchen, or the chambers overhead, and Emmy, who was a good girl, but densely uninteresting, strumming on the piano or yawning over a book at the front window.

"What Mr. Lane needs is a gentle, modest, domestic little woman who will make his home a restful, peaceful refuge always," said Mrs. Judson; and, inferentially, Emmy was the gentle and modest creature who was destined so to bless him. The invitations to tea, the lures by which he was induced to become Emmy's escort to all the hops and dances, redoubled themselves after Miss Fletcher's departure; but it was all in vain. Without feeling any particular affinity for Mr. Lane, Emmy stood ready to say "Yes" whensoever he should ask; but weeks went on, he never seemed to draw nearer the subject, and just as Mrs. Judson had determined to resort to heroic measures and point out that his attentions to Emmy had excited the remark of the entire garrison, and that the poor child herself was looking wan and strange, there was a stage-robbery not twenty miles from the post. Lane, with fifteen troopers, was sent in pursuit of the desperadoes, and captured them, after a sharp fight, ninety miles up the

river and near the little infantry cantonment at the Indian reservation; and thither the lieutenant was carried with a bullet through his thigh. By the time he was well enough to ride, the regiment was again in the field on Indian campaign, and for six months he never saw Fort Curtis again. When he did, Emmy had gone home, and Mrs. Judson's politeness was something awful.

Lane was out with the Eleventh again in three more sharp and severe campaigns, received an ugly bullet-wound through the left shoulder in the memorable chase after Chief Joseph, was quartermaster of his regiment a year after that episode, then adjutant, and finally was given the recruiting-detail as he neared the top of the list of first lieutenants, and, for the first time in fifteen years, found himself once more among the friends of his youth,—and still a bachelor.

Securing pleasant quarters in the adjoining street, Mr. Lane speedily made himself known at the club to which he had been paying his moderate annual dues without having seen anything of it but its bills for years past, yet never knowing just when he might want to drop in. Then he proceeded, after office hours, to hunt up old chums, and in the course of the first week after his arrival he had found almost all of them. Bailey, who sat next him in school, was now a prominent and prosperous lawyer. Terry, who sat just behind him and occasionally inserted crooked pins in a convenient crack in his chair, was thriving in the iron business. Warden had made a fortune "on 'Change," and was one of the leading brokers and commission-merchants of the metropolis. He had always liked Warden: they lived close together, and used to walk to and from school with each other almost every day. Mr. Lane had started on his quest with a feeling akin to enthusiasm. Calm and reticent and retiring as he generally was, he felt a glow of delight at the prospect of once more meeting "the old crowd," but that evening he returned to his rooms with a distinct sense of disappointment. Bailey had jumped up and shaken hands with much effusion of manner, and had "my-dear-fellow"-ed him for a minute or two, and then, "Now, where are you stopping? I'll be round to look you up the very first evening I can get away, and—of course we'll have you at the house;" but Lane clearly saw he was eager to get back to his desk, and so took his leave. Terry did not know him at all until he began to laugh, and then he blandly inquired what he'd been doing with himself all these years. But the man who rasped him from top to toe was Warden. Business hours were over, and their meeting occurred at the club. Two minutes after they had shaken hands, Warden was standing with his back to the log fire, his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, tilting on his toes, his head well back, and most affably and distinctly patronizing him.

"Well, Fred, you're still in the army, are you?" he asked.

"Still in the army, Warden."

"Well, what on earth do you find to do with yourself out there? How do you manage to kill time?"

"Time never hung heavily on my hands. It often happened that there wasn't half enough for all we had to do."

"You don't tell me! Why, I supposed that about all you did was to drink and play poker."

"Not an unusual idea, I find, Warden, but a very unjust one."

"Oh, yes, I know, of course, you have some Indian-fighting to do once in a while; but that probably amounts to very little. I mean when you're in permanent camp or garrison. I should think a man of your temperament would just stagnate in such a life. I wonder you hadn't resigned years ago and come here and made a name for yourself."

"The life has been rather more brisk than you imagine," he answered, with a quiet smile, "and I have grown very fond of my profession. But you speak of making a name for myself. Now, in what would that have consisted?"

"Oh, well, of course, if you really like the army and living in a desert and that sort of thing, I've nothing to say," said Warden; "but it always struck me as such a—such a—well, Fred, such a wasted life, all very well for fellows who hadn't brains or energy enough to achieve success in the real battle of life" (and here Warden was "swelling visibly"), "but not at all the thing for a man of your ability. We all conceded at school that you were head and shoulders above the rest of us. We were talking of it some years ago here in this very room: there'd been something about you in the papers,—some general or other had mentioned you in a report. Let's see: didn't you get wounded, or something, chasing some Indians?" Lane replied that he believed that "something like that had happened," but begged his friend to go on; and Warden proceeded to further expound his views:

"Now, you might have resigned years ago, taken hold of your father's old business, and made a fortune. There's been a perfect boom in railroad iron and every other kind of iron since that panic of '73. Look at Terry: he is rolling in money,—one of our most substantial men; and you know he was a mere drone at school. Why, Fred, if your father could have held on six months longer he'd have been the richest man in town to-day. It always seemed to me that he made such a mistake in not getting his friends to help him tide things over."

"You probably are not aware," was the reply, "that he went to friend after friend,—so called,—and that it was their failure or refusal to help that broke him down. The most active man in pushing him to the wall, I am told, was Terry's father, who had formerly been his chief clerk."

"Well," answered Warden, in some little confusion, for this and other matters in connection with the failure of Samuel Lane & Co., years before, were now suddenly recalled to mind, "that's probably true. Business is business, you know, and those were tough times in the money market. Still, you could have come back here when you left West Point, and built up that concern again, and been a big man to-day,—had your own establishment here, married some rich girl—you're not married, are you?"

Lane shook his head.

"On the other hand, then, you've been fooling away all this time in the army, and what have you got to show for it?"

"Nothing—to speak of," was the half-whimsical, half-serious answer.

"Well, there! Now don't you see? That's just what I'm driving at. You've thrown away your opportunities.—All right, Strong: I'll be with you in a minute," he called to a man who was signalling to him from the stairway. "Come in and see us, Fred. Come and dine with us,—any day. We're always ready for friends who drop in. I want you to meet Mrs. Warden and see my house. Now excuse me, will you? I have to take a hand at whist." And so away went Warden, leaving Lane to walk homeward and think over the experiences of the day.

He had "made a name for himself" that was well known from the Yellowstone to the Colorado. Thrice had that name been sent to the President with the recommendation of his department commander for brevets for conspicuous and gallant conduct in action against hostile Indians. The Pacific coast had made him welcome. Busy San Francisco had found time to read the *Alta's* and the *Chronicle's* correspondence from the scene of hostilities, and cordially shook hands with the young officer who had been so prominent in more than one campaign. Santa Fé and San Antonio, Denver, Cheyenne, and Miles City, were points where he could not go without meeting "troops of friends." It was only when he got back to his old home in the East that the lieutenant found his name associated only with his father's failure, and that his years of honorable service conveyed no interest to the friends of his youth. "Money makes the mare go," said Mr. Warden, in a subsequent conversation; and money, it seems, was what he meant in telling Lane he should have come home and "made a name for himself."

Lane had been on duty a year in the city when a rumor began to circulate, to the effect that investments of his in mining stocks had brought him large returns, and men at the club and matronly women at the few parties he attended began asking significant questions which now it pleased him to parry rather than answer directly. His twelve months' experiences in society had developed in him a somewhat sardonic vein of humor and made him, if anything, more reticent than before. And then—then all of a sudden there came over the spirit of his dream a marked and wondrous change. He no longer declined invitations to balls, parties, or dinners when he knew that certain persons were to be present. Mabel Vincent had just returned from a year's tour abroad, and Lieutenant Fred Lane had fallen in love at first sight.

It was a note from her that made even that dingy old office, on this most dismal of days, fairly glow and shine with a radiance of hope, with a halo of joy and gladness such as his lonely life had never known before. The very first time he ever saw himself addressed as Captain Fred Lane, Eleventh Cavalry, was in her dainty hand. He turned his chair to the window to read once again the precious words; but there entered, dripping, a Western Union messenger with a telegram.

Tearing it open, Lane read these words: "All join in congratulations on your promotion and in wonderment at the colonel's selection of your successor. Noel is named."

Lane gave a long whistle of amazement. "Of all men in the regiment?" he exclaimed. "Who would have thought of Gordon Noel?"

II.

The colonel of the Eleventh Cavalry was a gentleman who had some peculiarities of temperament and disposition. This fact is not cited as a thing at all unusual, for the unbiassed testimony of the subalterns and even the troop commanders of every cavalry regiment in service would go far towards establishing the fact that all colonels of cavalry are similarly afflicted. One of the salient peculiarities of the commanding officer of the Eleventh was a conviction that nothing went smoothly in the regiment unless the captains were all on duty with their companies; for, while at any time Colonel Riggs would approve an application for a lieutenant's leave of absence, it was worse than pulling teeth to get him to do likewise for a gentleman with the double bars on his shoulder. "Confound the man!" growled Captain Greene, "here I've been seven years with my troop, saving up for a six months' leave, and the old rip disapproves it! What on earth can a fellow say?"

"You didn't go about it right, Greeney," was the calm rejoinder of a comrade who had been similarly "cut" the year previous. "You should have laid siege to him through Madame a month or so. What she says as to who goes on leave and who doesn't is law at head-quarters, and I know it. Now, you watch Noel. That fellow is wiser in his generation than all the rest of us put together. It isn't six months since he got back from his staff detail, and you see how constant he is in his attentions to the old lady. Now, I'll bet you anything you like the next plum that tumbles into the regiment will go to his maw and nobody else's."

"Riggs wouldn't have the face to give anything to Noel,—in the way of detached duty, I mean. I heard him say when 'Gordy' was coming back to the regiment that he wished he had the power to transfer subs from troop to troop: he'd put Noel with the most exacting captain he knew and see if he couldn't get a little square service out of the fellow."

"That's all right, Greene. That's what he said six months ago, before Noel was really back, and before he had begun doing the devoted to her ladyship at head-quarters. Riggs wouldn't say so now,—much less do it. She wouldn't let him, comrade mine; and you know it."

"Noel has been doing first-rate since he got back, Jim," said Captain Greene, after a pause.

"Oh, Noel's no bad soldier in garrison,—at drill or parade. It's field-work and scouting that knocks him endwise; and if there's an Indian within a hundred miles—— Well, you know as much as I do on that subject."

Greene somewhat gloomily nodded assent, and his companion, being wound up for the day, plunged ahead with his remarks:

"Now, I'm just putting this and that together, Greene, and I'll make you a bet. Riggs has managed things ever since he has been colonel so that a lieutenant is ordered detached for recruiting-service and never a captain. It won't be long before Lane gets his promotion;

and I'll bet you that even before he gets it Riggs will have his letter skimming to Washington begging his immediate recall and nominating a sub to take his place. I'll give you odds on that; and I'll bet you even that the sub he names will be Gordy Noel."

But, though he scouted the idea, Greene would not bet, for at that instant the club-room was invaded by a rush of young officers just returning from target-practice, and the jolliest laugh, the most all-pervading voice, the cheeriest personality, of the lot were those of the gentleman whose name Captain Jim Rawlins had just spoken.

"What you going to have, fellows?" he called. "Here, Billy, old man, put up that spelter: I steered the gang in here, and it's my treat. *Don't* go, Forbes; come back, old fellow, and join us. Captain, what shall it be? Say, you all know Dick Cassidy of the Seventh? I heard such a good rig on him this morning. I got a letter from Tommy Craig, who's on duty at the War Department, and he told me that Dick was there trying to get one of these blasted college details. What d'ye suppose a cavalryman wants to leave his regiment for, to take a thing like that?"

"Perhaps his health is impaired, Noel," said Wharton, with a humorous twinkle in his handsome eyes. "Even cavalrymen have been known to have to quit their beloved profession on that account and get something soft in the East for a year or so."

The color mounted to Noel's cheeks, but he gave no other sign of understanding the shaft as aimed at him. Promptly and loudly as ever he spoke out:

"Oh, of course, if he's used up in service and has to go in to recuperate, all well and good; but I always supposed Cassidy was a stalwart in point of health and constitution. Who's going to the doctor's to-night?—you, Jack?"

Jack—otherwise Lieutenant John Tracy—shook his head as he whiffed at the cigarette he had just lighted and then stretched forth his hand for the foaming glass of beer which the attendant brought him, but vouchsafed no verbal reply. Lee and Martin edged over to where the two captains were playing their inevitable game of seven-up. Two of the juniors,—young second lieutenants,—despite the extreme cordiality of Noel's invitation, begged to be excused, as they did not care to drink anything,—even a lemonade; and no sooner had the party finished their modest potation than there was a general move. Wallace and Hearn went in to the billiard-room; Wharton and Lee started in the direction of their quarters; and presently Mr. Noel was the only man in the club-room without an occupation of some kind or a comrade to talk to.

Now, why should this have been the case? Noel's whole manner was overflowing with jollity and kindness; his eyes beamed and sparkled as he looked from one man to the other; he hailed each in turn by his Christian name and in tones of most cordial friendship; he chatted and laughed and had comical anecdotes to tell the party; he was a tall, stylish, fine-looking fellow, with expressive dark eyes and wavy dark-brown hair; his moustache was the secret envy of more than half his associates; his figure was really elegant in its grace

and suppleness ; his uniforms fitted him like a glove, and were invariably of Hatfield's choicest handiwork. Appearances were with him in every sense of the word ; and yet there was some reason why his society was politely but positively shunned by several of his brother officers and "cultivated" by none.

It was only a few years after the great war when Gordon Noel joined the Eleventh from civil life. He came of an old and influential family, and was welcomed in the regiment as an acquisition. He made friends rapidly, and was for two or three years as popular a youngster as there was in the service. Then the troop to which he was attached was ordered to the Plains, *via* Leavenworth. It was a long journey by boat, and by the time they reached the old frontier city orders and telegrams were awaiting them, one of which, apparently to Mr. Noel's great surprise, detached him from his company and directed him to report for temporary duty at the War Department in the city of Washington. He was there eighteen months, during which time his regiment had some sharp battles with the Cheyennes and Kiowas in Kansas and the Indian Territory. Then a new Secretary of War gave ear to the oft-repeated appeals of the colonel of the Eleventh to have Mr. Noel and one or two other detached gentlemen returned to duty with their respective companies, and just as they were moving to the Pacific coast the absentees reported for duty and went along. At Vancouver and Walla Walla Noel seemed to regain by his joviality and good-fellowship what he had lost in the year and a half of his absence, though there were out-and-out soldiers in the Eleventh who said that the man who would stay on "fancy duty" in Washington or anywhere else while his comrades were in the midst of a stirring campaign against hostile Indians couldn't be of the right sort.

Up in Oregon the Modoc troubles soon began, and several troops were sent southward from their stations, scouting. There were several little skirmishes between the various detachments and the agile Indians, with no great loss on either side ; but when "Captain Jack" retired to the natural fastness of the lava-beds, serious work began, and here Mr. Noel was found to be too ill to take part in the campaign, and was sent in to San Francisco to recuperate. The short but bloody war was brought to a close without his having taken part in any of its actions, but he rejoined after a delightful convalescence in San Francisco (where it was understood that he had broken down only after riding night and day and all alone some three hundred miles through the wilderness with orders to a battalion of his regiment that was urgently needed at the front), and was able to talk very glibly of what had occurred down in the Klamath Lake country. Then came his promotion to a first-lieutenancy, and, as luck would have it, to a troop stationed at the Presidio. For three months he was the gayest of the gay, the life of parties of every kind both in town and in garrison ; he was in exuberant health and spirits ; he danced night after night, and was the most popular partner ever welcomed in the parlors of hospitable San Francisco. And then all of a sudden there came tidings of an outbreak among the Arizona Apaches of so formidable a character that the division commander decided to send his Presidio troopers to

reinforce the one regiment that was trying to cover a whole Territory. There was pathetic parting, with no end of lamentation, when Mr. Noel was spirited away with his lynx-eyed captain; but they need not have worried,—those fair dames and damsels; not a hair of his handsome head was in danger, for the —th had grappled with and throttled their foes before the detachment from the Eleventh were fairly in the Territory, and the latter were soon ordered to return and to bring with them, as prisoners to be confined at Alcatraz, the leaders of the outbreak, who would be turned over to them by the —th. To hear Noel tell of these fierce captives afterwards was somewhat confusing, as, from his account, it would appear that they had been taken in hand-to-hand conflict by himself and a small detachment of his own troop; but these were stories told only to over-credulous friends.

The Eleventh came eastward across the Rockies in time to participate in the great campaign against the Sioux in '76, and was on the Yellowstone when Custer and his favorite companies were being wiped out of existence on the Little Horn. The news of that tragedy made many a heart sick, and Mr. Noel was so much affected that when his comrades started to make a night ride to the front to join what was left of the Seventh, he was left behind, ostensibly to sleep off a violent headache. He promised to ride after and catch them the next day, but, through some error, got aboard General Terry's steamer, the *Far West*, and made himself so useful looking after the wounded that the surgeon in charge was grateful, and, knowing nothing of his antecedents, gave him a certificate on which he based an application for leave on account of sickness, and went to Bismarck with the wounded, and thence to the distant East, where he thrilled clubs and dinner-tables with graphic accounts of the Custer battle and of how we got up just in time to save the remnant of the Seventh. The Eleventh fought all through the campaign of '76 and the chase after Chief Joseph in '77; but Noel was again on temporary duty at the War Department, and there he stayed until '78, by which time various officials had become acquainted with some of the facts in the case. The Eleventh "cold-shouldered" him for a while after he got back; but they happened to be now in a region where there were no "hostiles," and where hops, Germans, theatricals, tableaux, and entertainments of all kinds were the rage. No other man could be half so useful to the ladies as Gordon Noel. He had just come from Washington, and knew *everything*; and when *they* took him up and made much of him 'twas no use for the men to stand aloof; they had to take him up too. Lane was adjutant of the regiment at this time; and he, having seen every report and letter with reference to Mr. Noel that had been filed in the office, would hardly speak to him at all except when on duty, and this feeling was intensified when, a year or so later, they were suddenly hurried to Arizona on account of a wild dash of the Chiricahuas, and as the different companies took the field and hastened in the pursuit Mr. Noel was afflicted with a rheumatic fever of such alarming character that the youthful "contract" surgeon who had accompanied his troop held him back at the railway and speedily sent him East on a three months' sick-leave, which family influence soon made six. And this was about the record and reputation that

Mr. Noel had succeeded in making when Captain Rawlins was ready to bet Captain Greene that, despite it all, the regimental Adonis would get the recruiting-detail, *vice* Lane, for everybody knew Fred Lane so well as to prophesy that he would apply to be relieved and ordered to rejoin his regiment, and everybody was eager to see him take hold of poor old Curran's troop, for if anybody could "straighten it out" Lane could.

The news that Noel was named by the colonel caused a sensation at regimental head-quarters which the Eleventh will probably not soon forget. "Old Riggs" had become the commander of the regiment after it seemed that the Indian wars were over and done with, and, thanks to our peculiar system of promotion, was now at the head of an organization with which he had never served as subaltern, captain, or junior field-officer. Discipline forbade saying anything to his face,—for which the colonel was devoutly thankful,—but everybody said to everybody else that it was all Mrs. Riggs's doing, a fact which the colonel very well knew.

So did Noel, though he rushed into the club-room apparently overwhelmed with amazement and delight:

"I supposed of *cours*e it would be Follansbee. I never dreamed he would give it to me. Come up, crowd! come up everybody! It's champagne to-day," he jovially shouted; and there were men who could not bear to snub him openly. Nothing had really ever been proved against him: why should they judge him? But there were several who declined, alleging one excuse or another, and even those who drank with him did so while applauding Wharton's toast:

"Well, Noel, here's to you! It ought to have been Follansbee; but I wish you the joy of it."

III.

Never before had Fred Lane known the sensation of being reluctant to rejoin his regiment. When the colonel wrote a personal letter to him some eight or ten weeks previous, telling him that Curran would almost surely get the next vacancy on the retired list and that he would expect his old adjutant to come back to them at once and restore efficiency and discipline to Troop D, Mr. Lane replied with the utmost readiness; but this was before Mabel Vincent came into his life and changed its whole current. How much and how devotedly he loved her, Lane himself never realized until the day his promotion reached him, and with it the news that his successor was already designated. He knew that within the week he might expect orders from the War Department to join his troop at Fort Graham as soon as he had turned over his funds and property to the officer designated to relieve him; he knew Noel so well as to feel assured that he would not wait for the arrival of formal orders, but, if the colonel would permit, would start the instant he received telegraphic notification from Washington that "Old Riggs's" nomination had been approved. "This is Wednesday," he mused; "and by a week from to-day I can count on his being here; and in ten days I must go."

There was a large party that night, and, fully a week before, he had asked that he might have the honor of being Miss Vincent's escort. It was with great disappointment that he received her answer, which was spoken, however, in a tone of such sorrow that poor Lane felt that the barbs, at least, of the arrow had been removed.

"I don't know how to tell you how I regret having to say 'No,' Mr. Lane," she said, and there was a tremor in her voice and a little quiver at the corners of her pretty mouth. "I have almost felt confident that you were going to ask me,—is that a very bold thing to say?—for you have been so—so kind to me since our first meeting, and indeed I wanted in some way to let you know that there were other arrangements already made. But how could I say anything? Mr. Rossiter, the eldest son of father's former partner, comes to pay us a visit of four or five days before he goes abroad again. And he is a great friend of the Chiltons, and, being our guest, he goes with me. Indeed, I'm *very* sorry, Mr. Lane, if you are disappointed."

Fred, of course, begged that she should give herself no uneasiness. There was no other girl whom he had thought of taking. Mr. Rossiter was very much to be envied, and he would like to call and pay his respects to that gentleman when he arrived. "By all means do," said Miss Vincent; and, if not asking too much, would Mr. Lane get him a card at the club? Brother Rex was away, or she wouldn't trouble him. But Lane was delighted to be troubled. Anything she asked—any service he could render her—he flew with untold eagerness to accomplish; and, though properly jealous of the coming man,—this Mr. Rossiter, of whom he had never before heard mention,—he was eager to meet and entertain him. The gentleman was to arrive on Monday, and Lane spent a delightful evening at the Vincents', wondering why he hadn't come. Tuesday would surely bring him, or an explanation, said Miss Mabel; and on Tuesday Lane was prompt to call, and glad to spend another long evening at the hospitable old homestead, and stoutly did he hold his ground through three successive relays of visitors, encouraged to do so by a certain look in his lady's bright eyes that spoke volumes to his throbbing heart, and that very next morning at the club he found her dainty missive on his breakfast-table. How early she must have risen to write it!—and to have seen the announcement of his promotion in the Washington despatches! True, he remembered that it was frequently her pleasure to be up betimes to give her father his coffee; for Vincent *père* was a business-man of the old school, who liked to begin early in the day. Of course he had seen the name in the Washington news and had read the paragraph to her: that was the way to account for it. But her note was a joy to him in its sweet, half-shy, half-confidential wording. She merely wrote to say that Mr. Rossiter had wired that he would be detained in New York until the end of the week; and now, if Captain Lane had *really* made no engagement, she would be glad indeed if he cared to renew the invitation which with such regret she was compelled a week ago to decline. Lane totally forgot his breakfast in his haste to rush to the writing-room and send her a reply.

All "The Queen City" had been quick to see or hear of his "sudden

smite" and consequent devotion to Mabel Vincent, and great was the speculation as to the probable result.

"How can she encourage him as she does? What can she see in that solemn prig?" indignantly demanded Miss Fanny Holton, who had shown a marked interest in Mr. Lane during his first six months in society and had danced with him all through the season. "He is one of the forlornest, stupidest men I ever knew,—utterly unlike what I supposed a cavalry officer to be."

"And yet, Fanny dear, you were very much taken up with him the first winter,—last year, I mean," was the reply of her most devoted and intimate friend.

"What an outrageous fib! I wasn't; and if I was, it was because I wanted to draw him out,—do *something* to enliven him. Of course I danced with him a great deal. There isn't a better dancer in town, and you know it, Maud: you've said so yourself time and again."

"Well, *you* didn't draw him out,—nor on. But the moment he sees Mabel Vincent he falls heels over head in love with her. Why, I never saw a man whose every look and word so utterly 'gave him away,'" was Miss Maud's characteristic and slangy reply. "And it's my belief she'll take him, too. She likes him well, and she says he knows more than any other man she has ever met."

"He has money, too, and can resign and live here if she wants him to," went on Miss Maud, after a pause which, oddly enough, her friend had not taken advantage of.

"You don't know anything about what Mabel Vincent will or won't do, Maud. I've known her years longer than you have, and, though I'm awfully fond of her, and wouldn't have this repeated for the world,—and you must swear never to repeat it to anybody,—I know her so well that I can say she doesn't know her own mind now and would change it in less than six months if she did. She is as fickle in love as in her friendships; and you can't have forgotten how inseparable you and she were for three months at Madame Hoffman's, and then how she fastened on Katherine Ward. I don't care a snap of my finger whom Mr. Lane chooses to fall in love with, but if it's Mabel Vincent he'd better insist on a short engagement and stand guard over her with his sword in the mean time. It's 'out of sight out of mind' with her, and has been ever since she was four years old."

And so in the smoking-room at the club and in the feminine cliques and coteries in society the probability of Mabel Vincent's accepting Lieutenant Lane was a matter of frequent discussion. But of all this chit-chat and speculation Captain Lane stood in profound ignorance as he entered his dark office that drenching Wednesday morning with her precious note in his waistcoat-pocket. He neither knew nor cared what old Vincent was worth: all he wanted was Mabel's own sweet self, for he loved her with his whole heart and soul, with all the strength and devotion of his deep and loyal nature. He could hardly control his voice so as to speak in the conventional official tone to the sergeant in charge as the latter saluted him at the door-way and made the customary report of the presence of the detachment. Lane stepped into his little dressing-room and quickly appeared in his

neat fatigue uniform. There wasn't a ghost of a chance of would-be recruits wandering in that day ; but he was a stickler for discipline. He required his men to be always in their appropriate uniform, and never neglected wearing his own while in the office ; yet in all the Queen City no one but his little party, the applicants for enlistment, and the few citizens who came in on business had ever seen him except in civilian dress.

"These reports and returns all go in to-morrow, I believe?" said Lane to his sergeant.

"They do, sir."

"Well, will you take them in to the clerk again," said Lane, blushing vividly, "and tell him to alter that 'First Lieutenant' to 'Captain' wherever it occurs? The—official notification is just here," he added, almost apologetically.

"Sure I'm glad to hear it, sir. All the men will be glad, sir ; and I'm proud to think that I was the first man to salute the captain to-day," was the sergeant's delighted answer. "I'll call Taintor in at once."

But Lane was blissfully thinking of the little note, now transferred to the breast-pocket of his uniform blouse, and of how not his honest old sergeant but sweet Mabel Vincent was the first to hail him by his new title ; and in thinking of the note and of her he failed to notice that, so far from coming at once, it was fully ten or fifteen minutes before Taintor, the clerk, put in an appearance, and when he did that his face was ashen-gray and his hand shook as though with palsy.

"The sergeant will tell you what is to be done with the papers, Taintor," said Lane, conscious that he was blushing again, and consequently striving to appear engrossed in the morning paper. The man picked them up one after another and without a word ; he dropped one to the floor in his nervousness, but made a quick dive for it, and then for the door, as though fearful of detention. He hurried through the room in which the sergeant and one or two men were seated, and, reaching his big desk at a rear window, where he was out of sight, dropped the papers on the floor and buried his face in his shaking hands.

A few minutes later the sergeant, coming into the little cubby-hole of a room in which Taintor had preferred to do his work, found him with his arms on the desk and his face hidden in them, and the soldier clerk was quivering and twitching from head to foot.

"What's the matter with you, Taintor?" growled the old soldier. "Didn't you promise me you'd quit drinking?"

The face that looked up into his was ghastly.

"It isn't drink, sergeant," moaned the man. "At least, I haven't exceeded for a month. I've got a chill,—an ague of some kind. Just let me run down to the drug-store and get some quinine,—with perhaps a little brandy. Then I can do this work. Do, sergeant. I won't abuse your kindness."

"Well, go, then," was the reluctant answer ; "but get back quick. And only one drink, mind you."

Taintor seized his cap and fairly tottered through the adjoining room to the stairway, down which he plunged madly, and, heedless of the pelting rain, darted across the street to the gas-lighted bar-room.

"By G—d," muttered the veteran sergeant, "there's something worse than either whiskey or ague back of this; and I could swear to it."

IV.

Captain Lane, as has been said, allowed until the following Wednesday for the arrival of his regimental comrade Mr. Noel. He was not a little surprised, however, on the following Tuesday morning, as he sat at breakfast at the club, glancing over the morning paper, to come upon the following announcement:

"DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.

"Our readers will be interested in knowing that Captain Gordon Noel, of the Eleventh U.S. Cavalry, has been ordered on duty in the city, in charge of the cavalry rendezvous on Sycamore Street. Captain Noel comes to us with a reputation that should win instant recognition and the heartiest welcome from the Queen City. For nearly fifteen years he has served with his gallant regiment, and has been prominent in every one of the stirring campaigns against the hostile Indians of our Western frontier. He has fought almost every savage tribe on the continent; was disabled in the Modoc campaign in '73, commanded the advance-guard of his regiment that reached the scene of the Custer massacre only just in time to rescue the remnant of the regiment from a similar fate, and for his services on that campaign was awarded the complement of staff duty in the city of Washington. At his own request, however, he was relieved from this, and rejoined his regiment when hostilities were threatened in Arizona two years ago. And now, as a reward for gallant and distinguished conduct in the field, he is given the prized recruiting-detail. Captain Noel is the guest of his cousin, the Hon. Amos Withers, at his palatial home on the Heights; and our fair readers will be interested in knowing that he is a bachelor, and, despite his years of hardship, danger, and privation, is a remarkably fine-looking man.

"It is understood that Lieutenant Lane, the present recruiting officer, has been ordered to return to his regiment at once, although the time has not yet expired."

In the expression on Captain Lane's face as he finished this item there was something half vexed, half comical.

A few hours afterwards, while he was seated in his office, the orderly entered, and announced two gentlemen to see the captain. Lane turned to receive his visitors, but before he could advance across the dark room the taller of the two entering the door made a spring towards him, clapped him cordially on the back, and, with the utmost delight, shouted, "How are you, old fellow? How well you're looking! Why, I haven't set eyes on you since we were out on the field hunting up old Geronimo's trail! By Jove! but I'm glad to see you!" And Lane had no difficulty in recognizing at once his regimental comrade Gordon Noel.

"Let me present you to my cousin, Mr. Withers," said Noel.

And a stout, florid man, whom Lane had often seen at the club, but to whom he had never hitherto been made known, bowed with much cordiality and extended his hand.

"I didn't know," said he, "that you were a friend of Noel's, or I'd have come to see you before, and invited you to my house."

"Friend?" exclaimed Noel. "*Friend!* Why, we've been partners and chums! Why, we've been all over this continent together, Withers! Fred, do you remember the time we were up on the Sioux campaign?—the night I went over with those fellows to hunt up the trail to the Custer ground? Let's see, you were acting adjutant then, if I recollect right. Oh, yes; you were back with the colonel."

Lane received his guests with perfect courtesy, but without that overweening cordiality which distinguished the other's manner, and then Mr. Withers entered into the conversation. Turning to Captain Lane, he said,—

"I didn't know that you had been on the Sioux campaign. Were you there too?"

Lane replied quietly that he had been with his regiment through that year,—in fact, had never been away from it for any length of time, except on this detail which had brought him to his old home.

"Oh, yes; I remember having heard that this was your home. I am very sorry indeed that you did not make yourself known to me before," said Mr. Withers. "You know that I am a very busy man and don't get around much. Now you can come and dine with us this evening, can you not? Mrs. Withers will certainly expect you, now that Noel is here."

"I am very sorry indeed, Mr. Withers, but I am already engaged."

"You must make early bids if you want to get this young man, Amos," put in Mr. Noel, affectionately patting Lane on the shoulder. "It was just so in the regiment. He was always in demand.—Well, when *can* you come, Fred? What evening shall we say?"

"It will depend, perhaps, on the day I turn over the property to you. How soon do you wish to take hold?"

"Oh, any time. Any day. Whenever you're ready."

"I'm ready now, to-day, if you choose," was Lane's prompt response. "I fancied you might be here by to-morrow."

"Yes, you bet I didn't let the grass grow under my feet. The moment we got the telegraphic notification that the colonel's nomination was approved, I lit out for the railroad," said Noel, laughing gleefully.

"And when will you come in and take over the property? There's a good deal of clothing to be counted. As for the funds, they, of course, are all in the bank."

"Suit yourself about that, Freddy, old boy. I'm going down street with Amos now. How'll to-morrow morning do?"

"Very well indeed. You will find me here any time you come in."

"All right. Now get out of your yellow stripes and come along down town with us. The carriage is right here at the door. We're going over to see the works,—Mr. Withers's foundries, you know. Come."

"Yes, come with us. I think I have heard it was your father who—ah—who was in the same line of business at one time, Mr. Lane," said Mr. Withers.

"Captain Lane, Amos!—Captain Lane! Great Scott! you mustn't 'mister' a man who has been through the years of service he has."

"I beg pardon. I did not so understand you, Gordon, when we were talking last night with the—when we were having our smoke and chat after dinner.—You will come with us, won't you, captain?"

"I wish I could, Mr. Withers, but my office-hours have to be observed, and I cannot leave in the morning. Thank you heartily none the less.—Then you will be here to-morrow, Noel?"

"To-morrow be it, Fred: so *au revoir*, if you can't join us. I mustn't keep Withers waiting,—business-man, you know. God bless you, old fellow, you don't begin to realize how delighted I am to see you! So long."

"But about dining with us, Captain——"

"Oh, Lord, yes!" burst in Noel. "What evening, now? I'd almost forgotten. Getting in among bricks and mortar addles my head. 'Tisn't like being out in the saddle with the mountain breezes all around you: hey, Fred? Gad! I don't know whether I can stand this sort of thing, after our years of campaigning." And the lieutenant looked dubiously around upon the dark and dingy walls and windows.

"Suppose we say Thursday evening, captain," suggested Mr. Withers; "and I'll have just a few friends to meet you two army gentlemen."

"I shall be very happy, Mr. Withers."

"Good! That's the talk, Fred!" heartily shouted the lieutenant, bringing his hand down with a resounding whack between Lane's shoulder-blades. "Now we *are* off! Come along, Amos." And the cousins disappeared down the dark stairway and popped into the carriage.

"Not a very demonstrative man, your friend the captain, but seems to be solid," was Mr. Withers's remark.

"Oh, yes. He is about as solid as they make them," answered Noel, airily. "Lane has his faults, like most men. It is only those who really know him, who have been associated with him for years, and whom he trusts and likes, that are his friends. Now, I'd go through fire and water for him, and he would for me,—but of course you wouldn't think it, to see his perfectly conventional society manner this morning. If I had left you down at the foot of the stairs and had stolen up on tiptoe and gone over and put my arms round his neck, you would probably have found us hugging each other and dancing about that room like a couple of grizzly bears when you came up, and the moment he caught sight of you he would have blushed crimson and got behind his ice screen in a second. You just ought to have seen him the night we met each other with our detachments down near Guadalupe Cañon when we were hunting Geronimo. Some d—d fool of a ranchman had met him and said I was killed in the little affair we had with the Apache rear-guard. Why, I was perfectly amazed at the emotion

he showed. Ever since then I've sworn by Fred Lane; though, of course, he has traits that I wish he could get rid of."

"Good officer, isn't he?"

"Ye—es, Lane isn't half a bad soldier. Of course it remains to be seen what sort of captain he will make. He has only just got his troop."

"But I mean he—well—is a brave man,—has shown up well in these Indian fights you were telling us about?"

"H'm!" answered Noel, with a quiet little chuckle: "if he wasn't, you bet he wouldn't have been all these years in the Eleventh. A shirk of any kind is just the one thing we *won't* stand. Why, Amos, when old Jim Blazer was our colonel during those years of the Sioux and Cheyenne and Nez Percé wars he ran two men out of the regiment simply because they managed to get out of field duty two successive years. Oh, no! Lane's all right as a soldier, or he wouldn't be wearing the crossed sabres of the Eleventh."

Mr. Withers listened to these tales of the doings and sayings of the regiment with great interest. "Lane might have been here a dozen years," said he to himself, "and no one in our community would have known anything at all about the dangers and hardships his comrades and he had encountered in their frontier service. It's only when some fellow like Noel comes to us that we learn anything whatever of our army and its doings."

He took his cousin to the great moulding-works of which he was the sole head and proprietor, and presented his foremen and his clerks to the captain, and told them of his career in the Indian wars on the frontier, and then up on 'Change and proudly introduced "my cousin Captain Noel" to the magnates of the Queen City; and, though not one out of a dozen was in the least degree interested in "the captain" or cared a grain of wheat what the army had done or was doing on the frontier, almost every man had time to stop and shake hands cordially with the handsome officer, for Amos Withers was said to be a man whose check for a round million would be paid at sight, and anybody who was first-cousin to that amount of "spot cash" was worth stopping to chat with, even in the midst of the liveliest tussle 'twixt bull and bear on the floor of the Chamber of Commerce. A tall, gray-haired gentleman, with a slight stoop to his shoulders and rather tired, anxious eyes, who listened nervously to the shouts from "the pit" and scanned eagerly the little telegraphic slips thrust into his hand by scurrying messenger-boys, was introduced as Mr. Vincent, and Mr. Vincent inquired if Noel knew Lieutenant—or rather Captain—Lane.

"Know Fred Lane? He is the best friend I have in the world," was the enthusiastic answer, "and one of the best men that ever lived."

"Ah! I'm glad to know you,—glad to know what you say. The captain is a constant visitor at our house, a great friend of ours, in fact. Ah! excuse me a moment." And Mr. Vincent seized a certain well-known broker by the arm and murmured some eager inquiries in his ear, to which the other listened with ill-disguised impatience.

Withers and, of course, "the captain" were the centre of a cordial—not to say obsequious—group so long as they remained upon the floor, and the secretary presently came to them with the compliments

of the president and a card admitting Captain Gordon Noel to the floor of the Chamber at any time during business hours, which that officer most gracefully acknowledged and then went on replying to the questions of his new friends about the strange regions through which he had scouted and fought, and the characteristics of the Indian tribes with whom he had been brought in contact. And by the time Cousin Amos declared they must go up to the club for luncheon, everybody was much impressed by the hearty, jovial manner of the dashing cavalryman, and there were repeated hand-shakes, promises to call, and prophecies of a delightful sojourn in their midst as he took his leave.

"Has Captain Lane come in yet to lunch?" inquired Mr. Withers of the liveried attendant at "The Queen City," as his cousin inscribed his name and regiment in the visitors' book, as introduced by "A. W.," in ponderous strokes of the pen.

"No, sir. It's considerably past the time the gentleman generally comes. I don't think he'll be in to-day, sir."

"Then we won't wait, Gordon. We'll order for two. What wine do you like?"

* * * * *

Over at the dingy recruiting-office Captain Lane had forgotten about luncheon. There were evidences of carelessness on the part of the clerk who had made out his great batch of papers, and the further he looked the more he found. The orderly had been sent for Taintor, and had returned with the information that he was not at his desk. Sergeant Burns, when called upon to explain how it happened that he allowed him to slip away, promptly replied that it was half-past eleven when he came out of the captain's office and said that the captain would want him all the afternoon, so he had best go and get his dinner now. Half-past twelve came, and he did not return. The sergeant went after him, and came back in fifteen minutes with a worried look about his face to say that Taintor had not been to dinner at all, and that the door of the little room he occupied was locked. He had not been in the house since eight that morning.

"I'm afraid, sir, he's drinkin' again," said Burns; "but he's so sly about it I never can tell until he is far gone."

"You go out yourself, and send two of the men, and make inquiries at all his customary haunts," ordered Lane. "I will stay here and go through all these papers. None are right, so far. He never failed me before; and I do not understand it at all."

But when night came Taintor was still missing,—had not been seen nor heard of,—and Captain Lane had written a hurried note to the lady of his love to say that a strange and most untoward case of desertion had just occurred which necessitated his spending some time with the Chief of Police at once. He begged her to make his excuses to her good mother for his inability to come to dinner. Later in the evening he hoped to see her.

"P.S.—Gordon Noel, who is to relieve me, has arrived. I have only three or four days more."

"Gordon Noel?" said Miss Vincent, pensively. "Where have I heard of Gordon Noel?"

V.

And now a matter has to be recorded which will go far to convince many of our readers that Captain Lane was even more of an old-fashioned prig than he has hitherto appeared to be. After leaving the Vincents' late on the previous day, he had come to his rooms, and sat there for fully two hours in the endeavor to compose a brief, manly letter addressed to Vincent *père*. It was nothing more nor less than the old style of addressing a gentleman of family and requesting permission to pay his addresses to his daughter Mabel. A very difficult task was the composition of this letter for our frontier soldier. He was desperately in earnest, however; time was short, and after several attempts the missive was completed. His first duty in the morning was to send that letter by an orderly to Mr. Vincent's office. Then he turned to his sergeant and asked for news of the deserter. Not a word had been heard,—not a single word.

"I have been everywhere I could think of, sir," said the sergeant, "and both the men have been around his customary haunts last night and this morning making inquiries, but all to no purpose. The detectives came and burst into his trunk, and there was nothing in it worth having. He had been taking away his clothing, etc., from time to time in small packages and secreting them we don't where. One thing I heard, sir, that I never knew before, and that was that after he had gone to bed at night he would frequently steal out of his room and go away and never reappear until breakfast-time in the morning. And now will the lieutenant—the captain pardon me for asking the question, Are the check-books all right, sir?"

"What put that idea into your head?" asked Lane.

"Well, sir, some of the men tell me that he was always writing at his desk, and once Strauss said that he had picked up a scrap of paper that he hadn't completely destroyed, and the handwriting on it didn't look like Taintor's at all; he said it more resembled that of the captain; and it made me suspicious. I never heard this until late last night."

A sudden thought occurred to Lane. Taking out his check-book, he carefully counted the checks remaining and compared them with the number of stubs, and found, to his surprise and much to his dismay, that at least five or six checks were missing.

"Send for a cab at once. I must go down to the bank. You stay here, and when Lieutenant Noel comes, give him my compliments, and ask him to sit down and wait awhile and read the morning paper. I'll be back in a very short time."

Following the custom established by his predecessor, Captain Lane had always kept the recruiting-funds in the First National Bank. His own private funds he preferred to keep in an entirely different establishment,—the Merchants' Exchange.

The cab whirled him rapidly to the building indicated, and, although it lacked half an hour of the time of opening, he made his way into the office and asked to see the paying teller.

"Will you kindly tell me if any checks on the recruiting-fund have lately been presented for payment?" he eagerly asked.

The captain was referred to the book-keeper, and that official called him within the railing.

"No less than four checks were brought here yesterday for payment, and they came between half-past two and three o'clock in the afternoon," was the book-keeper's report. "There seemed to us something wrong in the simultaneous presentation of the four, and I was on the point of addressing a note to you this morning to ask you to come down to the bank. Everything about it appears in proper shape and form, except that three of the checks have been endorsed payable to your clerk, William Taintor, who came in person and drew the money."

"Let me see the checks, if you please," said the captain.

They were speedily produced. Lane took them to the window and closely examined them.

"I could not tell them," he said, "from my own handwriting; and yet those three checks are forgeries. I believe that the endorsements on the back are equally forgeries. Now, can I take these with me to the office of the Chief of Police? or do you desire that the detectives should be sent here? Taintor deserted last night, and all traces have been lost. What is the amount that he has drawn?"

"One check, payable to the order of William Hayden for board furnished to the recruiting-party, is to the amount of forty-five dollars and fifty cents. The second, payable to James Freeman, and endorsed by him to William Taintor, as was the first, is for rent of the building occupied by the recruiting rendezvous, precisely similar in form and amount to the previous checks, for the sum of sixty dollars. The third check is payable to William Taintor himself, marked 'for extra-duty pay as clerk at the recruiting office for the past six months.' The fourth is made payable to the order of Sergeant James Burns, 'extra-duty pay as non-commissioned officer in charge of the party for the six months beginning January 1 and ending June 30.'"

This check, too, had been endorsed payable to the order of William Taintor. All four checks, amounting in all to the sum of about one hundred and sixty dollars, had been paid to the deserting clerk during the afternoon of the previous day.

"Had you no suspicion of anything wrong?" said Lane.

"I knew nothing about it," said the book-keeper. "They were presented to the paying teller at the desk, and it was not until after bank was closed, when we came to balance up cash, that the matter excited comment and then suspicion. Taintor has frequently come here before with drafts and checks; and if you remember, sir, on one or two occasions he has been sent for new check-books when the old ones had run out."

"That's very true," said Lane. "He has been employed here in this rendezvous for the last ten years, and has borne, up to within my knowledge of him, an unimpeachable character. If any more checks come in, stop payment on them until you see me, and, if possible, detain the person who presents them."

Half an hour afterwards the captain was back in his office, and there true to his appointment, was Lieutenant Noel.

"I have had a strange and unpleasant experience, Noel," said Lane. "Most of my papers have been faultily made out. My clerk deserted last night and has turned out to be a most expert forger. He has stolen half a dozen checks from my book, made them out to the order of various parties, forged the endorsements himself, got the money yesterday afternoon, and cleared out, no one knows where."

"Great Scott, old man! that is hard luck! How much has he let you in for?" asked Noel, in the slang of the period.

"Only a hundred and sixty dollars, fortunately; and I have made that good this morning,—placed my own check to the credit of the recruiting-fund in the First National Bank, so that in turning over the funds to you there will be no loss. We have to make new papers for the clothing account; but as quickly as possible I will have them ready for your signature and mine."

"There is no hurry whatever, old fellow," answered Noel, cheerily. "I've come back from the regiment a little short of money, and I want to have a nest-egg in the bank to begin with. It's a good thing to have a fat cousin, isn't it? He has always been very liberal and kind to me, and, luckily, I've only drawn on him twice. So I'll hurry along."

Five minutes after Noel left, a district messenger entered with a note for Captain Lane. It was addressed to him in the handwriting of Mr. Vincent. He opened it with a trembling hand. It contained merely these words:

"I am obliged to leave for New York this afternoon. Can you come to my office at one o'clock? We can then talk without interruption; and I much desire to see you.

"T. L. V."

As the big bell on the city hall had struck one, Captain Lane appeared at the office of Vincent, Clark & Co., and was shown without delay into the private room of the senior partner. Mr. Vincent, looking even older and grayer in the wan light at the rear of the massive building, was seated at his desk and busily occupied with a book of memoranda and figures. He pushed back his chair and came forward at once at sight of Lane, and motioned to the clerk to retire. The cavalryman's heart was beating harder than he had any recollection of its ever doing before, except in her presence, and he felt that his knees were trembling. But the old gentleman's greeting gave him instant hope:

"I am glad you have come, my dear sir: I am glad to know a man who has been taught as I was taught. Young people nowadays seem to rush into matrimony without the faintest reference to their parents, and your letter was a surprise to me,—a surprise, that is, in the fact that you should have sought my permission at all.

"Take this chair, captain," he continued, as he returned to his desk. "I have much to say to you," he added, with a sigh. "Let me say at once that from what I know and have heard of you there is no man

of my acquaintance to whom I could intrust my daughter's future with more implicit confidence. It is true that both her mother and I had at one time other hopes and views for her, and that we wish your profession was not that of arms. And now I beg you to be patient with me, and to pardon my alluding to matters which you yourself broach in this—this most manifold letter. You tell me that you are not dependent on your pay alone, but that from investments in real estate in growing cities in the West and in mines in New Mexico your present income is some five thousand dollars. As I understand you, the property is steadily increasing in value?"

"It has steadily increased thus far, sir, and I think it will continue to do so for several years to come,—in the real estate investments at least."

"I am glad of this, on your account as well as hers, for Mabel has been reared in comparative luxury. She has never known what it was to want anything very much or very long. She has been educated on the supposition that her whole life would be one equally free from care or stint; and if I were to die to-morrow, sir, she would be a beggar."

And here, in great agitation, the old gentleman rose from his chair and began nervously pacing up and down the little room, wringing his white, tremulous hands, and turning his face away from the silent soldier, that he might not see the tears that hung to the lashes, or the piteous quivering of the sensitive lips. For a moment or two nothing more was said. Then, as though in surprise, Mr. Vincent stopped short.

"Did you understand me, Captain Lane? I do not exaggerate the situation in the least. I do not know how soon the axe will fall. We are safe for to-day, but know not what the morrow may bring forth. I may be met *en route* by telegrams saying that the journey is useless,—that we are ruined,—and the money I hope to get in New York to tide us over would come only too late. Next month at this time the house in which Mabel was born and reared may be sold over her head, with every scrap and atom of its furniture, and we be driven into exile. Do you realize this, sir? Do you understand that if you win her affection and she become your wife I have not a penny with which to bless her?"

"Mr. Vincent," answered Lane, "I would hold myself richer than any man in this world if I could know that your daughter cared for me and would be my wife. Do not think that I fail to sympathize and feel for you and all who are dear to you in your distress and anxiety, but I am almost glad to hear that she is not the heiress people said she was. It is Mabel I want,"—and here his voice trembled almost as much as the old man's, and his honest gray eyes filled up with tears he could not down,—and with her for my own I could ask nothing of any man. I have your consent to see her, then, at once if need be? You know I am relieved from duty here and must rejoin my regiment within ten days."

"My full consent, and my best wishes, captain," said Mr. Vincent, grasping the outstretched hand in both his own. "You have not spoken to her at all?"

"Not a word, Mr. Vincent; and I can form no idea what her answer will be. Pardon me, sir, but has she or has Mrs. Vincent any knowledge of your business troubles?"

"My wife knows, of course, that everything is going wrong and that I am desperately harassed; Mabel, too, knows that I have lost much money—very much—in the last two years; but neither of them knows the real truth,—that even my life-insurance is gone. A year ago I strove to obtain additional amounts in the three companies in which I had taken out policies years ago. Of course a rigid examination had to be made by the medical advisers, and the result was the total rejection of my applications, and in two cases an offer to return with interest all the premiums hitherto paid. The physicians had all discovered serious trouble with my heart. Last winter our business was at its lowest ebb. I had been fortunate in some speculations on 'Change in the past, and I strove to restore our failing fortunes in that way. My margins were swept away like chaff, and I have been vainly striving to regain them for the last three months, until now the last cent that I could raise is waiting the result of this week's deal. Every man in all the great markets East and West knew three weeks ago that a powerful and wealthy syndicate had 'cornered,' as we say, all the wheat to be had, and was forcing the price up day by day; and I had started in on the wrong side. Even if the corner were to break to-morrow I could not recover half my losses. The offer the insurance companies made was eagerly accepted, sir: I took their money, and it dribbled away through my broker's fingers. If wheat goes up one cent, we cannot meet our obligations,—we are gone. We have been compelled to borrow at ruinous rates in order to meet our calls: I say we, for poor Clark is with me in the deal, and it means ruin for him too, though he, luckily, has neither wife nor child. Are you ready, sir, to ally your name with that of a ruined and broken man,—to wed a beggar's daughter?" And here poor old Vincent fairly broke down and sobbed aloud. Long watching, sleepless nights, suspense, wretched anxiety, the averted looks and whispered comments of the men he daily met on 'Change, the increasing brusqueness and insolence of his broker, Warden,—all had combined to humiliate and crush him. He threw himself upon the sofa, his worn old frame shaking and quivering with grief. The sight was too much for Lane. This was *her* father: it was her home that was threatened, her name that was in jeopardy.

"Mr. Vincent," he cried, almost imploringly, "I cannot tell you how utterly my sympathy is with you in your anxiety and distress. I beg you not to give way,—not to abandon hope. I—I think it may be in my power to help a little; only—it must be a secret between us. She—Mabel must never know."

VI.

In the three days that followed, the transfer of funds and property at the recruiting rendezvous took place, and Mr. Noel stepped in, *vice* Lane, relieved and ordered to join his regiment. The former was having a delightful time. A guest of the wealthy Witherses could not

long be a stranger within their gates to the Queen citizens, and every afternoon and evening found him enjoying hospitalities of the most cordial character. At the club he had already become hail-fellow with all the younger element and had made himself decidedly popular among the elders, and every man who had not met that jolly Captain Noel was eager to be presented to him. He was ready for pool, billiards, bowling, or a drink the moment he got within the stately door-way; and, as he sang, whistled, laughed, chatted, and cracked innumerable jokes during the various games, was a capital mimic, and could personate Pat, Hans, or Crapaud with telling effect, his presence was pronounced by every one as better than a solid week of sunshine,—something the Queen City rarely, if ever, experienced.

Poor Lane, on the contrary, was nearly worrying his heart out. He had gone to the Vincents' the very evening on which he had seen the father of the family off for New York, and had nerved himself to put his fortune to the test,—to tell her of his deep and devoted love and to ask her to be his wife. That she well knew he loved her, without being told, he felt sure must be the case; but, beyond a belief that she liked and trusted him, the captain had not the faintest idea as to the nature of her feelings towards him. He was a modest fellow, as has been said. His glass told him that, despite a pair of clear gray eyes and a decidedly soldierly cut to his features, he was not what women called a handsome man; and, what was more, there were little strands of gray just beginning to show about his broad forehead and in the heavy moustache that shaded his mouth. Lane sighed as he remembered that he was in his thirty-sixth year. How *could* she care for him,—fifteen years her senior? Lane rang the door-bell that night and felt once more that his heart was beating even as it did at one o'clock when he was ushered into the awful presence of her father.

"Miss Vincent has not left her room to-day, and is not well enough to come down to-night, sir," said the servant who came to the door, "and Mrs. Vincent begged to be excused because of Miss Mabel's needing her."

"I—I am very, very sorry," stammered the captain. "Please say that Mr. Lane called" (they had known him so well for two months as *Mr.* Lane that he could not yet refer to himself by his new title), "and—and would call again to-morrow, hoping to hear Miss Vincent was much better."

And then, dejected and miserable, and yet with something akin to the feeling one experiences when going to a dentist's to have a tooth drawn and the dreaded wielder of the forceps proves to be away, Lane retreated down the broad stone steps until he reached the walk, gazed up at the dim light in the window which he thought might be hers, anathematized himself for his lack of self-possession in not having asked whether there wasn't something he could bring her,—something she would like,—for the simple-hearted fellow would have tramped all night all over town to find and fetch it,—and then a happy thought occurred to him: "Women always love flowers." He ran to the next street; boarded a west-bound car, and was soon far down town at his favorite florist's.

"Give me a big box of cut flowers,—the handsomest you have," he said; and while they were being prepared he wrote a few lines on a card, tore it up, tried again on another, and similarly reduced that to fragments, and finally, though far from content, limited the expression of his emotions to the simple words,—

"Do get well by Saturday at latest. I cannot go without seeing you. F. L."

"Where shall we send them, sir?" asked the florist, as he came forward with the box in his hand.

"Never mind: I'll take it myself," was the answer, as the captain popped in the little missive.

And when he got back to the house the light was still burning in the window in the second story, and the doctor had just left, said the sympathetic Abigail, and had said that it was nothing serious or alarming: Miss Mabel would have to keep quiet a day or two; that was all.

But what hard luck for poor Lane, when the days of his stay were so very few! All Thursday morning was spent at the rendezvous, counting over property and comparing papers with Noel. Then, while that gentleman went to the club for luncheon the captain hastened to the Vincents' door to renew inquiries, and was measurably comforted by the news that Miss Mabel was much better, though still confined to her room. Would he not come in? Mrs. Vincent was out, but she thought—did that most intelligent young woman, Mary Ann—that perhaps there was a message for him. Like Mr. Toots, poor Lane, in his anxiety to put no one to any trouble, came within an ace of stammering, "It's of no consequence," but checked himself in time, and stepped into the bright parlor in which he had spent so many delicious hours listening to her soft rich voice as she sang, or as she chatted blithely with him and her frequent guests. It was some time before Mary Ann returned. Evidently, there was a message, for the girl's face was dimpled with smiles as she handed him a little note. "Miss Mabel says please excuse pencil, sir; she had to write lying down. Miss Holton has just gone away, after spending most of the morning."

Excuse pencil! Lane could hardly wait to read the precious lines. How he longed to give the girl a five-dollar bill! but this wasn't England, and he did not know how Mary Ann would regard such a proffer. She promptly and discreetly retired, leaving the front door open for his exit, and the sweet June sunshine and the soft warm breath of early summer flowing in through the broad vestibule.

"How good you are to me!" she wrote. "The flowers were—and are still—exquisite. I shall be down-stairs a little while to-morrow afternoon, if the doctor is good to me as you are. Then I can thank you, can I not? M. L. V."

The hours dragged until Friday afternoon came. He had to go to the Witherses' to dinner on Thursday evening, and a dreary, ostentatious, ponderous feast it was. Noel, in his full-dress uniform, was the hero of the hour. He greeted Lane a trifle nervously.

"I meant to have telephoned and begged you to bear me out, old man," said he, "but this thing was sprung on me after I got home. Cousin Mattie simply ordered me to appear in my war-paint, and I had to do it. You are to go in to dinner with her, by the way; and I wish you were *en grande tenue* instead of civilian spike-tail. Here's Amos."

And Amos marched him around to one guest after another,—"self-made men, sir,"—heavy manufacturers and money-makers, with their overdressed wives. Lane strove hard to be entertaining to his hostess, but that lady's mind was totally engrossed in the progress of the feast and dread of possible catastrophe to style or service. Her eyes glanced nervously from her husband to the butler and his assistants, and her lips perpetually framed inaudible instructions or warnings, and so it happened that the captain was enabled to chat a good deal with a slight, dark-eyed, and decidedly intelligent girl who sat to his right and who was totally ignored by the young cub who took her in,—the eldest son of the house of Withers, a callow youth of twenty.

"You did not hear my name, I know," she had said to him. "I am Miss Marshall, a very distant connection of Mrs. Withers's, the teacher of her younger children, and the merest kind of an accident at this table. Miss Faulkner was compelled to send her excuses at the last moment, and so I was detailed—isn't that your soldier expression?—to fill the gap."

"And where did you learn our army expressions, may I ask?" said Lane, smilingly.

"I had a cousin in the artillery some years ago, and visited his wife when they were stationed at the old barracks across the river. There's no one there now, I believe. Listen to Captain Noel: he is telling about Indian campaigns."

Indeed, pretty much everybody was listening already, for Noel, with much animation, was recounting the experiences of the chase after the Chiricahua chieftain Geronimo. He was an excellent talker, and most diplomatic and skilful in the avoidance of any direct reference to himself as the hero of the series of dramatic incidents which he so graphically told, and yet the impression conveyed—and intended to be conveyed—was that no man had seen more, endured more, or ridden harder, faster, and farther, than the narrator. Flattered by the evident interest shown by those about him, and noting that conversation was brisk at Lane's end of the table, the lieutenant soon lost himself in the enthusiasm of his own descriptions, and was only suddenly recalled to earth by noting that now the whole table had ceased its dinner-chat, and that, with the possible exception of the hostess, who was telegraphing signals to the butler, every man and woman present was looking at him and listening. The color leaped to his face, and he turned towards Lane with a nervous laugh.

"I'd no idea I was monopolizing the talk," he said. "Fred, old man, wasn't it G Troop that tried to get across the range from your command to ours when we neared the Guadalupe? Amos and Mr. Hawks had been asking me about the chase after Geronimo."

"Yes; it was G Troop,—Captain Greene's," answered Lane.

"You know that Captain Lane and I are of the same regiment,

and, though not actually together in the chase, we were in the same campaign," said Noel, apologetically, and then, quickly changing the subject, "By the way, Mr. Hawks, is Harry Hawks of the artillery a relative of yours?"

"A nephew, captain,—my brother Henry's son. Did you know him?"

"Know him? Why, he is one of the warmest friends I have in the whole army,—outside of my own regiment, that is. We were constantly together one winter when I was on staff duty in Washington, and whenever he could get leave to run up from the barracks he made my quarters his home. If you ever write to him just ask him if he knows Gordon Noel."

"Do you know, Captain Lane, that I have found your comrade captain a very interesting man?" observed Miss Marshall; and her eyes turned upon her next-door neighbor in calm but keen scrutiny.

"Noel is *very* entertaining," was the reply; and the dark-gray eyes looked unflinchingly into the challenge of the dark-brown.

"Yes, I have listened to his tales of the frontier, at breakfast, dinner, and during the evening hours, since Sunday last. They are full of vivacity and variety."

"One sees a good deal of strange country and many strange people in the course of ten or a dozen years' service in the cavalry."

"And must needs have a good memory to be able to tell of it all,—especially when one recounts the same incident more than once." And Miss Marshall's lips were twitching at the corners in a manner suggestive of mischief and merriment combined.

Lane "paused for a reply." Here was evidently a most observant young woman.

"There! I did not mean to tax your loyalty to a regimental comrade, captain: so you need not answer. Captain Noel interests and entertains me principally because of his intense individuality and his entire conviction that he carries his listeners with him. 'Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety;' but there should not be quite so much variety in his descriptions of a single event. This is the fourth time I have heard him tell of the night-ride from Carrizo's Ranch to Cañon Diablo."

"You have the advantage of me, Miss Marshall," answered Lane, his eyes twinkling with appreciation of her demure but droll exposure of Noel's weak point. "It is the first time I ever heard his version of it."

"It is the last time he will mention it in your presence, if he saw the expression in your face, Captain Lane."

"Do those introspective eyes of yours look clear through and see out of the back of your head, Miss Marshall? Your face was turned towards him. You stopped short in telling me of your cousin in the artillery and your visit to the barracks, and bade me listen to something I did not care half as much to hear as your own impressions of garrison-life. Never mind the quadruplex account of the night-ride. Tell me what you thought of the army."

"Well, of course the first thing a girl wants to know is what the

shoulder-straps mean ; and I learned the very first day that the blank strap meant a second lieutenant, a single silver bar a first lieutenant, and two bars a captain,—that is, in the artillery. Now, why this provoking distinction in the cavalry ? Here's a captain with only one bar, a captain whose letters from the War Department come addressed to *Lieutenant Gordon Noel* ?”

“Noel never speaks of himself as captain, I'm sure,” said Lane.

“Neither do you ; and for a year past, ever since I have known you by sight,”—and here a quick blush mounted to her temples,—“you occasionally came to our church, you know,” she hastened to explain,—“you have been referred to as Lieutenant Lane or Mr. Lane ; but we know you are a captain now, for we saw the promotion recorded in the Washington despatches a fortnight ago. What was the date of Captain Noel's elevation to that grade ? I confess I took him for your junior in the service and in years too.”

“Yes, Noel holds well on to his youth,” answered Lane, smilingly.

“And about the captaincy ?”

“Well, he is so very near it, and it is so apt to come any day, that perhaps he thinks it just as well to let people get accustomed to calling him *that*. Then he won't have to break them all in when the commission *does* come.”

“Then he is your junior, of course ?”

“Only by a file or so. He entered service very soon after me.”

“But was not in your class at West Point ?”

“No : he was not in my class.”

“In the next one, then, I presume ?”

“Miss Marshall, is your first name Portia ? I should hate to be a witness whom you had the privilege of cross-examining. There are ladies ‘learned in the law,’ and I expect to read of you as called to the bar within a year or two.”

“Never mind, Captain Lane. I will ask you nothing more about him.”

“No, Miss Marshall, I presume that my clumsiness has rendered it totally unnecessary.”

That night, as the guests were dispersing, Lane did what most of them entirely omitted : he went over to the piano and bade Miss Marshall good-night.

“Captain Lane,” she said, “I beg your pardon if I have been too inquisitive and too critical, as I know I have been ; but you have taught me that you know how to guard a comrade's failings from the world. Will you not forgive a woman's weakness ?”

“There is nothing to forgive, Miss Marshall. I hope sincerely that we may meet again before I go back to the regiment.”

And later, as Lane was walking homeward from a final peep at the dim light in a certain window, he had time to think how intolerable that dinner would have seemed had it not been for the accident which placed that dark-eyed governess by his side.

VII.

Lane was awake with the sun on Friday morning, and lay for a few moments listening to the twittering of the sparrows about his window-sills, and watching the slanting, rosy-red shafts of light that streamed through the intervals in the Venetian blinds. "Does it augur bright fortune? Does it mean victory? Is it like the 'sun of Austerlitz'?" were the questions that crowded through his brain. To-day—to-day she was to "be down for a little while in the afternoon," and then she "hoped to be able to thank him. Could she?" Ten thousand times over and over again she could, if she would but whisper one little word—Yes—in answer to his eager question. It lacked hours yet until that longed-for afternoon could come. It was not five o'clock; but more sleep was out of the question, and lying there in bed intolerable. Much to the surprise of his darky valet, Lane had had his bath, dressed, and disappeared by the time the former came to rouse him.

Noel was late in reaching the rendezvous. It was after ten when he appeared, explaining that Mrs. Withers was far from well, and therefore Cousin Amos would not leave the house until the doctor had seen her and made his report. Lane received his explanation somewhat coldly, and suggested that they go right to work with their papers, as he had important engagements. It was high noon when they finished the matters in hand, and then the captain hastened to the club, and was handed a telegram with the information that it had only just come. It was evidently expected. Lane quickly read it and carefully stowed it away in an inside pocket. In another moment he was speeding down town, and by half-past twelve was closeted with the junior partner of the tottering house of Vincent, Clark & Co. Mr. Clark was pale and nervous; every click of the "ticker" seemed to make him start. A clerk stood at the instrument, watching the rapidly-dotted quotations.

"Have you heard from Mr. Vincent?" was the first question; and, without a word, a telegram was handed him. It was in cipher, as he saw at once, and Clark supplied the transcription:

"Rossiter refuses. Watch market closely. See Warden instant touches half. Break predicted here."

"Twenty minutes more!" groaned Clark, as he buried his face in his hands. "Twenty minutes more of this awful suspense!"

"What was the last report?" asked Lane, in a low voice.

"Ninety-eight and a quarter. My God! Think of it! Three-quarters of a cent between us and beggary! I could bear it, but not Vincent: 'twould kill him. Even his home is mortgaged."

There came a quick, sharp tap at the glazed door: the clerk's head was thrust in:

"Three-eighths, sir."

"It's time to move, then," said Lane. "I cannot follow you to the floor,—I have no ticket; but I will be awaiting your call at the Merchants' Exchange. Mr. Vincent has told you—— Better have it in Treasury notes,—one hundred each,—had you not?"

"I'll see Warden at once. D—n him! he would sell us out with no more compunctions than he would shoot a hawk."

"You infer that Mr. Vincent has had no success in raising money in New York?" asked Lane, as they hurried from the office.

"Not an atom! He made old Rossiter what he is,—hailed him out of the depths, set him on his feet, took him in here with him for ten years, sent him East with a fortune that he has trebled since in Wall Street, and now, by heaven! the cold-blooded brute will not lend him a pitiful twenty thousand."

At the bank Lane found an unusual number of men, and there was an air of suppressed excitement. Telegraph-boys would rush in every now and then with despatches for various parties, and these were eagerly opened and read. Scraps of low, earnest conversation reached him as he stood, a silent watcher. "They cannot stand it another day." "They've been raining wheat on them from every corner of the North and West. No gang can stand up under it." "It's bound to break," etc. To an official of the bank who knew him well he showed the telegram he had received at the club, and the gentleman looked up in surprise:

"Do you want this *now*, captain? Surely you are not——"

"No, I'm *not*, most emphatically," replied Lane, with a quiet laugh. "Yet I may have sudden use for that sum. I telegraphed to my agents at Cheyenne yesterday. You, perhaps, ought to wire at once and verify it."

"Those are our bank rules, and I presume it will be done; though of course we know——"

"Never mind. I much prefer you should, and at once." And, leaving the man of business to attend to the necessary formality, Lane strolled to a window and looked down the crowded street towards the massive building in which the desperate grapple 'twixt bull and bear was at its height. The day was hot; men rushed by, mopping their fevered brows; a throng of people had gathered near the broad entrance to the Chamber, and all its windows were lowered to secure free and fresh currents of air. Lane fancied he could hear the shouts of the combatants in the pit even above the ceaseless roar and rattle of wheels upon the stone pavement. Little by little the minute-hand was stealing to the vertical, and still no sign from Clark. "Has she touched a half yet?" he heard one man eagerly ask another as they dived into the broker's office underneath.

"Not yet; but I'm betting she does inside of five minutes and reaches ninety-nine first thing to-morrow."

At last, boom went the great bell,—a single, solemn stroke. There was a rush of men for the street, a general scurry towards the great Board of Trade building, a rapidly-increasing crowd along the curb-stones as the members came pouring out, and brokers and their customers hurried away towards numberless little offices all over the neighborhood. Dozens of them passed along under his post of observation, some flushed, some deathly pale, and finally Clark himself appeared, and Lane hastened forth to meet him.

"Saved by a mere squeak so far," was the almost breathless whisper

as Clark removed his hat and wiped his clammy forehead. "But we know not what a day may bring forth. It's a mere respite."

"Can the syndicate carry any more weight, think you? Prices jumped up two and three weeks ago. Now they only climb a hair's-breadth at a time. I hear they are loaded down,—that it *must* break; but I'm no expert in these matters."

"If you were, you'd be wise to keep out of it. Who can say whether they will break or not? It is what everybody confidently predicted when eighty-nine was touched twelve days ago; and look at it!"

"Do you go back to the office from here? Good! I'll join you there in ten minutes," said Lane, "for I shall not come down town this afternoon, and may not be able to in the morning."

And when Captain Lane appeared at the office of Vincent, Clark & Co. he brought with him a stout little packet, which, after the exchange of a few words and a scrap or two of paper, Mr. Clark carefully stowed in the innermost compartment of the big safe. Then he grasped Lane's hand in both of his, as the captain said good-by.

That afternoon, quite late, the captain rang at the Vincents' door, and it was almost instantly opened by the smiling Abigail whom he so longed to reward for her evident sympathy the day before, yet lacked the courage to proffer a greenback. Lane was indeed little versed in the ways of the world, howsoever well he might be informed in his profession.

"Miss Vincent is in the library, sir, if you will please to walk that way," was her brief communication; and the captain, trembling despite his best efforts to control himself, stepped past her into the broad hall, and there, hurrying down the stairway, came Mrs. Vincent, evidently to meet him. Silently she held forth her hand and led him into the parlor, and then he saw that her face was very sad and pale and that her eyes were red with weeping.

"I will only detain you a moment, captain," she murmured, "but I felt that I must see you. Mr. Vincent wrote to me on the train as he left here, and he tells me you know—the worst."

"Mr. Vincent has honored me with his confidence, dear lady; and I—saw Mr. Clark to-day."

She looked up eagerly: "What news had he from New York? Did he tell you?—about Mr. Rossiter, that is? I knew perfectly well what Mr. Vincent's hopes and expectations were in going."

"There was a telegram. I fear that he was disappointed in Mr. Rossiter; but the money was not needed up to the closing of the board at one o'clock."

"I am not disappointed. I thank God that the Rossiters refused him money. It will open his eyes to their real characters,—father and son. I would rather go and live in a hovel than be under obligations to either of them." And now the tears were raining down her cheeks.

"Do not grieve so, Mrs. Vincent," said Lane. "I cannot believe the danger is so great. I have listened to the opinions of the strongest men on 'Change this afternoon. A 'break' in this corner was pre-

dicted in New York at eleven this morning, and that is the universal opinion among the best men now."

"Yes, but it may be days away yet, and Mr. Vincent has confessed to me that his whole fortune hangs by a single hair,—that this wretched speculation has swallowed everything,—that a rise of a single penny means beggary to us, for he can no longer answer his broker's calls."

"That may have been so when he wrote; but Mr. Clark seems to have had a little better luck locally. I infer from what he told me that they were safe for to-day and could meet the raise of that critical cent or two: so that, despite the great loss they have sustained, there is not the certainty of ruin that so overwhelmed Mr. Vincent on Wednesday."

"You give me hope and courage," cried the poor, anxious-hearted woman, as she seized and pressed his hand. "And—and you come to us in the midst of our troubles! Mr. Vincent was so touched by your writing first to him: it brought back old days, old times, old fashions, that he loved to recall,—days when he, too, was young and brave and full of hope and cheer."

"And I have your good wishes, too, Mrs. Vincent?—even though I am only a soldier and have so little to offer her beyond—beyond—"

But he could not finish. He had looked into her face with such eager hope and delight when he began, yet broke down helplessly when he tried to speak of his great love for her sweet daughter.

"I know what you would say," she answered, with quick and ready sympathy. "I have seen how dear my child has been to you almost from the very first. Indeed I *do* wish you happiness, Mr. Lane; but Mr. Vincent told you that—we once had other views for Mabel. It is only fair and right that you should know."

"How could it have been otherwise, Mrs. Vincent? Is there any man quite worthy of her? Is there any station in life too high for one like her? I never dared hope that your consent could have been so freely given. I do not dare hope that she can possibly care for me—yet."

"I will not keep you longer, then," said she, smiling through her tears. "I shall see you after a while, perhaps. Mabel is in the library. Now I'll leave you."

With tumultuously-throbbing heart, he softly entered and quickly glanced around. The tiers of almost priceless volumes, the antique furniture, the costly Persian rugs and portières, the pictures, bronzes, bric-à-brac,—all were valueless in his eager eyes. They sought one object alone, and found it in a deep bay-window across the room. There, leaning back in a great easy reading-chair, with a magazine in her lap, her fair head pillowed on a silken cushion, reclined the lady of his heart, smiling a sweet welcome to him, while the rosy color mounted to her brows as he came quickly forward and took her soft, white hand. How he was trembling! How his kind gray eyes were glowing! She could not meet them: she had to look away. She had begun some pleasant little welcoming speech, some half-laughing allusion to the flowers, but she stopped short in the midst of it. A knot

of half-faded roses—his roses—nestled in her bosom, contrasting with the pure white of her dainty gown; and now those treasured, envied flowers began to rise and fall, as though rocked on the billows of some clear lake stirred by sudden breeze. What he said, he did not know: she hardly heard, though her ears drank in every word. She only realized that both his hands were tightly clasping hers, and that, scornful to seek a chair and draw it to her side,—perhaps, too, because he could not bear to release even for an instant that slender little hand,—perhaps still more because of the old-time chivalry in his nature that had prompted him to ask parental sanction before telling her of his deep and tender love,—Captain Lane had dropped on one knee close beside, and, bending over her, was pouring forth in broken, incoherent words the old, old story of a lover's hopes and fears and longings,—the sweet old song that, day after day, year after year, ay, though sung since God's creation of the beautiful world we live in, never, never can be heard or sung except in rapture. Even though she be cold to him as stone, no true woman ever listened to the tale of a man's true love without a thrill at heart. Once, once only, in the lifetime of men like Lane—yes, and of men not half his peers in depth of character, in intensity of feeling—there comes a moment like this, and, whether it be in the glow and fervor and enthusiasm of youth or the intensity and strength of maturer years, it is the climax of a lifetime; it is the date from which all others, all scenes, trials, triumphs, take their due apportionment; it is the memory of all others that lingers to the very last, when all, all but this are banished from the dying brain. Rome, in her pride of place, made the building of her Capitol the climax of mundane history: everything in her calendar was "*ante urbem conditam*" or the reverse. The old world measured from the Flood; the new world—our world—measures from the birth of Him who died upon the cross; and the lifetime of the man who has once deeply and devotedly loved has found its climax in the thrilling moment of the avowal.

"Have you no word to say to me, Mabel?—not one word of hope?—not one?" he pleaded.

Then she turned her lovely face, looking into his deep eyes through a mist of tears.

"I do like you," she murmured; "I do honor you so, Captain Lane; but that is not what you deserve. There is no one, believe me, whom I so regard and esteem; but—I do not know—I am not certain of myself."

"Let me try to win your love, Mabel. Give me just that right. Indeed, indeed I have not dared to hope that so soon I could win even your trust and esteem. You make me so happy when you admit even that."

"It is so little to give, in return for what you have given me," she answered, softly, while her hand still lay firmly held in the clasp of his.

"Yet it is so much to me. Think, Mabel, in four days at most I must go back to my regiment. I ask no pledge or promise. Only let me write to you. Only write to me and let me strive to arouse at least a little love in your true heart. Then by and by—six months, perhaps,

—I'll come again and try my fate. I know that an old dragoon like me, with gray hairs sprouting in his moustache——”

But here she laid her fingers on his lips, and then, seizing both her hands, he bowed his head over them and kissed them passionately.

The day of parting came, all too soon. Duty—the mistress to whom he had never hitherto given undivided allegiance—called him to the distant West, and the last night of his stay found him bending over her in the same old window. He was to take a late train for St. Louis, and had said farewell to all but her. And now the moment had arrived. A glance at his watch had told him that he had but twenty minutes in which to reach the station.

She had risen, and was standing, a lovely picture of graceful womanhood, her eyes brimming with tears. Both her hands were now clasped in his; she could not deny him *that* at such a time; but—but was there not something throbbing in her heart that she longed to tell?

“It is good-by now,” he murmured, his whole soul in his glowing eyes, his infinite love betrayed in those lips quivering under the heavy moustache.

She glanced up into his face.

“Fred,”—and then, as though abashed at her own boldness, the lovely head was bowed again almost on his breast.

“What is it, darling? Tell me,” he whispered, eagerly, a wild, wild hope thrilling through his heart.

“Would it make you happier if—if I—told you that I knew myself a little better?”

“*Mabel!* Do you mean—do you care for me?”

And then she was suddenly clasped in his strong, yearning arms and strained to his breast. Long, long afterwards he used to lift that travelling-coat of gray tweeds from the trunk in which it was carefully stowed away, and wonder if—if it were indeed true that her throbbing heart had thrilled through that senseless fabric, stirring wild joy and rapture to the very depths of his own.

“Would I be sobbing my heart out,” at last she murmured, “if I did not love you and could not bear to have you go?”

VIII.

“What an awfully pretty girl that Miss Vincent is, Amos!” said Mr. Noel one morning, as the cousins were quietly breakfasting together before going down town.

“Pretty? yes,” said Amos, doubtfully. “But look here, my boy: recollect that you want to think of something more than ‘pretty’ in selecting a wife while you are in here on this detail. Now, Mrs. Withers and I have been keeping our eyes open, and our ears too, for that matter: the fact is, I always have both eyes and ears open,—travel with them that way, sleep with them that way. I would not be the man I am in the business world, Noel, if that weren’t the case. And, pretty though Miss Vincent may be, she’s not the girl for you to waste your time on.”

“But why not?” asked Noel. “They have a magnificent home,

and everything about it indicates wealth and refinement and culture ; and there is no denying that she is one of the most attractive girls in society in this city : certainly I have seen none whom I have admired more."

"That is all very true, perhaps," was the reply ; "but her father was very badly bitten during that wheat corner last month, and in fact he has been losing heavily for the last two years. Warden, who is his broker on 'Change, let it leak out in more ways than one ; and that wife of Warden's is a regular scandal-monger,—she can't help talking, and everything she manages to extract from him in the way of information goes broadcast over the entire city. Of course, when the corner broke, as it did, old Vincent managed to pull out of it without absolute loss of his homestead and his entire business. But the rally came only in the nick of time. I am told that Warden has said that if wheat had gone up one cent higher it would have knocked Vincent out of time ; he never could have come to again. Gordon Noel, we have another plan for you. Wait until Ned Terry's sister gets back from the East ; between her and her brother they have just about as much money invested in the best-paying business in this town as any people that I can possibly name. She's a belle ; she's just as pretty as Miss Vincent. She isn't as smart, perhaps, but she is a woman worth cultivating. Now, hold your horses. Where did you meet her, by the way ?"

"I first met her at the Thorntons' dinner-party. She was there with Captain Lane, and some other young people whom I had not previously met."

"Oh, yes ; that reminds me. It seems to me I have heard once or twice that your friend Lane was very much smitten in that quarter. Now, you'd much better let him carry off Miss Vincent, if he can. She would suit his modest views of life very well. But I don't believe the girl has a penny to her fortune ; at least she certainly won't if Vincent has no more luck in the future than he has had in the last year."

"I took her down to dinner," said Noel, thoughtfully, "and I remember that she talked a good deal about the army, and asked a great many questions about the cavalry. Now that you speak of it, I noticed that Lane, who sat on the opposite side of the table, didn't seem to be particularly interested in the lady whom he was escorting, although of course he had to be civil and tried to keep up a conversation, but every now and then I would catch him looking at us, and particularly at her. But she looked so pretty that I didn't wonder at it."

"When did you next see her?" said Withers.

"Only last night. You know, I was called away almost immediately after the Thornton affair, and had to go on to New York on the court-martial, where I was summoned as a witness, then only got back in time for the party last night. That was my second meeting with her, and by this time Lane had gone out to join the regiment. I didn't even have a chance to say good-by to him. Do you think, really, that he was smitten in that quarter?"

"That's what I certainly heard," said Withers ; "and as soon as

you get to know young people in society, I venture to say that you can readily find out all about it. These girls all know one another's secrets, and are generally pretty ready to tell them. That's the result of my experience."

It was evident that Amos Withers's cousin was not to be neglected in the Queen City. Two parties at private houses, a reception at the club, and three dinners were the invitations which he found awaiting him at his office. Half an hour was occupied in acknowledging and accepting or declining, as happened to be the case, these evidences of hospitality; then, having no especial interest in the morning paper, his thoughts again reverted to what Mr. Withers had been telling him about Miss Vincent, and the possible relation between her and his regimental comrade. He had been very much impressed with her the night before. Her beauty was of such a rare and radiant character, she was so genial and unaffected in her manner, so bright and winning, with such an evident liking for his society, that Mr. Noel had come away flattering himself that he had made in this quarter a most favorable impression. He had thought of her very much as he went home from the party,—of her interested face, as he talked or danced with her; and she danced delightfully, and was so good as to say that his step perfectly suited hers. He remembered now, too, her remark that it was so delightful to dance with army officers, and graduates of the Point, they all seemed to feel so thoroughly at home on the floor.

Noel was not a graduate of the Point by any means; but he saw no reason for disenchanting her on that score. He was quite as good as any of the West-Pointers, in his own opinion, and in society was very much more at home than many of their number. As a dancer he was looked upon in his regiment and throughout the cavalry as one of the most accomplished in the whole service. And all this interest and all this cordiality he had accepted without hesitation as a tribute to his own superior qualifications and attractiveness. It was therefore with a feeling akin to pique that he heard of this possible engagement existing between her and Captain Lane.

In all the Eleventh Cavalry there was no man whom Gordon Noel feared and possibly hated more than he did Captain Lane. This arose from the fact that Lane as adjutant of the regiment had seen all the communications that passed from time to time relative to Noel's absence from his command when his services were most needed and when any man of spirit would have taken every possible precaution to be with it. He knew how silent Lane had always been, and how thorough a custodian of regimental secrets he was considered. But all the same the mere fact that Lane knew all these circumstances so much to his disadvantage, and had seen all his lame and impotent excuses, had made him fear him as a possible enemy and hate him simply because he stood in awe of him.

No one, to watch Noel in society or in the presence of his brother officers, would suppose for a moment that he looked upon Lane with other than feelings of the warmest regard and comradeship. It was only in his secret thoughts, which he admitted to no soul on earth, that Noel realized what his real feelings were towards a man who had never

done him a wrong, but who had treated him on all occasions, public and private, with courtesy and consideration.

For some reason or other the lieutenant felt restless and dissatisfied this morning. The atmosphere of the office was decidedly uncongenial. He was a man who rarely read anything, and to whom letter-writing was a bore. To be sure, he had little of it to do, for no man in the regiment had expressed a desire to hear from him. It was a hot, sultry day; the stylish white flannel suit in which he had arrayed his handsome self was wasting its elegance on the desert air of a bare and empty room, instead of being seen in the boudoirs of beauty or the billiard-rooms at the club. Business was slack: no recruits were coming in, and Mr. Noel could stand it no longer. A ring from his bell summoned the sergeant to the room.

"There doesn't seem to be any likelihood of recruits coming in such a day as this, sergeant," said Mr. Noel. "I'm going up to the club for a while; if anybody should come in, send one of the men up there for me; I'll return at once." And with that he took his straw hat and light cane and strolled leisurely up the street. His was a figure that many a man—and more women—would turn to look at more than once. Tall, slim, elegant in build, always dressed in excellent taste, Gordon Noel in any community would have been pronounced a remarkably presentable man. His face, as has been said, was very fine; his eyes dark and handsome, shaded by deep, thick lashes; his hair dark and waving; his moustache, dark and drooping, served only to enhance the brilliancy of the even white teeth that flashed underneath it in his frequent smiles and joyous laughter. One would say, in looking at Noel, that he was a man of singularly sunny disposition; and so he was, and so they found him at the club; and so the loungers there hailed him with jovial shouts as he entered; for, though only a fortnight had elapsed since his arrival, and four days of that time he had been absent, giving his testimony before the court-martial in New York harbor, he had nevertheless won his way into the hearts of all the young fellows around the club, and no more popular man than Gordon Noel had ever come within the doors of "The Queen City."

"What are you going to have, old man?" was the first question asked, and Noel laughingly ordered a sherry-cobbler, saying the day was far too hot for anything stronger.

"Who's that I just saw going into the billiard-room?" he asked.

"That? that's Regy Vincent. Haven't you met him yet?"

"Regy Vincent," said Noel. "Is he the brother of the Miss Vincent whom I met at the party last night?"

"The very same," was the reply. "Mighty bright fellow, too, and a very jolly one; though he has been in hard luck of late."

"How in hard luck?" asked a quiet-looking man seated in a big arm-chair, lowering for a moment the newspaper which he had been reading.

"Well, through his father's ill luck on 'Change. You all know, of course, that Vincent was nearly busted before that corner went under last week."

"I know this," was the calm reply, "that while he did stand for a

few days on the 'ragged edge,' and while it may be that had that corner not broken when it did he would have been in sore straits, in some way he or his partner, Clark, came to taw with additional funds, and had the consummate pluck to put up more at the very moment when it was believed that that syndicate was going to have everything their own way. So far from being badly bitten by that deal, it's my belief that Vincent, Clark & Co. came out of it with a very pretty penny to the good."

"Well, of course, Harris, you must know more about it than I do. But you cannot be gladder than I am to hear that Vincent's status is so much better than we supposed. I'm glad on his account, I'm glad on Regy's account, and I'm particularly glad on Miss Mabel's account. And now I'm particularly chuckling over Billy Rossiter's frame of mind when he hears the real truth of this matter. When he went after her to Rome last year, and everybody supposed that Vincent was worth a million, there's no doubt in the world that he did his best to win her, and that was what he was sent abroad by his father to do. But he didn't win her then, for she strenuously denied any engagement when she came back here; yet it was supposed that if he persevered his chances would be good. Why, he's not half a bad fellow, only he can't marry so long as he is in his father's employ and dependent on him, unless he marries according to his father's wishes; and the old man called him off just as soon as he found out that Vincent was on the verge of failure. Billy Rossiter has lost any chance that he might have had in that quarter; for she'll never look at him again."

"Served him right, if that be the case. Any man who hasn't sense enough to stick to a girl who is bright and pretty as Mabel Vincent, rich or poor, deserves no luck at all in this world. But that reminds me, Captain Noel, according to rumor and what the girls say in society,—and you know they generally know pretty much everything that is going on,—there is something more than a mere understanding between her and your predecessor here, the recruiting officer, Lieutenant Lane. Did he say anything about it to you?"

"No, not a word. I think, though, that had there been anything in the story Lane would have let me know something about it, for we are very old and intimate friends. Did you say that that was Mr. Reginald Vincent who has just gone into the billiard-room?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Morris, "that's he. Would you like to know him?"

"Very much indeed; and if you've nothing better to do, come in and present me. Perhaps he will want to play a game of billiards, and if so I'm his man."

And so it happened that, that very morning, Gordon Noel was presented to Reginald Vincent, and when Regy went home to luncheon he spoke enthusiastically of his new-found acquaintance, whom he pronounced to be one of the most delightful fellows he had ever met anywhere, and who was such a warm and devoted friend of Captain Lane. "I want, if I meet him this afternoon, as I probably shall, to bring him back to dinner with me. What say you, mother?—just informally."

"Don't you think it would be better to wait a day or two, and have a little dinner, and invite a few friends to meet him?" asked Mrs. Vincent. "Your father, perhaps, would like to be consulted in the matter. I've no doubt that he would like to do something to show attention to any friend of Captain Lane's. What do you think, Mabel?"

"I vote for both," replied that young woman, with much alacrity. "I have met Mr. Noel twice."

"Captain Noel, dear," said Regy; "Captain Noel."

"He is not a captain yet, Reginald: I happen to know from the regimental roster: I have a copy up-stairs, that Captain Lane very kindly left me." And here a decided blush stole up the fair cheeks of the young lady. "I learned a good deal about the officers of the regiment from Mr. Lane—Captain Lane—while he was here. Mr. Noel ranks second among the lieutenants of the regiment. As Captain Lane said, he is so very near his captaincy that perhaps he accepts the title that you all give him at the club as only a trifle premature."

"Well, captain or lieutenant, it doesn't make any difference," said Regy, impulsively: "he's a mighty good fellow, and a mighty good friend of your friend Captain Lane, and if you have no objection, mother, I'll bring him around to dinner to-night, and then perhaps we might go to the theatre afterwards. I'm very sure that Captain Noel will enjoy it. Fact is, he enjoys everything. Everybody in the club is perfectly delighted with him. You ought to hear him sing an Irish song or tell a French story! I'll try and get him started when he comes here. He's a wonderful mimic; and he's so full of information about their service on the frontier. Now, Lane so seldom spoke of anything of the kind; but Noel will talk for hours at a time about the wonderful country through which they have scouted and fought, and all that they have been through in their campaigns. By Jove! but that fellow has seen a lot of hard service, and has been through some hair-breadth escapes!"

"Who?" inquired Mrs. Vincent; "Captain Lane or Mr. Noel?"

"Noel, of course,—Noel I'm speaking of. Lane, no doubt, saw a great deal of service with the regiment; but Noel says that he was adjutant so much of the time, and on other staff-duty, while he (Noel) was almost incessantly scouting, hunting after various Indian parties, and being on the war-path, as he laughingly expresses it."

"Does he mean that Captain Lane didn't see much actual service there?" asked Miss Mabel, with heightened color.

"Oh, I don't know that he means that. Don't understand me as saying for a moment that Noel disparages Lane's services; on the contrary, he never speaks of him except with the most enthusiastic regard. Neither does he boast at all of his own service; only you can't help seeing, in the modest, off-hand way in which he speaks of his campaigning, what a deal of hardship and danger he has encountered for the simple reason that he was with the command that had to go through it all."

"Your father tells me," said Mrs. Vincent, "that he met him one

day on 'Change when Mr. Withers brought him in ; that was before the crash, and when he had no time to pay him any attention. Of course the cousin of Mr. Amos Withers was received with a great deal of bowing and scraping by Mr. Withers's friends in that honorable body. But all the same I know your father will be glad to meet Mr. Noel now ; and by all means bring him, if you feel disposed, to-night. What manner of looking man is he?"

"A remarkably handsome man, mother," said Mabel, at once,— "one of the handsomest I ever saw ; and he certainly made himself very entertaining and very jolly the night we sat together at dinner at the Thorntons'."

"There's a great contrast physically between him and Lane," put in Regy. "Noel is such an elegantly built fellow,—so tall and fine-looking. Lane would be almost undersized when standing beside him, and is very much at a disadvantage when they appear together, I should judge."

A very bright and joyous party it was, seated around the home-like table of the Vincents that evening, and, as Regy had predicted, Noel proved very entertaining and a most agreeable guest. While showing much deference to Mr. Vincent and attention to his good wife, he nevertheless managed to have a great deal to say about the regiment and its daring and perilous service on the frontier, and to throw in here and there many a pleasant word about Captain Lane and their long and intimate acquaintance, and before dinner was over had won a warm place in Mabel Vincent's heart by the way in which he so frequently spoke of the man to whom she had plighted her troth.

And that very evening, as Frederick Lane,—far out under the star-lit sky of Arizona,—with his heart full of longing and love for her, and thinking only of her as he rode over the desolate plain with the lights of old Fort Graham already in view, Mabel Vincent, seated by Gordon Noel's side, was looking up into his handsome face and listening to his animated voice between the acts of "Twelfth Night."

IX.

Only a short distance from the Arizona border, with the blue range of the Santa Catarina shutting out the sunset skies, with sand and cactus and Spanish bayonet on every side, the old post of Fort Graham stood in the desert like a mud-colored oasis. All the quarters, all the store-houses, stables, corrals, and barracks, were built of the native *adobe* ; and though whitewash had been liberally applied, especially about the homes of the officers, and the long Venetian blinds at their front windows had been painted the coolest of deep greens, and clear running water sparkled through the *acequias* that bordered the parade, it could not be denied that at its best Graham was an arid and forbidding station, so far as one could judge by appearances. Trees, verdure, turf, were items almost unknown within a day's march of the flag-staff ; but in the old times when the Navajoes were the terror of the wide Southwest and even the Comanches sometimes carried their raids across

the Rio Bravo del Norte—the Rio Grande of to-day—the post had been “located” where it might afford protection to the “Forty-Niners” and to the pioneers of the prairies; the trans-continental trail led past its very gates, and many a time and oft the miner and the emigrant thanked God and the general government that the old fort was placed just where it was, for Indian pursuers drew rein when once in sight of its dingy walls; and so from year to year for more than thrice a decade the flag was raised at sunrise, the post was always garrisoned; and now, with the Southern Pacific piercing the range but a short distance below, and landing stores and forage at the quartermaster’s *dépôt* within four miles of the corrals, it became easier to maintain a force of cavalry at Graham; and one of the troops there stationed was Lane’s new command, the relict of the late lamented Curran, “the Devil’s own D.”

An easy-going old dragoon was Curran, and for years before his retirement it was an open secret that his first sergeant “ran the troop” to suit himself and that the captain never permitted his subalterns to interfere. A more independent, devil-may-care, and occasionally drunken lot of troopers were rarely gathered in one such organization, and, while steady and reliable men on getting their discharges at the end of their term of enlistment would refuse to “take on” again in D Troop, but would go over to Captain Breese or perhaps to a company at another station, all the scamps and rollicking characters in the regiment would drift over into “D” and be welcomed by the choice spirits therein assembled. And this was the gang that Captain Lane was now expected to bring up with a round turn and transform into dutiful soldiers. Obedient to the colonel’s behest, he had stopped over a couple of days at head-quarters, had had a most cordial greeting from every officer at the post, had called on all the ladies,—not omitting his fair defamers,—and then had hastened on to Graham and his new and trying duties. Every day, as he was whirled farther away from the home of her whom he so devotedly loved, he wrote long letters to her, filled with—only lovers know what all. And his heart leaped with joy that topmost in the little packet of letters awaiting him at the adjutant’s office when he reached his post was a dainty billet addressed to him in her beloved hand. Until he could get his quarters in habitable condition the new troop-commander was the guest of Captain and Mrs. Nash; and he could hardly wait for the close of that amiable woman’s welcoming address to reach his room and devour every word of that most precious missive. She had written—bless her!—the very day after he left, and a sweet, womanly letter it was,—so shy and half timid, yet so full of faith and pride in him. Every one at Graham remarked on the wonderful change for the better that had come over Lane since he went East. Never had they seen him so joyous, so blithe in manner. He seemed to walk on air; his eyes beamed on every one; his face seemed “almost to have a halo round it,” said Mrs. Nash, and neither she nor any woman in garrison had the faintest doubt as to the explanation of it all. Love had wrought the change, and being loved had intensified and prolonged it. Every man—every woman in garrison was his friend, and the happy fellow would gladly

have taken dozens of them into his confidence and told them all about it, and talked by the hour of her.

But there were reasons, Mrs. Vincent had said, why it was most desirable that there should be no announcement of the engagement as yet. What these were she did not explain to Mabel herself, but assured her that it was her father's wish as well. Lane had rushed to the great jewelry-house of Van Loo & Laing, and the diamond solitaire that flashed among the leaves of the exquisite rose-bud he smilingly handed her that night was one to make any woman gasp with delight. Could anything on earth be rich enough, pure enough, fair enough, to lavish on her, his peerless queen?

She had held forth her soft white hand and let him slip it on the engagement finger and then bend the knee like knight of old and kiss it fervently. She revelled in it, rejoiced in it, but, heeding her mother's advice, stowed it away where none could see it, in the secret drawer of her desk, and Lane was perfectly satisfied. "I will tell you the reason some day," Mrs. Vincent had said to him, "but not just now, for I might be doing wrong;" and he had protested that she need never tell him. What cared he, so long as Mabel's love was his, and they understood each other as they did?

And so, while people at Graham plied him with questions and insinuations and side-remarks about the "girl he left behind him" in the East, he kept faithfully to the agreement, and though all the garrison knew he wrote to her every day and took long rides alone that he might think of her, doubtless, and though every one knew that those dainty missives that came so often for Captain Lane were written by Miss Mabel Vincent, never once did he admit the existence of an engagement,—never once until long afterwards.

The first real tidings that the Graham people had of her came in a letter from head-quarters. Mrs. Riggs had had such a long, charming letter from Mr. Noel that she called in several of her cronies and read it all to them; and that very evening one of the number, unable to bear the burden of so much information, shifted it from her mental shoulders by writing it all to Mrs. Nash. Perhaps the best plan will be to read the extract which referred to Lane exactly as Mr. Noel wrote it:

"By this time I presume Fred Lane is busily engaged with his new troop. I served with them in the Sioux campaign, and they never gave me any trouble at all. So, too, in the Geronimo chase a while ago, when Major Brace picked me out to go ahead by night from Carrizo's I asked for a detachment from D Troop, and the men seemed to appreciate it. I knew they would follow wherever I would lead, and would stand by me through thick and thin. If Lane starts in right I've no doubt they will do just as well for him; but I expect he is feeling mighty blue at having to rejoin just now. You know I've always been a warm friend of his, and it hurt me to see him so unwilling to go back. No one seemed to know him very well in society; and it's very queer, for this was his old home,—and I was never more delightfully welcomed anywhere; the people are charming. But Lane had

held himself aloof a good deal, and fellows at the club say he didn't 'run with the right set.' Then, if all accounts be true, he had had hard luck in several ways. I'm told that he lost money in a big wheat speculation, and everybody says he totally lost his heart. I tell you this in confidence because I know you are a devoted friend of his,—as indeed you are of all in the dear old regiment,—but he was much embarrassed when it came to turning over the funds. There was quite a heavy shortage, which he had to make up at a time when it was probably most inconvenient. As to the other loss, it isn't to be wondered at. She is a beautiful and most charming girl, and many a man, I fancy, has laid his heart at her feet. It is said, however, that Lane's loss is the heavier in this case because—well, I fear it will come to nothing. A young lady told me yesterday that there was something back of it all,—that she, Miss Vincent, was deeply in love with a Mr. Rossiter, of New York, and had been for over a year, and they were to have been married this coming September, but that the gentleman (?) learned that her father had been nearly swamped in speculation and had not a penny to give her. My informant went to school with Miss Vincent, and knows her intimately, and she says that Mr. Rossiter simply threw her over a short time ago, and that it was pique and exasperation and to hide her heart-break from the world that Mabel Vincent began to show such pleasure in Lane's devotions. She led him on, so her lady friends say; and now Mr. Rossiter has found out that old Vincent was sharper and shrewder than any one supposed and made instead of losing a pile, and now he is suing to be taken back, and they say that she is so much in love with the fellow that the chances are all in his favor. This is why I feel such sorrow and anxiety for Lane.

"Well, I led the german at a lovely party at the Prendergasts' last night. Miss Vincent was there, looking like a peach-blossom, and we danced together a great deal. When it came time to break up I believe half the people in the rooms came to say good-night to me and to tell me they had never seen so delightful a german,—'everything so depends on the leader.' I have invitations for something or other for every night for the next fortnight; and yet I so often long for the old regiment and the true friends I had to leave. It did me a world of good last night to meet old Colonel Gray, of the retired list, whose home is here, but he commanded the —th Infantry in the Sioux campaign, and when he saw me he threw his arms around my neck and hugged me before the whole throng of people. Give my love to our chief, always, and believe me, dear, true friend of mine,

"Yours most affectionately,

"GORDON NOEL."

Condensed, edited by feminine hands, and accented here and there as suited the writer's mood, this was the letter which formed the basis of the one received by Mrs. Nash. Lane by this time was cosily ensconced in his quarters, and was giving all his time to the improvement of affairs about his troop's barracks, kitchens, and stables, to drill- and target-practice, and to company duties generally. His days knew no

relaxation from labor from reveille until "retreat" at sunset, and then came the delicious evenings in which he could write to her and read a chapter or two of some favorite work before going early to bed. After the first week he seldom left his house after eight o'clock, and the garrison had therefore ample opportunity to discuss his affairs. Some color was lent to the story of his having lost money in speculation by a letter received from Cheyenne written to the new major of the —th Infantry, who had recently joined by promotion from Fort Russell, near that thriving town. The writer said that Lane of the Eleventh Cavalry had sold his property there for fifteen thousand dollars about the end of June, and he had bought it for twenty-five hundred only nine years before. He could have got eighteen thousand just as well by waiting a few days; but he wanted the money at once.

No one, of course, could ask the captain any direct questions about his affairs of either heart or pocket, but Lane was puzzled to account for some of the remarks that were made to him,—the interrogatories about the methods of speculation, the tentatives as to chances of "making a good thing" in that way, and the sharp and scrutinizing glances that accompanied the queries. The sweet, sympathetic, semi-confidential manner, the inviting way in which the ladies spoke to him of his present loneliness and their hopes that soon he would bring to them a charming wife to share their exile and bless his army home,—all this, too, seemed odd to him; but, as he had never been in love nor engaged before, he did not know but that it was "always the way with them," and so let it pass.

And then he was very happy in her letters. They were neither as frequent nor as long as his, but then she had such a round of social duties; she was in such constant demand; there were visitors or parties every night, and endless calls and shopping-tours with mother every day, and she was really getting a little run down. The weather was oppressively warm, and they longed to get away from the city and go to the mountains. It was only a day's ride to the lovely resorts in the Alleghanies, but papa was looking a little thin and worn again, and the doctors had said his heart was affected,—not alarmingly or seriously, but mamma could not bear to leave him, and he declared it utterly impossible to be away from his business a single day. He and Mr. Clark were very hopeful over a new venture they had made, the nature of which she did not thoroughly understand.

But let us take a peep at some of those early letters,—not at the answers to his eager questions, not at the shy words of maiden love that crept in here and there, but at those pages any one might read.

"Tuesday night.

"... Such a delightful german as we had last night at the Prendergasts'! Captain Noel led—I have to call him captain, for every one does here, and if I say 'Mr.' they want to know why, and it is embarrassing to explain how I know. He leads remarkably well, and I was very proud of 'our regiment,' sir, when listening to all the nice things said about him. How I wished for a certain other cavalry captain, now so many cruel miles away! Mr. Noel took me out often,—and

indeed I was a decided belle,—and he told me that he had to lead with Miss Prendergast, but would so much rather dance with me.

"It is almost settled that we go away in August for the entire month. Dr. Post says mother must go, and that father ought to go. Of course I go with mamma. Deer Park will doubtless be the favored spot. I wish August were here; I wish you were here; I wish—oh, so many things! Your letters are such a delight to me. I wonder if other girls have anything like them. Yes, you shall have the picture on my birthday; but mind, sir, you are to take the utmost care of it, or the original will feel neglected."

"Friday night.

". . . So many interruptions to-day, dear Fred! You see what an incoherent thing this is thus far, and now I'm tired out. We had a charming time at the Woodrows' dinner last evening. The day had been hot, but their table was set on the lawn under a canopy, and, the walls being raised, we had a delightful breeze from the river. Their place is one of the finest on the heights. I did so wish you could have seen it. Captain Noel took me in, and was so bright and jolly and full of anecdote. Everybody likes him, and I like him mainly because he is such a loyal friend of yours. He talks so much of you and of all the dangers you have shared in common; and you know how interesting all this must be to me. Sometimes I wonder that you had so little to say about him,—though you never *did* talk much about the regiment and never would talk much about yourself. Wednesday evening we had a little theatre-party. Regy got it up, and we just filled two adjoining loges. Captain Noel was Fanny Holton's escort, but he talked most of the time with me,—a thing that my escort, Mr. Forbes, did not seem to like; but, as he *couldn't* talk, and Mr. Noel would, what could I do?"

"Sunday evening.

"It is late, and I ought to be asleep, but the last caller has just gone, and to-morrow there may be no time to write at all, and you are such an exacting, tyrannical, dear old boy that— Well, there, now, let me tell you of the day. You say anything and everything that I say or do is of interest. So, to begin with, yesterday I had a headache, due, I fear, to the late supper Regy gave us at the club after the theatre. Fanny Holton came to take me for a drive, but I did not feel like going, and begged off. Then she told me that Captain Noel was in the carriage waiting, and that he would be so disappointed. Mother came in and said the air would do me good; and so we went, and I came back feeling so much brighter. Mr. Noel was very amusing, and kept us laughing all the time. Coming home, Fanny got out at her house, as she had to dress for dinner, but told the coachman to drive me home and Mr. Noel to the club. He began talking of you the moment she disappeared, and said he so hoped you were going to write regularly to him. Are you? He seems so fond of you; but I do not wonder at that.

"This morning we went to church, and afterwards Mr. Noel joined and walked home with us, and papa begged him to come in to luncheon,

which he did. You dear fellow! what have you done to my beloved old daddy, that he is so ardent an admirer of yours? He shook Mr. Noel's hand three times before he would let him go, and begged him to come often: he liked to know men, he said, who could so thoroughly appreciate—whom do you think, sir?—Captain Fred Lane. After he had gone, papa spoke of him delightedly on two or three occasions. Will they take him away too as soon as he is really a captain?"

"Wednesday.

"You dear, dear, extravagant fellow! Never have I had such exquisite flowers, or such profusion of them. You must have given your florist *carte blanche*. Nothing that came to me compared with them. My birthday was the cause of quite a little *fête* in the family, and I had some lovely presents. Mr. Noel, too, sent a beautiful basket of roses, and it pleased me very much. I want your comrades to like me, and yet I know he did this on your account. Though he is so thoughtful and delicate and never refers to our engagement, I feel that he knows it; and it seems better that way, somehow.

"You did not answer my questions about him, Fred. Didn't you read my letter?"

Among the letters that came from the Queen City was one which bore the tremulous superscription of the head of the firm of Vincent, Clark & Co. It was brief, but it gave Captain Lane a thrill of gladness:

"It was your timely and thoughtful aid that enabled us to recover so much of our losses. You alone came to our rescue, and I fully appreciate the risk you ran. It will never be forgotten.

"Clark will send draft for the entire am't, or deposit to your credit, as you may direct. I go to New York and Chicago in two or three days. Our prospects are flattering."

X.

August was close at hand. Queen City "society" had scattered in every direction. The mountains and the sea-shore were levying tribute on the plethoric pockets of the "big men" on 'Change and in business of every conceivable kind. Blinds and shutters were closed at scores of hospitable mansions in the narrow streets of the old city and even in the elegant villas that crowned the surrounding heights. The sun-glare at mid-day was so intense that no man was safe in venturing forth without a huge sunshade of some kind, and even within the sacred precincts of the club, where broad awnings hung on every side and palm-leaf fans were in constant motion, the men strolled in to luncheon in shirts of lightest flannel or pongee, with rolling collars and infinitesimal neckties. Every one who could leave town had long since gone; and yet the Vincents lingered. Each day seemed to add to the anxiety in the mother's eyes as she watched her husband's aging face. He had returned from a business-trip of ten days or so looking hopeful and buoyant, and had gone to the office the following morning

with light step and cheery demeanor, but came home long after the dinner-hour listless and dispirited,—a severe headache, he said, but the wife knew that it was far more than head- or heartache. The family physician took occasion to warn Mr. Vincent that he was doing himself grievous wrong,—that his health imperatively demanded rest and change of scene. Vincent looked in the good old doctor's face with a world of dumb misery in his eyes, and only answered, "I will,—I will,—in a week or so. I cannot quit my post just now. Clark is taking his vacation. When he returns I'll go." And until he could accompany them Mrs. Vincent refused to budge; and yet she began to urge that Mabel should start now. What was to prevent her going at once and joining the Woodrows at Deer Park? Clarissa and Eleanor Woodrow were always such friends of hers. But Mabel begged that she might stay until both papa and mamma could go too; she could not be content there without them, or at least without mother; and Mrs. Vincent could not find the words in which to frame the cause of her greatest apprehension.

The one man whom the heat was powerless to subdue was Gordon Noel. In the most immaculate and becoming costumes of white or straw color, that genial officer would saunter into the club at noontide, looking provokingly cool and comfortable, and, as he expressed it, "without having turned a hair."

"Hot!" he would say. "Call this hot? Why, bless your hearts, fellows, you ought to live in Arizona awhile! Gad! I've come in sometimes from a scout through the Gila desert and rushed for cold cream to plaster on my nose and cheeks: it would be all melted, of course; but when I clapped it on it would sizzle just like so much lard in a frying-pan. And down at Fort Yuma our hens laid hard-boiled eggs from June to October." And then his eyes would twinkle with fun, and he would bury his dark moustache in the cracked ice of his julep with infinite relish.

"I say," queried Mr. Morris of his chum, Terry junior, one languid afternoon after Noel had jauntily strolled away, "don't you envy a feller who can enjoy life like that?"

"Never saw anything like it!" quoth the younger. "One would suppose that after being a slave all mawning in those beastly works I ought to enjoy a little recreation; but I can't, you know."

"Queer ducks, those army fellers. Gad! this love-making by proxy is what gets me,—this sort of Miles Standish courtship business. She's prettier, though, than the original Priscilla."

"How do you mean?" queried young Terry, vaguely. He had been brought up under the thumb of his elder brother, and, from the outset, had been given to understand that if he expected to share in the profits he must learn the business. There had been no college for him, and New England legends were sealed books.

"Why, I mean that 'twouldn't surprise me a bit if we had a modern version of the old 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' He's with her incessantly."

"Oh! Miss Vincent you're speaking of. Her name's Mabel, I thought, not—what'd you call her?"

"Never mind, Jimmy," said Morris, rising. "Come and have a cigarette."

And it was not only in the club, over their cigars, that men spoke significantly of Noel's attentions to the lovely daughter of the house of Vincent. It was not the men, indeed, who did the greater part of the talk. If *they* noticed and spoke of it, what must not the women have been saying! Noel, quitting the hospitable roof of Cousin Amos, had taken rooms down in town, midway between the club and the Vincent homestead, and those two points became the limits of his field of action. The Withers household had gone to the Maryland mountains, and the massive master of the establishment was treating himself to a month's vacation. Almost all the pretty girls were gone. What more natural than that Mr. Noel should so frequently seek the society of the prettiest of all, even if she were engaged to Frederick Lane, as people said she was before he went away? There was no monitorial Amos to call him off, no one to bid him turn his devotions elsewhere; and she herself could see no harm, for was not almost all his talk of Captain Lane? was he not his loyal and devoted friend? The captain's letters came every day, and he seemed pleased to know that Noel had such pleasant things to say of him, and was so attentive,—or rather kind, because it wasn't really on her account that he came so frequently. To be sure, Captain Lane did not say much about the matter one way or the other; and if he saw no harm, if he expressed no dissatisfaction, who else had any right to find fault?

Her mother, was the answer that conscience pricked into her heart quicker even than she could think. For days past the good lady's manner to Noel had been gaining in distance and coolness. "She is ill at ease,—worried about papa," was Mabel's attempt at a self-satisfying plea; but conscience again warned her that she knew better,—far better. Her father, engrossed in business cares that seemed only to increase with every day, had no eyes or ears for affairs domestic; and so it resulted that when Noel came sauntering in at evening with his jaunty, debonair, joyous manner, there was no one to receive him but Mabel, and he wanted no one more.

"Does Captain Lane know of this and approve it?" was the grave question her mother had at last propounded.

"I have written to him with the utmost frankness, mother," was Miss Vincent's reply, while a wave of color swept over her face and a rebellious light gleamed in her eyes, "and he has never hinted at such a thing as disapproval. He has more confidence in me than you have. If he had not——"

But the rest was left unsaid.

Poor Mrs. Vincent! She turned away, well knowing that argument or opposition in such matters was mistaken policy. The words that sprung to her lips were, "Alas! he does not know you as I do!" but she shut those lips firmly, rigorously denying herself the feminine luxury of the last word and the launching of a Parthian arrow that would have made, indeed, a telling shot. If heaven is what it is painted, there can be no more joy over the sinner that repenteth than

over the woman who tramples down her fiercest temptation and "bridleth her tongue." Mrs. Vincent deserved to be canonized.

And meantime how went the world with Lane? Faithful, honest, simple-hearted man that he was, holding himself in such modest estimate, marvelling as he often did over the fact that he could have really won the love of a being so radiant, so exquisite, as Mabel, he lived in a dream that was all bliss and beauty, except for the incessant and all-pervading longing to see her,—to be near her. He loved her with an intensity that he had no means of expressing. Not a waking instant was she absent from his thoughts, and in his dreams she appeared to him, crowned with a halo such as never angel knew. He used to lie awake at times in the dead hours of the night, wondering if the very newsboys and workmen of the city realized their blessed privilege, that they could step upon the flagstones her little foot had pressed, that they could see her face, perhaps hear her voice, as she strolled in the cool of evening along the gravelled pathway of the little park that adjoined her home. Loving her as he did, his heart went out to any one who knew her or was even familiar with the city where she dwelt. He had felt for years a contempt for Gordon Noel that, at times, he had difficulty in disguising. Now he was tempted to write to him, to shut out the past, to open confidential relations and have him write long letters that should tell of her. There were three men in his troop in whom he felt a vague, mysterious interest simply because they had been enlisted at the old rendezvous on Sycamore Street, only three squares from her home. He was so full of hope and faith and love and gratitude that the whole garrison seemed to hold naught but cheer and friendliness. He never dreamed of the stories the men were telling or the confidences women were whispering about the post. Noel had written again to Mrs. Riggs, and Mrs. Riggs had not spared her information. It was now said in Queen City society that the engagement was of Mr. Vincent's making. He had been associated with Lane in some speculations that proved disastrous, but the captain had shown such command of money and had "put up" at such an opportune moment that they came out in good shape after all, and as soon as the old man found that Lane loved his daughter he insisted on her accepting him. The information about Lane's coming to the rescue with money he had heard from Mr. Vincent himself,—as indeed he had. One evening when they were for the moment alone, in a burst of confidence to the man whom he believed to be a devoted friend of his prospective son-in-law, Vincent had told the silent officer the story of that perilous crisis and of Lane's prompt and generous loan,—but not as Noel told it to Mrs. Riggs.

"Do not distress yourself, my darling one," wrote Lane to his *fiancée*, "because your letters are a little less frequent just now. I know how occupied you must be with preparation, and how anxious you are about the dear old father. Next week you will be in the mountains; and then, as you say, people will give you time to write, and then, too, I shall be happy in your regaining health and spirits. The papers tell me how intense has been the heat: it almost equals ours here in one way, and is much worse in being moist and muggy. There is a pros-

pect of my going on a two weeks' scout with my whole troop early in the month ; but your letters will reach me safely."

Why was it that she should experience a feeling almost of relief in reading that he was going to be absent from the garrison awhile,—going out on a two weeks' scout ?

She had sent him, as she promised, a lovely cabinet photograph of herself that had been taken expressly for him. It came to the old frontier fort just as the men were marching up from evening stables, and the messenger, distributing the mail about the post, handed the packet to the captain as he stood with a little knot of comrades on the walk. There was instant demand that he should open it and show the picture to them, but, blushing like a girl, he broke away and hid himself in his room ; and then, when sure of being uninterrupted, he took it to the window and feasted his eyes upon the exquisite face and form there portrayed. He kept it from that time in a silken case, which he locked in a bureau drawer whenever he left the house, but in the evenings, or when writing at his desk, he brought it forth to light again and set it where every moment he could look upon and almost worship it.

And then came her letters announcing their safe arrival at Deer Park :

"Our journey was most trying, for the heat was intolerable until we got well up among the mountains. Papa came ; but I know he is simply fretting his heart out with anxiety to get back to the office. Mr. Clark only returned from his vacation the day we started. Gordon Noel came down to the train to see us off, and brought mother a basket of such luscious fruit. He says that he has no home to go to, now that we are gone. Indeed, he has been very thoughtful and kind, and I don't think he is quite happy, despite his efforts to be always gay and cheerful. . . .

"Do you really mean that you will be gone a fortnight ? How I shall miss your dear letters, Fred ! And now indeed I will try to write regularly. There's no one here I care anything about, though the hotel seems very full, and there is much dancing and gayety. You say my letters will reach you ; but I wonder how."

Lane read this with a sigh of relief. He had persuaded himself that it was because he dreaded the effect of the long-continued hot weather upon her that he so desired her to get to the mountains. Any other thought would have been disloyalty to his queen. He wished—just a little bit—that she had not written of him as Gordon Noel : he much preferred that she should call him Captain. She would not write so fully and frankly of him if he were anything but friendly, he argued, and she would not tolerate his visits on any other grounds. Yet she did not tell him that they had walked up and down the platform together for ten minutes before the train started, and that when it was time to part he had bent down and said, almost in a whisper,—

"Do you want to send a message for me to Fred Lane in your next letter ?"

"I will do so, if you wish," she murmured ; but her eyes fell before the gaze in his, and the hot blood rushed to her face.

"Tell him there's no man in all the regiment I so long to see, and no man in all the world—I so envy."

Probably conscience smote her, for during the week that followed five letters came,—five letters in seven days! His heart went wild with delight over their tenderness. The last was written Saturday, and then none came for three days; and when the fourth day came and brought the longed-for missive it was a disappointment, somehow.

"Papa left us to go back to the office last night," she wrote. "He could stand it no longer. I fear it did him little good here. The Witherses came on Saturday, and that strange girl, Miss Marshall, is with them. She always impresses me with the idea that she is striving to read my thoughts. She speaks so admiringly of you, and says you were 'so courteous' to her the night you dined at the Witherses'; and I do not remember your ever saying anything about her to me. You see, sir, I am much more communicative about my friends.

"We had such a delightful surprise Saturday night. Who should appear in the hop-room but Gordon Noel? He stayed until the midnight train Sunday; and I really was very glad to see him."

And here Lane stopped reading for a while.

XI.

For some reason or other, the scout which Lane's company had been ordered to hold itself in readiness to make was postponed, no further orders coming from Department head-quarters which required sending any troops into the mountains west of Fort Graham. The captain, far from being disappointed, seemed strangely relieved that he was not required to take his troop into the field at that particular moment. "Something had happened," said Mrs. Breese, who was a keen observer, "to change the spirit of his dream within the last few days." His face lacked the radiant and joyous look that it had had ever since he came back from the East. "Is he getting an inkling of the stories that are in circulation?" was the natural inquiry. "Is he beginning to learn that others were before him in that fair charmer's regard?" Still, no one could question him. There was something about him, with all his frankness and kindliness, that held people aloof from anything like confidence. He never had a confidant of either sex; and this was something that rendered him at one time somewhat unpopular among the women. Younger officers almost always, as a rule, had chosen some one of the married ladies of the regiment as a repository of their cares and anxieties, their hopes and fears; but Lane had never indulged in any such luxury, and all the better for him was it. Now it was noticed with what eagerness and anxiety he watched for the coming of the mail. It was also observed that during the two weeks that followed only four letters were received in her, by this time, well-known superscription. Lane, of course, reading the contents, could readily account for the scarcity. Her letters were full of descriptions of dances and picnics and riding-parties to the neighboring mountains. They had met scores of pleasant people, and had become acquainted with a

large circle from all parts of the country. They danced every evening regularly in the hop-room, and were so thoroughly acquainted, and so accustomed to one another's moods and fancies, that hardly an hour passed in which they were not occupied in some pleasant recreation. Lawn-tennis had always been a favorite game of hers, and her mother was glad, she said, to see her picking it up again with such alacrity. The open air was doing her good: her color was returning; the languor and weakness which had oppressed her when she first arrived after the long hot spell at home had disappeared entirely. But with returning health came all the longing for out-door active occupation, and, instead of having, as she had planned, hours in which to write to him, almost all her time now was taken up in joyous sports, in horse-back-rides, in long drives over the mountain-roads and through the beautiful scenery by which they were surrounded. "And so," she said, "Fred, dear, in regaining health and color, I fear, your Mabel has very sadly neglected you."

His reply to her letter telling him of Mr. Noel's unexpected appearance at the Park was rather a difficult one for him to write. It was dawning upon him that the attentions of his regimental comrade to his *fiancée* were not as entirely platonic as they might be. Desire to show all courtesy and kindliness to the lady-love of another officer was all very well in its way, but it did not necessitate daily calls when at home, and far less did it warrant his leaving his station without permission—running the risk of a reprimand, or even possible court-martial—and taking a long journey, being absent from his post all Saturday and certainly not returning there before the afternoon of Monday. If this were known at the head-quarters of the recruiting service, Lieutenant Noel in all probability would be rapped severely over the knuckles, if nothing worse. Lane could not, and would not, for an instant blame his *fiancée*, but he gently pointed out to her that Mr. Noel ran great risks in making such a journey, and that it would be well on that account to discourage similar expeditions in the future. To this she made no direct reply; but that she observed his caution is quite possible. At all events, no further mention of visits on the part of Mr. Noel appeared in any of the letters which reached him before the orders for the scout actually did arrive; but that was not until near the very end of the month. It was just about the 28th of August when rumors came of turbulence and threatened outbreak among the Indians at the Chiricahua Reservation. Troops were already marching thither from the stations in Arizona, and Captain Lane was ordered to cross the range and scout on the east side of the reservation, in order to drive back any renegades who might be tempted to "make a break." Just one day before the start he was surprised at receiving a letter from Mrs. Vincent. She spoke gladly of Mabel's improved health and appearance; she spoke hopefully of Mr. Vincent, whose letters, she said, were more cheerful than they had been, and who had been able to come up and spend two Sundays with them. Mabel had doubtless told him of Mr. Noel's visit, and how glad they were just then to see any face so pleasant and familiar. And now she wished to remind him of their contract before

his leaving for the frontier. He doubtless remembered that she had promised that in the near future she would give him the reasons why it seemed best to her that the engagement should not be announced. It would take a pretty long letter to tell all the reasons why, so she would not venture upon that at the moment; but the necessity no longer existed, and if he so desired she would gladly have it now made known to her relatives, as she would now proceed to announce it to Mabel's.

Lane was greatly rejoiced at this. He had been a trifle uneasy and despondent of late, yet scarcely knew why. Her letters were not all he had hoped they would be by this time; but then he did not know but that it was all natural and right; he had never had love-letters before,—had never seen them,—and his ideas of what a woman's letters to her betrothed should be were somewhat vague and undefined. However, there was no one in the garrison to whom he specially cared to formally announce his engagement. People had ceased of late making remarks or inquiries, as nothing had been successful in extracting information from him in the past. Giving directions that his mail should be forwarded once a week, or twice a week if possible, to the railway-station nearest the Chiricahua Mountains, where he could get it by sending couriers once in a while, provided there was no danger in doing so, Lane marched away one evening on what proved to be an absence of an entire month. He never again saw Fort Graham until the end of September, and then only long enough to enable him to change from his scouting-rig into travelling costume, to throw a few clothes into a trunk, and to drive to the railway-station as fast as the ambulance could carry him, in order to catch the first express-train going East.

Nothing of very great importance had occurred on the scout. A few renegades managed to escape eastward from the reservation and to take to the mountains, through which Lane's command was then scouting; and to him and to his troop was intrusted the duty of capturing and bringing them back to the reservation. This took him many a long mile south of the railway. It was three weeks and more before he made his way to the reservation with his prisoners. There he found a small package of letters which had been forwarded direct from Graham, where they evidently knew that he would go into the Agency before reaching the railway, where his other letters were probably awaiting him. Among those which he received was one from Mr. Vincent. Briefly, it said to him, "If a possible thing, come to us as soon as you can obtain leave of absence. There are matters which excite my greatest apprehension, and I feel that I must see you. My health, I regret to say, is failing me rapidly. Come, if you can." Another was from Mrs. Vincent: she spoke with great anxiety of Mr. Vincent's waning health; said very little of Mabel, nothing whatever of Mr. Noel. She told him that the engagement had been formally announced to all their relatives, and that letters of congratulation had been showered on Mabel from all sides,—although there was some little surprise expressed that she should marry an army officer. "She, herself, has not been well at all, and I really believe that a visit from

you would do much to restore her health and spirits. She has been unlike herself ever since we came back from the mountains."

In this same package of letters were two from Mabel. These he read with infinite yearning in his heart, and they only served to increase the wordless anxiety and the intolerable sense of something lacking which he had first felt after the letter that announced Gordon Noel's visit to Deer Park. One more letter there was: this he opened, saw that it was type-written and had no signature, indignantly tore it into fragments, and tossed them to the wind.

The commanding general of the Department—an old and kind friend of Lane's—was then looking over affairs for himself, at the reservation. Lane obtained a few moments' conversation with him, briefly stated his needs, and showed him Mr. Vincent's letter. The instant the general saw the signature he looked up, startled, and then arose from his seat, put his hand on the captain's shoulder, and drew him to one side.

"My dear boy," he said, "there is later news than this. It is dated September 14, you see. Have you heard nothing more?"

"Nothing, general. What has happened?" answered Lane, his voice trembling and his bronzed face rapidly paling. "Am I—am I too late?"

"I fear so, Lane. Had Mr. Vincent a partner named Clark?"

"Yes, sir,—his junior partner."

"Clark defaulted, embezzled, hypothecated securities and heaven knows what all, blew out his brains in his private office, and Mr. Vincent stumbled over the body an hour afterwards, was prostrated by the shock, and died of heart-failure three days later. The papers were full of the tragedy for nearly a week; but there are none to be had here, I'm afraid. Now you will want to start at once. Never mind your troop. Just tell your lieutenant to report here to Captain Bright for orders, and I'll have them sent back to Graham by easy marches."

Late at night Lane reached the railway, only to find his train five hours behind. He telegraphed to Mabel that he would come to her as fast as train could bring him,—that the sad news had only just reached him. He strode for hours up and down the little platform under the glittering stars, yearning to reach her, to comfort and console her in this bitter sorrow. Time and again he turned over in mind the few particulars which he had obtained from the Department commander. They were all too brief, but pointed conclusively to one fact,—that Clark had been encouraged by the success of June to plunge still more deeply, in the hope of retrieving the losses of the past two years. Luckily for Vincent, he had used his June winnings in lifting the mortgage from his homestead and in taking up any of his outstanding paper, and so had little wherewith to supply his confident partner; but Lane wondered if the kindly old man had any idea that up to the end of August, at least, Clark had not sent to him, as directed, "the draft for the entire amount" to which referred the first letter Mr. Vincent had ever written him.

It was daybreak when the train came. It was noon when he sprang from the cars at Graham Station and into the ambulance sent to meet

him in response to his telegraphic request. Were there any letters? he eagerly asked. None now. A small package had been forwarded to the reservation last night, and must have passed him on the way. Others had been waiting for him at the mountain-station until he was reported by wire as arriving with his prisoners at the Agency. Everything then had been sent thither, and there would be no getting them before starting. At Graham the telegraph operator showed him the duplicates of the telegrams that had come for him in his absence,—only two. One announced Mr. Clark's suicide and Vincent's prostration and danger; the other, two days later, briefly read, "Mr. Vincent died this morning. Mrs. Vincent and Mabel fairly well."

Both were signed "Gordon Noel," and a jealous pang shot through the poor fellow's heart as he realized that in all their bereavement and grief it was Noel's privilege to be with them and to be of use to them, while he, her affianced husband, was far beyond hail. He was ashamed of his own thoughts an instant after, and bitterly upbraided himself that he was not thankful that they could have had so attentive and thoughtful an aid as Noel well knew how to be. Yet—why was not Reginald sufficient?

He had torn into fragments the anonymous sheet that had met him at the reservation, and yet its words were gnawing at his heartstrings now, and he could not crush them down:

"Why was your engagement denied? Because she still cared for Will Rossiter and hoped he might come back to her after all.

"Why did Gordon Noel stay at the other hotel the second and third times he spent Sunday at Deer Park? Because she wished to hide from her mother, as she did from you, that he came at all.

"Why does she meet him on the street instead of at home? Because her father interposed in your behalf; but all the same you are being betrayed."

These words—or others exactly of their import, were what met his startled eyes at Chiricahua, but the instant he noted that these carefully type-written sentences were followed by no signature at all,—not even the oft-abused "A Friend,"—indignation and wrath followed close on the heels of his amaze, and in utter contempt he had destroyed the cowardly sheet; but he could not so easily conquer the poison thus injected in his veins. All the long, long journey to the East they haunted him, dancing before his eyes, sleeping or waking, and it was with haggard face and wearied frame that he reached the Queen City, and, taking a cab, drove at once to her home.

It was a lovely evening in early October. The sun had been shining brilliantly all day long, and almost everywhere doors and windows were open to woo the cool air now gently stirring. The cab stopped before the well-remembered steps, and Lane hastened to the broad door-way. No need to ring: the portals stood invitingly open. The gas burned brightly in the hall and in the sitting-room to the left. He entered unhesitatingly, and stood all alone in the room where he had spent so many happy hours listening to the music of her voice, watching the play and animation in her lovely face. He caught a glimpse of his own, gaunt, haggard, hollow-eyed, in the mirror over

the old-fashioned mantel. What was he, that he should have won a creature so radiant, so exquisite, as the girl who had made these silent rooms a heaven to him? There was the heavy portière that shut off the little passage to the library. His foot-fall made no sound in the deep, rich carpeting. It was there she welcomed him that wonderful Friday afternoon,—that day that was the turning-point, the climax, of his life. Hark! was that her voice, low, sweet, tremulous, in there now? Hush! Was that a sob?—a woman's suppressed weeping? Quickly he stepped forward, and in an instant had thrust aside the second portière; but he halted short at the threshold, petrified by the scene before him.

Mabel Vincent, clasped in Gordon Noel's embrace, her arms about his neck, gazing up into his face with almost worship in her weeping eyes, raised her lips to meet the passionate kiss of his. "My darling," he murmured, "what can you fear? Have you not given *me* the right to protect you?" And the handsome head was tossed proudly back and for one little minute was indeed heroic. Then, with instantaneous change, every drop of blood fled from his face, leaving it ashen, death-like.

"Gordon!" she cried, "what is it? Are you ill?"

Then, following the glance of his staring eyes, she turned, and saw, and swooned away.

XII.

A dreary winter was that of 188— at old Fort Graham. Captain Breese became major of the —th, and his troop was ordered to exchange with K, which had been so long at head-quarters, and this brought old Jim Rawlins up to take command of the little cavalry battalion at "the oasis." There were many of the officers—Rawlins among them—who thought that after his success with "the Devil's Own," as D Troop had been called, Lane was entitled to enjoy the position of battalion commander; but Mrs. Riggs had promptly asserted her belief that he was not in position to enjoy anything. He had come back to the post late in the fall, looking some years older and graver; he had been very ill at Jefferson Barracks, said letters from that point, while waiting to take out a party of recruits to the regiment; he had resumed duty without a word to anybody of the matters that had so suddenly called him East, but there was no need of telling: they knew all about it; at least they said and thought they did. Mrs. Riggs had had such complete accounts from Noel, and had received such a sweet letter from Miss Vincent in reply to the one she had written congratulating her upon her engagement to *her* (Mrs. Riggs's) "*favorite among all the officers*,"—and the colonel's, too." "She was so sorry—so painfully distressed—about Captain Lane," said Mrs. Riggs. "She never really cared for him. It was gratitude and propinquity, and pleasure in his attentions, that she mistook for love; but she never knew what love was until she met Gordon. They were to be married early in the spring, and would take only a brief tour, for he had to be at his station. She dreaded coming to the regiment, though she would follow Gordon to the end of the world if he said so, for she knew there were people

who would blame her for breaking with Captain Lane as she had to ; but she knew long before she did so that they could never be happy together. She had written to him, telling him all, long before he came East and they had that dreadful scene in which Mr. Noel had behaved with such perfect self-command and such excessive consideration for Captain Lane's feelings. Of course, as Gordon said, all possibility of reconciliation or future friendship between them was at an end unless Captain Lane humbly apologized. She had been mercifully spared hearing it ; for the fearful expression of his face when they discovered him listening at the portière had caused her to faint away, and she only came to, Gordon said, in time to prevent his pitching him out of the window, so utterly was he tried. She was so thankful to have in Mrs. Riggs a friend who would not see Gordon wronged, and who could be counted on to deny any stories that poor Captain Lane in his disappointment might put in circulation."

But Lane never mentioned the subject. As for the letters to which she referred, they all followed him East in one bundle and were sent to her unopened ; and she knew when she wrote to Mrs. Riggs that, though she might have "told him all," as she said, he never knew a word of it until his eyes and ears revealed the truth that wretched night in the library where his brief, sweet love-dream began and ended.

There were other matters wherein Mr. Noel himself was consulting Mrs. Riggs. He was now senior first lieutenant. Any accident of service might make him a captain, and then, if precedent were followed, "he might be ordered to join at once. Ordinarily, as she well knew, nothing would give him greater joy ; but now—solely on Mabel's account—he hesitated. A friend at the War Department had said that, if Colonel Riggs would approve, a six months' leave to visit Europe, for the purpose of prosecuting his professional studies, might be obtained. Would she kindly, etc., etc."

There was no one to write or speak for Lane : only one side of the story was being told, and, though the men had had little else than contempt for Noel, they were of small account in moulding garrison opinions as compared with two or three determined women.

But no one saw the sorrowful, almost heart-broken, letter written by Mrs. Vincent to Lane. She had no words in which to speak of Mabel's conduct. They had both been deceived ; and yet she implored him for forgiveness for her child. The world was all changed now. Their home remained to them, and her own little fortune, together with the wreck of Mr. Vincent's, but Regy had to go out into the world and seek to earn what he could. He had no idea of business. There was no one to step in and build up the old firm, and the executors had advised that everything be closed out. Mr. Clark's affairs had been left in lamentable confusion, but luckily he had nothing else to leave,—nothing, that is, but confusion and creditors. People were constantly importuning her for payment of his liabilities, claiming that they were contracted by the firm. Her lawyers absolutely forbade her listening to such demands. If she paid one-fourth of them she would have nothing left. Lane thought of his sacrificed Cheyenne property and the little fortune he had so freely offered up to save to the girl he loved

the home in which she had been reared. The very roof under which the girl had plighted her troth to him and then dishonored it for Noel—under which, day after day, she was now receiving, welcoming, caressing him—was practically rescued for her and her mother by the money of the man she had cast aside.

The wedding-cards came in April. It was to be a quiet affair, because of the death of Mr. Vincent within the year. Lane read the announcement in the *Army and Navy Journal*, and sat for a while, the paper dropping to the floor and his head upon his hands. Elsewhere in its columns he found a full account, written evidently by some one thoroughly well acquainted with all the parties, except perhaps the gallant groom.

When Lane's servant tiptoed in at reveille the next morning to prepare the bath and black the boots, he was surprised to find that officer sitting at his desk with his head pillowed in his arms. He had not been to bed, and did not know that reveille had sounded. Was he ill? Did he need the doctor? No. He had to sit up late over some letters and papers, and had finally fallen asleep there. All the same Dr. Gowen, happening into the hospital while Lane was visiting one of his men after sick-call, stopped, and keenly examined his face.

"I want you to go right to your quarters and stay there, Lane, for you've got a fever, and, I believe, mountain fever," were his immediate orders. "I'll be with you in a moment." It was only the beginning of what proved to be a trying illness of several weeks' duration. When Lane was able to sit up again, it was the recommendation of the post-surgeon and of his regimental commander that he be sent East on sick-leave for at least three months. And the first week of June found him at West Point: he had many old and warm friends there, and their companionship and cordiality cheered him greatly. One night, strolling back from parade to the broad piazza of the hotel, he saw the stage drive up from the landing and a number of visitors scurry up the steps in haste to escape the prying eyes of the older arrivals, who invariably thronged the south piazza at such times and curiously inspected the travel-stained and cinder-spotted faces of those whose ill luck it was to have to run that social gauntlet. There was something familiar in the face of a young lady following a portly matron into the hall, and when a moment later he came upon the massive frame of Mr. Amos Withers, registering himself, his wife, daughters, and Miss Marshall, of the Queen City, Lane knew at once that it was his friend of the dismal dinner of nearly a year ago. Later that evening he met her in the hall, and was surprised at the prompt and pleasant recognition which she gave him. It was not long before they were on the north piazza, watching that peerless view up the Hudson, and, finding that she had never been there before and was enthusiastic in her admiration of the scenery, Lane took pleasure in pointing out to her the various objects of interest that could be seen through the brilliant sheen of moonlight. And so, having made himself at once useful and entertaining, he finally went to his bed with a sensation of having passed rather a brighter evening than he had known in a long, long time.

On the following day Miss Marshall was in the hall, reading,

when he came out from breakfast. She was waiting, she said, for Mrs. Withers to come down. The nurse was dressing the children.

"I want to ask you something, Captain Lane. I saw Mrs. Vincent just before I left home, and had a little talk with her. She has always been very kind to me. Did you ever receive a letter she wrote to you three or four weeks ago?"

"I never did," said Lane. "Do you think that she did write to me?"

"I know she did. She told me so, and expressed great surprise that you had accorded her no answer. She felt very sure of your friendship, and she was at a loss to understand your silence. Although I had only met you once or twice before, I felt that I knew you so well that you could not refuse to answer a letter from so lovable a woman as she, and I deemed it my duty to let you know what she had told me. I am very glad now that I did so."

"Is she at home?" asked Lane, eagerly.

"She was when I left, but they were expecting to go to the mountains. Mrs. Noel seems to be drooping a little. The weather is very warm there already, as you know, and the doctor has advised that both ladies go up to Deer Park. Mrs. Noel doesn't wish to go, as it takes her so far from her husband; but, as he was able to get there quite frequently when they were there before, I see no reason why he should not be able to join them every week now."

"Was he there frequently when they were there before?" asked Lane, an old, dull pain gnawing at his heart.

"He was there three or four times to my knowledge during our stay, but of course his visits were very brief: he came generally Saturday and went away at midnight Sunday."

"I will go and telegraph to Mrs. Vincent. If need be, I will go and see her; and I thank you very much, Miss Marshall."

That evening he received a despatch from Mrs. Vincent in response to the one sent almost immediately after this conversation. "If possible, come here. I greatly desire to see you. Wire answer." What could it mean?

By the first train on the following morning he left for New York, and was far on his way to the Queen City when sunset came. Arriving there, he went first to the old hotel, and, after changing his dress and removing the stains of travel, for the first time since his memorable visit of October he mounted the broad stone steps and asked to see Mrs. Vincent. She came down almost instantly, and Lane was shocked to see how she had failed since their last meeting. Years seemed to have been added to her age; her hair was gray; the lines in her gentle, patient face had deepened. She entered, holding forth both hands, but when she looked into his eyes her lips quivered and she burst into tears. Lane half led, half supported her to a chair, and, drawing one to her side, spoke soothingly to her. For a few moments she could not speak, and when she did he checked her.

"Oh, you too have aged and suffered! and it is all our doing,—all our doing!" she moaned, as her tears burst forth anew.

"Never mind my crow's-feet and gray hairs, dear lady," he said.

"It is high time I began to show signs of advancing age. Then, too, I am just up from a siege of mountain fever."

"Was that the reason you did not answer?" she presently asked.

"I never got your letter, Mrs. Vincent. When was it mailed?"

"About the 10th of May. I remember it well, because—it was just after Mabel and Captain Noel got back from their tour."

"Pardon me, but did you post it yourself?"

"No. The postman always takes my letters. I leave them on the little table in the vestibule."

"Where any one can see them?"

"Yes; but who would touch my letters?"

Lane did not know, of course. He was only certain that nothing from Mrs. Vincent had reached him during the past six months.

"Captain Lane," she said, at last, "I want you to tell me the truth. Just after Mabel's marriage I heard that a story was in circulation to the effect that it was your money that enabled Mr. Vincent to tide over the crisis in his affairs a year ago. It was even said that you had sold property at a loss to supply him with means; and some people in society are so cruel as to say that Mabel's trousseau was actually purchased with your money, because it had never been repaid. I know that Mr. Vincent often spoke of his obligation and gratitude to you. Tell me truly and frankly, Captain Lane: did you give my husband money? Is this story true?"

"I never gave Mr. Vincent a cent."

"Oh, I am so thankful! We have been the means of bringing such sorrow to you——"

"I beg you, make no reference to that, Mrs. Vincent. Neither your honored husband nor you have I ever thought in the least responsible. And as for this other matter, you have been misinformed."

"What cruel, reckless stories people tell! It hurt me terribly; and then when no answer came to my letter I felt that probably there was something in it, and that you were hiding the truth from me. Mabel heard it too; but she said that Captain Noel investigated it at once and found that it was utterly false. I could not be satisfied until I had your own assurance."

"And now you have it," he said, with a smile that shone on his worn face and beamed about his deep-set eyes like sunshine after April showers. "You are going to be advised now, are you not, and seek change and rest in the mountains?"

"We meant to go this week; but Mrs. Paterson, of Philadelphia, is urging us to spend the summer with her at the sea-shore, where she has a roomy cottage. She is a cousin of Captain Noel's, and was an intimate friend of Mabel's at school. That was where my daughter first heard of him. Oh, I wish—I wish——"

And here once more Mrs. Vincent's tears poured forth, and it was some time before she could control herself.

At last the captain felt that he must go. It was now his purpose to leave town as soon as he could attend to one or two matters of business.

"Shall I not see you again?" she asked, as he rose to take his leave.

"I fear not," he answered. "There is nothing to require more

than an hour or two of attention here, and then I shall seek a cooler spot for a few weeks' rest, then back to the regiment."

"But we—that is, I heard you had three months' sick-leave."

"Very true; but I only need one, and I am best with my troop."

"Tell me," she asked: "is it true that there is trouble brewing again among the Indians,—at San Carlos, isn't it?"

"There seems to be bad blood among them, and no doubt disaffection; but if sufficient troops are sent to the Agency and to scout around the reservation they can be held in check."

"But I have been told that you have too small a force to watch them. I wish you were not going back; but it is like you, Captain Lane."

And so they parted. He saw and heard and asked nothing of his whilom *fiancée*. He did not wish to see her husband. He meant to have left town that very evening, after brief consultation with a real-estate agent whom he had had occasion to employ in his service; but even as he was stowing his travelling—"kit" in a roomy leather bag there came a knock at his door and there entered a man in plain civilian dress, who motioned the bell-boy to clear out, and then held forth a photograph:

"Captain Lane, is that your man Taintor?"

"That is certainly like the man," was Lane's answer, after careful inspection. "Have you got him?"

"No, sir. We had him, and took Captain Noel to see him, and the captain said there was some mistake. He wears his hair and beard different now; but we know where he is,—at least, where he was up to yesterday. He left his lodgings at noon, and took a bag with him, as though he meant to be away a few days. He does copying and type-writing, and manages to get along and support a good-looking young woman who passes as his wife. *That's* what we think brought him back here last winter."

"Why didn't you take some of the recruiting-party to see him? They could identify him."

"All the old men that were with you are gone, sir. It's a new lot entirely. They said the sergeant couldn't get along with the captain at all, and they were all sent away."

"Where's the woman who kept the lodging-house for the party?"

"She's gone too, sir. They moved away last winter because Captain Noel gave the contract to another party in a different part of the town. We let the thing slide for quite a while; but when the Chief heard that you had arrived in town he thought he'd shadow the fellow until you could see him, but he had skipped. Was there any way he could have heard you were coming?"

"No. I telegraphed from West Point to Mrs. Vincent. She was the only one who knew."

"Beg pardon, sir, but isn't that Captain Noel's mother-in-law? The captain lives there, I think."

Lane turned sharply and studied the man's face. A question was at his very tongue's end,—“You do not suppose *he* could have given warning?”—but he stifled it, his lips compressing tight.

"If you think he has gone because of my coming, I will leave on the late train, as I purposed, and you can wire to me when he returns. Then keep him shadowed until I get here."

And with this understanding they parted, Lane going at once to a cool resort on one of the great lakes. Four days later came the despatch he looked for, and, accompanied by two detectives, Lane knocked at the indicated door-way one bright, sunshiny afternoon within forty-eight hours thereafter.

A comely young woman opened the door just a few inches and inquired what was wanted. "Mr. Graves was not at home." He certainly would not have been in a minute more, for a man swung out of the third-story window, and, going hand by hand down the convenient lightning-rod, dropped into the arms of a waiting officer, and that night the forger and deserter spent behind the bars in the Central Station. The identification was complete.

Lane was to appear and make formal charge against him the following morning. Going down to an early breakfast, he picked up one of the great dailies at the news-stand, and, after taking his seat at table and ordering a light repast, he opened the still moist sheet. The first glance at the head-lines was enough to start him to his feet. "Indian Outbreak." "The Apaches on the War-Path." "Murder of Agent Curtis at San Carlos." "Massacre of a Stage-Load of Passengers." "Captain Rawlins, Eleventh Cavalry, a victim." "Horrible Atrocities." "Troops in Pursuit."

It was the old, old story briefly told. Warnings disregarded; official reports of the neighboring troop-commanders pooh-poohed and pigeon-holed by functionaries of the Indian Bureau; a sudden, startling rush of one body upon the agent and his helpless family; a simultaneous dash from the other end of the reservation upon the scattered ranches in the valley; a stage-coach ambushed; a valued old soldier butchered in cold blood. There was no more thought of breakfast for Lane. He hurried to the telegraph-office, thence to the police-station, thence to an attorney whom he was advised to employ, and by noon he was whirling westward. "No laggard he" when the war-cry rang along the blazing border.

XIII.

The *Morning Chronicle*, a most valuable sheet in its way, in its Sunday edition contained the following interesting item:

"No event in social circles has eclipsed of late the banquet given at the club last night in honor of Captain Gordon Noel, of the Eleventh Cavalry, on the eve of his departure to take command of his troop, now hastening to the scene of Indian hostilities in Arizona. As is well known to our citizens, the news of the murderous outbreak at the reservation was no sooner received than this gallant officer applied instantly to be relieved from his present duties in our midst and ordered to join his comrades in the field, that he might share with them the perils of this savage warfare.

"Covers were laid for forty. The table was decorated with flowers and glistened with plate and crystal. The most conspicuous device was

the crossed sabres of the cavalry, with the number 11 and the letter K, that being the designation of the captain's company. His honor Mayor Jenness presided, and the Hon. Amos Withers faced him at the other end of the banquet-board. The speech of the evening was made by Mayor Jenness in toasting 'our gallant guest,' which was drunk standing and with all honors. We have room only for a brief summary of his remarks. Alluding to the previous distinguished services of the captain, he said that 'In every Territory of our broad West his sabre has flashed in the defence of the weak against the strong, the poor settler against the powerful and numerous savage tribes too often backed by official influence at Washington. And now, while cheeks were blanching and hearts were still stricken by the dread news of the butcheries and rapine which marked the Indians' flight, when others shrank from such perilous work, where was the man who could suppress the fervent admiration with which he heard that there was one soldier who lost no time in demanding relief from duty here, that he might speed to the head of the gallant fellows already in the field, who had followed him in many a stirring charge and through all "the current of many a heady fight;" whose hearts would leap for joy at sight of their beloved leader's face,—the man who never yet had failed them, the man who never yet had faltered in his duty, the man whose sword was never drawn without reason, never sheathed without honor,—our soldier guest, Captain Gordon Noel?"

"Much affected, it was some minutes before the captain could respond. The modesty of the true soldier restrained his eloquence. 'He knew not how to thank them for this most flattering testimony of their confidence and regard; he far from deserved the lavish praise of their honored chairman. If in the past he had succeeded in winning their esteem, all the more would he try to merit it now. No soldier could remain in security when such desperate deeds called his comrades to the fray; and as he had ever shared their dangers in the old days, so must he share them now. His heart, his home, his bride, to part from whom was bitter trial, he left with them to guard and cherish. Duty called him to the front, and with to-morrow's sun he would be on his way. But, if it pleased God to bear him safely through, he would return to them, to greet and grasp each friendly hand again, and meantime to prove himself worthy the high honor they had done him.'

"There was hardly a dry eye at the table when the gallant soldier finished his few remarks and then took his seat.

"Besides winning the heart and hand of one of the loveliest of the Queen City's daughters, the captain has made hosts of friends in our midst, and we predict that when the records of the campaign are written no name will shine with brighter lustre than that of Gordon Noel."

This doubtless was delightful reading to Noel and to Noel's relatives. Doubtless, too, it was some comfort to poor Mabel as she lay pale, anxious, sore at heart on the following day, while her husband and lover—as he undoubtedly was—sped westward with the fast express. But there was a great deal about the *Chronicle's* account that would have elicited something more than a broad grin from officers who knew Noel well.

An entire week had elapsed from the time that the first tidings were received to the moment when he finally and most reluctantly left the Queen City. The first intimation was enough to start Captain Lane, despite the fact that his health was far from restored and that he was yet by no means strong. He felt confident that the Indians would be joined by some of the Chiricahuas, and that the campaign would be fierce and stubborn. Telegraphing to the regimental adjutant and the general commanding the department that he intended to start at once, and asking to be notified *en route* where he could most speedily join the troop, he was on his way within six hours.

That very night, although no mention was made of this in the *Chronicle* account, Captain Noel received a despatch from the Adjutant-General's Office at Washington briefly to this effect: "You become Captain of K Company, *vice* Rawlins, murdered by Apaches. Hold yourself in readiness to turn over the rendezvous and join your regiment without delay." No news could have been more unwelcome. Despite his many faults, there was no question that Gordon Noel was very much in love with his wife; but he never had been in love with the active part of his profession. That night he telegraphed to relatives who had stood by him in the past, and wrote urgent and pleading letters informing them that his wife's health was in so delicate a state that if he were compelled at this moment to leave her and to go upon perilous duty in the Apache country there was no telling what might be the effect upon her. If a possible thing, he urged that there should be a delay of a fortnight. He calculated that by that time the Indians would either be safe across the Mexican border or whipped back to the reservation; then he could go out and join with a flourish of trumpets and no possible danger. But a new king reigned in the War Department, who knew Joseph rather than knew him not. In some way the honorable Secretary had become acquainted with the previous history of Captain Noel's campaign services, and, though the influential gentlemen referred to made prompt and eloquent appeal, they were met by courteous but positive denial. "Every man who was worth his salt," said the Secretary, "should be with his regiment now." An officer was designated to proceed at once to the Queen City and take over Noel's rendezvous and property, and peremptory orders were sent to him to start without delay and to notify the department by telegraph of the date of his departure,—a most unusual and stringent proceeding. This correspondence Noel never mentioned to anybody at the time, and it was known only to the official records for some time afterwards. As soon as he found that go he must, he dictated to his clerk a letter in which, gallant soldier that he was, he informed the Adjutant-General that the news from Arizona had now convinced him that an outbreak of alarming dimensions had taken place, and he begged that he might be relieved as at his own request and permitted to join his comrades in the field. To this no reply was sent, as the order directing him to proceed had already been issued. Perhaps a grim smile played about the moustached lips of that functionary when he read this spirited epistle.

Noel left the Queen City a hero in the eyes of the populace. He

was just six days behind Lane, of whose movements the Queen City had no information whatever.

And now came an odd piece of luck,—a slip in the fortunes of war. The cavalry stationed in Arizona were so far from the reservation at the time that they had long and difficult marches to make. Only two or three troops that happened to be along the line of the railway reached the mountains neighboring San Carlos in time to quickly take the trail of the hostiles. Except the one little troop of cavalry on duty at the reservation, none of the horsemen in Arizona had as yet come in actual conflict with the renegades, and, oddly enough, it was the Eleventh that first met and struck them. Old Riggs himself had not taken the field, but the battalion from head-quarters had been whirled westward along the railway and actually reached the pass through the Chiricahua Range before the Indians. Expecting just such a possibility, these wary campaigners had their scouts far in advance of the main body, and prompt warning was given, so that only the rear-guard of the Indians was reached by the eager cavalymen; the bulk of the Apaches turned eastward and swept down like ravening wolves upon the defenceless settlers in the San Simon Valley, burning, murdering, pillaging as they went, full fifty miles a day, while their pursuers trailed helplessly behind. When they had succeeded in crossing the railway most of their number were mounted on fresh horses, and the section-hands, who saw them from afar off, telegraphed from the nearest station that they had with them six or eight women and children whose husbands and fathers doubtless lay weltering in their blood along the route. Full seven days now had they been dodging through the mountains and swooping down upon the ranchmen, and so skilfully had they eluded their pursuers and defeated their combinations that now they had a commanding lead and actually nothing between them and the Mexican frontier,—nothing in Arizona, that is to say. But look just across the border. There, spurring steadily southwestward until halted for the night in San Simon Pass, comes a little troop of cavalry, not more than thirty-five in number. All day long since earliest dawn had they ridden across the burning sands of a desert region; lips, nostrils, eyelids smarting with alkali-dust, throats parched with thirst, temples throbbing with the intense heat; several men and horses used up and left behind were now slowly plodding back towards the railway. Look at the leader one of those leaders wears upon his worn old scouting-hat,—D. Yes, it is the “Devil’s own D’s,” and Lane is at their head.

At the moment of the outbreak, both companies from Graham, K and D, or strong detachments from both, were scouting through the country,—one through the northern Peloncillo Range, the other far up among the head-waters of the Gila. Not a word did they hear of the trouble until it was several days old; then D Troop was amazed by the sudden appearance of their captain in their midst,—Lane, whom they supposed to be on sick-leave far in the distant East. It was then for the first time they learned how their comrades of K Troop had lost their popular old commander, and that the great outbreak had occurred at San Carlos. Stopping only long enough to cram their pouches with ammunition and to draw more rations, the troop hastened away towards

the railroad by way of Graham, and at the station, just at dawn, Lane sent a brief despatch to the commanding general saying that he was pushing with all speed to head the Indians off *via* San Simon Pass. He had then forty-five men and horses, in fair condition. K Troop would reach Graham that evening, and he urged that they be sent at once to reinforce him. This despatch "the Chief" received with an emphatic slap of his thigh and an expression of delight: "Bless that fellow Lane! he is always in the nick of time. I had not hoped for an instant that either D or K would be available, and now look," he said to his aide-de-camp, "he has started for San Simon Pass, and will probably throw himself across their front. Only I wish he had more men."

"Shall I wire to Graham to have K rush after him, sir?"

"Yes. Order them to start the instant they can refit, and not to take more than an hour in doing that. They have been having easy work on their scout,—probably taking it leisurely all the time; they ought to be in first-rate trim. D, on the contrary, has been making long and rapid marches to get down from the Upper Gila. Where was K at last accounts?"

"Couriers had gone to the Upper Peloncillo for them several days ago, and, as Lane says, they are expected at Graham this evening. Lane, himself, rode after his own men two hours after he got to the post from the East, and Noel, who is K's new captain, is due at Graham Station to-night."

"Then send him orders to lead his troop instantly, follow and support Lane. Tell him not to lose a moment on the way. Everything may depend upon his promptness and zeal."

And so it happened that when Captain Noel stepped from the train that afternoon at the old station the telegraph messenger came forward to meet him, touching his cap and saying, "This despatch has been awaiting you, sir, since eleven o'clock this morning. I have just had a despatch from the post, and K Troop got in two hours ago and is already starting. Lieutenant Mason says an orderly is coming ahead with a horse and the captain's field-kit. Shall I wire for anything else?"

Noel opened the despatch which had been handed him, and read it with an expression that plainly indicated perturbation, if not dismay. He had not been in saddle for an entire year.

"Why, I must go out to the post!" he said to the operator. "I am not at all ready to take the field. Let them know that I have arrived, and will come out there without delay. Better have the troop unsaddled and wait for my coming."

"Will the captain pardon me?" said the operator; "the orders from the Department commander that went through this morning were that the troop should not take more than an hour in refitting at the post and should start at once. I thought I could see them coming over the divide just as the whistle blew."

The captain's face gave no sign of enthusiasm as he received this news. He was still pondering over the contents of his despatch from the commanding general,—its tone was so like that of his order from

the War Department,—so utterly unlike what his admiring circle of relatives and friends would have expected. Stepping into the telegraph-office, he took some blanks and strove to compose a despatch that would convince the general that he was wild with eagerness to ride all night to the support of Lane, and yet that would explain how absolutely necessary it was that he should first go out to the post. But the Fates were against him. Even as he was gnawing the pencil and cudgelling his brains, the operator called out,—

“Here come some of ’em now, sir.”

And, looking nervously from the window, Noel saw three horsemen galloping in to the station. Foremost came a lieutenant of infantry, who sprang to the ground and tossed the reins to his orderly the instant he neared the platform. One of the men had a led horse, completely equipped for the field, with blankets, saddle-bags, carbine, canteen, and haversack; and Noel’s quick intuition left him no room to believe that the steed was intended for any one but him.

The infantryman came bounding in: “Is this Captain Noel? I am Mr. Renshaw, post-adjutant, sir, and I had hoped to get here in time to meet you on your arrival, but we were all busy getting the troop ready. You’ve got your orders, sir, haven’t you? My God! captain, *can’t* you wire to the fort and beg the major to let me go with you? I’ll be your slave for a lifetime. I’ve never had a chance to do a bit of real campaigning yet, and no man could ask a bullier chance than this. Excuse me, sir, I know you want to get right into scouting rig,—Mr. Mason said his ‘extras’ would fit you exactly,—but if you could take me along—you’re bound to get there just in time for the thick of it.” And the gallant little fellow looked, all eagerness, into Noel’s unresponsive face. What wouldn’t the hero of the Queen City Club have given to turn the whole thing over to this ambitious young soldier and let him take his chances of “glory or the grave”!

“Very thoughtful of you all, I’m sure, to think of sending horse and kit here for me, but I really ought to go out to the post. There are things I must attend to. You see, I left the instant I could induce them to relieve me, and there was no time to make preparations.”

“But—you can’t have heard, captain: your troop will be here in ten minutes. Captain Lane by this time is past Pyramid Mountain, and will strike them early in the morning. There won’t be any time to go out to the post: you’ve got to ride at trot or gallop most of the night as it is—”

“Captain Noel, pardon me, sir,” interposed the operator. “The general is in the office at Wilcox Station. He wants to know if you have started from here.”

“Tell him the troop isn’t here yet. I—I’m waiting for it.”

“Yonder comes the troop, sir,” called out Mr. Renshaw, who had run to the door. “Now let me help you off with your ‘cits.’ Bring that canvas bag in here, orderly.”

Three minutes brought a message from “the Chief:” “Lose not a moment on the way. Report here by wire the arrival of your troop and the moment you start. Behind time now.”

Poor Noel! There was no surgeon to certify that his pallid cheeks

were due to impaired heart-action, no senatorial cousin to beg for staff duty, no Mrs. Riggs to interpose. He had just time to send a despatch to Mabel announcing that he took the field at the head of his troop at once, another (collect) to Amos Withers, Esq., of similar import, and one to the general, saying that at 4.45 they were just on the point of starting, when the troop, fifty strong and in splendid trim, came trotting in, and Mr. Mason grimly saluted his new captain and fell back to the command of the first platoon.

"Noel to the Front!" was the *Chronicle's* head-line on the following morning far away in the Queen City.

XIV.

Not an instant too soon, although he has ridden hard since earliest dawn, has Lane reached the rocky pass. North and south the Peloncillos are shrouded in the gloom of coming night, and all over the arid plain to the eastward darkness has settled down. In previous scouts he has learned the country well, and he knows just where to turn for "tanks" of cool water for horses, mules, and men,—the cavalry order of precedence when creature comforts are to be doled out. He knows just where to conceal his little force in the recesses of the rocks and let them build tiny fires and make their coffee and then get such rest as is possible before the coming day; but there is no rest for him. Taking two veteran soldiers with him, and leaving the troop to the command of his lieutenant, an enthusiastic young soldier only a year out of the cadet gray, the captain rides westward through the gloaming. He must determine at once whether the Indians are coming towards the pass by which the San Simon makes its burst through the range, or whether, having made wide *détour* around the little post at Bowie among the Chiricahua Mountains, they are now heading southward again and taking the shortest line to the border before seeking to regain once more their old trail along the San Bernardino. How often have their war-parties gone to and fro along those rocky banks, unmolested, unpursued!

And now, secure in the belief that they have thrown all the cavalry far to the rear in the "stern-chase" which no Apache dreads, well knowing how easily he can distance his hampered pursuers, the renegades, joined by a gang of the utterly "unreconstructed" Chiricahuas, are taking things easily and making raids on the helpless ranches that lie to the right or left of their line of march. Fortunately for the records, these are few in number; had there been dozens more they would only have served to swell the list of butchered men, of plundered ranches, of burning stacks and corrals, of women and children borne off to be the sport of their leisure hours when once secure in the fastnesses of the Sierra Madres far south of the line. Death could not too soon come to the relief of these poor creatures, and Lane and all his men had been spurred to the utmost effort by the story of the railway-hands that they had plainly seen several women and children bound to the spare animals the renegades drove along across the iron track.

Among the passengers in the pillaged stage-coach were the wife and daughter of an Indian agent, who had only recently come to this arid Territory and knew little of the ways of its indigenous people. Nothing had since been seen or heard of them. Captain Rawlins and two soldiers going up as witnesses before a court-martial at Grant were found hacked almost beyond recognition, and the driver too, who seemed to have crawled out among the rocks to die. Verily the Apaches had good reason to revel in their success! They had hoodwinked the Bureau, dodged the cavalry, plundered right and left until they were rich with spoil, and now, well to the south of the railway, with a choice of either east or west side of the range, their main body and prisoners are halted to rest the animals, while miles to the rear their faithful vedettes keep watch against pursuers, and miles out to the west the most active young warriors are crying havoc at the ranch of Tres Hermanos. It is the red glare of the flame towards the sunset horizon that tells Lane the Apaches cannot be far away. The instant he and his comrades issue from the gorge and peer cautiously to the right and left, not only do they see the blaze across the wide valley, but northward, not more than half a mile away, there rises upon the night-wind a sound that they cannot mistake,—the war-chant of the Chiricahuas.

"Thank God," cries Lane, "we are here ahead of them!"

Half an hour's reconnoissance reveals to him their position. Far up among the boulders of the range, where pursuing horsemen cannot rush upon them in the night, they have made their bivouac, and are having a revel and feast while awaiting the return of the raiders or news from the rear that they must be moving. The range is rugged and precipitous north of the gorge; cavalry cannot penetrate it; but Lane's plan is quickly laid. He will let his men sleep until two o'clock, keeping only three sentries on the lookout, one of them mounted and west of the gorge to give warning should the Indians move during the night. Then, leaving the horses concealed among the rocks south of the stream, with two men to guard them, he will lead his company up the heights and as close as possible to the Apache camp, lie in hiding until it is light enough to distinguish objects, then dash down into their midst, rescue the prisoners in the panic and confusion that he knows will result from the sudden attack, send them back as rapidly as possible, guided by three or four men, to where his horses are corralled, while he and his little band interpose between them and any rally the Apaches may make.

Knowing well that they are armed with magazine rifles and supplied by a paternal Bureau with abundant ammunition, knowing that they outnumber him three to one, knowing that by sunrise the whole tribe will have reassembled and must infallibly detect the pitiful weakness of his own force, it is a desperate chance to take; but it is the only one—absolutely the only one—to save those tortured, agonized women, those terror-stricken little ones, from a fate more awful than words can portray.

By eight or nine in the morning, he argues, K Troop must certainly reach him; he knows them to be fresh and strong, he knows that they have had only short and easy marches and therefore can easily come

ahead all night long and be rounding the Pyramid Spur by daybreak. He knows Mason well, and can count on that young officer's doing his "level best" to support him. Alas! he does not know that Mason is compelled by this time to fall back to second place, and that the last man on whom he can possibly count "in a pinch" is now in command of the looked-for troop.

The night wears on without alarm. Well-nigh exhausted, Lane has thrown himself at the foot of a tree to catch what sleep he may, and he feels as though he had not closed his eyes when Corporal Shea bends over him to say it is two o'clock. Noiselessly the men are aroused; silently they roll out of their blankets, and, obedient to the low-toned "fall in" of the first sergeant, seize their arms and take their place in line. There Lane briefly explains the situation; tells them of the position of the Apache bivouac; details Corporal Riley and four men to search for, secure, and hie away with the prisoners, and orders all the rest to fight like the devil to drive the Apaches helter-skelter into the rocks. "Let not one word be said nor a trigger pulled until we are right among them. Wait for my command, unless we are detected and fired on. If we are, blaze away at once; but never stop your rush: get right in among them. Let Riley and his men make instant search, be sure they leave neither woman nor child behind, and start them back here. The rest of us will fall back slowly, keeping between them and the Apaches all the time. Never let them get near those prisoners. That is the main object of our attack. Once back here with the horses, we can pick out places in the rocks from which we can stand the Apaches off until K Troop comes. Rest assured Lieutenant Mason and his men will be along by eight or nine; and it cannot be that the cavalry now pursuing the Apaches from the north will be more than a few hours behind. Now, do you understand? for there will be no chance of orders up there. Leave your canteens; leave anything that will hinder or rattle. Those of you who have on spurs, take them off. Those of you who have Tonto or Apache moccasins, take off your top boots and put them on; they are all the better for going up these hill-sides. Now get your coffee, men; make no noise, light no additional fires, and be ready to move in twenty minutes."

Then he pencils this brief note:

"Commanding Officer Troop K, Eleventh Cavalry:

"We have headed the Apaches, and will attack their camp the instant it is light enough to see, rescue their captives, then fall back here to the gorge of the San Simon. They far outnumber us, and you cannot reach us too soon. I count upon your being here by eight in the morning, and hope with your aid to hold the enemy until Greene's command arrives. Then we ought to capture the whole band. Do not fail me.

"FREDERICK LANE,

"Captain Eleventh Cavalry."

This he gives to Sergeant Luce with orders to ride back on the trail until he meets K Troop and deliver it to Lieutenant Mason or whoever is in command; and in half an hour Luce is away.

And now, just as the dawn is breaking and a faint pallid light is stealing through the tree-tops along the rocky range, there come creeping slowly, noiselessly along the slope a score of shadowy forms, crouching from boulder to boulder, from tree to tree. Not a word is spoken, save now and then a whispered caution. Foremost, carbine in hand, is the captain, now halting a moment to give some signal to those nearest him, now peering ahead over the rocks that bar the way. At last he reaches a point where, looking down the dark and rugged hill-side before him, he sees something which causes him to unslung the case in which his field-glasses are carried, to gaze thither long and fixedly. With all eyes upon their leader, the men wait and listen: some cautiously try the hammers of their carbines and loosen a few cartridges in the loops of their prairie-belts. A signal from Lane brings Mr. Royce, the young second lieutenant, to his side. It is the boy's first experience of the kind, and his heart is thumping, but he means to be one of the foremost in the charge when the time comes. Watching closely, the nearest men can see that the captain is pointing out some object nearer at hand than they supposed, and the first sergeant, crouching to a neighboring rock, looks cautiously over, and then eagerly motions to others to join him.

The Apache hiding-place is not three hundred yards away.

Down the mountain-side to the west and up the range to the north their sentries keep vigilant guard against surprise; but what man of their number dreams for an instant that on the south, between them and the Mexican line, there is now closing in to the attack a little troop of veteran campaigners, led by a man whom they have learned to dread before now? Invisible from the valley below or the heights up the range, their smouldering fires can be plainly seen from where Lane and his men are now concealed. But nothing else can be distinguished.

Far over to the western side of the valley the faint red glow tells where lie the ruins of the ranch their young warriors have destroyed, and any moment now their exultant yells may be heard as they come scampering back to camp after a night of deviltry, and then everybody will be up and moving off and well on the way southward before the sun gets over the crest. Lane knows he must make his dash before they can return. There would be little hope of rescue for the poor souls lying there bound and helpless, with all those fierce young fighters close at hand.

The word is passed among the men: "Follow closely, but look well to your footing. Dislodge no stones." Then, slowly and stealthily as before, on they go,—this time down the hill towards the faint lights of the Indian bivouac. A hundred yards more, and Lane holds up his hand, a signal to halt; and here he gives Mr. Royce a few instructions in a low tone. The youngster nods his head and mutters to several of the men as he passes, "Follow me." They disappear among the rocks and trees to the right, and it is evident that they mean to work around to the east of the bivouac, so as to partially encircle them. Little by little the wan light grows brighter, and, close at hand, objects far more distinct. An Indian is just passing in front of the nearest blaze, and is lost in the gloom among the stunted trees. One

or two forms are moving about, but they can only dimly be distinguished. Lane argues, however, that they are getting ready to move, and no time is to be lost.

"Spread out now," is the order, "well to the right and left, and move forward. Be very careful." And once more they resume their cat-like advance. Nearer and nearer they creep upon the unsuspecting foe, and soon many a form of sleeping Apache can be made out, lying around in the grassy basin in which they are hiding for the night. Lane motions to Corporal Riley to come close to his side: "I can see nothing that looks like prisoners: they must be among the trees there, where that farthest fire is burning. Keep close to me with your men. Pass the word to the right, there. All ready."

And now they are so near the Indians that the voices of one or two squaws can be heard chatting in low tones; then the feeble wail of an infant is for a moment brought to their straining ears; then far out over the level valley to the west there is a sound that causes Lane's blood to tingle,—faint, distant, but unmistakable,—a chorus of Apache yells. The raiders are coming back: it is time to strike the blow. Now or never, seems to be the word as the men glance at their leader and then into each other's faces.

"Forward! no shot, no sound, till they see us; then cheer like mad as you charge! Come on, men!"

Quickly now following his lead, they go leaping down the hill-side. Thirty—fifty yards without mishap or discovery. Sixty, and still no sound from the defence; then a sudden stumble, the rattle of a carbine sliding down the rocks, a muttered execration; then a shrill, piercing scream from the midst of the bivouac; then——

"Charge!"

In they go!—the "Devil's own D's." The still air rings with their wild hurrahs and the crash of their carbines. The flame-jets light up the savage scene and show squaws and screaming children rushing for shelter among the rocks; Apache warriors springing from the ground, some manfully facing the rush of the foe, others fleeing like women down the hill-side. Never halting an instant, the soldiers dash through the camp, driving the dusky occupants helter-skelter. Lane finds himself confronted one instant by a savage warrior whose eyes gleam like tiger's under the thatch of coarse black hair, and whose teeth gnash in fury as he tries to force a fresh cartridge into his breech-loader. No time for Lane to reload. He clubs his carbine, and the hammer comes crashing down on the Indian's skull just as Corporal Riley drives a bullet through his heart.

"Look to the captives, man!" shouts Lane. "Don't follow me! Drive them! drive them, Royce!" are his ringing orders, as he himself dashes on past the fires and into the feeble morning light beyond.

Bang! bang! the carbines are ringing through the rocks and trees; cheer upon cheer goes up from the little command, mingled with Indian yells and the screams of the terrified children.

"Riley's got 'em, sir," he hears his boy-trumpeter call. "Some of 'em, anyhow. There's two white women."

"Never mind, lad," he answers. "Don't sound the recall till I tell you."

And again his ringing voice is heard among the tumult: "Forward! forward! drive them! keep them on the run, men!"

And so for five minutes longer, firing whenever a savage head appears, inflicting and receiving many a savage blow, but still victoriously forcing their way onward, the little band follow their leader down the rocks until apparently not an Apache is left in the immediate neighborhood of the old camp. Then at last the trumpet peals out its signal-recall.

And slowly and steadily, watchfully guarding against the possibility of leaving some wounded comrade among the rocks, the little command finally gathers once more around the fires in the camp.

Riley and his men have disappeared. A shout from up the rocks in the well-known Irish voice gives the glad intelligence that he has brought with him all the prisoners he could find in camp.

"There are three women, sir, and two little children,—two girls; they're so frightened that I can hardly find out much from them, but they say there was no more left."

"Very well, then. Now, men, open out right and left, and fall back very slowly. Sergeant, take six of the men and move up so as to be close to Riley in case they attack from the flank. Are we all here? Are any wounded or hurt?" He asks the question with a little stream of blood trickling down from his left temple, but of which he seems perfectly unaware: either an arrow or a bullet has torn the skin and made quite a furrow through the hair.

"Murphy, sir," says one of the men, "is shot through the arm, and Lathrop has got a bullet in the leg; but they're only flesh-wounds: they're lying here just back of us."

Lane turns about, and finds two of his men looking a little pale, but perfectly plucky and self-possessed. "We'll get you along all right, men," he says; "don't worry.—Now, lads, turn about every ten or fifteen steps, and see that they don't get close upon you. Look well to the left."

Then slowly they fall back towards the pass. Every now and then a shot comes whizzing by, as the Apaches regain courage and creep up to their abandoned camp. But not until they are well back over the ridge, and Riley and his little party, fairly carrying their rescued captives, are nearly out of harm's way, do the scattered warriors begin to realize how few in number their assailants must be. Rallying shouts can be heard among the rocks, and then there come the thunder of hoofs out on the plain below and the answering yells of the returning raiders.

"Run to Corporal Riley and tell him to make all the haste he can," Lane orders his trumpeter. "Tell him to get back to the horses, and then, as soon as he has left his women in a safe place there, to throw up stone shelters wherever it is possible.—Royce, you look out for this front. I will go to the left. If any of your men are hit, have them picked up and moved rapidly to the rear; of course we can't leave any wounded to fall into their hands; but, where possible, keep

your men under cover ; and keep under yourself, sir : don't let me see you exposing yourself unnecessarily, as I did a while ago."

And once again the retreat is resumed. Lane looks anxiously among the rocks down the hill to his left, every instant expecting to see the young braves hurrying to the assault. But now, as though in obedience to the signals of some leader, the Apaches cease their pursuit. Lane well knows that the matter is not yet concluded, but is thankful for the respite. Still warily his little force continues the withdrawal, and, without further molestation, reaches the gorge of the San Simon, and soon comes in sight of the dip among the rocks where the horses are still hidden. Here, too, Corporal Riley and his men are busily at work heaping up little breastworks of rock, and Lane directs that while the wounded—there are three now—are carried down to where the rescued women and children are lying, the other men fall to and help. In five minutes there are over a score of them at work, and not one instant too soon. Corporal Donnelly, who has been posted, mounted, at the western entrance to the defile, comes clattering in to say that at least a hundred Indians are swarming down the ridge.

And now the fight that opens is one in which the odds are greatly against the defenders. Lane has just time to climb to the height on the east and take one long look with his glasses over the flats beyond the pass, praying for a sight of a dust-cloud towards the Pyramid Spur, when with simultaneous crash of musketry and chorus of yells the Apaches come sweeping down to the attack.

XV.

Meantime, where are the looked-for supports? Lane, with wearied horses, had made the march from the railway-station to the pass in a little over fourteen hours. It was 5.30 when he started and 8.15 when he unsaddled among the rocks. He had come through the blazing sunshine of the long June day ; sometimes at the trot, sometimes at the lope, oftentimes dismounting and leading when crossing ridges or ravines. He was still pale and weak from his long illness, and suffering from a sorrow that had robbed him of all the buoyancy he had ever possessed. But the sense of duty was as strong as ever, and the soldier-spirit triumphed over the ills of the flesh.

Noel, starting at 4.45 P.M., with horses and men fresh and eager, with a guide who knew every inch of the way, and the bright starlight to cheer his comrades, could reasonably be expected to cover the same ground in the same time ; every old cavalryman knows that horses travel better by night than by day. By good rights he and his men should be at the pass at least an hour before the time set by Lane. It was only a week before that the captain had declared at the "Queen City" that he had never felt so "fit" in his life and a campaign would just suit him. Things seemed to have a different color, however, as he watched the going down of the sun behind the distant Peloncillos. The words of the young infantry adjutant kept recurring to him, and he knew of old that when Lane started after Indians he was "dead sure to get 'em," as Mr. Mason was good enough to remind him.

Twice before sunset the guide had ventured to suggest a quicker gait, but Noel refused, saying that he did not mean to get his horses to the scene worn out and unfit for pursuit. Mr. Mason, who heard this, begged to remind the captain that pursuit was not the object: they were expected to get there in time to help Lane head off the attempt at further flight, and to hold the Apaches, wherever met, until the pursuing force could reach them from the north and hem them in. Noel ranked Mason only a few files and knew well that all the regiment would side with his subaltern: so he was forced to a show of cordiality and consideration. He rode by the lieutenant's side, assuring him of the sense of strength it gave him to have with him a man of such experience. "For your sake, Mason, I wish I had been twelve hours later, so that you could have had the glory of this thing to yourself; but you know I couldn't stand it. I had to pull wires like sin to get relieved, as it was. Old Hudson, the head of the recruiting-service, just swore he wouldn't let me go, because I had had good luck in the class and number of the recruits I sent him. Personally, too, I'm in no shape to ride. See how fat I've grown?"

Mason saw, but said a fifty-mile ride ought not to stagger any cavalryman, hard or soft, and made no reply whatever to the captain's account of how he succeeded in getting relieved. He didn't believe a word of it.

Night came on and found them still marching at steady walk. Halts for rest, too, had been frequently ordered, and at last Mason could stand it no longer. After repeated looks at his watch, he had burst out with an earnest appeal:

"Captain Noel, we'll never get there in time at this rate. Surely, sir, the orders you got from the general must be different from those that came to the post. *They* said, make all speed, lose not a moment. Did not yours say so too?"

"The general knew very well that I had marched cavalry too often not to understand just how to get there in time," was Noel's stately reply; and, though chafing inwardly, Mason was compelled to silence. Ten o'clock came, and still it was no better. Then both the lieutenant and the guide, after a moment's consultation during a rest, approached the captain and begged him to increase the gait; and when they mounted, the command did, for a while, move on at a jog, which Mason would fain have increased to the lope, but Noel interposed. Midnight, and more rests, found them fully ten miles behind the point where the guide and the lieutenant had planned to be. Even the men had begun to murmur among themselves, and to contrast the captain's spiritless advance with Mr. Mason's lively methods. Two o'clock, and the Pyramid Range was still far away. Daybreak came, and Mason was nearly mad with misery, the guide sullen and disgusted. Broad daylight,—six o'clock,—and here at last were the Pyramid Buttes at their right front, and, coming towards them on the trail, a single horseman. "It is Sergeant Luce," said some of the foremost troopers.

And Luce had a note, which he handed to Lieutenant Mason; but that gentleman shook his head and indicated Noel. The captain took it in silence, opened it, glanced over the contents, changed color, as all could see, and then inquired,—

"How far is it, sergeant?"

"It must be fifteen miles from here, sir. I came slowly, because my horse was worn out, and because Captain Lane thought that I would meet the troop very much nearer the pass. It's more than fifteen miles, I reckon."

"Had the attack begun before you left?"

"Yes, sir; and I could hear the shots as I came out of the pass,—hear them distinctly."

"May I inquire what the news is, captain?" said Mr. Mason, riding up to his side.

"Well," was the reply, "Lane writes that he has headed the Apaches, and that he is just moving in to the attack."

"Will you permit me to see the note, sir?" said Mason, trembling with exasperation at the indifferent manner in which it was received.

Noel hesitated: "Presently,—presently, Mr. Mason. We'll move forward at a trot, now."

Sergeant Luce reined about, and, riding beside the first sergeant of K Troop, told him in low tones of the adventures of the previous day and night, and the fact that the Apaches were there just north of the pass and in complete force. The result seemed to be, as the word was passed among the men, to increase the gait to such an extent that they crowded upon the leaders, and Noel, time and again, threw up his hand and warned the men not to ride over the heels of his horse.

Seven o'clock came, and still they had not got beyond the Pyramids. Eight o'clock, and they were not in sight of the pass. Nine o'clock, and still the gorge was not in view. It was not until nearly ten that the massive gate-way seemed to open before them, and then, far to the front, their eager ears could catch the sound of sharp and rapid firing.

"My God!" said Mason, with irrepressible excitement, "there's no question about it, captain, Lane's surrounded there! For heaven's sake, sir, let's get ahead to his support."

"Ride forward, sergeant," said Noel to Luce, "and show us the shortest way you know to where Captain Lane has corralled his horses.—I don't like the idea of entering that pass in column, Mr. Mason. The only safe way to do it will be to dismount and throw a line of skirmishers ahead. If Lane is surrounded, the Apaches undoubtedly will open fire on us as we pass through."

"Suppose they do, sir: we've got men enough to drive them back. What we want is to get through there as quickly as possible."

But Noel shook his head, and, forming line to the front at a trot, moved forward a few hundred yards, and then, to the intense disgust of Mr. Mason, ordered the first platoon dismounted and pushed ahead as skirmishers. Compelled to leave their horses with number four of each set, the other troopers, sullenly, but in disciplined silence, advanced afoot up the gentle slope which led to the heights on the right of the gorge.

Not a shot impeded their advance; not a sound told them that they were even watched. But far up through the pass itself the sound of sharp firing continued, and every now and then a shrill yell indicated that the Apaches were evidently having the best of it.

Again Mason rode to his captain. "I beg you, sir," he said, "to let me take my platoon, or the other one, and charge through there. It isn't possible that they can knock more than one or two of us out of the saddle; and if you follow with the rest of the men they can easily be taken care of." But Noel this time rebuked him.

"Mr. Mason, I have had too much of your interference," he said, "and I will tolerate no more. I am in command of this troop, sir, and I am responsible for its proper conduct."

And Mason, rebuffed, fell back without further word.

The pass was reached, and still not a shot had been fired. Over the low ridge the dismounted troopers went, and not an Apache was in sight. Then at last it became evident that to cross the stream they would have to ford; and then the "recall" was sounded, the horses were run rapidly forward to the skirmish-line, the men swung into saddle, the rear platoon closed on the one in front, and cautiously, with Mason leading and Noel hanging back a little as though to direct the march of his column, the troop passed through the river and came out on the other side. The moment they reached the bank, Mason struck a trot without any orders, and the men followed him.

Noel hastened forward, shouting out, "Walk, walk." But, finding that they either did not or would not hear him, he galloped in front of the troop, and sternly ordered the leaders to decrease their gait and not again to take the trot unless he gave the command.

Just at this minute, from the heights to the right and left, half a dozen shots were fired in quick succession; a trooper riding beside the first sergeant threw up his arms, with the sudden cry, "My God! I've got it!" and fell back from the saddle. Noel at the same instant felt a twinge along his left arm, and, wheeling his horse about, shouted, "To the rear! to the rear! We're ambushed!" And, despite the rallying cry of Mason and the entreaties of the guide, the men, taking the cue from their leader, reined to the right and left about and went clattering out of the pass.

More shots came from the Apaches, some aimed at the fleeing troop and others at the little group of men that remained behind; for the poor fellow who had been shot through the breast lay insensible by the side of the stream, and would have been abandoned to his fate but for the courage and devotion of Mason and two of the leading men. Promptly jumping from their horses, they raised him between them, and, laying him across the pommel of one of the saddles, supported by the troopers, the wounded man was carried back to the ford, and from there out of harm's way.

By this time Noel, at full gallop, had gone four or five hundred yards to the rear, and there the first sergeant—not he—rallied the troop, reformed it, counted fours, and faced it to the front.

When Mason returned to them, leading the two troopers and the dying man, his face was as black as a thunder-cloud. He rode up to his captain, who was stanching with a handkerchief a little stream of blood that seemed to be coming down his left arm, and addressed to him these words:

"Captain Noel, there were not more than six or eight Apaches

guarding those heights. There was no excuse in God's world, sir, for a retreat. I can take my platoon and go through there now without difficulty, and once again, sir, I implore you to let me do it."

Noel's reply was, "I have already heard too much from you to-day, Mr. Mason. If I hear one more word, you go to the rear in arrest. I am wounded, sir, but I will not turn over this command to you."

"Wounded be hanged! Captain Noel, you've got a scratch of which a child ought to be ashamed," was the furious reply, upon which Noel, considering that he must at all hazards preserve the dignity of his position, ordered Lieutenant Mason to consider himself in arrest. And, dismounting, and calling to one or two of the men to assist him, the captain got out of his blouse and had the sleeve of his under-shirt cut off, and then, in full hearing of the combat up the pass, proceeded to have a scratch, as Mason had truly designated it, stanced and dressed.

Meantime, the troop, shamefaced and disgusted, dismounted and awaited further developments. For fifteen minutes they remained there, listening to the battle a mile away, and then there came a sound that thrilled every man with excitement,—with mad longing to dash to the front: there came crashes of musketry that told of the arrival of strong reinforcements for one party or another,—which party was soon developed by the glorious, ringing cheers that they well recognized to be those of their comrades of Greene's battalion.

"By heavens!" said Mason, with a groan, "after all, we have lost our chance! It's Greene, not old K Troop, that got there in time to save them."

The looks that were cast towards their new captain by the men, standing in sullen silence at their horses' heads, were not those that any soldier would have envied.

Directing the first sergeant to take half a dozen troopers and feel their way cautiously to the front and ascertain what that new sound meant, the rest of the men meanwhile to remain at ease, Noel still sat there on the ground, as though faint from loss of blood. The bleeding, however, had been too trifling to admit of any such supposition on the part of those who had been looking on. The cheering up the pass increased. The firing rapidly died away. Soon it was seen that the first sergeant was signalling, and presently a man came riding back. The sergeant and the others disappeared, going fearlessly into the pass, and evidently indicating by their movements that they anticipated no further resistance. The arriving horseman dismounted, saluted the captain, and reported substantially that the pass was now in possession of Major Greene's men, and that the Apaches were in full flight towards the south, some of the troops pursuing.

Then at last it was that the "mount" was sounded by the trumpeter, and half an hour afterwards—full three hours after they should have been there—Captain Noel with K Troop arrived at the scene. Lane, faint from loss of blood, was lying under a tree; four of his men were killed; one of the helpless recaptured women had been shot by an Indian bullet; five more of the "Devil's own D's" were lying wounded around among the rocks. Desperate had been the defence; sore had

been their need ; safe, thoroughly safe, they would have been had Noel got there in time ; but it was Greene's battalion that finally reached them only at the last moment. And yet this was the thrilling announcement that appeared in the *Queen City Chronicle* in its morning edition, two days afterwards :

"Gallant Noel ! Rescue of the Indian Captives ! Stirring Pursuit and Fierce Battle with the Apaches !"

"A despatch received last night by the Hon. Amos Withers announces the return from the front of Captain Noel, who so recently left our midst, with a portion of his troop, bringing with him the women and children who had been run off by the Apaches on their raid among the ranches south of their reservation. The captain reports a severe fight, in which many of the regiment were killed and wounded, he himself, though making light of the matter, receiving a bullet through the left arm.

"While the rest of the command had gone on in pursuit of the Apaches, the captain was sent by the battalion commander to escort the captives back to the railway.

"This despatch, though of a private character, is fully substantiated by the official report of the general commanding the department to the Adjutant-General of the army. It reads as follows :

"Captain Noel, of the Eleventh Cavalry, has just reached the railway, bringing with him all but one of the women and children whom the Apaches had carried off into captivity. The other was shot by a bullet in the desperate fight which occurred in San Simon Pass between the commands of Captains Lane and Noel and the Apaches, whose retreat they were endeavoring to head off. Greene's battalion of the Eleventh arrived in time to take part ; but on their appearance the Apaches fled through the mountains in the wildest confusion, leaving much of their plunder behind them.

"It is impossible as yet to give accurate accounts of the killed and wounded, but our losses are reported to have been heavy."

"How thoroughly have the predictions of the *Chronicle* with regard to this gallant officer been fulfilled ! To his relatives and his many friends in our midst the *Chronicle* extends its most hearty congratulations. We predict that the welcome which Captain Noel will receive will be all that his fondest dreams could possibly have cherished."

XVI.

For a week the story of Gordon Noel's heroism was the talk of Queen City society. He had led the charge upon the Indians after a pursuit of over a hundred miles through the desert. He had fought his way to the cave in which those poor captive women were guarded, and had himself cut the thongs that bound them. He was painfully wounded, but never quit the fight till the last savage was driven from the field. For daring and brilliant conduct he was to be promoted over the heads of all the captains in his regiment. His name was already before the President for a vacancy in the Adjutant-General's Department, and the appointment would be announced at once. He

was coming East just as soon as the surgeon said he was well enough to travel. Mrs. Noel wanted to join him, but he had telegraphed saying no, that he would soon be with her.

So rang the chorus for several days. At the club the men shook hands over the news, and sent telegrams of praise and congratulation to Noel, and drank his health in bumpers; and two or three "old sore-heads," who ventured to point out that the official reports were not yet in, were pooh-poohed and put down.

Amos Withers had left for Washington on a midnight train immediately after furnishing the *Chronicle* with the contents of his despatch, making no allusion to that part of it which said, "Now push for that vacancy. Not an instant must be lost." Nobody could say nay to the man who had subscribed the heaviest sum to the campaign fund in his own State, and therefore both its Senators and half its representatives in the House went with him to the President to urge the immediate nomination of Captain Noel to the majority in the Adjutant-General's Department made vacant by the promotion consequent upon the retirement of one of its oldest members. Already the War Department had furnished the Executive with the names and records of the four men whom it considered most deserving, and Gordon Noel's name was not one of the four. But what was that in comparison with the eminent pecuniary and political services of Mr. Withers, when the nephew had just behaved so superbly in action?

Meantime, the Apaches had scattered through the mountains and escaped across the border, the remnant of Lane's troop taking part in the pursuit, and they, with their commander, only slowly returning to the railway. For three or four days Noel had the wires and the correspondents pretty much to himself; but then some of those enterprising news-gatherers had been getting particulars from the men, and there were two or three of K Troop in the detachment who could not conceal their derision and contempt when the newspaper-men spoke of the bravery of their captain. This set the correspondents to ferreting, and then the despatches began to take a different color. The very day that Mabel received her first letter from her husband, and was reading extracts from it to envious friends who had come in to swell the chorus of jubilee and congratulation, an evening paper intimated that recent despatches received from the seat of war revealed a different state of affairs than was popularly supposed.

But by this time interest was waning. It is the first impression that is always the strongest, the first story that is longest remembered, and no man who has believed one version will accept the truth without vigorous resistance. In his letter to his wife, Noel had spoken modestly of himself and slightly of his wounds. This only made her worship him—her hero, her gallant Gordon—the more insanely. He intimated that he had been compelled to place in arrest one of the prominent officers of the regiment for misconduct in the face of the enemy; and this *and previous matters*, he said, would surely make of this officer an unrelenting foe. She need not be surprised, therefore, if this gentleman should strive to do him grievous harm. Mabel blushed becomingly as she read these lines to some of her friends, and that night

at the club it was hinted that Lane had been placed in close arrest for failing to support Noel in his desperate assault. Just at this time, too, Mr. Withers came back from Washington, looking mysterious.

The next published despatches were from the general himself. He was incensed over the escape of the Apaches. Measures for the capture were complete, and it was broadly hinted that a certain officer would be brought to trial for his failure to carry out positive orders.

"It is believed," said the *Chronicle*, "that the officer referred to is well known in our community, as he had, oddly enough, been a predecessor in the recruiting-service of the actual hero of the campaign."

Two weeks went by. There was no announcement of Noel's name as promoted. Other matters occupied the attention of the club and the coteries, and no one knew just what it all meant when it was announced that Mrs. Noel had suddenly left for the frontier to join her husband. Perhaps his wounds were more severe than at first reported. Then it was noticed that Mr. Withers was in a very nervous and irritable frame of mind, that constant despatches were passing between him and Captain Noel in the West, and that suddenly he departed again on some mysterious errand for Washington. And then it was announced that Captain Noel would not be able to visit the East as had been expected.

All the same it came as a shock which completely devastated the social circles of the Queen City when it was announced in the New York and Chicago papers that a general court-martial had been ordered to assemble at Fort Gregg, New Mexico, for the trial of Captain Gordon Noel, Eleventh Cavalry, on charges of misbehavior in the face of the enemy, and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

The *Chronicle* made no allusion to the matter until after it was heralded over the city by the other journals. Then it announced that it was in possession of information showing conclusively that Captain Noel was the victim of the envy of certain officers in his regiment, and that the charges had been trumped up from the false and prejudiced statement of the man whom he had been compelled to place in arrest for misconduct in action. "Captain Noel had demanded a court-martial," said the *Chronicle*, "that he might be triumphantly vindicated, as he undoubtedly would be."

At the club several men surrounded Lieutenant Bowen with eager inquiry as to the facts in the case. Bowen, who was now in charge of the rendezvous as Noel's successor, was very reticent when interrogated. He said that while an officer might demand a court of inquiry, he could not demand a court-martial; they were entirely different things; and it was certainly the latter that had been ordered.

"Was there not some likelihood of malice and envy being at the bottom of the charges?" he was asked. "And was it not unfair to let him be tried by officers prejudiced against him?"

Bowen said he did not belong to the Eleventh, but he knew it well enough to say no to the first part of the question. As to the other, there were only two officers from that regiment on the court, and one was Noel's old friend and colonel,—Riggs.

It was in the midst of this talk that Mr. Amos Withers had suddenly appeared and begged a few words in private with Mr. Bowen.

Withers was in a state of nervous excitement, as any one could see. He talked eagerly, even pleadingly, with the silent lieutenant, and at last suddenly arose and, with the look of a defeated and discomfited man, left the club-house, entered his carriage, and was driven rapidly away.

That night an officer from the War Department arrived in the Queen City, and was closeted for a while with Lieutenant Bowen, after which the two went to the Chief of Police, and, in company with him, visited the cell where Taintor, deserter and forger, was confined, took his statement and that of the Chief, and with these documents the officer went on to division head-quarters.

Meantime, the campaign had come to an end. Captain Noel had reported, in arrest, to the commanding officer at Fort Gregg, and Mrs. Riggs had tearfully greeted him: "She would so love to have him under her roof, that she might show her sympathy and friendship; but so many officers of high rank were coming on the court that the colonel was compelled to give every bit of room he had to them." Noel thanked her nervously, and said he could be comfortable anywhere, but his wife was coming: she had telegraphed that she could not be separated from him when he was suffering wrong and outrage. Captain and Mrs. Lowndes, moved to instant sympathy, begged that he would make their quarters his home, and placed their best room at his disposal.

Two evenings afterwards he was permitted to go himself to the railway to meet poor Mabel, who threw herself into his arms and almost sobbed her heart out at sight of his now haggard and care-worn face. Mrs. Lowndes then came forward and strove to comfort her, while Noel rushed off to send some telegrams. Then they drove out to the post, and Mabel's spirits partially revived when she found that it was not a prison she had come to share with her husband. Everybody was so gentle and kind to her, she began to believe there was nothing very serious in the matter, after all.

It lacked yet five days to the meeting of the court, and in the intervening time there arrived at the post a prominent and distinguished lawyer from the East, sent to conduct the defence by Mr. Withers's orders; and many a long talk did he hold with his client and the officers who were gathering at Gregg.

The charges of misconduct in face of the enemy had been preferred by the Department commander, who cited as his witnesses Captain Lane, Lieutenant Mason, Lieutenant Royce, the guide, and two or three non-commissioned officers. To the charge of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" there were specifications setting forth that he had caused to be circulated and published reports to the effect that it was his command that had been severely engaged, and his command that had rescued the captives and defeated the Indians, which statements he well knew to be false. Two or three correspondents and railway employees and the telegraph operator were witnesses. This would be a hard one to prove affirmatively, as the judge-advocate found when he examined his witnesses as they arrived, and the great lawyer assured the accused officer that he could secure him an acquittal on that

charge. The real danger lay in the testimony of Captain Lane and Lieutenant Mason, who had not yet come.

And now, hour after hour, for two days, Mabel was reading in her husband's face the utter hopelessness that possessed him; nay, more, the truth was being revealed to her in all its damning details. It might be impossible for the prosecution to prove that he had actually caused the false and boastful stories to be given to the press and the public; but how about the telegrams and letters Mr. Withers had so proudly come to show her? How about the telegrams and letters she herself had received? What impression could she derive from them but that he was the hero of the whole affair, and that he was lying painfully wounded when he wrote? The gash through the beautiful white arm turned out to be a mere scratch upon the skin, that a pin might have made. It was Greene's command from Fort Graham that had rescued Lane, and Lane with his men who had rescued the captives, and then fought so hard, so desperately, against such fearful odds, and sustained their greatest losses, while her hero,—her Gordon,—with nearly fifty men, was held only a mile away by half a dozen ragamuffins in the rocks. She had almost adored him, believing him godlike in courage and magnanimity; but now on every side the real facts were coming to light, and she even wrung them from his reluctant lips. And yet—and yet—he was her husband, and she loved him.

Again and again did she question Mr. Falconer, the eminent counsel, as to the possibilities. This gentleman had fought all through the war of the rebellion, and had won high commendation for bravery. He had taken the case because he believed, on Withers's statement, that Noel was a wronged and injured man, and because, possibly, a fee of phenomenal proportion could be looked for. He met among the old captains of the Eleventh men whom he had known in Virginia in the war-days, and learned from them what Noel's real reputation was, and, beyond peradventure, how he had shirked and played the coward in the last campaign: so that he, who had known Mabel Vincent from her babyhood and loved her old father, now shrank from the sorrow of having to tell her the truth. Yet she demanded it, and he had to say that her husband's fate hinged on the evidence that might be given by Captain Lane and Mr. Mason.

That very night these two officers arrived, together with three members of the court. The following day at ten o'clock the court was to begin its session, and four of its members were still to come. That night Mr. Falconer and her husband were closeted with several men in succession, seeking evidence for the defence. That night there came a despatch from Withers saying he had done his best in Washington, but that it seemed improbable that the President would interfere and accept Noel's resignation from the service.

Noel showed this to Mabel and sank upon the sofa with a groan of despair.

"Oh, my darling!" she whispered, kneeling by his side and throwing her arms about his neck, "don't give way! There must be hope yet! They cannot prove such cruel charges! There must be a way of averting this trouble."

"There is one," said he, starting up. "There is one, if you will only do it to save me."

"What would I not do to save you, Gordon?" she asked, though her face was paling now with awful dread of what the demand might be.

"Mabel, my wife, it is to see—him at once. There is nothing that he will not do for you. I know it—for I know what he has done. See him." You know what to say. I cannot prompt you. But get him to tell as little as he possibly can in regard to this case."

"Gordon!" she cried, "you ask me to do this, after the great wrong I did him?"

"There is no other way," was the sullen answer. And he turned moodily from her side, leaving her stunned, speechless.

XVII.

Somewhere about ten o'clock that night the judge-advocate of the court dropped in at the "bachelor quarters," where both Lane and Mason had been made welcome, and asked to see those gentlemen. He was conversing with them over the affair at the San Simon, when Captain Lowndes was ushered into the room.

"Am I intruding?" asked the latter. "I merely wished to speak to Lane a moment."

"By no means, Lowndes. Come right in. We'll be through in one minute.—Then, as I understand you, Lane, you could distinctly see K Troop as it forded the stream, and could see the Apaches who fired upon them?"

"Yes,—distinctly. I was praying for their coming, as our ammunition was running low. The Indians seemed so encouraged by the ease with which they drove them back that the whole band swarmed out from cover and crowded on us at once. It was in the next fifteen minutes that my men were killed,—and that poor woman."

"And there were only six Indians who opened fire on Noel?"

"Only six, sir."

The judge-advocate was silent a moment. "There is, of course, a chance that our absentees may get here to-morrow morning in time. If they do, you will be the first witness called; if they do not, we adjourn to await their arrival. It promises to be a long case. A telegram has just reached me, saying that additional and grave charges are being sent by mail from division head-quarters."

Captain Lowndes listened to this brief conversation with an expression of deep perplexity on his kindly face, and as soon as the judge-advocate had gone and Mason had left the room he turned to Lane:

"You know they are staying with us. That poor girl has come all this weary journey to be with him, and there was absolutely no place where she could lay her head unless we opened our doors and took him in too."

Lane bowed assent: "I had heard, Lowndes. It was like you and that dear wife of yours."

"Lane," spoke the older man, impetuously, after a moment of em-

barrassed silence, "I want you to do something for my wife, and for me. Come home with me for a few minutes. You won't see him; but—it is that heart-broken girl. She begs that you will see her,—to-night. Here is a little note."

Lane's sad face had grown deathly pale. He looked wonderingly in his companion's eyes a moment, then slowly took the note and left the room, leaving Lowndes to pace the floor in much disquiet.

In five minutes the former reappeared in the door-way. "Come," he said, and himself led the way out into the starlit night. Not a word was spoken by either man as they slowly walked down the row. Arriving at his quarters, Captain Lowndes ushered his friend into the little army parlor, and Mrs. Lowndes came forward, extending both her hands. "It is good of you to come," she said. "I will let her know, at once."

Two shaded lamps cast a soft, subdued light over the simply-furnished little room. What a contrast to the sumptuous surroundings of the home in which he had last met her! Lane stood by the little work-table a moment, striving to subdue the violent beating of his heart and the tremors that shook his frame. Not once had he seen her since that wretched night in the library,—in that man Noel's arms. Not once had he permitted the thought of seeing her to find a lodgement. But all was different now: she was well-nigh crushed, heart-broken; she had been deceived and tricked; she was here practically friendless. "I well know that at your hands I deserve no such mercy," she had written, "but a hopeless woman begs that you will come to her for a few moments,—for a very few words."

And now he heard her foot-fall on the stairs. She entered, slowly, and then stopped short almost at the threshold. Heavens! how he had aged and changed! How deep were the lines about the kind gray eyes! how sad and worn was the stern, soldierly face! Her eyes filled with tears on the very instant, and she hovered there, irresolute, not knowing what to do, how to address him. It was Lane that came to the rescue. For a moment he stood there appalled as his eyes fell upon the woman whom he had so utterly—so faithfully loved. Where was all the playful light that so thrilled and bewitched him as it flickered about the corners of her pretty mouth? Whither had fled the bright coloring, the radiance, the gladness, that lived in that exquisite face? Was this heavy-eyed, pallid, nerveless being, standing with hanging head before him, the peerless queen he had so loyally and devotedly served,—whose faintest wish was to him a royal mandate,—to kiss whose soft white hand was a joy unutterable? All this flashed through his mind in the instant of her irresolute pause. Then the great pity of a strong and manful heart, the tenderness that lives ever in the bravest, sent him forward to her side. All thought of self and suffering, of treachery and concealment and deception, vanished at once at the sight of her bitter woe. His own brave eyes filled up with tears he would gladly have hidden, but that she saw, and was comforted. He took her limp, nerveless hand and led her to a chair, saying only her name,—*"Mrs. Noel."*

For several minutes she could not speak, but wept unrestrainedly,

he, poor fellow, walking the floor the while, longing to comfort her, yet powerless. What could he say? What could he do? At last she seemed to regain her self-control.

"Captain Lane," she said, "it is useless for me to tell you how much I have learned, since coming here, of which I was ignorant before. Every effort has been made to spare me; people have been so considerate and kind, that the truth, as I am beginning to see, has been kept from me. Mr. Falconer, Captain Noel's—our lawyer, has at last admitted that almost everything depends upon your evidence. Forgive me, if you can, that I believed for a while that you inspired the charges against him. I know now that you refused to press the matter, and that—that I am not to blame any one. In his deep misfortune my duty is with my husband, and he—consented that I should see you. Captain Lane," she said, rising as she spoke, "do not try to spare my feelings now. I am prepared for anything,—ready to share his downfall. If you are asked as to the contents of the note you sent him just before the fight, must you tell what they were? Do you recall them?"

"I must, Mrs. Noel. I remember almost the exact words," he replied, gently, sorrowfully.

"But that is all, is it not? You know nothing more about the delay in reaching you?" And her eyes, piteous in entreaty, in shame, in suffering, sought one instant his sad face, then fell before the sorrow and sympathy in his.

For a moment there was no answer; and at last she looked up, alarmed.

"Mrs. Noel," he said, "I could not help it. I was eagerly awaiting their coming. I saw them approach the ford and the pass. I saw that there were only six Apaches to resist them; and the next thing I saw was the retreat."

"Oh, Captain Lane!" she cried, "must you testify as to this?" And her trembling hands were clasped in misery. "Is there *no* way, —*no* way?"

"Even if there were," he answered, slowly and mournfully, "Mr. Mason's testimony and that of the men would be still more conclusive."

Throwing herself upon the sofa, the poor girl gave way to a fit of uncontrollable weeping; and Lane stood helplessly, miserably by. Once he strove to speak, but she could not listen. He brought her a glass of water presently and begged her to drink it: there was still something he had to suggest. She took the goblet from his hand and looked up eagerly through her tears. He was thinking only of her—for her—now. The man who had robbed him of happiness, of love, of wife and home and hope, and who had done the utmost that he dared to rob him of honor and his soldier reputation,—the man now wretchedly listening overhead to the murmur of voices below,—he forgot entirely except as the man she loved.

"Mrs. Noel, your friends—his friends—are most influential. Can they not be telegraphed to that his resignation will be tendered? Can they not stop the trial in that way?"

"It is hopeless. It *has* been tried, and refused. If he is found guilty there is nothing left,—nothing left," she moaned, "but to take

him back to the East with me, and, with the little we have now, to buy some quiet home in the country, where our wretched past need not be known,—where we can be forgotten,—where my poor husband need not have to hang his head in shame. Oh, God! oh, God! what a ruined life!”

“Is there nothing I *can* do for you, Mrs. Noel? Listen: that court cannot begin the—the case to-morrow. Four members are still to come. It may be two days yet,—perhaps three. Perhaps Mr. Withers and his friends do not appreciate the danger and have not brought pressure to bear on the President, but—forgive me for the pain this must give you—there are other, new charges coming from division head-quarters, that I fear will harm him still more. I grieve to have to tell you this. Try and make Mr. Withers understand. Try and get the resignation through. If you will see Mr. Falconer and—and the captain now, I can get the telegraph operator.”

“What charges—what new accusations do you mean?” she asked, her eyes dilating with dread. “Are we not crushed enough already? Oh, forgive me, Captain Lane! I ought not to speak bitterly, you—you have been so good, so gentle. You, the last man on earth from whom I should seek mercy,” she broke forth impetuously,—“*you* are yet the one to whom I first appeal. Oh, if after this night I never see you again, believe that I suffer, that I realize the wrong I have done. I was never worthy the faintest atom of your regard; but there’s one thing—one thing you must hear. I wrote you fully, frankly, imploringly, before—before you came—and saw. Indeed, indeed, I had waited days for your reply, refusing to see him until after papa died; and then I was weak and ill. You never read the letter. You sent them all back unopened. I cannot look in your face. It may have been hard, for a while, but the time will soon come when you will thank God—thank God—I proved faithless.”

And then, leaving him to make his own way from the house, she rushed sobbing to her room. When next he saw her, Reginald, her brother, with Lowndes and his tearful wife, was lifting her into the ambulance that was to take them to the railway, and the doctor rode away beside them. But this was ten days after.

True to Lane’s prediction, the court met and adjourned on the following day. Colonel Stannard and Major Turner telegraphed that they were delayed *en route* to the railway, and nothing was heard from the other missing members. Two days more found the court in readiness, but the trial did not begin. There arrived on the express from the East, the night before all seemed ready for the opening session, Lieutenant Bowen, of the cavalry recruiting-service, with two guards who escorted the ex-clerk Taintor.

Telegrams for Captain Noel had been coming in quick succession, but he himself was not seen. It was Lowndes who took the replies to the office. The first meeting of the court was to have occurred on Monday. Tuesday evening the judge-advocate sent to the accused officer a copy of the additional specifications to the charge of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and notified him that the witnesses had just arrived by train.

At four o'clock Wednesday morning Mrs. Lowndes was aroused by a tapping at her door, and recognized the voice of Mrs. Noel calling her name. Hastily she arose and went to her, finding her trembling and terrified. Gordon, she said, had been in such misery that he would not undress and try to sleep, but had been restlessly pacing the floor until after midnight. Then he had gone down to make some memoranda, he said, at the desk in which he and Mr. Falconer had their papers, and, as she could not sleep, she soon followed; but he was not there. Occasionally he had gone out late at night and walked about the parade after every one but the guard had gone to bed, and she thought he must have done so this time, and so waited, and waited, and peered out on the parade and could see nothing of him. At last she could bear it no longer.

Lowndes had heard the sobbing voice and one or two words. He was up and dressed in no time, and speedily found the officer of the day. "Do you think he could have made away with himself?—suicide?"

"Suicide! no!" answered Lieutenant Tracy. "He's too big a coward even for that!"

No sentry had seen or heard anything of him. The whole post was searched at daybreak, and without success. A neighboring settlement, infested by miners, stock-men, gamblers, and fugitives from justice, was visited, but nothing was learned that would tend to dispel the mystery. One or two hard citizens—saloon-proprietors—poked their tongues in their cheeks and intimated that "if properly approached" they could give valuable information; but no one believed them. That night, deserted and well-nigh distracted, Mabel Noel lay moaning in her little room, suffering heaven only knows what tortures; far from the yearning mother arms, far from home and kindred, far even from the recreant husband for whose poor sake she had abandoned all to follow him, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness or in health,—only to be left to the pity and care of strangers.

But she was in an army home and among loving, loyal, simple hearts. The women, one and all, thronged to the little cottage, imploring that they might "help in some way." The men, when they were not damning the runaway, were full of suggestion as to the course to be pursued. Mabel would accept only one explanation of his disappearance: crazed by misfortunes, he had taken his own life; he had said he would. But the regiment could not believe it, and in forty-eight hours had traced him, on the saloon-keeper's horse, over to the Southern Pacific, and thence down to El Paso. More than one man gave a sigh of relief that the whole thing could be so easily settled without the scandal of all that evidence being published to the world. The court met and adjourned pending the receipt of orders from the convening authority. The telegraph speedily directed the return to their stations of the several members. Lieutenant Bowen went back to the East, leaving Taintor in the guard-house, and in a week Reginald Vincent came to take his sister home and to whisper that Gordon was safe in the city of Mexico,—Mr. Withers was sending him money there; and so from her bed of illness, suffering, and humiliation the poor girl

was almost carried to her train, and all Fort Gregg could have wept at sight of her wan and hopeless face.

She shrank from seeing or meeting any of her old associates, yet was eager to reach her mother's roof, fondly believing that there she would find letters from her husband. It hurt her inexpressibly that he should have fled without one word to her of his intentions; but she could forgive it because of the suffering and misery that bore him down and unsettled his mind. It stung her that Mr. Withers, not she, should be the first to learn of his place of refuge; but perhaps he thought she had gone East at once, and so had written there. She attributed his desertion to the strain to which he had been subjected; but she had been spared the sight of those last "specifications." Her first inquiry, after one long, blessed clasping in her mother's arms, after the burst of tears that could not be restrained, was for letters from him; and she was amazed, incredulous, when told there were none. Mr. Withers was sent for at once: that eminent citizen would gladly have dodged the ordeal, but could not. He could only say that two telegrams and two drafts had reached him from Noel, and that he had honored the latter at sight and would see that he lacked for nothing.

She would have insisted on going to join him in his exile, but he had sent no word or line; he had ignored her entirely. He might be ill, was the first thought; but Mr. Withers assured her he was physically perfectly well. "Everything is being done now to quietly end the trouble," said Mr. Withers. "We will see to it at Washington that his resignation is now accepted; for they will never get him before a court, and might as well make up their minds to it. They cannot drop or dismiss him for a year, with all their red-tape methods and their prate about the 'honor of the service.' I've seen enough of the army in the last three months to convince me it's no place for a gentleman. No, my dear, you stay here,—or go up to the mountains. We'll have him there to join you in a month."

But the authorities proved obdurate. Even the millionaire failed to move the War Secretary. Unless Captain Noel came back and stood trial, he would be "dropped for desertion" ("and, if he came back and stood trial, would probably be kicked out as a coward and liar," thought to himself the official who sat a silent listener). This Noel would not do. Withers sent him to Vera Cruz on a pseudo business-visit, and Mabel, silent, sad-faced, but weeping no more, went to a little resort in the West Virginia mountains.

Meantime, another court had been convened, another deserter tried, convicted, and sentenced, and before being taken to prison he made full statement to Captain Lane and two officers called in as witnesses. This was Taintor. He had known Captain Noel ever since his entry into service. Taintor was an expert penman, a gambler, and at times a hard drinker. He had enlisted in the troop of which Noel was second lieutenant while they were in Tennessee, and had deserted, after forging the post-quartermaster's name to two checks and getting the money. The regiment went to the Plains: he was never apprehended, and long years afterwards drifted from a position in the quartermaster's dépôt at Jeffersonville to a re-enlistment and a billet as clerk in the recruiting

rendervous at the Queen City. Knowing that Noel would recognize him, he deserted there, as has been told, taking all the money he could secure by forged checks for small amounts which he trusted would not excite suspicion. But he had fallen in love with a young woman, and she was dependent on him. He came back to the neighborhood after he thought the hue and cry was over, was shadowed and arrested by the police, and had given himself up for lost when Captain Noel was brought to his cell to identify him. He could hardly believe his senses when the captain said it was all a mistake. Then he was released, and went to work again across the river, and one night Noel came,—told him he knew him perfectly and would keep his secret provided he would "make himself useful." It soon turned out that what was wanted was the imitation of Captain Lane's signature on one or two papers whose contents he did not see, and the type-writing of some letters, one of which, without signature of any kind, and referring to some young lady, her secret meetings with Captain Noel, and saying, "You are being betrayed," was sent to Captain Lane at Fort Graham. Very soon after this Captain Lane came back. Taintor again fled until he knew his old commander had gone away, and then, venturing home, was rearrested, as has also been told.

Lane knew the anonymous letter well enough, but now for the first time saw its object. It was to make him accuse Mabel Vincent of deceit and faithlessness and so bring about a rupture of the engagement which, at that time, Noel saw no other means of removing as the one obstacle that stood in the way of his hopes.

But what were the other papers?

August came, and with it the rumors of the appearance of the dreaded *vómito* at Vera Cruz; but in the remote and peaceful nook where mother and daughter—two silent and sorrowing women—were living in retirement, no tidings came. Vainly Mabel watched the mails for letters—if only one—from him. She had written under cover to Mr. Withers, but even that evoked no reply.

One sunshiny afternoon they were startled by the sudden arrival of Regy. He sought to avoid question and to draw his mother to one side, but Mabel was upon him.

"You have news!" she said, her white face set, her hands firmly seizing his arm. "What is it? Have they dismissed him?"

"They can never dismiss—never harm him more, Mabel," was the solemn answer.

* * * * *

Some months afterwards Mrs. Vincent received a packet of papers that belonged to the late Captain Noel. Mabel had been sent to Florida for the winter, and was spending her early widowhood with kind and loving friends. The consul at Vera Cruz had written to Mr. Withers full particulars of his cousin's death,—one of the first victims of the *vómito*,—and had sent these papers with the formal certificates of the Mexican officials. Mr. Woodrow, one of the executors of Mr. Vincent's estate, showed singular desire to examine these papers, but the widow thought they should be opened only by her daughter. It was not until then that, with much hesitancy, the gentleman explained

that Mr. Vincent had given him to understand that he had intrusted some papers to Captain Noel which that officer had promised to send at once to his old friend Captain Lane. Mrs. Vincent could learn no more from him, but she lost no time in searching the packet.

Within twenty-four hours Mabel was summoned home by telegraph, and there for the first time learned that to her father's partner, for the use of the firm in their sore straits of nearly two years before, Captain Lane had given the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, and that among Captain Noel's papers was what purported to be a receipt in full for the return of the sum from Mr. Vincent, which receipt was signed apparently by Frederick Lane and dated July 2, 188-. But this, said Mr. Woodrow, must be a mistake: Mr. Vincent had assured him late in July that he had not repaid it, but that Clark had his instructions to repay it at once, and all Clark's books, papers, and receipts had been examined, and showed that no such payment had been made.

"It simply means that the very roof under which we are sheltered is not ours, but that noble fellow's," said Mrs. Vincent; and that night she wrote, and poured forth her heart to him, while Mabel locked herself in her room.

No answer came. Then Mr. Woodrow made inquiries of the officer at the rendezvous, and learned that Captain Lane had gone to Europe with leave of absence for a year; and there her letter followed him. She demanded, as a right, to know the truth. She had given the executors to understand that the debt must be paid, if they had to sell the old homestead to do it. She would be glad to go and live in retirement anywhere.

Not only did she, but so did Mr. Woodrow, receive at last a letter from distant Athens. The widow sobbed and laughed and pressed her letter to her heart, while Woodrow read his with moistened eyes, a suspicious resort to his cambric handkerchief, and an impatient consignment of all such confounded quixotic, unbusinesslike cavalrymen to—to the deuce, by Jupiter; and then he went off to show it to his fellow-executors.

The long summer wore away. Autumn again found mother and daughter and Regy at the dear old home, but light and laughter had not been known within the massive walls since the father's death. The tragedy in Mabel's life, coming so quickly after that event, seemed to have left room for naught but mourning. "She has so aged, so changed," wrote Mrs. Vincent on one of the few occasions when she wrote of her at all to him, and she wrote every month. "I could even say that it has improved her. The old gayety and joyousness are gone, and with them the wilfulness. She thinks more—lives more—for others now."

Winter came again,—the second winter of Mabel's widowhood,—and she was urged to visit the Noels at their distant home; but she seemed reluctant until her mother bade her go. She was still wearing her widow's weeds, and her lovely face was never sweeter in her girlhood days than now in that frame of crape. Of the brief months of her married life they never spoke, but the Noels loved her because of her devotion to him when not a friend was left. In early March the

news from home began to give her uneasiness: "mamma did not seem well," was the explanation, and it was decided that they would go on as far as Washington with her, and spend a day or two there, when Reginald would meet and escort her home.

And so, one bright morning in that most uncertain of months, Mabel Noel with her sister-in-law and that lady's husband stood at the elevator landing, waiting to be taken down to the hall-way of their hotel. Presently the lighted cage came sliding from aloft. Mrs. Lanier entered, followed by the others. Two gentlemen seated on one side removed their hats, and the next instant, before she could take her seat, the lady saw one of them rise, bow, and extend his hand to Mabel, saying, with no little embarrassment and much access of color, something to the effect that this was a great surprise,—a statement which her fair sister-in-law evidently could find no words to contradict, even had she desired so to do. Neither of the two seemed to think of any others who were present. Indeed, there was hardly time to ask or answer questions before they had to step out and give place to people desiring to ascend; and then the gentleman nearly tumbled over a chair in the awkwardness of his adieu. Mrs. Noel's face was averted as they left the hall, but all the more was Mrs. Lanier desirous of questioning:

"Who was your friend, Mabel?"

And Mabel had to turn or be ungracious. Her face was glowing as she answered, simply,—

"Captain Lane."

An hour later Mrs. Lanier said to her husband,—

"That was the man to whom she was said to be engaged before Gordon; and did you see her face?"

Once again they met,—this time at the entrance to the dining-room; and there Captain Lane bowed gravely to "my sister, Mrs. Lanier,—Mr. Lanier," when he was presented. The lady seemed distant and chilling. The man held out his hand and said, "I'm glad to know you, captain. I wish you could dine with us." But Lane had dined, and was going out.

The third day came, and no Reginald. Expecting him every moment, Mabel declined to go with her friends on a shopping-tour, and was seated in her room, thinking, when there came a tap at the door: a card for Mrs. Noel, and the gentleman begged to see her in the parlor. Her color heightened as she read the name. Her heart beat flutteringly as she descended the stairs. He was standing close by the door, but he took her hand and led her to the window at their right.

"You have news—from mamma!" she cried. "Tell me—instantly!"

"Mr. Woodrow thinks it best that you should come, Mrs. Noel; and she has sent for me. Reginald went directly West last night. Will you trust yourself to my care? and can you be ready for the next train?—in two hours?"

Ready! She could go instantly. Was there no train sooner? She implored him to tell if her mother's illness was fatal. He could only say that Mrs. Vincent had been quite suddenly seized; and yet they hoped she would rally. Mabel wept unrestrainedly, upbraiding herself bitterly for her dilatory journey; but she was ready, and had gained

composure when it was time to start. Mrs. Lanier's farewell was somewhat strained, but the captain seemed to notice nothing.

Unobtrusively, yet carefully, he watched over her on the homeward way. Tenderly he lifted her to the pavement of the familiar old dépôt, where Regy met them. Mamma was better, but very feeble. She wanted to see them both.

Three days the gentle spirit lingered. Thrice did the loving woman send for Lane, and, holding his hand in hers, whisper blessing and prayerful charge as to the future. Regy wondered what it could all mean. Mabel, on her knees in her own little room, pleading for her devoted mother's life, knew well how to the very last that mother clung to him, but only vaguely did she reason why.

At last the solemn moment came, and the hush of twilight, the placid, painless close of a pure and gracious life, were broken only by the sobbing of her kneeling children and of the little knot of friends who, dearly loving, were with her at the gate into the new and radiant world beyond.

One soft spring evening a few weeks later Mabel stood by the window in the old library, an open letter in her hand. Twice had she looked at the clock upon the mantel, and it was late when Frederick Lane appeared. Mr. Woodrow had unexpectedly detained him, he explained, but now nothing remained but to say good-by to her. His leave was up. The old troop was waiting for him.

"Will you try to do as I asked you, and write to me once in a while?" he said.

"I will. It was mother's wish." But her head sank lower as she spoke.

"I know," he replied. "For almost a year past she had written regularly to me, and I shall miss it—more than I can say. And now—it is good-by. God bless you, Mabel!"

And still she stood, inert, passive, her eyes downcast, her bosom rapidly rising and falling under its mourning garb. He took her hand and held it lingeringly one minute, then turned slowly away.

At the portière he stopped for one last look. She was still standing there, drooping. The fair head seemed bowing lower and lower, the white hands were clasping nervously.

"Do you know you have not said good-by, Mabel?"

She is bending like the lily now, turning away to hide the rush of tears. Only faintly does he catch the whispered words,—

"Oh! I cannot!"

THE END.

THE TEARS OF TULLIA.

ROME shook with tyrannies. A bloated face,
 Vile for all vices that debase,
 Glowered and menaced from the imperial place.

Men said "Caligula" below their breath,
 Shivering, as one that faintly saith
 In some new deadlier way the old word "death."

That robe which once round Cæsar drooped sublime,
 Draggled and frayed, though not with time,
 Flaunted from every fold wet stains of crime.

The empire of the world had fallen so low,
 Inertly it saw its own blood flow,
 As treason's black brood dealt it many a blow.

Deeper at each fresh ignominy it sank
 In mires of cowardice more rank,
 Scourged by a monster and a mountebank.

Where vast the arena of the circus lay,
 Loosed lion or tiger, day by day,
 Would flesh its fangs in shuddering human prey.

Throned o'er the slaughter, sat, with purple guise,
 With laurelled brows, with wine-bleared eyes,
 He whom to gaze upon was to despise.

Yet regnant thus, with crime for kith and kin,
 Did this crowned cut-throat seek to win
 A hideous immortality out of sin.

His infamies caught splendor, like the fires
 That leapt in fury from those pyres
 Where wives would watch their lords burn, sons their sires.

He seemed as one whose insolence erects
 A fane to his own dire defects,
 With rapine, butchery, lust, for architects,—

A pile through haze of history to uprear
 At every deed pure lives revere,
 Its towering gibe, its monumental sneer! . . .

And yet even he, Caligula, could feel
 Moods to his fiend-swayed soul appeal
 Wherefrom the shadow of clemency would steal.

By some caprice no courtier could explain,
He looked with favor, not disdain,
On Livius, a young noble of his train.

When weary of insult, lechery, murder, all
Wherewith his madness held in thrall
Rome's cringing crowds, on Livius he would call.

From the massed purple cushions where he lay,
"Read me some poet," he would say,
"My Livius, in your wise melodious way."

Then the youth, bowing with complaisance meek,
In lute-like tones would speak
Line after line from Homer's golden Greek.

And once, when, kneeling at the tyrant's knee,
Rapt by unwonted passion, he
Had read the dark wrongs of Andromache,

Caligula half raised his drowsy head,
And with the smile men quaked at, said,
"My Livius, thou hast eloquently read !

"None but a lover could so treat this theme ;
And thou, if rightly I deem,
Hast felt the full deep sorcery of love's dream.

"Would the kind gods had let me feel it, too !—
The gods that guard me as they do ! . . .
Nay, my sweet Livius, does report say true

"That thou hast loved, from boyhood sheer till now,
Tullia, the maid with vestal brow,
Patrician Publius' grandchild, and dost vow

"Unflinching virtue, continence complete,
Scorn of thy young blood's hardest beat,
Till thou and she in marriage-bonds may meet ?

"Nay, Livius, dost thou love this maid so well ?
I charge thee, in all fair frankness tell
How strong is thy subservience to her spell ?"

Then, smitten as by the pang that bars a spear,
Livius felt throes of mortal fear,
Not for himself, but one divinely dear.

He thought of how this royal vulture fed
On multitudes of guiltless dead,
With beak that ever bode unsurfeited ;—

Of deeds that showed like some demoniac boy's
 Whom no malevolence gluts or cloy,
 With rack, bowl, dagger, and gibbet for their toys ;—

Of how Tiberius through his foul schemes died,
 Silanus had sought suicide,
 And Orestilla had been stolen a bride

Even at the altar from her bridegroom's arms. . . .
 Remembering these and countless harms
 Dastard as these, Livius with strange alarms

Thrilled as he murmured, "Emperor, if the sky
 Made every star that hangs on high
 A word of fire for me to answer by,

"Still, vainly, in spite of such all-grasping speech,
 My love for Tullia could I teach—
 Its force, its faith, its rapture, and its reach !"

So spake the youth, tumultuously. A frown
 Dragged the prone despot's eyebrows down.
 "Such love," he sneered, "my Livius, courts renown !

"What say'st thou if I seek a way to prove
 This vaunted value of thy love,
 And how the ambition of its flame above

"Myriads of lesser lights doth dart and shine ?
 What say'st thou, favorite fool o' mine"
 (Here a full snarl broke), "should my mood incline

"To test this love by some unique ordeal
 And find if thou, who art sworn so leal,
 Canst from the imaginary pluck the real

"And prove to me, to all men, past a doubt,
 That adoration thus devout
 Blindfold may trace its precious object out ?"

Pale turned young Livius, understanding not,
 Dreading some despicable plot,
 While from the Emperor's lips bleak laughter shot,

Unpitying as when bared white bodies quailed
 While the lash bit—when stout hearts failed
 While to the gaunt cross hands and feet were nailed !

"Go !" cried Caligula. . . . A moment more,
 And arms of strong slaves, by the score,
 Had pushed poor Livius past the tyrant's door.

Alone they left him in a spacious hall,
Brooding on what grim doom might fall,
What freak diabolic waited to appall,

Till, at the close of one slow hour, he heard
The bolts that held him captive stirred,
Obedient to Caligula's loud word.

Then with a smile where sly derision slept,
The Emperor past the portal stept,
And straightway two stout minions lightly leapt

Toward Livius ; o'er his eyes with speed they rolled
A bandage of such envious fold
That by quick night all vision was controlled.

Quite still he stood, resisting not ; he knew
Resistance in a trice would hew
From mercy its last piteous residue.

" Fate, work your worst on me," his fleet thoughts ran ;
" Ere now full many a nobler man
Hath bowed below this arch-assassin's ban !

" So Tullia dies not with me, I shall bless
Calamity for its kindliness,
And garner consolation from distress !"

But even as thus he mused, the air with sound
Of numerous foot-falls did abound,
Like splash of delicate rain on grassy ground,

And through the wide-flung doors, with timorous tread,
With each a lovely and low-bent head
Half shadowing her bewilderments of dread,

Came twenty as bloomful maidens as the dome
Of lucid heaven o'erarching Rome
Had ever beamed on ; hence at speed from home

All had perforce been summoned by the sway
Of him unscrupulous to pay
Their lives in penalty for their delay.

Now rose the tyrant's voice, that seemed to kill
The silence brutishly, such ill
Its every note was packed with, pealing shrill.

" Livius," its words came, " with a poet's tongue
Hast thou belauded Tullia, young,
Radiant, thy love ; but here in beauty among

"A sisterhood of other beauteous mates,
Thy recognition she awaits,
Thy swift intuitive welcome supplicates.

"Let now this boasted adoration dare
Its magic energy declare ;
I bid thee touch on brow, cheek, eyelids, hair,

"Each maiden of these assembled, till thou find
The enslaving mistress of thy mind,
Being blind thyself as Love, thy god, is blind.

"Yet if by touch of hand upon her face
Thou failest, braggart boy, to trace
Rightly her lineaments, not mere disgrace

"May wreak revenge on thy rash head, but she,
Tullia, and thou, her choice, must be
Bound each to other and cast within the sea !

"So shalt thou learn what ecstasies belong
To love, with all its bonds made strong
As death's own lean clasp in the engirding thong.

"Yea, thou shalt learn of love that though it fly
So lofty and in so large a sky,
Low may it sink at last and darkly die !" . . .

The looks of all save Livius now were turned
On Tullia, whose amazed eyes burned
With agony—then with adjuration yearned.

Scorn answered only from the Emperor's gaze ;
Fierce to the grouped girls rang his phrase :
"One after one seek Livius, till he lays

"A hand upon your faces dusk or fair,
Searching for his lost Tullia there,
In each ! . . . Obey me, or falter if ye dare !"

None dared to falter ; slowly all gathered near
Livius, who stood with mien austere
That told what pain must make his veiled eyes drear.

Yet the hand shook not that erelong he laid
On the first face of those arrayed
Before him, and with loitering touch essayed

To prove alone by tactual sense what sight
Would instantly have solved aright,
If given one vague ray of divulging light.

Still, eager and yet with impotence, he sought !
Face after face, being swept thus, brought
But worse confusion to his laboring thought.

"I cannot find thee, Tullia !" rose his cry,
Frighted with torture. "We will die
Together, and curse the gods in our last sigh !"

And yet even here, while thick sweat damped his brow,
A courage tyranny could not bow
Nerved him once more and made him sweep forth, now,

For the last time to the last face, his hand ; . . .
Then suddenly, as by joy unmanned,
He shouted, "Pitying gods, I understand !

"These tears have told me ! Look, my hand is wet
With their sweet testimony ! I set
My life and hers on the dear amulet

"Their tidings proffer ! *None has wept but she !*
I have found thee, Tullia ! Love's decree
Can teach even blindness a new way to see !"

Before his final word impetuous rung,
Poor Tullia, with loud sobs, had sprung
To clasp his neck—had wildly about it clung.

So cruelty had been slain by love ; and they
Who saw Caligula that day
Clothed in atrocity, were still wont to say

(Long after vengeful massacre had wrought
End of his villany, as it ought)
That just when Livius found the face he sought,

Learning glad Tullia by her tears to tell,
Tears also from the Emperor fell—
Strange as if dawn's white dews were seen in hell !

Edgar Fawcett.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS."

IT is now nearly a quarter of a century since Mr. Dion Boucicault made the announcement of a new play to be produced at Niblo's Garden,—an Irish drama which was advertised as founded upon fact, and which was to be presented under the captivating title of "The Colleen Bawn."

New plays were a novelty at that period, but Irish incidents and plot and Irish character in the drama were as popular then as now, while the cast for the original production of "The Colleen Bawn" was such as to insure its success. Laura Keane was to play the part of Anne Chute, and Agnes Robertson the title rôle of the sweet Colleen Eily O'Connor, Mr. Boucicault himself taking the part he has since made famous of the hunchback, Danny Mann. Old theatre-goers can recall the excitement and enthusiasm of the presentation-night,—the continuous rounds of applause which greeted each situation, each bit of brilliant dialogue between Anne Chute and Hardress Cregan, Kyrle Daly and Father Tom, while the exquisite pathos and simplicity of the "Colleen's" lines, rendered by the actress whose place in the part can never be refilled, gave a poetic charm to every scene in which Eily makes her appearance. Certain discrepancies, however, were apparent in this first rendering of "The Colleen Bawn" which could not fail to attract the attention of some of the spectators. The play was an almost literal transcription or adaptation of an Irish novel entitled "The Collegians," and a gentleman in the audience called the next morning upon Mr. Boucicault, introducing himself as the nephew of its author, Gerald Griffin. The result of the interview was a prompt revision of the play, Mr. Boucicault acting with every courtesy towards his visitor, who desired that the novelist's name should be associated with that of the dramatist. From that date this play, by far the most successful in Mr. Boucicault's versatile *répertoire*, has been known as a dramatized version of "The Collegians," a novel which has begun to enjoy a revival of the popularity which made it famous in the early decades of this century.

Gerald Griffin, best known as the author of "The Collegians" and of a tragedy entitled "Gisippus," in which Macready made his most solid reputation, was the son of an Irish gentleman who emigrated to America in the year 1817, settling with some of his children and grandchildren near what is now known as Binghamton, New York. Mr. Griffin had been induced to take this step through the glowing accounts given by his eldest son, an officer in the English army, who had visited America and returned to Ireland captivated by the scenery near the Susquehanna. Difficult as it was to resign himself to the parting, Gerald, then a lad of about sixteen, elected to remain in Ireland with his brother, a physician practising in Limerick, and two sisters who were too young for the voyage and the trials of pioneer life.*

* The younger of the two sisters joined the family in America soon after their emigration, and from her lips I heard the story of her brother's life during my own childhood.

Young Griffin's decision was the result of an unconquerable impulse towards literature, especially the making of verses and dramatic writing, which he feared would be turned aside if he followed his family to the New World. He had already sketched "Gisippus;" his desk was full of poems many of which are wrongly attributed to his later years, and he had arranged various small dramas for private representation, throwing himself ardently into the character of stage-manager when they were produced by an enthusiastic set of amateurs in his native town. His realistic views would have suited the company of the Théâtre Française to-day. An amusing incident connected with these boyish efforts was told me by an old English gentleman who recalled one of the rehearsals—if not the actual performance—of a play written by Gerald Griffin in his seventeenth year. The heroine was to take poison and die in a dramatic agony. The young lady cast for the part, however, failed to carry out the author's idea of the death-scene, and insisted upon dying gracefully, with a becoming expression of placidity. Young Griffin watched the rehearsals of this scene with impatience for two or three days, and then a brilliant idea occurred to him. The evening of the performance he presented Miss —— with a glass containing a bitter draught of quassia, asking her to drink it in the poison-scene. The result may be imagined. All the contortions of expression and action which the young dramatist desired followed, and he applauded loudly, assuring his indignant "leading lady" that it could not injure her, and that it had improved her "business" in the play tremendously.

About the same time, before his seventeenth birthday, he one day summoned his brother the doctor to his room and handed him the manuscript of a tragedy in blank verse which he had just completed. Dr. Griffin spent the night reading and criticising it. Fortunately, he did not share the opinion of many of the lad's friends that literature was a sorry profession for him to enter upon, and the reading of this play, "Aguire," decided him to advance his younger brother's literary interests as speedily as possible. John Banim, then beginning to be famous, pronounced "Aguire" to be the work of a genius; but, unfortunately, it was never produced at any theatre, and was accidentally destroyed and not rewritten. The tragedy of "Gisippus," which was not completed until the next year, had, however, been sketched when he was fourteen. The nephew of the author told me that his uncle had been fond of reciting passages of it to him in their very boyish days, walking between Limerick and Adare. They were the same with which Macready years after the author's death held London audiences spell-bound during the famous run of the play at Drury Lane.

After "Aguire" was written, Gerald appealed to his brother for permission to try his fate among the theatres and publishers of London. Naturally enough, the older man hesitated to consent to such a venture on the part of an inexperienced lad, just turned eighteen, who had no private fortune, and who was endowed with the most sensitive of poetic temperaments, a disposition generous and unsuspicious to a fault, and a faith in the art he was pursuing which would lead him to endure any toil or privation for the chance of success. Various minor con-

siderations had also to be thought of by the older brother as likely to war against the young author's life in London. He was an ardent Catholic; and those were intolerant days for the followers of the Church of Rome. He had a sense of honor in literary work which was almost extreme; no consideration then or ever induced him to so much as violate a private opinion or judgment of his own in print, and his idea of the fulfilment of a contract—so one of the most venerable editors in England told me—bordered on the quixotic, so afraid was he of not giving the full value demanded by publisher or public. A miniature still in the possession of his family represents him at this period of his life as a strikingly handsome youth, with a face almost Spanish in coloring, the eyes darkest hazel, the complexion a clear olive, the brow broad and lofty, with masses of dark hair tossed back, the features strong in outline, but regular, and the mouth singularly sweet in expression. There is a blending of mirth and melancholy in the face: the boyish glance seems to give a challenge to the future from which he expected so much; the proud and sensitive lips seem eager to speak of things that lie deep within the young and ardent heart.

To London in 1823 the young man journeyed with the best of spirits and the lightest heart, believing he could assist the great actors of the day in restoring the drama or purifying the stage of what he, with many others, considered mere dramatic charlatanism. He was eighteen years of age, vigorous in constitution except for a weakness of the heart which subsequently tried him severely; life had hitherto been prosperous, and the world had shown him its smiling side. He had "Aguire" and the notes for "Gisippus" in his satchel, and a box of other manuscript, poems and essays, which represented to the lad fame and fortune. His personal attractions, the magnetism of manner and power of influencing those about him, seem to have been entirely unconscious, and not to have been counted in his stock of worldly advantages either by himself or by his family. Had it been otherwise, he might have reached success easily through the medium of the society of the day, for London in 1823 was as brilliant in its way as London in 1890; but a striking characteristic of the boy and the man was his disdain of using any personal influence in his literary career.

He sought out very quiet lodgings, whence he wrote to the family at Adare notes of the London he began to know. He had introductions through his devoted friend Banim to the Kembles and other professionals, who seem only to have shown him in those days the civility of an occasional box-seat for the theatre. He speedily wrote home deploring the decline of the "legitimate" in the drama, not, however, without some sense of humor in his criticism of the sort of play that was then in vogue, while his analysis of the methods to be employed to insure popularity might be repeated to-day, and it seems hardly possible that nearly seventy years have elapsed since they were written.

"I will tell you," he writes to his brother, "something which will give you an idea of the drama and the dramatic management of the

day, which, however, for the credit of the *métier*, I would not breathe to ears profane. Of all the walks in literature it is the most heart-rending, the most toilsome, and the most harassing to a man who is possessed of a mind that may be at all wrought on by circumstances. The managers only seek to fill their houses, and don't care a rap for all the dramatists that ever lived. . . . With respect to the taste of a London audience, you may judge what it is when I tell you that 'Venice Preserved' will scarcely draw a decent house, while such a piece of unmeaning absurdity as the 'Cataract of the Ganges' has filled Drury Lane every night for three weeks past. A lady on horseback riding up a cataract is rather a bold stroke; but these things are quite the rage now. They are hissed by the gods; but that is a trifle, so long as they fill the house and the managers' pockets. . . . There is a rage for fire and water and horses, and as long as it continues fire and water and horses are the lookout of the sovereigns of the drama. Literary men see the trouble which attends it, the bending and cringing to performers, the chicanery of managers, and the anxiety of suspense which no previous success can relieve them from; and therefore it is that they seek to make a talent for some other walk and content themselves with the fame of a 'closet writer,' which is accompanied with little or none of the uneasiness of mind which the former brings with it. . . . I cannot immediately fix my eye upon any one who I should say without hesitation was qualified to furnish us with a good tragedy, excepting only my friend Banim and countryman Knowles. They decidedly stand best on the stage at present. Kean is going off to America; and Macready, I understand, speaks of entering the Church, but I should be sorry for it. This I have only just heard said, and know not whether it be quiz or earnest; but it is widely reported. Have you seen any more of Sheil's work? I think his last piece, 'The Huguenot,' a very indifferent one; and the public thought so too, for they damned it three nights. For us poor devils who love the drama well and are not so confident in other branches of that most toilsome and thankless of all professions, authorship, we must only be content to wade through thick and thin and make our goal as soon as we may. This sawdust and water work will pass away, like everything else, and then perchance the poor half-drowned muse of the buskin may be permitted to lift her head above the flood once more. I have got a sneaking kind of reputation," the lad goes on, "as a poet among my acquaintances." In fact, the circle among which his handsome young face and slim boyish figure began to be known had already gained a hint of the boy's genius, and any one less sensitive than he would have availed himself of the advances of friendship which were certainly made him at the time, but which he completely overlooked, doubtless because he was, as his companions later averred, utterly devoid of vanity, and while he was making clever criticisms on everything he saw and heard about him he seems to have had no idea of the effect which he produced himself.

Not being able to compete with the "sawdust and water work" style of drama, Griffin began about this time to turn his entire attention to writing for reviews or magazines; but some idea may be given

of the manner in which some of the journals of the day were conducted by the following extract from a letter to his mother. "I set about writing," he says, "for various weekly publications, all of which, except the *Literary Gazette*, cheated me abominably. Finding this to be the case, I wrote for the great magazines. My articles were generally inserted, but on calling for payment there was so much shuffling and shabby work that it disgusted me." He defends himself in another letter against the charge of writing for the stage, which his correspondent seems to think immoral. "I thought," he says, "to have set your mind at rest upon the question of the drama in this letter, but I have scarcely room for my arguments. Give me leave, however, to say that when a humble individual observes a great deal of immorality in a very alluring form I cannot see anything wrong in his making whatever exertions he can to use an efficient means in a more worthy cause. I believe no one ever asserted that the stage was in itself immoral; but to destroy it altogether would be—to use a medical simile—to abolish a very powerful medicine because quacks had contrived to make it kill. Every night on which you prevent a number of people from doing ill and help them to do well is, in my opinion, not badly spent. . . . At the time when the Church launched its thunders against the stage it was certainly deserving of censure; but we are reforming."

A dozen causes seemed now to prevent the lad from obtaining the successes which at this period actually meant bread-and-butter to him. He had no faculty for pushing himself either into the good graces of a publisher or into print, and he withdrew from all society, shutting himself up for a time in a sort of garret lodging, not letting his friends know that he was actually in want, but writing steadily, among other things translating an entire book for two guineas, but doing very little dramatic work. "Yesterday," he records, "I have written a play in one act, to be published this week with a most laughable illustration by the Hogarth of the day, George Cruikshank. There's dramatic fame for you! In blank verse, too. Mind, I don't say poetry. I have a conscience as well as another man."

But this sort of work no longer had its charms for him, and "Gisippus" was locked away, to be produced after the author's death. Even from Banim he concealed the fact of his pressing necessities, and at last, by the merest chance, a friend who invaded his solitude at midnight found him, "looking like a ghost," seated at his desk, but with the air of a man who might not have tasted food all day. The friend insisted upon questioning him regarding his condition, but the only assistance Griffin would accept was an introduction to a publisher, for whom, however, he wrote under an assumed name, having become almost morbid about presenting himself personally to either an editor or a stage-manager. Writing of this time later, when at the height of his popularity and worldly success, he says, "I can hardly describe to you the state of mind I was in at this time. It was not an indolent despondency, for I was working hard, and I am now—and it is only now—receiving money for the labor of those dreadful hours. I used not to see a face that I knew; and, after sitting writing all day, when I

walked in the streets in the evening it actually seemed to me as if I was of a different species altogether from the people about me. The fact was, from pure anxiety alone I was more than half dead."

He deemed himself fortunate in securing a position on a well-known magazine at a guinea a week, he giving six hours a day to reviews of all sorts, essays on topics of the day, in fact, as he says himself, five hundred different subjects, written under as many signatures; and outside of this he worked for other journals, and began his first series of tales,—*"Holland Tide, or Tales of the Munster Festivals."* Later he is in receipt of two pounds a week from an editor who is extremely anxious to discover the real name of the author of certain sparkling papers on questions of the day, which, in spite of the young man's anxieties, were brimming over with good-humored sarcasm, fun, and piquant criticism. "The editor," he writes, "sends my money to my address every week by a livery servant, who never says a word, but slips the note in, touches his lips, and—mum! presto!—off he is. All very romantic, isn't it?" Later the editor himself arrived, determined to penetrate the mystery of his contributor's name,—*"a tall, stout fellow, with moustachio'd lip and braided coat."* This gentleman speedily carries the young author off to his superb country place, where, after many social attentions, he makes a bargain with him for we dare not think how much work at a hundred pounds a year,—this, however, to be only paid him according to the amount of work he was able to finish weekly. When we reflect that young Griffin's work on this one magazine alone was to include poetry, fiction, criticism, essay-writing, paragraphs, and "anything which the editor required and which did not violate principle and sense of right," there seems almost a pathos in the fact that the lad could regard it as so brilliant a stroke of fortune and rejoice in that "his luck" was turning. His work was copied widely. Had it been written to-day it would have placed him among the foremost of magazine contributors. As it was, the periodical for which he wrote received all the credit of the work done by the editor's young assistant, and he seems to have had not the least idea that he might have grown suddenly into fame. Certainly Gerald Griffin's work at that date was superior to much that was being done about him, and "having," he finds, "some hours to spare in the twenty-four" not appropriated to his regular position, he, to use his own expression, "sold them to a publisher for five dollars a week, writing steadily from nine o'clock until three in the afternoon," the publisher encouraging him with a prospect of half as much again at the end of a certain period of time! The ludicrous side of it all began to appeal to him very forcibly. He speaks a little wistfully of his high-hearted hopes on arriving in London, and now, he says, in writing to his sister, "you may perceive that I am putting myself in train for 'Warren's Jet Blacking,'" which in 1825 required a special sort of advertisement. Keats's death about this time affected him powerfully, there having been a common bond of sympathy between the two young men, and Gerald recognized a certain similarity in their tastes and feelings, and perhaps it was with a view to spare himself from the lash of merciless criticism that he so long preserved his incognito. Keats's young sister

he knew well, and she told him that she had frequently found her brother on suddenly entering his room seated with the notorious review of his work in his hand, "reading as if he would devour it,—completely absorbed, absent, and drinking it in like mortal poison. The instant he observed her, however, he would throw it by and begin to talk of some indifferent matter." From his conversations with his intimate friend Valentine Llanos, who was one of Keats's nearest and closest friends, and who conversed with him three days before his death, Griffin had not the least doubt that Gifford's malignant review killed the poet. This same Llanos, who was on delightfully friendly and social terms with many of the young men of the day, seems to have exerted a beneficial effect over their minds, and Gerald was apt to grow despondent when long away from him. However, the turn of luck certainly had come. Applications were now made to him for comedies and librettos for the English Opera. He produced a play the name of which is forgotten, doubtless through his indifference on the subject, although it was highly successful and the part of the heroine taken by the famous Miss Kelly. About the same time he wrote an article in the *News* proposing a new plan for the English Opera, making suggestions for complete stage business, the management of the recitative, etc. This attracted a great deal of attention, and Griffin followed it up with a complete essay on the Italian and English Opera, suggesting that the latter might be made completely operatic, and giving specimens of the sort of recitative which would be suitable. He made use of the signature of "G. Joseph," by which name only he was known to the manager of the English Opera-House, Mr. Arnold; but, in evidence of his horror of having any one piece of work accepted or successful simply on the merits of a former production, I may mention the fact that after Arnold had accepted and produced with great success two or three operettas written by him he sent a fourth manuscript under another name, determined to discover just how much intrinsic merit lay in the composition. His style, however, betrayed him at once to Arnold, who showed the manuscript to John Banim, asking him if he was not certain that Joseph was the author. Banim, who was then established as reader for certain theatres, of course detected Griffin's *ruse* at once, but, unfortunately, mistook its motive, fancying that his young friend had taken a new *nom de plume* in order to avoid placing himself under the least obligation to Arnold's reader; and this trifling circumstance produced a breach in their friendship which the younger man as well as the older lived to deplore. All that we know of these operettas or comedies which he apparently wrote with such facility is that they were highly successful at the time and performed by the best stock-companies. In writing of his turn of fortune so far as theatrical matters are concerned, he says, "It would have been very delightful a year ago; and even now I own I am not indifferent to it, though a great deal if not all of the delicious illusion with which I used to envelop it is lost; but a better feeling has come in its place." He was suffering painfully during this time from the weakness of the heart to which I have alluded, and which obliged him to spend many wakeful nights, while his publishers little dreamed of the tremendous tension put upon

him by his literary work, which never flagged, except when, after, as he says himself, "trying to brazen it out," he would break down suddenly with attacks of complete prostration, increased doubtless by his intense anxiety to be up and at work again. It was soon after one of these that his brother, coming to London, found him working for ten men, but delighted by the fact that he was making headway in all desired directions. His book was completed, and he rejoiced in receiving seventy pounds for the entire manuscript and copyright.

The young author, flushed with what he felt at least would soon mean success and relief from mere drudgery, returned to Ireland for the first time in five years, and met a circle of friends in Dublin, with whom he spent one gayly happy day, at the end of which he was met by news that his favorite sister had died suddenly, the physicians supposing her death to be the result of the long tension she had suffered on his account and the too swift revulsion of feeling on hearing of his success and his intended visit. The blow completely prostrated him for a time; but on reaching Pallas Kenry, where his brother's family resided, he determined to rouse the family circle from the depression into which they had fallen: therefore the remembrance of that visit lingered long in the minds of all who knew and loved him.

Of this visit to Pallas Kenry his youngest sister writes to the family in America,—

"Would you wish to view at a distance our domestic circle here? William and I are generally first at the breakfast-table, when after a little time walks in Miss H——, next Mr. Gerald, and last of all Monsieur D——. After breakfast our two doctors go to their patients; Gerald takes his desk by the fireplace, and writes away, except when he chooses to throw a pinch or a pull at the ringlets, cap, or frill of the first lady next him, or gives us a stave of some old ballad. Our doctors then come in at irregular hours, when the first question, if it is early, is, 'Lucy, when shall we have dinner? I am dying,' and if late, 'Why did you wait so long?' After dinner, books, tea, and sometimes a game at cards,—formerly chess; but it is too studious for Gerald as a recreation."

Many and laughable are the freaks recorded of him during this visit, when the plot of "The Collegians" was working in his mind; but they are hard to reproduce, since, it is said, there was so much more in his manner and inimitably ridiculous way of doing or saying an amusing thing than in the mere fact or substance of the fun itself. So complete were his gayety and *abandon* at the time that non-literary friends looking on were frequently disedified at the apparent light-heartedness and possibly school-boy wit of the young man who had written "Gisippus," and who was known to be engaged on a work of a serious character.

It was during a siege of blinding fog in the November of 1828 that "The Collegians" was completed, young Griffin's spirits being unusually fine, in spite of the depressing weather, for the work was so much the result of inspiration that, as he said later, "it wrote itself." But in every scene he regretted the fact that he was not preparing it for the stage, his dramatic inclinations having been subdued only because

of the necessity of earning his daily bread. "What I would give," he exclaimed to his brother one evening, "to see Edmund Kean in that scene of Hardress Cregan at the party just before his arrest, where he is endeavoring to do politeness to the ladies while the horrid warning voice is in his ear! Every movement of Kean's countenance in such a scene as that would make one's nerves creep. Every motion and attitude of his, his ghastly efforts at complaisance, and his subdued sense of impending ruin, would be all-sufficient to keep an audience in a thrill of horror."

The main portion of the book was written before breakfast, as during that meal there was nearly always a rap at the door and the printer's boy appeared, demanding copy. Frequently the manuscript would be handed forth without revision, the author simply letting his pen fly onward, but declaring that he had no difficulty in keeping up this strain of work. What annoyed him in the book, however, was the impossibility of making Kyrle Daly more interesting than Hardress Cregan. "Just listen to me!" he exclaimed one day: "isn't it extraordinary how impossible it seems to write a perfect novel,—one that shall be read with interest and yet be perfect as a moral work? There is Kyrle Daly, full of high principle, prudent, amiable, and affectionate, not wanting in spirit nor free from passion, but keeping his passions under control, thoughtful, kind-hearted, and charitable,—a character in every way deserving our esteem. Hardress Cregan, his mother's spoiled pet, nursed in the very lap of passion, and ruined by indulgence; not without good feelings, but forever abusing them; having a full sense of justice and honor, but shrinking like a craven from their dictates; following pleasure headlong, and eventually led into crimes of the blackest dye by the total absence of self-control. Take Kyrle Daly's character in what way you will, it is infinitely preferable; yet I will venture to say nine out of ten of those who read the book would prefer Hardress Cregan, just because he is a fellow of high mettle, with a dash of talent about him."

"The Collegians" was published, and instantaneously accepted by the public as the work of a genius. The leading men and women of the day read it with delight; the scene in which the death of the old huntsman was depicted found its way into innumerable journals of the time; while writers like Miss Edgeworth and society women like Lady Morgan were anxious to lionize the new author; but in evidence of his intense dislike to anything of the kind I may mention the fact that he formed a close friendship at the time with an Italian gentleman of rank, from whom he kept so assiduously the secret of his authorship that it was only through Sir Philip Crampton's meeting them together after several months of intimacy that the secret was revealed. The Italian upbraided Griffin mercilessly for allowing him to hear so much said of "The Collegians" in the society he frequented without having the pleasure of knowing that his friend was the author of the book.

Life seemed about to smile upon the young author from every point of view, and his letters at this time brim over with contentment, fun, and interest in the things about him. He writes to his sister Lucy assuring her that she may be content with her way of spending Lent, but

adds that he has been dancing quadrilles on a Monday evening and meeting a most charming girl indeed. "I will tell you how I might give you some idea of her. If Eily O'Connor had been a gentlewoman she would have been just such a one, I think, as Miss —, the same good nature, simplicity, and playfulness of character, the same delicious nationality of manner. Isn't this very modest talking of my heroine? I have a great mind to put her into my next book; and if I do I will kill her, as sure as a gun, for it would be such a delightful pity. I exult in the destruction of amiable people, particularly in the slaughter of handsome young ladies, for it makes one's third volume so interesting. I have even had a hankering wish to make a random blow at yourself; and I think I will do it some day or other: so look to yourself, and insure your life, I advise, for I think if well managed you'd make a very pretty catastrophe; but until I find occasion for killing you, my dear Lucy, continue to love me." Soon after this an invitation reached the young man from Mr. and Mrs. L——, people of the highest cultivation, living with every possible comfort and ease in their own home near Limerick. In accepting the cordially-worded request that he should visit them, young Griffin laid the foundation of one of the most perfect friendships ever recorded in a literary life. Mrs. L—— was a woman who had inherited from distinguished parents mental endowments which were precisely what Griffin most needed in a companion and friend. Henceforward she was the judge to whom he submitted everything, the one whose keen perception no flight of his poetic fancy could escape, and at the same time the critic who pronounced most carefully upon his defects, taking as vivid an interest in his improvement as in his successes.

The success of "The Collegians" led to the writing of a number of novels, essays, poems, etc., to the pleasantest of social associations, and to all those pleasures which Griffin as a lad of eighteen facing the world had longed to enjoy. Just how and when the idea of suddenly renouncing them all and entering a religious order came to him his biographer has not stated, but I may venture to quote the opinion given me by Mr. Aubrey De Vere. He assured me that the leading idea in Gerald Griffin's mind was that writing fiction was injurious to his own standard of thought and feeling, and that his higher inspiration was for a life devoted to charitable works. He began to criticise his own novels unsparingly, declaring that he found in some of them tendencies which he disapproved. He was nervous over this, anxious for the work even of a missionary, but by no means either morbid or fantastic in his views, as some of his critics have averred. When he decided to join the Christian Brotherhood to devote himself to a life of simple usefulness, of teaching the poorer classes, and also of writing religious works, he was in the calmest and serenest frame of mind. The call had reached him, and it was not to be resisted or denied. One who lived in the same order years later told me that those among the Christian Brothers who remembered him declared that never was a more joyous or happy spirit among them. He had studied law, theology, and metaphysics; he had mingled with the leading spirits of the day; he had talked philosophy with the followers of Voltaire and Hume; he had listened to every

sort of opinion that floated through the London he called his home, and he had of late years been met more than half-way by fame and pecuniary success. There was no depression in his decision, no sudden phase of feeling that there was a tremendous heroism or sacrifice in the step he contemplated. It was as clearly a necessity to him and the scheme of life and salvation he proposed to himself as if it had been a Saul who, listening to the voice in the heavens, answered, "My Lord and my God." Even his devoted friend Mrs. L——, who had no sympathy with his religious beliefs, acknowledged the sublime fitness of the life he deliberately chose for himself. Her regret at losing the comradeship so dear to her was natural enough. He writes to her begging her forgiveness for seeming cold, but not daring to express himself too much at length. He speaks of their meeting often again; but in point of fact after entering the Brotherhood he desired that this should not be the case. He threw himself ardently into the new work, and felt that distractions from without were not wise. When his decision had been reached, he visited Pallas Kenry for the last time. He had built a little house for himself in the garden there, which consisted of one room, and to this he retired from time to time for religious meditation and study, although at other times he was the same joyous, mischief-loving member of the small home circle. He defended his purpose to the friends who considered it fanatical by desiring them to reflect that self-sacrifice, self-denial, and mortification are at all times admired in the pursuit of ambition, worldly glory, or military renown, and yet let them be undertaken for the sake of religion and, behold, they seem intolerable and fantastic to one's friends. This being his spirit, it is not to be wondered at that he spent his last days at home joyously, in spite of the regret he must have felt on severing personal associations forever. The day before his departure from home his brother went to Gerald's room for a quiet talk before the family dinner. The door was opened, and after a few moments' delay Dr. Griffin was admitted, to find his brother standing in the middle of the room, his face pale and his eyes full of something which might have been the passion of remembrance or the last flame of merely worldly feeling. The fireplace was filled with charred bits of paper, and in an instant the elder brother knew what had been done. Every particle of unpublished manuscript which he had with him, but one, had been destroyed; and this would have shared the fate of the rest had not Dr. Griffin arrived in time to lay claim to it. Gerald smiled as his brother stretched out his hand for the tragedy upon which his first boyish hopes had been built,—which had been, as he considered, the saddest failure of his life, and yet which he, with all his freedom from vanity, his diffidence about himself, believed in to the day of his death. "Gisippus" was saved from the flames, and twelve years after the author's death was produced at Drury Lane by Macready before the most brilliant of London audiences, the queen attending the second representation of the play and commanding its continuance. Of his life in religion there need here be said only that it gave evidence of the same sensitive scrupulosity that had distinguished his life in the world. Being naturally unpunctual, he endeavored to make conformity to every rule of the house a matter

of grave duty. Having commenced a religious tale, he one morning was in the midst of a sentence, the word "beyond" being under his pen, when the bell rang summoning him to the refectory. He at once responded to the summons, leaving the word unfinished. Never again was he to pick up the pen that he had dropped. The same day he was attacked with fever, and on Friday, the 12th of June, 1839, he expired. There seems to be a curious irony and yet fitness in the course of fate in certain lives, and in the case of the author of "The Collegians" this is strikingly apparent to those who recall his enthusiasm for the drama, and his desire to be known as the producer of a play which, as he said, should elevate the stage and provide good where ill had been. At the present day Gerald Griffin is best known as the author of the intensely dramatic novel to which Mr. Boucicault has given a stage setting, and as having left a tragedy which when it was performed proved that purity of sentiment and diction, strong character-drawing, and intense passion are not incompatible with the loftiest moral point of view.

Lucy C. Lillie.

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS.

IT is great fun, to a man with a weakness for studying human nature, to listen to the talk of returning tourists about our cousins across the water. The two or three hundred live Americans who always may be found on a big ocean "liner" approaching our shores may represent all States of the Union and all circles of American society, they may differ shockingly about religion, the tariff, dress, and the liquor question, but they may be relied upon to agree almost unanimously that the English are a queer, unsociable, rather unhappy people, who see no good in any other race or nation and very little in one another.

I used to know a rural philosopher—he was a Pennsylvania German—who would explain all differences of opinion by the remark, "Vell, it is yoost as a man is raised. If he don't been raised to know anyding about some dings, how can he get 'em right?" I often feel like using the same expression, changed only a little, to explain the mistaken ideas that some Americans, who are not fools, have about the English people. They have had no opportunities of knowing English men or women; they did not learn anything about them before going abroad, and when they reached the mother-country they had no means of getting acquainted: so they had to depend upon impressions of those with whom they chanced to come in contact. Englishmen as scantily equipped who have often come to America, roamed about aimlessly for a week or a month, and then gone back home and printed books or letters about us, have occasioned indignant howls from Americans who happened to read their lucubrations; but how do the offending Britishers differ from the ordinary American tourist who airs his opinions of our cousins across the water?

Having already admitted that our people who go abroad are not

fools, and knowing that no one hates more than the American to blunder about anything, I assume to set my small self up as a teacher for a few moments, and tell something truthful about the English.

In the first place, you can't study a great people correctly from the top of an omnibus or the window of a cab. Neither can you get a good idea of them by spending all your time in theatres, hotels, and eating-houses, and seeing the sights. That is the way tourists usually try to do it; but they would learn nearly as much by sitting by their fire-sides at home and reading the advertising pages of an English newspaper. I shouldn't think much of an Englishman who would study us in any such stupid fashion.

To see people at their best you must have some acquaintance with them; but of the thousands of tourists whom I have seen on their way home, not one in twenty had a single friend or acquaintance in the mother-country. Most of them were not to blame for this, for Englishmen are scarce in America, so letters of introduction to Britons of any class are not easy to get, except in large cities. The rural Britisher is a big-hearted fellow, as easy to get acquainted with as his cousin the American farmer; but our tourists seldom go into the rural districts: they imagine that London and a few "show" places contain all of England worth seeing. It isn't easy, though, to "scrape acquaintance" with a Londoner, and I can't see how he differs in this respect from an inhabitant of New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago. I profess to be a good-natured fellow myself, and willing to unload all I know on any one who shows any longing for it, but I do expect that the recipient will first have himself properly introduced. On the other hand, it has never occurred to me that some of my distinguished fellow-citizens of the metropolis are stupid or inhospitable simply because I haven't the honor of their acquaintance and am obliged to judge them only by their outward appearance. For instance, a prominent banker under whose hospitable mahogany I sometimes swing my legs is the most delightful fellow in the world to his intimates, but in the street, on the cars, or in his office, he is sober, sharp, and reserved. Why shouldn't he be? Do any of us wear our hearts on our sleeves before strangers? Not unless we are fair game for confidence-men. Now, to the travelling American all Englishmen are strangers, and act accordingly. If they find themselves stared at curiously, and look suspicious, or sullen, or indignant, in reply, what wonder? What would you do, genial and great-hearted American reader, if an Englishman visiting this country were to stare curiously at you in the street, at your office, in the restaurant, or at the theatre? Unless you are better-natured and weaker-minded than I, you would be enough provoked to look cross and let him understand that you thought him an impertinent nuisance.

I don't profess to be anybody in particular, nor to have anything about me that should make people kinder to me than to anybody else, yet during small trips in England I have found our British cousins so pleasant a lot that I don't hesitate to pay them the highest compliment in the world, which is that they are remarkably like Americans. Some of their customs differ from ours, but that is entirely their own affair. In almost everything that makes men and women interesting in them-

selves and pleasing to their fellow-beings they are worth knowing and remembering. I am not speaking of the aristocratic classes only, but of all classes with whom American tourists would care to associate. Each stage of a people's development has its special ear-marks, and it seems to me that the better class of English, having got beyond the time when they had to fight for their lives and their rights, clear their forests and drain their bogs, and worry about having a roof over their heads and keeping the wolf from the door, have reached a period in which courtesy seems their special study and delight. In my earlier days abroad I imagined that I was being treated with special consideration, probably because of the letters of introduction I was careful to obtain before starting; but I learned in time that I fared no better than those about me. Good manners and thoughtful kindness was the rule; rudeness—even rough, good-natured “off-handedness”—was the exception.

I learned also that the English have acquired the virtue of deliberation, and never are in a hurry or fret. It is not necessary for me to inform the reader that England is the greatest business nation in the world; yet all the business is conducted in a quiet, leisurely way that seems to an American like child's play, but is dead earnest all the same. Your English banker will be found in some little building not at all like an American bank, and with very few clerks in sight. Nobody rushes breathlessly in or out; yet the amount of business transacted daily in that dingy little building is enormous.

Instead of being glum and unhappy, as most of our tourists imagine them, the English give more time and attention to their enjoyments than any other respectable people in the world. They do not crave excitement, like some Americans; but genuine enjoyment—rest for the body, and gratification for the eye, ear, and palate—they do love, and they spare no efforts to obtain it. Because they do not go wild over good work at the opera or theatre, and make a noise with their hands and feet, Englishmen are supposed by Americans to be unappreciative or listless; but they are nothing of the kind, as you will find out for yourself if you sit beside one whom you know and talk with him between the acts. When judging an Englishman by his appearance and manner in a crowd, don't forget the old saying, “Still waters run deep.”

The English are the most hospitable people alive; at any rate, they are as hospitable as the best Americans. An Englishman does not take all his acquaintances to his house, to smoke in the parlor and break for an evening the privacy of his family circle. He distinguishes sharply between acquaintances and friends,—a habit which Americans can afford to copy,—but he will take both to his club rather than disturb his family by taking home some man whom he likes, but who he knows will not seem interesting to the wife and the grown-up children. When he entertains, however, he does it in large-hearted style; he does not think his whole duty done when he gives a great party, invites everybody he knows, and fills his house so full that nobody can get through the crowd to see anybody else. He keeps “open house” if his means allow: to build a big house, furnish it elegantly, and then live in solitary

grandeur, as some Americans do, would never suit the well-bred Englishman who has any money. He is ceaseless in his endeavors to have something "going on," and any excuse is sufficient; it may be only a *musical* or a recitation, but he jumps at the chance, not so much for what the artists may do as to bring his friends together and entertain them. I have driven in spring and summer through some of the most delightful suburbs of great American cities and seen one fine place after another as quiet as if nobody lived there; in similar suburbs of London there would be a succession of parties playing tennis, croquet, or some other out-door game, and people constantly coming and going. The English hate the word "communist" as badly as my friend Colonel Robert Ingersoll hates the name of the Satanic majesty who he says doesn't exist, but nevertheless they seem to be full of the better communistic principle which causes a man to make the most of his money for the good of his fellow-man.

Another ridiculous American notion about the English is that they dislike Americans. This is worse than a mistaken notion: it is an unpardonable slander. The many American girls who have married Englishmen are highly popular in London society, and no decent American living in London is ever heard to complain of his treatment by the natives. Americans who visit England with letters of introduction to members of clubs or any circle of society are never allowed to feel not at home: "I know how 'tis myself." Intelligent Englishmen are as sympathetic and open-hearted as any people alive; if they were not, they could not have descended from the forefathers of their country and ours. They treat an American as if he were one of themselves, and not like a foreigner at all. They do not allude to the days of '76, or the tariff, or any other subject that might be annoying, but act just as if they thought he had come over for a rest and a change and they were going to help him along as much as they could. Some of them do ask a good many questions about America, but they don't do it offensively, and nearly all whom I've met have shown a real cousinly admiration for a good many things peculiar to this country. Of one thing I am very sure: the English admire us far more than they do any other people, although they have plenty of blood-relations, on the royal side, sprinkled about in Europe.

Frenchmen and Germans who come to this country say that anything is an excuse for a dinner here. Any one who goes about among the English people a little while is sure to learn how we came by this peculiarity. I have not been much in France and Germany, but, according to books written by men and women who have spent a great deal of time in those countries, hospitality stops, as a rule, at the dining-room door. There is no meanness about it: it is merely the national custom. But in England it is the rule to eat and drink; it is almost impossible to find an hour of the day at which you can go to an Englishman's house without being asked to refresh the inner man. It isn't a formal invitation, either, which you're expected to decline: the food and wine or tea are brought in and set on a little table rolled up in front of you before you have time to say you've just breakfasted, or are on your way to lunch or dine somewhere else. A lot of good fellows I know in

London seem to give up most of their time to finding some one to breakfast or lunch or dine with them. Suppose you want a general look at the lower middle class and upper lower class and take a railroad-trip in a third-class car, which is one place in England where you can safely speak to a man to whom you haven't been introduced. You sit down by a man who looks like a farmer, and begin to chat with him : within five minutes he will take from paper or box or basket a great pasty, or some boiled fowl, or meat and bread, and insist on your joining him. He always has twice as much as any one man can eat, and he meant to have twice as much when he started, so he could invite somebody to lunch with him.

Before I had been abroad at all I heard a great deal about "English airs:" so when I reached the old country I began to look for them. I didn't find them; and, although I have been over several times, I haven't found them yet. I stopped looking for them long ago, and I've relieved my mind to the fellows who told me about them. There are upstarts and pretenders and toadies in England, and they ape their betters; I think I have seen something of the kind on this side of the water, too. But there's no such nonsense among Englishmen who are sure of their position, be it high or low. It has been my fortune to see a great many Englishmen of title and position, though I've been only a sort of "mouse in the corner," and I don't know a more mild-mannered, unassuming set anywhere, not even in the United States. It is English custom not to introduce people who have not expressed a desire to know one another, but, on the other hand, there is the pleasant custom of speaking to any one whom you chance to meet in the house of a friend. As I am a restless sort of fellow, and quite fond of a chat, I used to avail myself of this privilege, and never was snubbed, but always met half-way. Occasionally I was paralyzed, afterwards, to learn that I had been acting in hail-fellow-well-met style with some person of consequence. Once it was the Duke of Teck, who is as near the throne as any one can be; but he was as affable as an old acquaintance, and it did not occur to him that he was being condescending, or anything of that sort, in chatting half an hour with a little stranger from America. Of course there are in England, as there are over here, a set of new-rich people who are trying to push their way upward, and if they have not the necessary amount of manners and intelligence they find themselves awfully snubbed. When the Englishman needs to be cool and distant, he can do it magnificently; but who that has had bores, parasites, and vulgar people try to attach themselves to him doesn't honor the Englishman for it?

In short, our English cousins are the nicest lot of people to be found anywhere outside of the United States, and it is a great pity that they are so far away that all of us cannot know them better. They differ from us no more than New England from the Pacific coast or the North from the South. Under the customs and manners which their own life has developed are the same big heart, good nature, kind spirit, hospitality, and energy that have made Americans all they are. Don't abuse them, dear reader or tourist, until you know them, and don't try to go among them until you can be introduced to two or three of them, either by

friends already there or by letters from friends here. If your company is worth as much as your room, you will have all the attention and consideration you want, and unless you fall into the too common faults of criticising them in their presence, flaunting the Stars and Stripes in their faces, and making the American Eagle scream himself hoarse in their ears, you will have nothing to regret and nothing to find fault with. Try it, and see if I am not right.

Marshall P. Wilder.

IDOL AFFECTIONS.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT BROWNING.

Our idols are our executioners.—AMIEL.
God's care be God's.—BROWNING.

THERE is no day of all my years whereon
I could not darken every sunniest hour
With memories of my life that was, before
God drew our distant paths near and more near.
I know the Hand which broke before my face
The idols I had wrought from clay and clothed
In golden raiment, then within my heart
Installed, as on an altar-shrine, to fall
And crush me where I knelt,—more merciless
Than mediæval priests who racked the saints,
Yet spared their tortured frames when strength waxed low.
Ah, then I thought my heart a sepulchre,
Where only weeds and noisome things would dwell,
In which no ray could ever shine again !
Unto this place of graves thou didst not scorn
To come, dear friend, bringing a jewelled lamp
To hang above the empty shrine, and flash
Its beams where now for weeds lie flowers which gained
Their birth and growth in gardens of the soul.
Like incense doth their perfume rise, by day
And night, to heaven, as rise my prayers to God
In thanks for such a matchless gift as thine,—
Renewed like amaranth blooms as seasons roll.
What can I do but trust the Hand which worked
Such marvels for me when I prayed for death ?
"God's care be God's:" I wait upon His will
To lift all shadows from my life that shines.
"God's care be God's:" I'll leave to Him His task,
And, trusting in His love, forget to ask.

Clara Bloomfield-Moore.

SANCT MORITZ, August, 1887.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S "ELIXIR OF LIFE."

HOW HAWTHORNE WROTE.

III.

READERS of the preceding two articles have made some acquaintance with the youth Septimius, the gloomy-browed and questioning student of divinity and searcher after strange knowledge; with the mixture in his blood of the Puritan and the Indian, ever struggling with each other, and giving him no peace. They have had glimpses of the legends concerning his ancestry,—of the shadow of witchcraft that hung over it, of its former wealth and distinction in England; and they have tasted, as it were, of the mysterious herb-drink, rumored to possess life-giving qualities, though the source of it was more than suspected to be infernal. They have noted Septimius's singular persuasion that man was not originally made to die, but that the means exist around us (did we but know how to use them) to prolong physical life indefinitely; and they have seen how he seemed to be supported in this contention, not only by the alleged virtues of his aunt Nashoba's beverage, but by the vague hints as to a life-elixir let fall by the dying officer whom he slew, and who was found to be the last of the English branch of that race of which Septimius was the latest American representative. They have assisted at the discovery by Aunt Nashoba, in the dead youth's bosom, of a packet of documents which, it is insinuated, may contain that very recipe for a Drink of Immortality which Septimius had believed or hoped could be produced. Incidentally, they have gained some knowledge of Septimius's environment,—of his lonely house and hill-top, of his pretty step-sister Rose, of his friend the minister, of the sturdy yeoman Robert, and of Aunt Nashoba herself, who stands out in vivid colors from the rest. We are now to learn what use Septimius made of the packet, and in what manner the progress of his researches towards the end that he had at heart was helped and hindered by persons and events.

But in this tale of "The Elixir of Life," as in "Septimius," the active element is subordinate, and the speculative and meditative prevail. Even the characters are of less import than is the central idea round which they are grouped and in which they all become involved. It is a story which we must look into, not at; a criticism of life, not a portrayal of life itself. When we give to a group of persons a single controlling and absorbing interest, we come inevitably to regard them as practically but varying exponents of that interest: we study them less for their own sake as individuals than for the light which their diverse characters may throw upon the overruling theme. They become, in short, but a means to an end,—the end in this instance being an elucidation of the causes and objects of man's existence. Tom, Dick, and Harry, Jack and Jill, are of consequence to this problem only in so far as they may specifically contribute towards its general solution.

We are not to expect, therefore, in this story a rapid and exciting succession of episodes, but rather, a slow and rich growth, gradually shaping itself to a symmetrical result. The beauties are to be found not so much in the accessories and excrescences of the creation as in the substance itself of it: as the glory of the mahogany-tree is to be sought not in its boughs and foliage, but in the deep hues and veinings of its interior structure. The interest of such a story is effective and lasting; whereas that of the tale of incident is transitory, however engaging for the moment. The latter penetrates no further than to the external memory; the former sends its influence into the soul, and there generates new thought.

Hawthorne, however, never suffered anything to leave his workshop with less than his last perfecting touch upon it; and the masterly modelling of the figures in "The Dolliver Romance" shows that he was far from intending to magnify his central idea at the expense of his characters: he would finish the latter with his utmost skill, while not the less keeping them so disposed as not to shut out the effect which he paramountly desired to produce on the reader. We see this in "Dolliver," which received his final revision; but in the preliminary studies (of which "The Elixir of Life" is one) it is not true to the same extent. For in these studies he was aiming to secure his grasp of the central idea first of all: until he was sure of that, he could not cast the characters in their perfected form. They are all, in a greater or less degree, tentative, experimental, and exaggerated: some (like Rose and the minister) are too faint; others, like Aunt Nashoba, are emphasized beyond the prevailing tone of the picture; some, perhaps, he would altogether have eliminated; and he might have found it expedient to introduce new ones not foreshadowed here. Nothing is settled, in fact, except the general tenor of the argument; and it is because there were so many possible arrangements of detail that he found the latter so hard to fix in their ultimate places.

Meanwhile, as we have already observed, it is just because the preliminary studies are not perfect that they are available for our present purpose. Were they as finished as is "The Scarlet Letter" or (so far as it goes) the "Dolliver" fragment, they would tell us nothing of how Hawthorne worked; but, being experiments merely, we can measure the bent and the calibre of his mind by the difference in direction and attainment between them and the finished product. Knowing what his music is, we can divine from these first rude and unordered sounds how he would beat his music out. And it must heighten, not diminish, our estimate of his genius to know that it was the kind of genius that fights to the bitter end the good fight, and not the kind of genius (if there be such a kind) that moves in the air and effects its results by a sort of immaculate conception.

Before resuming the direct quotations from the manuscript, I will summarize that part of the narrative that immediately follows the death of Francis Norton.]

While Septimius was sitting in his study, meditating gloomily over the tragedy, his step-sister Rose entered, and, seeing the sword and fusil and the other spoils of war, she recognized them as having belonged to the young officer,

and asked Septimius whether he had slain him. Septimius admitted it, and justified his action. "Is not the country mine to fight for?" he asked. "You sent Robert to the fight, with prayers for his success; and why not me as well?" Rose acquiesced, though sadly, and then went on to express her anxiety as to Robert's fate. Partly moved by her solicitude, and partly by the feverishness that this strange day had left in him, Septimius proposed to go in quest of him; "and indeed there was a quiet, solemn influence in Rose, a sort of domestic influence, that he had often felt, and that made him wish to escape her when he had anything wild in his mind. So he set forth, and travelled in the dust over the road where the battle had rolled, espying now and then a dead man lying in the dust, now the smoking ruin of a house, till in the twilight he beheld Robert approaching, weary, with blood on his face, and an English tower-musket on his shoulder. Both of these young men had taken a human life."

Robert related his adventures in the battle, but did not seem at all disturbed by the deed he had done; for "there are some natures that blood rolls off of, without staining it,—healthy, wholesome natures; others into which it sinks, as it were, and makes an indelible stain. Warriors should be of the former variety, and then their trade does them no moral injury. The mixture of race (as in Septimius) seems to be a crime against nature, and therefore pernicious."

At this point the author—partly, no doubt, in order to settle the matter in his own mind—proceeds to tell at some length the history of Septimius's ancestry. In so doing, he admits a large intermixture of legendary matter, observing that such gossip clusters round old truths, like gray lichens or moss, having its roots in what is true, and if ruthlessly separated, there remains only something very unpicturesque,—sapless; and that it is these fanciful things, these lichens and natural growth over dull truth, which, after all, constitute its value, as springing from whatever is rich and racy in it, and being a distillation from its heart, oozing out and clustering in a sort of beauty on the outside.

It seems, then, that the first ancestor of the Nortons in America was a personage enveloped in a sort of mysterious, heroic atmosphere. He was the very first white man to arrive in New England, just before the advent of the Pilgrims. And when the latter came, they heard reports of a certain powerful sachem, ruling over a wide extent of territory with a strangely intelligent sway. He showed, however, no desire to civilize his people, but only to improve, on its own plane, their savage life,—to keep them children of nature, but to expand and beautify their life within its own laws. This wise sagamore had also the reputation of being a wizard, able to raise tempests and to hold conclaves of demons, and was the source of the witchcraft that afterwards overspread the country; and the first settlers never heard the roar of the blast, at midnight, among the pine-trees, without shuddering at the thought that now Wachusett and his weird followers were sweeping through the air to their place of meeting.

The sagamore, at all events, was an inveterate enemy of the English, hating them with more than an Indian hatred, defending his forest kingdom against them, and annihilating their settlements. Meanwhile, he succeeded in reconciling the internecine feuds of his own people, and bound together the hitherto mutually hostile tribes into one great people. Among other attributes, he was said to possess a divine gift of healing, a knowledge of the roots and herbs of the forest, by means of which he could extract from them at his pleasure the deadliest poison or a medicine that could add years to the life of frail humanity. It was even asserted that he had by its means endowed himself with miraculous length of days, and lived for unknown years, never changing, never wrinkling, never a hair growing white. The tradition ran that he had suddenly appeared among the Indians, none knew whence, but with such majesty and wisdom that they accepted him as a direct messenger from the Great Spirit.

It is not surprising, however, that the Puritans failed to appreciate his good qualities; and, being unable to capture and convert him, they resolved to slay him. Accordingly, they watched their chance, fell by surprise upon the wigwam of the Prophet, and killed him, his wife, children, and household. But when they examined the dead body they found it to be that of a man of European

birth; and among the spoils were articles evidently brought from beyond the sea, showing that their owner must have originally been familiar with civilized state and luxury: though why he had given them up and betaken himself to the savage life, was a matter concerning which there were no grounds for conjecture.

One infant only escaped from the massacre, and was adopted by the victors, though it was said that the dusky mother had been the daughter of a family that traced its origin, not remotely, from the Principle of Evil. Nevertheless, the child was baptized and brought up in the Christian faith; and because among the plunder of the wigwam was found a small coffer curiously ornamented and strengthened with steel and bearing the arms of the English Nortons, this name was given to the half-breed baby. A beautiful crystal goblet was also found, and was said to have been preserved even to the epoch of our story. Rumor went that it had been used as the sacramental cup at a witch-communion and was supernaturally fortified against fracture.

The boy grew up idle and incapable, caring only for hunting, and negligent of the fertile tract, beneath the hill on which his father's wigwam had stood, which had been allotted him as his portion. Instead of building a house, he dug out a cave in the hill-side. He betrayed a fatal fondness for strong drink: in short, he was a credit to neither side of his ancestry. Finally, he was lost in a great snow-storm, and his body was found only in the ensuing spring.

Worthless though he was, he had been comely in his youth, and had won the hand of a pretty maiden, the daughter of one of the settlers. From this union sprang a son and a daughter, both persons of marked force, though widely different from each other. The boy was given a good education, and became a scholar of the first rank: he entered the ministry and reached the highest pinnacle of fame as a preacher. Great as was his influence, however, there were malign whispers about him, to the effect that he was not yet purged of the satanic strain of his forefathers. A tree, from beneath which he had launched a curse, was blasted, and never brought forth a leaf again; the power of his preaching was but a diabolical art taught him by Satan; he had slaughtered and scalped an Indian in King Philip's War; and in the latter part of his life he had tried to found a new sect, and had been excommunicated. There were stories, too, of his having inherited his father's craving for strong drink; that his wife, once beautiful, drooped and became a miserable woman, and on her death-bed ahrunk from her husband's parting kiss; besides other tales, most of them doubtless colored by the jealousy and malevolence of his brethren.

As for the sister of this man, she was condemned and executed for witchcraft, and her brother, in preaching her funeral sermon, approved the sentence of execution, and related incidents to confirm its justice. Yet there was probably nothing worse in her than a survival of the Indian aspect and character. The secret of the mysterious herb-drink was said to have been retained in the family, and it was added that the clergyman's wife had died of drinking it in an immature stage of decoction.

Thus we may understand how it was that Septimius, the latest offspring of this strange family, should, in spite of his good sense and education, be liable to devote himself to the pursuit of an object which we choose to pronounce unattainable. But natural science, at that age, was able to affirm no such denial; and Septimius might be excused, therefore, for at least believing that human life had been shortened by man's neglect, whether the difference were one of ten years or of ten centuries.

The father of Septimius, it may be remarked, had married a second time, a widow with a daughter, Rose, who had thus become Septimius's step-sister. She was like a flower transplanted from a softer and sweeter soil; but she never quite amalgamated with Septimius and Aunt Nashoba. She lacked the strain of wildness and incompatibleness that ran in their blood, and instinctively brought a standard of ordinary judgment to bear upon Septimius's ideas. But she kept pace with him to some extent in his studies, and was able, by teaching school, to earn the bread she ate. Septimius loved her, but was shy of her, feeling that a full communion with her would be like opening the dark and musty chambers of his heart, letting the air and sunshine into them, and so putting to flight the ghosts and weird fancies that haunted them. Septimius's mind instinctively

shrank from letting her clear, pure influence enter into it; as mystic plants hide themselves from the light of day.

Septimius, the day after the battle, in compliance with the wish of Francis Norton, wrote a letter to the lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, mentioning his death and burial, and giving an inventory of the property found in his possession. But he omitted to allude to the parchment envelope, telling himself that this had formed no part of Norton's intended legacy to the world. He had not as yet broken the seal; but he felt a dark, gnawing curiosity to know its contents. What fateful secret was hidden there? Even if he were to bury it in Norton's grave, would it not be disinterred years hence, and issue forth like a pestilence? or, were he to burn it, might not the same portent happen as in the case of an ancestor of his, who used to communicate with Satan by tossing little scraps of writing into his household fire, and a great dusky hand would clutch the missive, and be withdrawn, vanishing into the intensest heat? The truth was, Septimius had resolved to open the packet, and did but amuse his conscience with these suggestions.

The young man felt no horror of the grave upon the hill-top which he had dug and filled: indeed, he fancied a providential dispensation in the strange chance that had brought himself and his English kinsman together and delivered the packet into his hands. He soon resumed his walks along the ridge, therefore; and one day, looking down thence, he saw Rose and Robert talking together, in a manner that indicated a more than ordinary tenderness between them. A kind of jealousy of Robert entered into his heart,—a cold, shivering sense that this union would estrange them from himself, leaving him to wander away farther and farther into the remote wilderness of speculations, desolate and horrible if they came to naught, perhaps only the more so if they were realized. He became conscious of something to be guarded against in himself, and felt as if this sister, whom he was now about to lose, had been assigned to him as a safeguard. And he sent forth a lamentable and awful cry,—

"Rose! Rose! I want you, Rose!"

She and Robert looked up, startled; but Septimius had already repented of his appealing cry, and he only smiled and beckoned to them. They climbed the hill to join him; and then Robert told him that Rose and himself had promised themselves to each other, and that he had enlisted as a soldier in the war. Septimius acquiesced in the betrothal. In the talk that followed, Robert noticed the mound above Norton's body, and asked what it was; but Septimius replied, with an ambiguous smile, "No matter what it is: I have planted there something that may bear rich fruit, in due season." So the lovers departed together; and Septimius continued to pace the hill-top, and the people passing below marvelled to see a man keeping sentinel's watch there, when the enemy had retreated forever. On one side of him, as he walked, were the pines and the wild shrubbery amidst which his wizard sagamore ancestor had dwelt; on the other side the placid landscape of meadow, like the face of a calm, sympathizing friend. But seldom, either then or in the days that followed, did Septimius turn to the wide, simple countenance of Nature; a dense shrubbery of meditations, of which he scattered the seeds more and more as he walked, grew up along that often-trodden pathway, shutting out the view of external things, and making a cloistered wall as sombre as those where monks used to tread, keeping out the sun, and admitting only a damp, unwholesome atmosphere. There Septimius walked, and brooded over strange matters.

Spring passed, and summer came, and still Septimius had not broken the seal of the packet. Partly, perhaps, his hesitation was caused by the importance (as he fancied) of the secret it contained; partly—for there was a quality of keen sense in him, which continually criticised his extravagances—because he feared that it might all prove a ridiculous dream. He may have been influenced, moreover, by the consideration that he was violating the sanctity of the grave. But when at length he took the irrevocable step in the matter, it was in such a quiet, matter-of-fact way that it was done before he had time for any emotion.

He had promised to go into the woods with Aunt Nashoba and Rose, to gather the shrubs and herbs which the old lady made her famous drink of, and which were to be culled at a particular time of the moon. There being a few minutes while Aunt Nashoba was putting her kitchen in order, Septimius, all of

a sudden, went to the drawer, unlocked it, took in hand the blood-stained package, and broke the seal, before he consciously thought of what he was doing. He took out some dozen sheets of yellow, age-worn paper, written over with a strange, obscure handwriting. Something dropped out of the envelope and fell rattling upon the floor; he picked it up, and found it to be a small antique key, curiously wrought, and with intricate wards, and seeming to be of silver. In the handle was an open-work tracery, making the initials H. N. Septimius examined this key with great minuteness before proceeding further, wondering where could be the keyhole that suited it, and to what treasure it was the passport. [The fellow to this silver key, and to the lock corresponding with it, will be found in "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret."] Then, laying it carefully away in the drawer, he proceeded to inspect the manuscript.

This appeared to be a collection of deeds and documents of legal weight, with formal signatures and seals, of considerable antiquity and difficult chirography. Septimius could not make out much of their purport, nor did he feel much interest in them. But finally he came to a fold or two of manuscript, written with exceeding closeness and in a character that seemed at a first glance to be wholly illegible. Yet, whether it were by faith or revelation, Septimius, turning over these old yellow pages,—which, old as they were, were crisp, and had a kind of newness, as if nobody had ever fingered them before this day,—read, or fancied that he read, a single sentence, the purport of which stamped itself into his mind more from the mere inappositeness and absurdity of it than from any other cause. Indeed, he was by no means certain whether he had read this sentence or had only imagined it; and, at all events, it grew more distinct to his mind after he had laid the manuscript away than while he was actually trying to read it.

He had but glanced at it, when Aunt Nashoba's shrill screech sounded at his door. So he locked it up, just as he was beginning to be interested,—just as a light seemed to be gathering on the dark, mysterious page, that promised to enlighten it all, and make the faded letters, that once were black, shine like burnished gold.

As the three went into the woods together, it was singular to see the delight of Aunt Nashoba in snuffing the fragrance of the wild growing things; how the rugged, rough old pitch-pines seemed to have a charm for her and be old acquaintances; what a natural motion she had in making her way through the underbrush; in fact, she was like a half-domesticated animal, a wild-cat, that had been taught life-long to sit by the kitchen fire, coming to the wild haunts of its race, where it feels the powerful, blind, imperfect stirrings of its nature, and snuffs a delight which yet it cannot wholly know. Without any sense of the beauty of the woods, Aunt Nashoba stood and snuffed and snuffed with an animal delight. A strange look of wildness and—in spite of her rheumatism and manifold decrepitude—of possible agility came over her; so that it would have seemed almost natural had the stooping, slow-moving old thing suddenly taken the shape of a strange, ugly fowl, and gone scrambling and flapping away,—a sort of change customary with witches.

"Ah, Seppy," she said, "when I get out of my kitchen into the woods, methinks I am another woman, or rather no woman at all, but something that belongs here and never should think of kitchen chimneys nor meeting-houses. Rose, now, has no such feelings."

"Oh, yes," said Rose, "I love to come here and gather these delicate flowers, with their faint, sweet smell. They seem to have no kindred with the deep, dark forest where they grow. They are sad, never gay; being rightfully children of the sun, they live and die without having a glimpse of him."

"Delicate, do you call them?" said the old woman. "I tell you, girl, there are herbs here that, in hands that knew how to use them, would do wonderful things. And if Septimius inherited the gifts that belonged to his race, he would be able to come here and lay his hand on leaf and root that would be worth all the medicines doctors ever brewed. Even I—withered old thing, that have stewed my life out over the kitchen fire—even I have an instinct of things, and could fill my basket with herbs that would make me a young woman again. Ah, Seppy, I know more than I ever told you, and some day I'll give you the recipe for my drink. As for you, wench, it's not your inheritance."

They went on through the forest, Septimius gathering the herbs that Aunt Nashoba designated, and she, with an air and look of mystery, occasionally putting other things into her basket, winking and nodding at Septimius, and thereby needlessly adding to the ugliness of her visage,—so that you would have thought the two had laid a plot to poison the sweet and innocent Rose, and that this was the old woman's hideous exultation as she got together, one after another, the ingredients. She refused to let Rose add anything to her collection.

"No, no, girl," she said; "your touch would take the virtue out of the stuff. You're not born to it. Let me gather my own herbs, I tell you." Saying which, she poked into little recesses of shade, and under heaps of moss, and sometimes into hollow nooks of trees, and brought out vegetables as if she had put them away there long years ago and knew just where they were to be found.

At length Rose, still looking for buds of beauty, wandered apart from the others, and then Aunt Nashoba beckoned to Septimius with a look so intelligent and full of meaning that the young man was half afraid of her. She told him that she was growing old, and that it was time she imparted to him a secret which she would not have die with her.

"It is not a secret on my conscience," she added. "I have no murder to confess, though they say my medicines hurried some people off sooner than they would otherwise have gone. No, it is the secret of my drink that I want to tell you. Here are all the herbs and mysteries within reach of us now, and I can show you where they grow and how to gather them. They can make you live forever: a thousand years certain, and forever for aught I know."

"Forever, Aunt Nashoba! and yet you talk of dying already?"

"Ah, Seppy, there is something lost out of the recipe, and so it has not its ancient virtue. But with your book-learning and your Indian descent you'll find it out, though I never could. And so it takes you a year, or a lifetime, what matter? the end pays for all."

But Septimius, doubting, probably, the efficacy of the old lady's beverage, put off the revelation. "My mind is very busy on a certain matter," he said. "Let me finish that, and I'll take up this. But not now."

"Well, Seppy, you'll live to repent it," quoth Aunt Nashoba, shaking her head, and looking so darkly intelligent that Septimius was half afraid of her again. "This is not my secret, but your great-grandfather's, and his father's; and as to whom he had it from, there are different stories. But take your own way; and if the thing dies with me, it is not my fault."

They returned home, but various interruptions kept Septimius from further examination of the manuscript during the day. For a man no sooner sets his heart on any object, great or small, be it the lengthening out his life interminably, or merely writing a romance about it, than his fellow-beings, and fate and circumstances to back them, seem to conspire to hinder, to prevent, to throw in obstacles, great or small, as the case may be. In the original composition and organic purpose of the world there is certainly some principle to obviate great success, some provision that nothing particularly worth doing shall ever get done, so evidently does a mistiness settle between us and any such object, and harden into granite when we attempt to pass through it; so strangely do mocking voices call us back, or encouraging ones cease to be heard when our sinking hearts need them most; so unaccountably, at last, when we feel as if we might grasp our life-long object by merely stretching out our hand, does it all at once put on an aspect of not being worth our possession; by such apparently feeble impediments are our hands subtly bound; so hard is it to stir to-day, while it looks so easy to stir to purpose to-morrow; so strongly do petty necessities insist upon being compared with immortal desirablenesses, and almost always succeed practically in making us feel that they are of the most account. This being the case, Septimius had not such individual cause of grumbling as he supposed on the score of the little incidents that assailed him that day.

[The above abstract, though for the most part greatly condensed, generally retains the language of the original. We will now resume our uncondensed quotations.]

One of the incidents was a visit from a lank and bony old patriarch, who came to get a remedy from Aunt Nashoba for his rheumatism, which lasted longer into the summer than had been its wont; and, his errand being done, he hobbled familiarly into Septimius's study, to talk of the war (a theme of which the young man was now heartily weary), and to tell stories of other wars, in which the old man had been personally engaged,—Indian and French,—and where he had contracted this self-same rheumatism by sleeping, as he said, in the beds of running streams. Then, going farther and farther back, along the line of times gone by, the old man talked of Septimius's forefathers, telling of their peculiarities and oddnesses, with hard Yankee shrewdness; and how they were a people that never mixed up kindly with others, either because the Indian or the devil was in them; and how the old man had heard that there was something strange in them, some singular property, so that if the witch-woman had not been hanged, it was said, she would have lived forever; and that there did go a story that the great preacher (whom the old man had heard preach, when he was a little child) only escaped the same doom by killing himself; for somehow he had toughened himself so that time and disease never would have sufficed to kill him. And, staring Septimius in the face with his bleared eyes, he said that he had a look of him, he being a dark, cloudy-browed man, wrapt up in himself; and he told traits of him which he had heard babbled round the fire in his age-long distant infancy, in which Septimius fancied that he could see his own characteristics. And he was depressed and appalled by the idea that he had really been extant nobody knows how long, repeated identically from generation to generation, and that this was the sort of interminable life he should find, and the other only a dream. And still the old man was going on, wandering and stumbling among traditions, and wild, dreary, sordid stories, and would probably have found no end,—when luckily there came along the road a neighbor with a wagon, beholding whom, the old gentleman feebly hailed him from the window and (all to save his rheumatism from further pedestrianism) obtained a lift to the village.

[This patriarch is a portrait of a real old codger who used to pester Hawthorne at the Wayside in the early years of the civil war, coming up day after day with a fresh batch of rumors and commentaries. In the references to Septimius's ancestry there are often reminiscences of traditions handed down in Hawthorne's own family.—Compare the above passage with that in "Septimius," page 284.]

When again left alone, Septimius took forth the envelope, and held it a moment in his hand, looking at the hole through which the deadly bullet had gone, and at the life-blood which besmeared the package, as if a life had been the seal and had been destroyed in the opening it. He unfolded the package, and, though the twilight was now darkening into the low-browed room, pored into it,—into its strange old mystery, so bewildering even to look at; and indeed the darkening twilight was precisely the fit medium in which to study that bewitched, mysterious,

bullet-penetrated, blood-stained manuscript, the secrets of which might be expected to fade under the light of noon or any glimpse of the natural sun, and only to shine out in lurid light, phosphorescent, glimmering, when other means of seeing and interpretation were withdrawn. Soon, however, it grew so dark that the light of the summer moon, which was nearly at the full, succeeded to the twilight, and Septimius held the old pages in it, straining his young eyes to distinguish one of the scraggy, untraceable, crabbed letters from another; but in vain, the whole hue of the page being of so dark a yellow, and of the letters so reddish a brown, and sometimes faded quite out, that the moonshine that often had served well enough to read a printed page, at hours when Aunt Nashoba deemed him snug in bed, now saw little more than an indistinguishable confusion. He, having neither lamp nor candle, of which the strict economy of the house was very sparing, lighted with flint and steel one of a heap of pitch-pine knots which he had heaped up in the chimney-corner with a view to one of those thoughtful illuminations which students often feel, impelling them to rise at midnight and take a sip out of their books,—as people of an unhealthy thirst cannot wait till day to sip wine or brandy. With a succession of these flaming, flickering, smoking, brilliant, yet obscure torches, he pored over the manuscript, holding the torch in one hand, and sometimes dropping its hot, melted pitch over the page, burning his own fingers, trying to make his way through the mysterious old Gothic record, like one who should wander through old intricate vaults of a weird building with the same kind of smoky and bewildering light. It seemed to have more efficacy, indeed, than a steadier light; for just as the last of his torches expired he caught a glimpse of the same sentence, which he now saw did not follow in regular succession of words, but was sprinkled about, as it were, over one of the pages, so as only to be legible, like a constellation in the sky, when you chanced to bring those words into the proper relation with one another. It was to this effect: "Plant the seed in a grave, and then wait patiently for what shall spring up,"—and then again,—“wondrous rich and full of juice.” Then the pine torch flickered and went out, and Septimius, not well satisfied with what he had achieved, but willing to rest upon it and see if the mysterious fragment would develop any meaning, put the manuscript in his desk and went to bed.

[Here follows the introduction of a new and important character, Sibyl Dacy. She appears also in "Septimius," but the portrayal there is quieter and less pronounced.]

Septimius was on the hill-top, one afternoon towards sunset, treading to and fro over the now well-worn path, and letting the wind breathe in among his thoughts and blow the more unsubstantial of them away, when, as he reached the eastern extremity of his sentinel-walk, and turned to retrace his steps westward, he saw a feminine figure approaching him. At first he thought it might be Rose, and was, to say the truth, a little offended at her intruding; for there was a quality in poor Septimius that kept him in the middle of a circle

which delicate natures could not step into, and which duller ones, if they attempted it, found vacant of him who seemed to be there. But this figure turned out to be that of a girl slighter and slenderer than Rose, and, as Septimius thought on a nearer view, by no means so pretty or so pleasing. Such as she was, however, she continued to advance, and so did Septimius, until, as chance ordered it, they met close by that little spot of ground where Francis Norton lay under the sods, with Septimius's poor attempt to set a flower-patch over him.—*N.B. Septimius and the girl first pass each other without speaking, then, step by step, mutually turn back; and she pauses by the grave,—she glancing askance. The girl should throw out uncertain hints, as if she knew what had happened.*—The strange girl stooped down, apparently attracted by these flowers. After examining them a little, she began to pull them up, one after another, and fling them away.

"You seem not to like my flowers," said Septimius; "yet I have taken some pains to set them out and make them grow on this thirsty hill-top."

In truth, he was inclined to be offended; for his sombre fancy had indulged itself much here in thinking that Francis Norton would reappear in these flowers, giving a partly human life to them, putting his own characteristics into them, deepening their colors, and betokening, by some rich and delicate odor, forgiveness of the deed that had laid him there; holding forth a flower, perhaps, for him to give to the woman he should love. Septimius had no ill will against the young man he slew, and had indeed come to think (such was his egotism) that it was not amiss, having done his errand so well, that Francis Norton had here lain down to rest.

"Nay, do not pull up any more!" he exclaimed, as the girl still weeded up the flowers.

"Pooh! what do you know of the flowers that ought to grow here?" answered she, in a pettish kind of way. "They are not the right ones!"

"They are the prettiest to be found in our woods and fields," said Septimius; "and besides, fair lady, if I choose to set violets, wood-anemones, asters, golden-rod, or even buttercups, on the spot, I fancy, by your leave, it concerns no one but myself."

The girl looked up and laughed, in rather a flighty way, insomuch that Septimius began to suspect that the oddities of her behavior were to be accounted for by a touch of insanity: a pitiful thing, if it were so; for he now saw that her face, though pale and lacking fullness, was pretty, and had a singular capacity of vivid expression, her intelligence seeming to glow not merely through her eyes but her whole face. And yet, full of meaning as her face looked, he could not in the least tell what it meant.

"Concern only you!" she exclaimed, still laughing. "Why, I have come on purpose to find the place! And I tell you the right flower is not here."

And again she bent down, and plucked a leaf or two, and looked closely at their shape, and rubbed them between her fingers, to express any odorous juice that might be in them, but again said, in a discon-

solate sort of way, like a pouting child, "It is not here. I wonder whether it will spring up! and when!"

"What flower are you looking for?" asked Septimius.

"It has no name," answered the girl; "or, if it has one, it is a very long, learned name, and I have forgotten it."

"Is the flower beautiful?" asked Septimius.

"That is as you happen to fancy it," said the girl. "Well, it is not here; but I will look for it again. Perhaps it is not time yet."

She sat a little while without speaking, but drooping over the flowers, looking faint, as if she were going to sink down; and Septimius, stooping down to see what was the matter, found that tears were flowing out of her eyes. Then there came sobs; and suddenly she burst into a passionate fit of sorrow and weeping, a sort of flurry and hurricane, which astonished Septimius, who could make nothing of it nor knew how to allay it. It was, fortunately, of very short duration, and before it was well over the strange girl began to laugh, or rather giggle, turning her mobile face upon him with such an expression that he knew less than ever what to make of her; though I suppose that those accustomed to the freaks of nervous and hysterical women would have seen nothing very odd in it.

"I was thinking how to comfort you," said Septimius; "but there seems little need."

"Oh, not a bit," said the girl. "I am in excellent spirits, as you see, and was only crying a little by way of watering the spot where the flower is to grow. Different things require different modes of cultivation."

"And I suppose these smiles and this bright expression are to serve by way of sunshine," said Septimius, trying to enter into her mood, though he knew not what to make of it. "It will be a rare flower, when it grows. What will it be like?"

Without answering, the girl arose, and seemed preparing to go away. But Septimius, not willing to lose sight of her without gaining some hold upon her, and thinking, too, that she might be one of those strange anomalous vagrants who often turn up at a country house, and appear to be wandering wide and wild, without any hold upon the community,—beggars, insane people, idiots, adventurers of all kinds, castaways, people from the most outlandish and remote places, East Indians, religion-crazed preachers, missionaries, jugglers, outlaws of themselves, wildly running away from the recollection of murder, mind-murderers, sharpers,—all such people, who have somehow broken the chain which circumstances twine to confine almost all individuals in one place and circle of associates,—broken it and roamed wildly at large, yet serving in their wild way to tie together by slender ligaments distant parts of the world and places that have no other connection,—thinking this, Septimius, partly from humanity and compassion and partly from curiosity (which seldom stirred in him, but was now awake),—partly, too, because there was a certain magnetism in the girl's action upon him,—put out his hand to detain her.

"Are you going far?" he said.

She avoided his touch with a shudder. "Far? No," said she. "Home, to be sure! What strange questions you ask!"

If he let her go, so uncertain seemed her mood, she might go no farther than the quiet brook which flowed between Septimius's fertile field and that of a neighbor; and there she might be found drowned in the shallow pool that it formed,—a death that forlorn maidens seem to affect,—especially when the water has its summer warmth in it.

"Your home is nigh, then?" said Septimius.

"You may stand on the brow of the hill, if you like," she said, "and see my home; but do not try to touch me again. Perhaps you may find me not a thing of flesh and blood."

"If so," remarked Septimius, "you may as well vanish into the air; otherwise, I give you fair warning, I shall follow you, be it far or near, till I see you in charge of your friends."

"You are perfectly welcome," said the girl, pettishly; "only I fear you will have a long ramble, like a farmer who chases Puck or a will-o'-the-wisp. You have no such things here; but I am of the same substance."

"Will you ever come back?" asked Septimius.

"Often! always!" said the girl, looking back and laughing. "I shall haunt that hill-top."

[Septimius sees her enter Robert's house, and afterwards he asks Rose about her. She tells him that the girl is one Sibyl Dacy, a relative of some English gentleman, not a combatant, now in Boston. Her health being very delicate, means have been used to induce her to come into the country, and Robert, having to bring a message hither from the camp, had it in charge to accompany her, and his mother, old Mrs. Heyburn, had taken her to board. "I think," adds Rose, "she has had an experience of some kind, and has a kind of sibyllic wisdom, and a sort of sacredness of sorrow. If she will let me be her friend, I gladly will be."]

By dint of continued poring over the musty manuscript, Septimius began, after a while, to see some reasonable prospect of attaining to the interpretation of it, from beginning to end. So uncouth and shapeless did the characters appear, they resembled undefined germs of thought as they exist in the mind before clothing themselves in definite terms; yet Septimius sometimes was sensible of a splendor in these undeciphered sentences, like that of the dim star-dust in the remote sky, which a telescope of sufficient power resolves into vast globes of light. The document proved to be written in a singular mixture of Latin (not of the purest style) and ancient English, with an occasional scrap of Greek. Invariably, too, when the author seemed on the verge of some utterance that would illuminate his whole subject, and make all the seeming obscurities that Septimius had hitherto puzzled over blaze out to vivid meaning, and wreath themselves together from beginning to end by a chain of light, its golden links all in a flame, there came in an interval of cryptic writing, a touch of dense, impenetrable darkness, on the other side of which

appeared a disconnected radiance which could not be brought into relation with what had gone before.

Leaving, for the present, the cryptic passages apart, the young student wrote out fair, in the stiff and broad chirography of his own day, as much as he found it possible to decipher. The result was not in the least like what he had expected; nor, had he been in a natural frame of mind, could he have thought that these things, however true many of them were, were either so novel or so momentous that the passage of them from one possessor to another need have required so much machinery or been accompanied by the precious sacrifice of a human life. But Septimius's mind was not in a healthy state; and the great war, in which the whole country was so desperately engaged, had an influence on him, modified by the morbidness and extravagance of his own character. For he, like all others, drank of the prevalent passion and excitement, drained the cup that was offered to everybody's lips, and was intoxicated in his own peculiar way. He walked so much the more wildly in his own course because the people were rushing so enthusiastically in another. In times of revolution, or whatever public disturbance, even the calmest person is to some degree in an exaggerated and unnatural state, probably without suspecting it: there is enthusiasm, there is madness, in the atmosphere. The decorous rule of common life is suspended; absurdities come in and stalk unnoticed. Madmen walk abroad unrecognized; heroic virtue marches among us, with majestic step; vices, too, and great crimes, creep darkly, or stalk abroad; woman, likewise, catches the wild influence, and sometimes, flinging aside the fireside virtues as of little worth, is capable of crimes that men shudder at, of virtues and valor that he can never imitate, of deeds and thoughts that she would, a little time ago, have died to anticipate. The disenfranchised soul exults in losing its standpoint; old laws are annulled; anything may come to pass; miracles are on the same ground as the commonest occurrences. So, in respect to Septimius, his common sense, of which he had no small portion, had no such fair play with his wilder characteristics as it might have had in quiet and ordinary times,—when, besides, there were the throes attending the birth of a new epoch in the world; and among seething opinions and systems, and overturned and deposed principles, Septimius had nothing fixed and recognized with which to compare his own pursuit and recognize its absurdity. Thus much we say, that this wild young thinker may not look too ridiculous in the errors to which a solitary pursuit led him.

[Compare the above passage with "Septimius," pp. 298, 299.]

So he continued to brood over his musty manuscript, to hide it under lock and key as if it were a murder-secret, and to pick out from its heap of moss-grown ideas such nuggets of what he fancied to be gold as he could contrive to shape into an aspect of definite meaning. We have in our possession a few portions of it, as transcribed by Septimius, and mean to present them to the reader, whom doubtless, after all that we have said about the manuscript, they will surprise as much

as they did Septimius; though we can hardly hope that they will be received, as by him, as golden nuggets from a mine of thought, further digging into which would reveal inestimable treasure. They took the aspect of certain rules of life, precipitated from the rich solution of the essay, and crystallized into diamonds; and whereas many of these rules had a mean aspect in themselves, and seemed to concern low matters of dietetic, Septimius took it for granted that this more obvious meaning was of comparatively no importance, and that they had a symbolic value, which he should by and by discover. These were but golden beads, strung on something more valuable than themselves; and what that precious string might be, the discovery of the cipher would reveal.

Julian Hawthorne.

(To be continued.)

FROM BEYOND THE SEA.

THINK not, because the changing floods divide
 My face from thine, that memory grows cold.
 Dost fear the Past ends as a tale is told,
 Or, while we journey, keeps not by our side?

Each thing we suffer, be it joy or pain,
 Leaves us its image in a lasting mould:
 It may have passed unmarked,—it shall remain
 Long as our very selves together hold.

So, though we seem, to the light outward gaze,
 Only to be enduring life's command,
 Only to squander harnessed heart and hand
 In a dull dynasty of useful days,—

E'en then our soul turns in the lull of strife
 To look upon some secret inward seal
 Stamped long ago, an earnest to reveal
 The thin far landscape of an idler life.

I cannot count these images in me,
 For Time hath not yet bid me know them all;
 Yet from their ranks how fair a one of thee
 Comes like a blessing, when on thee I call!

And when perchance long days shall cast a pall
 Over my graver self, I'll cross the sea
 Upon the golden wings of gayer thought,
 Setting the prose of day by day at naught,
 And in thy vision once again be free.

Owen Wister.

WESTERN MORTGAGES.

THERE is no form of security in vogue to-day concerning which there is such a wide diversity of opinion as that which forms the subject of this article.

On the one hand may be found those, and among their number some of the shrewdest and best-informed financiers of the day, who regard these mortgages as the safest and most stable securities to be had, such securities as a widow may wisely choose in which to invest the little fund provided by the insurance on her husband's life, or in which a guardian may put the little all of his helpless charges; while on the other hand there is a large portion of this community that never did—and some of them probably never will—see any merit whatever in them.

Let us consider wherein these so-called Western mortgages differ from those with which we are all so familiar, and in the process we may be enabled not only to discover the grounds for this great variance of opinion, but also to form an intelligent judgment of their real merits, to discern wherein they are strong, under what circumstances they are weak, and finally to comprehend the great and important uses they are well calculated to subserve.

It should be distinctly understood that what are technically termed Western mortgages are not merely mortgages on Western property as distinguished from mortgages made on lands in the Eastern and Middle States, but are a part of an entirely new and distinct system of investment, a system which, while borrowing all the elements of strength and safety involved in the very nature of all good mortgages, has added thereto many improvements born of much experience, all looking to the greater safety and convenience of the investor.

In order to arrive at a full comprehension of this system, let us start on common ground, and consider first the nature and use of a mortgage, and then see wherein this new class differs from those we are accustomed to.

It will help us to consider the subject more logically to understand just what elements enter into the constitution of a good mortgage. A mortgage is defined to be "a grant or conveyance of an estate or property to a creditor for the security of debt, and to become void on payment of it." From this definition it may be plainly seen that there are three absolute essentials to a good mortgage.

First, as it is a grant or conveyance of an estate or property, this grant or conveyance must be made in an apt and sufficient way, and with the use of proper technical forms.

Second, in order that a good and sufficient title should pass to the mortgagee, such a title must be clearly deduced and shown to be in the grantor or mortgagor at the time of making the mortgage; and,

Third, as this grant or conveyance is made as *security* for a debt, it is a question of vital importance to determine accurately whether

the property pledged possesses sufficient intrinsic value to adequately secure it.

But there is still one other quality or condition necessary to a perfectly good mortgage, not comprehended in the above definition, and that is, it must be what is termed a *first* mortgage, and to insure this requires—

Fourth, evidence that it is the first lien or charge on the specific piece of property given as security, and that consequently there are no prior mortgages, conveyances, judgments, or liens of any kind whatsoever, in any way affecting the premises in question.

In order that the first and second of these requirements may receive proper attention, the services of a careful, precise, and skilful lawyer must be obtained, one familiar with this abstract branch of the law, and accustomed to the patient research necessary to deduce, from the records and papers produced, the evidences of a good and sufficient title.

To properly determine the third essential a very different order of talent is required: the property offered as security must be examined by one familiar with the value of lands whether in city or country, and, in the case of buildings, one who can accurately determine the value of these in any particular locality, making proper allowance for the cost of labor and material.

Finally, in order to make sure of the fourth essential, the joint services of a lawyer and certain public officials, the keepers of the public records, including the Recorder or Register of Deeds, and the clerks of the several courts, are required.

In short, therefore, in order to secure an ordinarily good first mortgage, all of these four essentials or requirements must exist together; that is to say, the papers must be properly prepared, the title correctly examined, the value of the intended security determined with precision, and the final search for liens carefully and intelligently ordered by the lawyer and made by the officials. A failure in any one of these respects would result in the obtaining or placing of a bad mortgage.

While, perhaps, there is no place in the world where "conveyancing" has been done more skilfully and carefully than in the city of Philadelphia, while its land-lawyers have been famous the world over, yet it is within the experience of all, that most serious losses have occurred to investors from a failure in one or more of the above requirements. Thus, mortgages have been declared to be void, or have been postponed to later encumbrances, because of defect or insufficiency in form, or by reason of defective acknowledgment;¹ the most eminent lawyers have made mistakes of judgment as to questions of title or lien;² Trust Companies have been surcharged for negligence in allowing themselves to be imposed upon as to the value of the security offered;³ and officials have failed to certify judgments and mortgages,

¹ See the following cases: *Corpman v. Baccastow*, 84 Pa. State Reports, p. 863; *Myers v. Boyd*, 96 Pa. State Reports, p. 427; *Sankey v. Hawley*, 118 Pa. State Reports, p. 80.

² See case of *Watson v. Muirheid*, reported in 57 Pa. State Reports, p. 161.

³ See report of *Barton's Estate* in 11 Weekly Notes of Cases, p. 561.

and have not been held liable on their bonds because the error was not discovered and suit brought until some time after the false certificate was issued;¹ and in all of these cases the *holder of the mortgage suffered the loss*. Again, there have been cases where parties have suffered loss who have erred in no one of these particulars, but, through error, one mortgage has been marked satisfied of record instead of another.² And finally, in addition to all these, there have been still other losses resulting to unfortunate investors by the imposition on them of forged mortgages.

While these errors and wrongs and consequent losses have been comparatively few in number, still in the great multitude of transactions they would creep in from time to time, and people who could ill afford it have been the sufferers, until finally, as a means of meeting a great public necessity, the Title Insurance Companies have been formed, to insure people against possible loss by reason of mistake or failure in any or all of the requirements first, second, and fourth above enumerated; and these companies have added a very great element of security in these respects. But, important as this improvement has been, no such company has ever undertaken to insure against loss that might result from failure to observe the third essential above mentioned,—that is, against loss resulting from insufficiency in value of the intended security. Thus, a ten-thousand-dollar mortgage might be given on a thousand-dollar property, and one of these companies give its usual policy of insurance, and the unfortunate mortgagee lose nine-tenths of his money, because the papers were all right, the title correct, and no liens were left uncertified, and the Title Company was not responsible as to the question of value. Important as all the other requirements are, one who is thoroughly familiar with this whole business would be compelled to admit that the greatest, the most real, constant, and pressing danger in the case of all ordinary mortgages has not been guarded against yet, and that all people who have to do with this class of securities, Trust Companies, guardians, executors, and private trustees, are buying mortgages on outlying properties in the city of Philadelphia (and this is true of all the large Eastern cities) that are utterly lacking in this most essential requirement,—viz., adequate value or security,—a condition of things which has continued for a long time without hope of betterment, because of the enormous amount of capital constantly seeking investment, and the comparative dearth of securities compelling investors to accept the best they can get. Another panic like that of 1873, which for a time seemed to destroy all value in real estate, would bring about a condition of things more deplorable than that which then existed from a similar cause, because the evil is now more wide-spread.

To recur again to common experience with the ordinary mortgages, there are a number of other little matters that it is important to consider. Thus, if a mortgage has been well and securely placed in the first instance, still there are many incidents about this favorite mode

¹ See case of *Owen v. Western Saving Fund*, reported in 97 Pa. State Reports, p. 47.

² See case of *Binney v. Brown*, reported in 116 Pa. State Reports, p. 169.

of investment that require attention and sometimes occasion considerable trouble, anxiety, and loss. There is uncertainty as to just when the interest will be paid, and much vexatious delay, often resulting in a threatened suit in foreclosure, merely to bring the interest. This involves the employment of attorneys, and the necessary outlays for their services. Questions of insurance, taxes, and other municipal liens are constantly arising and demanding attention, and often occasioning loss. Thus, while a mortgage which was a first lien could not be discharged by a sale or proceedings under any subsequent claim for taxes or municipal liens, yet if a sheriff's sale became necessary to enforce collection of the mortgage debt, the amount due for all subsequent taxes and other municipal claims must first be deducted from the proceeds of sale, and, where the margin of security was narrow, this often entailed serious loss. But perhaps one of the most annoying circumstances about this method of investment that formerly obtained, and still exists, was and is the great difficulty of investing at once the precise sum constituting the fund for investment, and if this fund was of unusual size a portion of the same was almost invariably left uninvested, thus losing interest. Suppose the sum was \$1750, \$4500, \$6000, or \$11,000, the probabilities would be that only \$1500, \$4000, \$5000, or \$10,000 would be invested, and this after some delay, while the odd amounts would be left either at very small interest or without any.

It is a little digression at this point, but it may be well to say, in passing, that one of the immediate uses to which the Western mortgage system could be well applied is the investment of these many small balances held by our Trust Companies and other fiduciaries, as securities can always be obtained in either large or small amounts.

Having seen some of the drawbacks to what were unquestionably the most favored investments, let us now consider how this new system of Western mortgages came into vogue, and how it was gradually improved so as to obviate these difficulties which have been pointed out. And first the old law of supply and demand came into play. The demand for capital to be secured by first-class mortgages being far less in all the Eastern centres than the supply, the first result was a rapid decline in the rates of interest demanded and paid in those centres for the use of capital. But when, in spite of this decline in rates, an adequate supply of securities could not be obtained, prudent investors began to look about for opportunities to invest their capital where it was more in demand, and where they could not only obtain better rates, but, what was of more consequence, where they could insist upon the pledge of more adequate security. During all this time the West was gradually growing up, the cry to the young men to "Go West!" had gone forth, and the brightest and most enterprising of the youth of all sections of the older East had gone to this land of promise. They called upon their parents and friends for help to improve their farms or to increase their business, and gave mortgages to secure the advances. Money was so valuable in the West, and would command such large returns, that they were enabled to pay liberally and punctually for the use of this capital. The knowledge of this mode

of investment gradually spread, and finally a regular business of sending capital from the East to the West grew up. Many honorable firms engaged exclusively in this new calling, such firms being generally composed of a good Western man, who was well acquainted in his section with those who wanted money, and a corresponding Eastern man, equally well acquainted with those who had capital to spare. This business was done honestly and carefully. The investors were almost invariably acquainted with and thoroughly trusted those who loaned out their money, and the result was that this business grew with great rapidity and was phenomenally successful. The great insurance companies and other corporations that needed the income of invested funds for the prosecution of their business soon turned their eyes in this direction, and built up the great cities of the West by their large advances of capital that went into the erection of fine buildings, and finally, when the great and universal failure to supply the demand for securities in the Eastern centres that has been spoken of above occurred, then the investing public generally turned their eyes westward for relief, and in a comparatively short time the business that was already in existence in a limited way took upon itself new conditions to adapt it to the demands made upon it, and the modern system of Western mortgages was born. Most of the men engaged in the business had acquired a plentiful stock of experience: they understood all its phases, were familiar with Western values, and for their own protection always insisted upon the most ample margin of security. Titles were very simple, running back in a few removes to the United States government; the system of dividing the public domain into regular rectangular sections of one mile square, and the subdivision of these into quarters, which quarters were again quartered, all in perfect rectangles of forty acres each, all helped to simplify matters, by making mistakes of description almost impossible. The result was that this vast business, extending into the millions, was done so carefully and successfully that, while these earlier loans were all unguaranteed, yet practically no losses of either principal or interest occurred. But when, about seven to ten years ago, this great accession of business came, many Eastern people who were entirely unacquainted with the Western loaning agents began to invest their money, and it was soon seen that the confidence of these investors would have to be obtained in other ways than by the personal acquaintance which formerly prevailed. Large amounts of capital were then aggregated into corporations formed for the express purpose of carrying on the investing business, and, instead of the former guarantees based on personal knowledge and established character, corporate guarantees, backed up by a large capital, were given to the investor. Instead of giving one single bond with a promise to pay the principal at the expiration of a given time, with interest at the rate agreed upon in regular semi-annual instalments, a principal note with ten or more smaller interest notes or coupons, maturing respectively every six months, was given, and when the payment of these at maturity was guaranteed by the investing corporation, this old original form of a security, with all the virtue and strength that attached to the old form of bond and mortgage, became

also practically a coupon bond, with all the incidents pertaining to such bonds.

The original investing companies were based upon the established business of old firms that had long been engaged in this work, and they grew and developed gradually, until some have attained enormous proportions and acquired great financial strength. They have gathered about themselves the most competent lawyers to prepare papers and to pass on questions of titles and liens, the most trustworthy and experienced examiners as to the values of the houses and lands offered as security, and careful and painstaking men to look after all questions of taxes, insurance, etc., and the collection of the interest and the principal when due. Knowing through their local agents the men who applied for loans, forgeries were almost impossible. Preparing all papers themselves and examining all titles and all properties as to value, and, above all, being able to insist upon much larger margins of security than could be demanded in the East, they were able to do one thing that had never been done before. They were not only able to furnish to every investor that most desirable and stable form of security, a bond secured by first mortgage on a specific piece of property, they not only could do what the modern Title Companies did,—viz., guarantee the title, and that the mortgage was sufficient in form and a first lien,—but they could do, and did, what has never been done before, they absolutely assured the investor that the value of the mortgaged property was adequate to secure the debt, and they fully protected him against all loss by reason of subsequent taxes, municipal liens, insurance, etc. In short, they did what had never been attempted before, what no company would dare to do now, with a large proportion of the ordinary mortgages that pass current in the East: they guaranteed the payment of the interest at maturity, and the repayment of the principal when due, or within a reasonable time (generally two years) thereafter, if foreclosure became necessary, the interest in such case to be paid semi-annually to the investor, whether collected by the company or not.

This general guarantee covered every contingency. The investor did not need to inquire whether the papers were in proper form, the title correct, the value adequate, or the mortgage a first lien. There was no longer any waiting for interest; the coupons therefor could be deposited in any bank the day they were due, and collected without cost or delay. There is no occasion for anxiety in the case of a possible foreclosure, for the guaranteeing company assumed all the responsibility of that, and paid the mortgage debt to the investor, whether it was collected or not.

The holder of a good Western mortgage not only has all the security that always attaches to a good bond and mortgage, freed from all the causes of anxiety and care and possibility of loss mentioned above, but, by reason of its form described above, he practically holds a coupon bond, with all its attendant advantages, but without the usual fluctuations in value, readily convertible, and, when of the proper character, freely taken as collateral for temporary loans.

The investor has only one duty to perform, withal a very important one,—viz., to determine once for all whether the company he is dealing with, by virtue of the character and ability of its officials, its established

methods of business, the amount of its capital, and the availability of its assets, is able to give him a good and sufficient guarantee. That there are such companies, is shown by the fact that hundreds of millions of dollars have been thus invested, without the loss of a dollar of principal or interest; and each year the examinations of these companies made by the Bank Commissioners of the Eastern States, whose savings-banks buy so largely of these loans, and which therefore insist upon these examinations, make this sole duty of the investor a comparatively simple and easy one. It is also one of the incidents of this system, growing out of the fact that all good companies keep constantly on hand a large assortment of loans of all sizes, that an investor can at once, and without any loss of time or interest, invest any sum, either large or small.

In regard to this system of investment, it has been truly said that human ingenuity has been exhausted in devising ways and means to conduct the business wisely and safely, and in throwing every possible safeguard about the investor, with the result of producing a class of securities which, whether considered on the score of their availability, their intrinsic worth, their great safety, or their sure and ample return of income, are **THE VERY PERFECTION OF INVESTMENTS.**

Those who have had the good fortune to obtain the better class of securities thus described, who have had their dealings only with honorable and reliable companies, who have thus been saved all trouble and anxiety and have at the same time received a good income at regular intervals, are they who speak so highly of Western mortgages and hold them in such great esteem.

But there is another side to this question. It is a matter of common experience that whenever any production has attained a high state of perfection, and has given general satisfaction, then numberless cheap imitations instantly spring up. How many manufacturers could tell of years of patient and intelligent labor in the development, we will say, of a particular fabric, only to find as soon as they had overcome all the difficulties, and produced an article which gave universal satisfaction, that the market was flooded with cheap and flimsy imitations! It has been so with Western mortgages. When, after years of slow and steady growth, the community awakened to the realization that here was a relief to those needing good and safe investments,—when, by wise, careful, and successful dealings long continued, the pioneer companies had gained the public confidence,—numberless individuals and companies, most of them without experience and ill equipped for the work, some of them intending fraud from the beginning, started spurious imitations. As the borrower and lender are so far separated, and as in the case of farm loans, especially, it is impossible for the Eastern investor to make a personal examination of the property loaned upon, infinite opportunities for fraud and accident are presented, and it will only be necessary to recall what has been before indicated as the requirements of a good mortgage, to see how easily bad ones may be substituted. Poor loans may result from a failure properly to prepare the papers or to examine the title and search for prior liens, and above all, for here is the greatest danger, from the omission to examine each particular property loaned upon, and

by means of competent and disinterested examiners to fix the value of the security. The fact is, that by reason of the incompetency, and, in many instances, the downright dishonesty, of some of the individuals and companies engaged in this business, investors have been wofully taken advantage of. This danger increased as the confidence of the community in this class of investments grew, and when weak and ill-conducted companies have failed to meet their guarantees and pay the interest due their patrons, the entire system has been condemned by those who were either unfriendly to it or ignorant of its benefits. Those who have investigated the matter for themselves, however, well know that the companies referred to have failed, not because of any inherent weakness in the system itself, but because of the reckless practices of the companies concerned, which were brought to light in the investigations which followed their default.

In spite of the name by which this system is designated, it should be understood that it is by no means necessarily confined to the West. In point of fact, in that favored section of our country the greatest opportunity was first found for the investment of large sums of money, and, commencing with Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, those engaged in this business have successively loaned to the inhabitants of these States, and by the liberal outlay of money have literally caused them to "blossom like the rose." The Mississippi and the Missouri, and finally the Rocky Mountains, have since been crossed, first by the hardy pioneer, and next by the judicious lender of money, until now this business has reached all the way to the Pacific coast, and especially in the new State of Washington, and about the waters of Puget Sound, among the bright and enterprising people who have forced their way to that distant and beautiful land, a most favored field of investment is now found.

The most careless observer could not fail to see the wonderful benefits that have been wrought by this system. Cities have grown up as if by magic, immense tracts of land have been improved, and to-day some of the most universally prosperous people to be found on any portion of the earth's surface are located in those States where this system has attained its greatest perfection. And in the future this system will continue to grow, and will extend its beneficent action to every part of our common country where it is not restrained by unwise laws or discouraged by an indolent and careless community. There are some States in the West where investing companies will not lend a dollar, because of the existence of laws which, originally intended for the benefit of the farmer, have been found to operate most seriously against him. If a community attempts to hedge itself by laws forbidding the payment of honest debts, those who have succeeded in obtaining money under circumstances which practically amount to false pretences may derive some temporary advantage, which, however, will be more than offset by the loss of credit which such loose practices necessarily produce. It is perhaps worthy of notice that in some of the States, but particularly in Nebraska, the wiser heads have realized the truth of what has just been said, and when an attempt was made to pass stay laws and other unwise pro-

visions, looking to the prevention of the collection of debts, these were frowned down. It was pointed out that the State could not afford to destroy its credit forever for the purpose of benefiting a few incompetent, lazy, or dishonest people, who were unwilling to meet their obligations, and the laws that were introduced in the Legislature the last session attempting to change the existing statutes on this subject, in relation to the collection of interest, etc., were defeated.

Some attempt has been made to extend the benefit of this system to the South. Virginia especially, with its new industrial life, has earnestly endeavored to divert some of this capital to its development, but as yet with little success, because of the old taint of repudiation, and possibly because of the recent attempts that have been made in South Carolina and Georgia to repudiate obligations of this kind, and to prevent their collection.

In conclusion, let us consider for a few moments some of the benefits which have accrued from this system, in addition to those that have been indicated in what has gone before. The very greatest benefit has been the wide and uniform circulation of capital. Money has often been compared to the blood. Both of them are great circulating mediums, carrying life with them wherever they go. If the circulation of the blood should be impeded, and certain portions of the body should become gorged with it, disease and death would result. Whatever tends to restore this circulation is therefore a great boon; and this is equally true of money in the body politic. A grave danger, which has threatened the country at many times in the past, is the great glut of this commodity in certain sections and the great lack of it in others. This has produced in the body politic evils corresponding to those that would result in the natural body from a similar condition of the blood; and whatever tends to restore the circulation of money, and to remove the engorged condition of one section and nourish the impoverished condition of others, is likewise a great boon. This is just the work that has been performed by this system of Western mortgages. Whereas in the West, within a very few years, one per cent. a month, and from that to three per cent., has been the customary rate of interest, now in some of the principal cities, such as Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha, and Kansas City, loans have been made on the best business real estate as low as five per cent., while the rate of interest in such cities as New York and Philadelphia, which had got down to three per cent., has gone back quite firmly to the same rate.

There is another benefit which should not be overlooked, and that is, that this steady flow of money has prevented usury. When there was infinitely more demand than there was supply, those needing money were compelled to pay any rate necessary to obtain what they wanted. Since, however, by means of these great companies, sufficient confidence has been created to enable the Eastern capitalist to lend to the Western borrower, the supply has equalled the demand, and the unfortunate borrower is no longer imposed upon. If he is honest, if he has a good security, he can get his money at reasonable rates.

This system may be applied with equally good results in the North, South, and East, as well as in the West, and the inference is irresist-

ible that, before many years have elapsed, its strong points will have been borrowed for use in every portion of our country, and when this is done, when in any and every section the borrower can obtain what he wants, at reasonable rates, and capitalists can find a speedy and safe means of disposing of their surplus, all sections of our country will be greatly benefited, and those who judge rightly will award much of the credit to this system of Western mortgages.

William McGeorge, Jr.

A HINT TO NOVELISTS.

I HAVE, I think, discovered a method by which any moderately well educated person may, without imagination, observation, knowledge of the world, or any of the other qualities which have hitherto been considered necessary for the task, be able to write a good novel.

As far as I know, my conception is perfectly new, but, being very simple, as great ideas proverbially are, it may, or, did I not caution the reader, might, be confounded with a very old and crude idea which has already been utilized abundantly. I shall show, however, as I proceed, wherein the idea I have discovered differs fundamentally from the old idea, to which it may seem to bear a superficial resemblance.

Briefly, then, my idea is that in fiction the higher class of artists should take a lesson from the lower class. Let me endeavor to explain what I mean by this. Historians I take to be would-be novelists who either have not got, or will not use, the constructive faculty. The historian wishes to tell a tale, just as the novelist does, but, not being able or willing to invent one for himself, he takes a string of incidents from past records, dresses these incidents up according to his own fancy, and, having thus made a new story out of them, publishes the result in a volume called a history. The great principle on which he works is to form a new conception of the characters in his story. And as characters and circumstances act and react on each other, the reader is interested in watching how the old incidents are modified by the new characters, until from these modifications there is evolved a new and sometimes a most unexpected and surprising tale. A familiar instance of this is Mr. Froude's story of Henry VIII.

Until Mr. Froude took the subject in hand it seemed impossible by any glozing of facts to bring Henry VIII. out as other than a sensual, blood-thirsty monster. But, by preconceiving his hero to be a most wise, virtuous, and liberal-minded prince, and by steadily adhering to this preconception all through his story, Mr. Froude has produced a work which is as novel as any that go by that name, and as interesting and surprising to boot. He has shown us, in short, how a number of, to all appearances, hopelessly incorrigible facts can be reformed by an ingenious theory so as to become, from a moral and artistic point of view, new facts.

Again, as an instance of how the conception we form of a man's character will affect our way of recounting the incidents of his life, let me take Mr. Carlyle's description of the flight of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette from Paris. Having conceived Louis to have been a man of an indolent, careless, lethargic disposition, and his wife as being of somewhat the same nature, Carlyle tells how they travelled at a snail's pace when they ought to have been hurrying along with all speed. The interest of the narrative is intense. The reader feels inclined to shout to the king, who is calmly walking by the side of horses that ought to have been galloping as fast as their legs could carry them. There is in reading the story the sense of a nightmare in which we are hardly able to move while some dreadful thing is pursuing us. We identify ourselves with the royal fugitives and shudder at their dilatoriness and delays. No doubt as a statement of what actually did occur Mr. Carlyle's tale has been proved to be utterly incorrect. What I wish, however, to draw attention to is that it perfectly answers that which is the final cause of every book,—viz., to interest the reader. Of course people who are trying to escape death would not be likely to dawdle along at the rate of two or three miles an hour if they had the means of travelling more quickly. Of course not. Mr. Carlyle, however, represents this as being what his heroes did, and the great merit of his story is that it is told in such a way as to make the reader believe they did it. Thus a story which is commonplace when related by other people becomes one of thrilling interest when told by Mr. Carlyle, and serves as an excellent example of how a new story may be extracted from old incidents.

We see, then, how historians manage to interest their readers. Taking their materials from records of the past, they cast, so to speak, these materials in new theories, and thus bring them out in novel and, sometimes, perfectly unrecognizable forms,—one of the results being a good deal of innocent, perplexed amusement to those who take history *au sérieux*.

Now, why, I ask, cannot fictionists of the higher order do the same thing by drawing on the records of their predecessors? What most novelists are so much in want of is a supply of incidents. Why, I would say to them, not take the incidents, together with the localities, names, and relative positions of the characters, from some good novel the copyright of which has expired, and then rewrite the story, following the elder novelist through all his incidents, or as many of them as you conveniently can, but relating these incidents as they would have happened if your people, and not your predecessor's, had been moving about among them? In this way, while all the trouble of invention would be taken off your hands, you would be perfectly certain to produce a new story, and, as the quality of the incidents is guaranteed by experience, the story itself would probably be a good one. Such is my suggestion to novelists: that, instead of trying to invent a number of incidents so connected as to form a story (which, not to speak of the trouble it involves, is generally a task they are unequal to), they should leave the invention to their predecessors and simply retell the old stories as they would have to be retold if it were suddenly discovered that the

characters of the persons in them were quite different from what the original author supposed. It may be thought that this is only plagiarism,—which is as old as the hills. It is as different, however, from plagiarism as anything can be. The plagiarist is a literary thief who pretends to invent when he is only remoulding, and one who by mixing the pure metal which he has stolen with the base stuff of his own manufacture ends, as a rule, in producing a worthless alloy.

People who wrote on my system would not pretend to invent at all. On the contrary, they would avowedly work on what has been invented already, merely introducing such alterations into the previously-invented story as would be necessary to suit the requirements of their newly-conceived characters.

To clothe my theory in circumstances, according to Lord Eldon's maxim, let me suppose that I were rewriting "*Vanity Fair*." Just as one historian follows another in the chronological order of their supposed facts, so I should follow Mr. Thackeray most faithfully in the order in which he takes the incidents of his wonderful story. I should, as far as possible, avoid introducing any new element of fact. That is to say, I should not represent my characters as leaving undone anything the old characters had done, or doing anything they had not done, unless I were compelled to do so by a due regard to how my people would be likely to conduct themselves if they were placed in the position of Mr. Thackeray's people—or "puppets," as he was wont to call them.

Thus, I might commence with something like the following estimate of some of the principal characters :

Mr. Osborne, senior,—a highly-cultured, philanthropic, generous, and liberal-minded merchant.

George Osborne, his son,—a high-spirited and generous young man, of a thoughtful and prudent disposition.

Old Sedley,—a Stock Exchange Welcher.

Rawdon Crawley,—an utterly unprincipled blackleg.

Dobbin,—a slouching, designing hypocrite. He is secretly in love with Amelia, who returns his affection. They carry on a clandestine flirtation up to the death of George Osborne.

Josh Sedley,—a man of a thoroughly sterling, clear-headed, and courageous character ; altogether, a worthy type of an English magistrate.

Amelia Sedley,—an artful, underhand, intriguing little hussy. Her character is essentially spiteful, jealous, and frivolous.

Rebecca Sharp,—a clever, high-spirited girl, naturally vivacious and fond of fun ; of an amiable, warm-hearted, and trustful disposition, but taught by the bitter experience of poverty to restrain the outward expression of her emotions.

Seen through this new conception of the characters that figure in Mr. Thackeray's story, the old incidents would, perforce, revive in such a way as of necessity to form a new and, as I cannot help thinking, a very interesting tale. I have not, of course, space to indicate all, or nearly all, the changes which the original story would sustain if it were to be retold from the above premises. Nor is it necessary that I should do so, these remarks being intended merely as suggestions addressed to a class of students who are peculiarly apt and prone to act on anything in the way of a suggestion. Still, I may note a few

salient features in which my history of *Vanity Fair* would differ from Mr. Thackeray's.

Thus, the characters of George Osborne, Josh Sedley, and Rebecca Sharp being as I have assumed above, it will, I think, clearly follow that both George and Josh fell in love with Rebecca, and that she rejected both of them, actuated by a high-minded sense of loyalty to Amelia in the case of George, and by a sense of what was due to her host and hostess, owing to her own humble position, in the case of Josh. A natural corollary is that George and Josh quarrelled about her, and this gives the clue to a new rendering of the scene at Vauxhall.

Again, the characters of George Osborne and his father being as I have supposed, Mr. Thackeray's commonplace account of their quarrel becomes impossible, and a new and romantic reason of their estrangement is both suggested and rendered almost as probable as it is unexpected. Assuming them to be such men as I have indicated, it seems to follow logically that they quarrelled because *Mr. Osborne thought his son wanted to jilt Amelia*.

The misunderstanding between the high-minded parent and his equally high-minded offspring would appear to have come about in this way.

George had been engaged to Amelia when he was but a boy. In his more mature years he discerned the weakness of her character, and surrendered his affections to Rebecca. Amelia would have been glad to part with him, as she wanted to marry Dobbin. But Mr. Osborne, senior, was a client of her father's, and partly for that reason, partly on account of the wealth George would inherit, her father insisted on her keeping George to his engagement. Old Osborne was shocked at what he regarded as a breach of faith on the part of his son, and insisted on his marrying Amelia. George, being a dutiful young man, obeyed, but, unfortunately, not until his father, in a fit of passion at what he regarded as his perfidy, had disinherited him. As well-bred gentlemen, the father and son did not wish the real cause of their quarrel to be known. It would not do, of course, to let the world know that George was being forced to marry Amelia. Consequently, if it were only out of regard to her feelings, they assigned as the cause of their difference the commonplace explanation which has deceived Mr. Thackeray. It was owing to a chivalrous and delicate desire to give color to this false version of the matter, and thus to screen even from Amelia herself the true state of her husband's feelings when he married her, that Mr. Osborne abstained for some little time after George's death from recognizing his widow and her child. The dispute between Osborne and Sedley was due, of course, to some of Sedley's rascally Stock Exchange transactions, which had become so bad of late as to make it impossible for a respectable man like Osborne to continue the acquaintance. Dobbin's conduct in urging George to marry Amelia was worthy of Iago, and has completely deceived Mr. Thackeray. Dobbin did so because he thought that George would refuse, were it only through a spirit of mere opposition.

When Amelia heard of her husband's death she was secretly

pleased, as she thought she could marry Dobbin forthwith; but he made her wait until Mr. Osborne had executed the settlement which he knew to be inevitable if she continued unmarried.

For the convenience of Rebecca we have only to paint the character of Miss Crawley a shade or two darker than Mr. Thackeray has done, and the marriage of Captain Crawley and Miss Sharp will come out in a new light, and one that sheds a dramatic interest upon the whole subsequent history of that most gifted and engaging young lady.

Having got tired of Rawdon, Miss Crawley wanted an excuse for disowning him, so as to leave her money to Pitt. Accordingly, she encouraged Rebecca to marry Rawdon, and then, when they were married, pretended to disapprove of what had been brought about by her own instigation. In the hope of reforming her husband, poor Rebecca induced Lord Steyne, a most kind-hearted and virtuous nobleman, to get him an appointment in the Colonies. Of course, when he found himself safely provided for, Rawdon, like the cur he was, turned on his faithful wife and true friend.

In the end, Amelia would justly lead a wretched life, constantly bullied by her brutal husband; whilst there would be something intensely pathetic in the virtuous, care-worn Rebecca, with a true woman's charity, nursing her old lover through his last illness.

If one were to rewrite "*Vanity Fair*" on some such lines as I have indicated, all the old incidents would, I think, undergo a process of natural transformation, and rearrange themselves a perfectly new and interesting story. A little "treatment," such as historians are used to adopt, might occasionally be necessary; but this would not ineffectually tax the skill of any ordinary writer.

Thus, to take for example the scene at the ball in Brussels. George Osborne asked Miss Crawley to dance, and Mr. Thackeray, who never seems to be so happy as when he is making mischief among his characters, represents this as though it were a slight on Amelia. Now, what on earth, I ask, did Mr. Thackeray expect George Osborne to do? Did he expect him to ask his own wife to dance at a ball? To my mind, the whole matter is as innocent and as clear as a pike-staff. Like the well-bred gentleman he was, George Osborne asked Rebecca to dance, whilst Amelia danced with Rawdon Crawley, or perhaps—nay, very likely—sat sulking because the odious Dobbin was too awkward and loutish even to think of presenting himself at the entertainment.

In a similar manner all the other incidents of the story, or nearly all of them, could be made to tally with any new conceptions we chose to form of the characters, and any wholly impracticable incidents, if there were such, could be glozed over or denied,—according to the custom of historians. However, as each person who adopts my suggestion will strike out a new path for himself, I need not go any further into details, nor indicate how, by applying a similar process, other celebrated novels might be made to yield a fresh crop of interest. The reader will, of course, observe that children's tales would be just as susceptible of such treatment as novels are. A new edition of the "*Fairchild Family*," for example, representing that estimable house-

hold as composed of agnostic radicals, and with substituted disquisitions on social science, Darwinism, and the theory of evolution, ought to give as much pleasure to the present rising generation as Mrs. Sherwood's excellent but now almost forgotten story did to its less enlightened predecessors.

In conclusion, I would wish to say strongly that fictionists proper ought not to find any more difficulty in whitewashing such characters as Becky Sharp and Lord Steyne than pseudo-fictionists have experienced in applying the same process to Henry VIII., Bloody Mary, and Tiberius, who has lately been made to conduct himself very properly,—at least for a king in history. Novels or children's tales which are written on these principles ought always, of course, to bear their original titles. Thus, as each succeeding attempt to tell the story of the English people is called History of England, whether the author be Hume or Macaulay or Froude or Freeman, so each attempt to tell the story of, for example, the Osbornes, Sedleys, and Crawleys ought to be called "Vanity Fair," whether the author be Thackeray (who first took the job in hand) or Brown or Jones or Robinson.

W. H. Stacpoole.

A DÉBUTANTE.

FROM very weariness
 She slept, yet breathed, in dreams, the fragrance of Success,
 Sweeter to her desires than cooling showers,
 Than perfumes hived in flowers,
 Or than those songs which, ere the night is done,
 Break forth in rapturous worship of the sun.
 The longed-for prize
 Her own, again she heard delighted plaudits rise,
 Again her conquest read in beaming eyes,
 And scanned each upturned face, and missed—but one!

"O love," she dreaming sighed,
 In joy grown sudden sad, and lonely in her pride,—
 "O love, dost thou, of all the world, not care
 These triumphs dear to share?
 Dost thou, who sued in griefs to bear a part,
 Who lightened discontent, and soothed with heavenly art,
 And still forbore to blame,
 Remove, when all besides with praises speak my name?"
 Distinct, yet as from far, the answer came:
 "Love still demands an undivided heart!"

Florence Earle Coates.

THE BROWNINGS IN ITALY.

THE intelligence having in the last days of the old year been flashed across the cable that the great English poet and scholar is dead, thought naturally reverts, not to Browning the old man, living out the remnant of his days in the Italy that he loved, but to Browning the young poet, giving the best of his mind and energy to the Italy that had so deeply impressed his youthful fancy. Further back still does nimble thought run, to two children born in England early in the century, the one in London in 1809, the other in Camberwell, Surrey, in 1812. Thus, while the studious little girl of ten was bending over her folios and writing her "Battle of Marathon," the boy of seven, destined to be no less studious, was developing, by means of the open-air and field sports of the average English youth, the noble physique that enabled him to accomplish in the lines of study and original production an almost incredible amount of work.

Of how these two poets were reared, amid widely different surroundings, and of how they met and loved and married, the world probably knows all that it is destined to know.

Mr. Hillard's story of how the young author of "Bells and Pomegranates" was led to call upon Miss Barrett in consequence of her graceful allusion to his verses in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and through the blunder of a new servant was unceremoniously ushered into the sick-room of the recluse, is sufficiently romantic to have had a large following, but has never received any absolute confirmation. It is probable, says Mrs. Browning's latest biographer, Mr. Ingram, that her cousin Mr. John Kenyon introduced the poet to her in one of the rare intervals of her illness when she was able to receive company. How quickly mutual appreciation and liking ripened into love, we gather from the fact that these poets, who first met in 1846, were married within the year.

What this new love meant to Elizabeth Barrett we learn from the sonnets addressed to her "most gracious singer of high poems!" What it was to Robert Browning we read in "One Word More." Aside from what is to be found in these exquisite love-poems, the world knows little of this most romantic courtship. Early in the winter of 1846 Mrs. Jameson, the writer, had entreated Mr. Barrett to allow his daughter to accompany her to Italy and try the effect of a warmer climate upon her impaired health. Mr. Barrett was unwilling to risk the long journey, and the poetess wrote to her friend that she must content herself with "a sofa and silence." Scarcely, however, had Mrs. Jameson reached Paris when she received a note from Mr. Browning, saying that he had just arrived from England and was on his way to Italy with his wife, the same "E. B. B." she had just taken leave of.

Mrs. Jameson wrote to a friend of these two runaway poets, as she called them, adding, "I know not how the two poet heads and poet hearts will get on through this prosaic world. I think it possible I may go to Italy with them."

Mrs. Jameson not only accompanied the newly-married pair to Italy, but saw them established in Pisa, where they spent their first winter. It is the old Casa Guidi palace in Florence, however, that is most associated with the life of the Brownings in Italy. Mr. William Story, the sculptor, who was for years

their warm friend, recalls "the long room, in the old palace, filled with plaster casts and studies, which was Mr. Browning's retreat, and, dearest of all, the large drawing-room where she always sat, and where her spirit-hand translated the great Italian Cause into burning verse and pleaded the rights of humanity in 'Aurora Leigh.'"

It seemed more than a fortunate chance that led these two poets to make their home in Italy, and only a few years before that country's heroic struggle for liberty and unity, that was destined to call forth from both their deepest interest and enthusiasm. Mrs. Browning's health improved rapidly under what she called "this divine climate," and, with the indefatigable mental vigor that was ever hers, she set herself to master the Italian literature, lore, and politics in which her husband was already well versed, becoming in a short time "more Italian than the Italians themselves."

In one of her letters to Miss Mitford, Mrs. Browning writes, in view of some offence given to Austria by Napoleon, "every cut of the whip in the face of Austria being a personal compliment to me; at least so I consider it." Miss Mitford laments her friend's "terrible republicanism;" but it is evident from her later expressions that Mrs. Browning's imperialism was quite as "terrible" to the conservative little English lady.

Upon the woman and poet's heart the wrongs of this "woman country," as Browning called it, seem to have made an even deeper impression than upon his own. Italy was to her the home of new life and happy love. Hence it seemed as if, with a certain loyal generosity that belongs to all truly noble natures, Elizabeth Browning dedicated to this land her renewed powers, pouring out for her her sweetest songs, and holding her in her fond heart close to her husband and the "young Florentine" who came in 1849 to add the final and perfect touch to her new-born joy.

If Robert Browning's work was to enshrine the past history and literature of this country in verse and drama, and to present pictures of its modern life and thought, his wife's was the no less poetic mission of singing its wrongs, its hopes, and as much of its final victory as she was destined to behold.

Strangers, more especially Americans, who visited Florence between 1846 and 1861, had occasional glimpses of the Brownings in their home, and have brought away pleasant pictures of their happy family life, as those of the Hawthornes, Hillard, Story, and others. Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, after meeting them in 1858, says, "Mr. Browning was very kind and warm in his expressions of pleasure at seeing us. He must be an exceeding likable man. Really I do not see how Mr. Browning can suppose that he has an earthly wife any more than an earthly child: both are of the elfin race, and will flit away from him some day when he least thinks of it." Mrs. Hawthorne, however, testifies that this fairy wife, whom she greatly admired, was sufficiently domestic to preside over a tea-table placed beside her sofa, while Pennini, "the third Browning," handed about the cake, graceful as a Ganymede.

The Italy to which the Brownings came in 1846 was, to use the forcible words of Prince Metternich, "nothing more than a geographical expression." The hated Austrian crushed under his heel the fair provinces of Lombardy and Venetia, the kingdom of the Two Sicilies was oppressed by the Bourbon rule of King Bomba, the Pope directed the temporal as well as the spiritual affairs of his realm, while the grand-dukes obediently followed the lead of Austria in the jurisdiction of their several duchies. Sardinia alone was governed

constitutionally and by an Italian prince, the liberal-minded Charles Albert. Hence the history of this little state, including Piedmont, Savoy, Nice, and the island of Sardinia, is for some years the history of Italy. From it emanated all measures of importance, from it came Cavour, the brain of the liberal movement, Garibaldi, who was as truly its heart, Charles Albert, who first dared to take the field against Austria, and Victor Emmanuel, "Il Rè Galantuomo," who was destined to lead to victory the hopes that his father had led amid sacrifice and defeat. Here, indeed, was a cause to string the lyre of poets, with heroes enough and to spare! Nor are we disappointed. Mrs. Browning was a born hero-worshipper, and in her "Poems before Congress" Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel, first soldier of Italy, are all honored; here, too, is Charles Albert, taking off his crown "to make visible a hero's forehead;" and here, among these patriots true, is one whom the world has long since ceased to call when the roll of her heroes is told,—Napoleon III.

Although we may not cry, with the ardent poetess,—

We meet thee, O Napoleon, at this height
At last, and find thee great enough to praise,

we can agree with such later historians as Mr. Robert Mackenzie and Mr. Murdock in recognizing that even if Italy was to him but one piece on the chess-board of Europe, the aid that Napoleon rendered at this juncture was bold, timely, and judicious. The enthusiasm that Elizabeth Browning expressed in her "Napoleon III. in Italy" found an echo in many patriotic hearts when the French Emperor threw down the gauntlet to Austria and entered the lists for Italy. Genoa and Milan received the army of its ally with tumultuous applause.

How sudden was the revulsion from this ecstasy of delight on the part of the hopeful Italians we can readily imagine, when, after the victories of Montebello, San Martino, Magenta, and Solferino had crowned the arms of the allies, Napoleon invited the mediation of Lord Palmerston, and sent a despatch to the Austrian Emperor advising him that an armistice was on its way. This move, on the part of the ally who had promised that their country should be "free from the Alps to the Adriatic," was a sudden and crushing blow to the high hopes of the patriots. "Venice was in tears. Milan," says Murdock, "refused to rejoice while Venice, the companion of her long thralldom, still remained in chains." Under the treaty of Villafranca Austria retained Venetia, although it should be said to the honor of England and her minister Lord Palmerston that he was in favor of driving Austria from Italy, and would not lend the good offices of his government to effect any more pacific arrangement.* Napoleon, however, was glad to have done with fighting, and if Francis Joseph came off better than he had had reason to expect, the ally of Italy did not leave the field without his share of booty, in the form of Nice and Savoy.

Cavour refused to put his name to the treaty of Villafranca, choosing rather to resign. Victor Emmanuel signed reluctantly, adding, "*pour ce qui me concerne*,"—which seems to have signified that he accepted Lombardy and held himself unembarrassed with regard to future developments.

Mrs. Browning's disappointment was great. Under its first pressure she wrote her "Tale of Villafranca," so sympathetically expressing the overthrow of her own hopes and those of Italy. It seems strange that the shafts of her sarcasm,

* "The Reconstruction of Europe," by Harold Murdock, p. 152.

ever keen against what she deemed wrong, were not now aimed at the ally whose "great deed" had fallen short of greatness. Whether she credited Napoleon's reasons stated to the Chambers in July, 1860, for not continuing the campaign, or whether she felt, what later historians have recognized, that there had been enough foreign intervention, and that the world was to see, as Napoleon half scornfully expressed it, "what the Italians could do unaided," Mrs. Browning seems to have rallied from her first grief over the failure of cherished hopes, and writes triumphantly of Victor Emmanuel's entrance into Florence, in April, 1860,—

This is our beautiful Italy's birthday.

How the hearts of the two poets, who were entirely united in their hopes for the country of their adoption, must have throbbed with delight over the final scenes in the drama,—when Garibaldi, with his little army of raw recruits, swept over Sicily and Naples, claiming them for his king, when, after the last victory over Neapolitan royalty, he rode from the battle-field to meet Victor Emmanuel and hailed him King of Italy, or when, a month later, the United Kingdom was proclaimed!

It is a strange coincidence that Cavour and Mrs. Browning should have died in the same month,—June, 1861. The great statesman passed away with the triumphant words, "A free church in a free state!" upon his lips, while the poet for Italy died in the hour of her victory, saying, "It is beautiful!" The noble face of Cavour looks down upon the Milanese from its pedestal to remind them of his good fight for freedom, while upon the walls of the Casa Guidi palace grateful Florence has inscribed Elizabeth Browning's noble memorial, she whose "chain of golden verse linked Italy to England."

To Robert Browning it was granted to see, five years later, what his wife could have beheld only in prophetic vision,—Italy an acknowledged power among the nations of Europe, and Victor Emmanuel entering Venice amid the plaudits of his newly-acquired subjects. These must have been proud days to him who wrote of the land of his youthful aspirations, of his high hopes for freedom, and of his fifteen years of happy married life,—

Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me
 (When fortune's malice
 Lost her Calais),
Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she:
So it always was, so shall ever be!

Anne H. Wharton.

WEATHER-PROPHETS.

A FEW years ago I met a much-travelled friend who seemed to regret the time spent on a visit to the classic shores of the southern Mediterranean.

"Why, are the Greeks not making tolerable headway under their present government?" I inquired. "I thought they were getting quite civilized in some respects."

"Well, yes," said he, "they have a telegraph-station at Corinth, and talk

about grading a railway to the top of Mount Parnassus; but the Muses are gone."

With a similar undertone of disappointment connoisseurs in prophecy are apt to mention the achievements of our scientific oracles, which, in spite of telescopes and comparative statistics, seem to lack the inspiration of their classic predecessors. Apollo, indeed, declines to answer inquiries by telephone; still, his Delphic tripod has never been quite vacant, and certain branches even of the augural art demonstrate the truth of the axiom that the realities of science are often more marvellous than the fictions of romance. Our modern weather-predictions, for instance, clearly surpass the miracles of the times when great public calamities were presaged by the ambiguous portents of the *haruspex*. The horoscopes of Nostradamus were circumstantial enough, but somehow or other were always published *after* the calamitous event, while the predictions of our weather bureau generally precede their verifications by twenty-four hours. Trans-continental gales have more than once been announced three days before their arrival on the opposite coast, and only a month ago four steamers and a score of sailing-vessels were saved by a meteorological expert of Singapore, who kept his storm-signals hoisted for sixty hours of more than usually fair weather. The comparative calm had been caused by the opposing current of the south-west monsoons, but when the eastern horizon at last got clouded the hurricane burst with a violence that strewed the coast with the wrecks of nearly every vessel that had disregarded the warning.

Early in spring, and again about a month after the September equinox, counter-currents of a strongly contrasted temperature now and then explode in storms that defy all calculation by leaving the track of the recognized cyclone-routes, and, as it were, tearing along new channels of their own with the fury of a dam-breaking flood, like the snow-tornado which two years ago attempted to obliterate the city of New York; but even in such exceptional cases the imminence of the threatened gale is less doubtful than its direction, and after the completion of another ocean-cable or two, very few storms will take our meteorological observatories entirely by surprise.

The cause of earthquakes has as yet not been explained by any completely satisfactory theory, but the progress in the systematic study of their phenomena has more than once been attested by their successful prediction. About seven years ago, Prof. Longinotti, of Palermo, called attention to the curious fact that a considerable plurality of the most destructive earth-waves have reached what might be called their tidal maximum during the fifteen weeks between the middle of August and the end of November. Two hundred and seventeen years before the beginning of our chronological era all Italy was shaken in the beginning of November during the progress of the battle which on the shores of Lake Thrasymene came so near deciding the fate of Europe in favor of the Semitic race. In November also occurred the two great earthquakes of Antioch, of which the second, involving the death of two hundred and forty-five thousand persons, is probably the most destructive on record. The three-years convulsions of the Calabrian coast-lands (1783-86) twice reached their period of greatest havoc in October. Lisbon was overthrown in November, Guatemala and Caracas in October, Charleston on the last day of August; and the fifteen-weeks period of the Longinotti hypothesis also includes the upheaval of a new mountain on the Bay of Naples and the birth of Mount Jorullo in the highlands of western Mexico. "In the Northern Hemisphere," explains the Palermo observer, "floods

and inundations occur chiefly in spring, and by slow infiltration reach the heated rocks of the nether world about four months later, with results that can be realized by pouring water on a heap of gravel covering a substratum of red-hot iron ores." "The moisture of heavy spring rains," he adds, "is mostly absorbed by abundant woodlands, and it is a noteworthy fact that in the Mediterranean coast-regions earthquakes have become much more frequent since the disappearance of the primeval forests." The rule of the fifteen weeks is, moreover, confirmed by the suggestive exception that on the other side of the equator the period of greatest disturbance occurs between March and June,—i.e., about four months after the spring rains of the Southern Hemisphere.

Experience has also established the fact that earthquakes generally follow the obstruction of the volcanic vents (indicated by the subsidence of the volcanic smoke-clouds), and are frequently preceded by a peculiar hazy appearance of the atmosphere,—a phenomenon which on the eve of the Charleston catastrophe was observed throughout the Southern coast-lands from Roanoke to Savannah. In Central America, where earthquakes are almost as frequent as moral shocks in Chicago, the natives have learned to read the signs of the sky with remarkable exactness. "They are mostly unable to explain the premises of their conclusions," says the director of the observatory at San Salvador, "but their *prognosis* is rarely at fault. 'There will be another earthquake to-night,' they will remark, with the confidence of long experience, and within a few hours after sunset the rattling of my instruments generally attests the correctness of the conjecture."

Systematic observation, however, might eventually reveal the principle of such auguries. A few years ago the captain of the German cruiser *Albatross* had dropped his anchor in the offing of a little harbor in the Solomon Islands, when one of his men told him that the crew of a native fishing-smack had warned them that there was going to be an ugly gale before morning. There was not a cloud on the sky, but about an hour after midnight the predicted storm burst with appalling fury; and a year after a similar experience reminded the commander of the same vessel that on both occasions the sun had set in a sky suffused with a peculiar yellowish, rather than reddish, hue. Spanish sailors have a special word for the intermittent gusts of air—sometimes alternating with minutes of absolute atmospheric stagnation—which often precede the storms of the tropics, and mountaineers know that the atmospheric conditions preceding a heavy rain appear to deepen the tints of distant objects and thus to reduce their apparent distance without improving the clearness of their outlines.

The more or less conscious observation of such phenomena may, in the course of many generations, tend to develop an hereditary instinct; but the weather-wisdom of savages admits of still another explanation. "Animals, for all we know," says Sir John Lubbock, "may have fifty senses, as different from ours as hearing is from seeing," and it is by no means impossible that echoes of such supplementary faculties may now and then revive in the sensorium of a human body. There are men who seem to share the instinct of direction that enables many animals to trace their way through the tangle of the tropical virgin woods, and in the crisis of certain diseases curious appetencies often reveal, as if by direct intuition, the kind of diet most apt to subserve the abnormal needs of the organism.

I knew a "well-finder" who dispensed with the use of the divining-rod and

was at any time ready to illustrate, if not to explain, his ability to locate the subterranean watercourses of a sterile table-land; and the same faculty in black cattle and horses has more than once saved the lives of travellers in the deserts of the Eastern Continent, though it seems impossible to attribute that gift to the exceptional development of the olfactory sense. The fluctuations of the barometer, on the other hand, demonstrate considerable variations in the pressure of the atmosphere, and without resorting to the theory of a "sixth sense" we might well assume that in the animal organism the influence of those variations manifests itself by a general feeling of increased or diminished buoyancy.

There is, therefore, nothing intrinsically improbable in the accounts of warnings conveyed by the abnormal actions of animals on the eve of an earthquake or of a destructive storm. On the night before the upheaval of Mount Jorullo in the uplands of Michoacan, cattle were heard rushing down the slopes of the sierra in headlong haste. The tidal waves that frequently ascend the valley of the Amazon for a distance of sixty miles are often announced by the yelping of female bush-dogs driving their puppies from the neighborhood of the endangered river-shore; and gnats, spiders, and certain reptiles often appear in unusual numbers a few hours before the outbreak of a summer storm.

The weather-foresight of insects is shared by migratory birds, and undoubtedly also by many species of mammals; but, on the whole, a comparison of their prophetic instincts appears to illustrate the truth of the naturalist Oken's remark that the most helpless creatures are best able to recognize the omens of danger.

Felix L. Oswald.

BOOK-TALK.

EUGENE FIELD'S "LITTLE BOOKS."

WHY did Mr. Eugene Field go to Europe so suddenly? He was not cashier of a bank, nor trustee of a widows' Benevolent Institution, nor president of a Company for Making Something out of Nothing. Moreover, his flight was eastward,—not, as is usual in these cases, northward. So far as is known, he was simply the parent of a daily column in the *Chicago News*, "yclept," to use a favorite part of his own speech, *Sharps and Flats*,—the *Sharps* part being manifestly indebted for its existence solely to himself, while as to the *Flats*, one knows not to whom to apply it, unless, possibly, to the *News* subscribers. At all events, the column in question had appeared diurnally, for I know not how many years, on the extreme left of the second page of the *News* aforesaid, and was there diligently perused by all and sundry, and extracts from it were ever and anon quoted in other newspapers throughout the country. Thus, by dint of the slow chemistry of time, Mr. Field had succeeded in building himself a monument more strong than even the proverbial Chicagoan brass is ordinarily capable of rearing; and an innocent and happy future seemed assured to him. His personal character and habits were believed to be unexceptionable; he was a family man, and, if he had a vice, it was solely his weakness, gaminivorously speaking, for the nicotian weed. When, therefore, it was rumored that he had abruptly placed the Atlantic between his trustful readers and himself, the former could only gaze at one another, like the men of Cortez on the peak in

Darien in Keats's sonnet, with a wild surmise. The rumor was verified, but the explanation was still withheld.

Of course it was given out that he had gone abroad for the benefit of his health. But a pretext so hackneyed deceived nobody, nor was it worthy of Mr. Field's original genius. To write two thousand words a day in the climate of Chicago for six or seven years on end,—that must indeed be a delicate flower of genius that could be dashed by such a trifle. No: the true reason lay deeper, if one could but get at it. But, for a season, the enigma remained insoluble.

To him who waits, however, it is promised that all things shall come; and the present instance has proved no exception to the rule. We know, at last, why Mr. Eugene Field went to Europe. It was because he had written a book,—nay, two books. It is true that the title describes them as "little" books; but Mr. Field's books are not so preternaturally little; each contains between two and three hundred pages; and, besides, littleness is, of itself, not a valid excuse. We remember the gentleman who, in his ordinary walk, was but five feet high and tipped the beam at one hundred pounds troy weight, but who, when he was mad, weighed (according to his own admission) a ton. So, as touching these volumes, it makes no difference how small they are according to carnal measurements, if nevertheless, according to expert judgment, they are (as Chicagoans would phrase it) of prime quality. Diamonds are small, but—oh, my! And these books are literally diamonds.

Neither will it avail the author that he has sought to diminish the weight of his responsibility by restricting his edition to two hundred and fifty copies and publishing by subscription. He fancied, doubtless, that subscribers, having paid, or promised, their money beforehand, would, like the curtailed fox in the fable, refrain from promulgating their true sentiments as to their predicament. But he ought to have known that a book, once it has escaped from the printing-room, is apt to take unto itself wings and turn up in the most perverse places. And out of an edition of two hundred and fifty, one at least is sure to find its way into the hands of a critic whom no considerations shall prevent from speaking his mind about it. Mr. Field might as well yield with the grace of spontaneity as succumb to force, and, by adding a couple of ciphers in time to the number of his copies, anticipate the public demand which no publisher will venture to oppose.

With this matter, however, I have no present concern: a book, whether in "de luxe" or popular form, is still a book, and my business is to expound the present volumes as I find them. If, in consequence of what is here set down, the reader desires to possess the volumes, and finds that none are to be had, he and Mr. Field must settle the quarrel between them. I have my own copies all safe, and no consideration will induce me to part with them.

The first book contains poems; the second, stories,—most of them fairy-tales. Mr. Field has hitherto been regarded as a humorist,—an American humorist, indeed; and, by way of fostering this amiable persuasion, and, under cover of it, sauntering off to indulge in secret in the sweets of his proper genius, he published two or three years ago a work entitled "Culture's Garland," in respect to which I had something to say at the time, and need not repeat it now. Humor, no doubt, Mr. Field does possess; but its true manifestation is so pure and simple that it is ever melting into pathos, as sunshine melts into a flower, each realizing in the other its best loveliness. Many of these little verses are about children, or have reference to them in some way; their language is as simple as a child's speech; and yet—or

therefore—they enter into the heart and dwell there with the same artless security and certainty that the love of children does. Only the finest genius can write in this manner: a single artificial touch would spoil the music. And not only must the genius be fine, it must be broad and catholic; it must have in it the fibre of manly strength and experience. Its tenderness must have the deep tone, not the thin one; its smile must have the steady warmth of summer, not a will-o'-the-wisp flicker. The "deep mind of dauntless infancy" must have for its laureate a man whose knowledge of life, though wide and profound, has never undermined the sacredness of youth,—the reverence due to childish things. His faith in eternal and holy things must stand on foundations that have often been assailed, but never overthrown. He must have felt the weaknesses of human nature, and have learned that in these is the opportunity of God. Such a man, if he have also the gift of song, can write as Mr. Field has written (for instance) here:

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
 But sturdy and stanch he stands;
 And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
 And his musket moulds in his hands.
 Time was when the little toy dog was new
 And the soldier was passing fair;
 And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
 Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
 "And don't you make any noise!"
 So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
 He dreamt of the pretty toys.
 And as he was dreaming, an angel song
 Awakened our Little Boy Blue:—
 Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
 But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
 Each in the same old place,
 Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
 The smile of a little face;
 And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
 In the dust of that little chair,
 What has become of our Little Boy Blue
 Since he kissed them and put them there.

The reticence of this little poem, its unexpressed appeal to the reader's sympathy with one of the most touching human experiences, give it a lasting place in literature. A child, reading it, will smile with pleasure at its simple homeliness; his parents will repeat it with a break of the voice, remembering a loss of their own. These artless words cannot pass away, for the thought that fills them is consecrated by the love of fathers and mothers.

Mr. Field has cultivated a lusty sympathy for the early English style of speech,—the Chaucerian and Spenserian,—and has made much use of its juicy and wholesome phraseology in his verses. It is a literary *tour de force*, but the medium has been so thoroughly mastered that no trace of effort remains. Read this "Spenserian Paraphrase of Horace" (*Vitas me hinnuleo similis, Chloe*):

Syn that you, Chloe, to your moder sticken,
 Maketh all ye yonge bacheloures full sicken;
 Like as a lyttel deere you ben y-hiding
 Whenas come lovers with theyre pityse chiding;
 Sothly it ben faire to give up your moder
 For to beare swete company with some oder;
 Your moder ben well enow so farre shee goeth,
 But that ben not farre enow, God knoweth;
 Wherefore it ben sayed that foolysh ladyes
 That marrye not shall leade an aype in Hadys;
 But all that do with gode men wed full quicklye
 When that they be on dead go to ye seints full sickerly.

That is just the way that Chaucer would have expressed Horace's idea. Artemus Ward said that Chaucer and his successors were not so bad on their poetry; the trouble with them was, they kudn't spel. Mr. Field makes no display of learned cacography; but he lays an invincible gripe upon the idiom.

And now for one more, in a different vein. I cannot quote the whole book, even for the sake of defeating Mr. Field's mania for hiding his light under a bushel. He calls this

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
 And there is stillness everywhere,
 While, like winged spirits, here and there
 The firelight shadows fluttering go.
 And as the shadows round me creep,
 A childish treble breaks the gloom,
 And softly, from a further room,
 Comes "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow, with that little prayer
 And that sweet treble in my ears,
 My thoughts go back to distant years
 And linger with a loved one there;
 And as I hear my child's Amen,
 My mother's faith comes back to me,—
 Crouched at her side I seem to be,
 And Mother holds my hands again.

Oh for an hour in that dear place!
 Oh for the peace of that dear time!
 Oh for that childish trust sublime!
 Oh for a glimpse of Mother's face!
 Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
 I do not seem to be alone,—
 Sweet magic of that treble tone
 And "Now I lay me down to sleep"!

I must let Mr. Field's dialect poems go without mention. There are none better of their kind.

The "Little Book of Profitable Tales" is a book for children, and for lovers of good literature. Civilization, just at present, is glutted with so-called children's literature, which is neither literature nor fit for children. It is all, in various degrees, silly, sentimental, namby-pamby, goody-goody, vulgar, stupid, marrowless rubbish. It fills juvenile periodicals, it slops over the syndicated columns of newspapers, it festers in gilded and illustrated volumes; it taints

the air, and saps the simplicity of youth. Mr. Field's tales have the good qualities of which those above mentioned are the opposites. It is not easy to describe them, for lack of sufficient prototypes. Sometimes, when the toys and flowers, the animals and the sunbeams, are conversing together, a thought of Christian Andersen strikes us; but it is not Andersen, it is another genius working in a similar way. At other times a quite other direction is taken, and there is a music of Christmas chimes, and a star of promise shines in the East, and the winds and trees whisper to each other of the coming of the child whose name is Wonderful, the Prince of Peace. Then, again, we catch the mutterings of the elves and gnomes, as they run about in the enchanted moonlight, hanging a pearl in every cowslip's ear, or staggering under the weight of fairy-gold and gems. Now and then, as in "Fido's Little Friend," we see a lovely human baby playing with a dog, a woodpecker, and a woodchuck, loving them and being loved by them, sporting with them in the sunshine, and sleeping with happy dreams at night. It is all told from the point of view of the dog, the woodpecker, and the woodchuck. And one morning the little child does not come out to play as usual, and the animals wonder and mourn: the window of his room is closed, and his beloved little face smiles upon them no more. At last the yellow-bird flies to the window-sill and peeps in. "He is asleep," she says; "I think he must be dreaming a beautiful dream, for I could see a smile upon his face, and his little hands were folded on his bosom. There were flowers all about him, and but for their sweet voices the chamber would have been very still."

Indeed, not one only but both of these volumes are full of poetry. They are the expression of a strong, sweet, native genius. Mr. Field may as well come back from Europe. America wants him and will have him. His sin has found him out; and the more of a sinner, in this sort, he becomes, the better for us and for our literature.

Julian Hawthorne.

AN IMPERIAL SAINT.

A new edition is often hailed as a new book, even by our most erudite reviewers. "The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius," now set forth by Little, Brown & Co., is but the translation by George Long (best of half a dozen, from old Casaubon on), long familiar in the Bohn series and in a reprint dating from the days of Ticknor & Fields. But the good emperor cannot be published or praised too often: it is the privilege of this generation to understand and love him better than did his own, to read him more than he was ever read before. The scattered meditations which he hastily jotted down of evenings in his tent amid the fatigues of a Pannonian campaign, meaning them for no eye but his own, have become the household words of every serious scholar, a sort of uncanonical scriptures which live and do their work, aided by no sanction but that of their own intrinsic authority. More and more he is the helper and friend of those who would "live in the spirit," because his own spirit was the purest, the sweetest, the sincerest, that ever spoke through pen. Dr. Furness has pointed out the human source of the undying strength that abides in the words of Jesus: "there was a Man behind them." So there was a man behind every maxim of the *Eis Seuton*. He did not preach one doctrine and practise another, like the rest of us; the lips answered to the heart, the life went step for step with both. Simplicity, absolute veracity, consistency as nearly perfect as human fallibility allows, marked him from the day when Hadrian, playing on the boy's

family name, said he was not merely Verus, but *verissimus*, most true. Merciless toward himself, his pages push charity to others almost further than does the New Testament. Impossible lengths of virtue, one is tempted to object. Impossible for us, perhaps, but not for Marcus. It was he who, after the causeless and graceless revolt of Avidius Cassius, begged the Senate to institute no prosecutions, and threw the usurper's correspondence unopened into the fire.

And yet it was he who, by a strange freak of fate, persecuted the men whose faith he shared in substance, whose noblest principles were his own rule of daily life, from whom he was kept apart only by misconception, by inevitable ignorance. The Christians who suffered under his edicts neither blamed nor underrated him, though they had in that century no man who equalled him in largeness of mind and symmetrical nobleness of character. So candid a theologian as Maurice justifies his action, or at least abundantly excuses his mistake, in tracing its source to his finest qualities as man and ruler. A Roman gentleman in that age, unless guided by lucky accident, would no more have suspected that any good thing could come out of Nazareth, or thought of looking after or into any Syrian sacred books, than we would think of seeking truth or comfort in the Book of Mormon.

Mr. Lecky, conscious of a possibly excessive admiration for Marcus, tries to strike a balance by crediting him with "little original strength,"—the strangest blunder in the "History of European Morals." Out of little comes little; grand results imply a great source. Originality must be credited to an irresponsible monarch, successor of Nero and Domitian, who announced the tenets of modern democracy, and regarded himself as steward of God and servant of the people; who schooled himself thus: "Take care that thou art not Cæsarized, that thou art not dyed with this dye." "If it is thy lot to live in a palace, even in a palace one may live well." It needed some force to transform the Stoic hardness into tenderness, its pride into humility; to retain faith and charity in the death of enthusiasm; to keep an unspoiled heart in company with a brain disillusioned, world-weary, and hopeless to the brink of pessimism. As a statesman he bore with the gladiatorial combats which he loathed; he repressed the barbarians whom he pitied, despising himself for so poor a trade. He knew the men around him were liars, tricksters, dissolute self-seekers, more than willing to see him die; yet he was their friend: "Teach them better, then, or bear with them." He was no fanatical or self-willed reformer. "Never hope to realize Plato's Republic, or force men into thinking wisely and living well."

The dryasdust Germans, in their histories of philosophy, make little account of these Roman Stoics, who were only earnest men trying to serve Truth and work out their own salvation. But there is more blood in any page of Marcus than in twenty volumes of metaphysics; and so he is a tonic still to those who know him, a strengthener and consoler. Clear-headed, steady, undeluded, no self-flatterer, he knew the vanity of things as well as any Solomon, and held himself above it as others did not. And so he wrote a book nobler than Ecclesiastes, soberer than Augustine's Confessions. The book and the man match perfectly, and both are of the small inmost circle of the elect, the precious, the imperishable. Seventeen centuries have passed, and on some weighty topics he still has the last word to say. He is the ripest fruit of old philosophy, the fairest flower (to put it inoffensively) of secular humanity; he is modern, he is catholic, he is a mine whose treasures fail not. Read him ponderingly and test your metal; be better for the pondering, or know yourself an earthworm, an insect of a day.

Frederic M. Bird.

NEW BOOKS.

[The readers of LIPPINCOTT's will find in this new department, from month to month, such concise and critical notice of all noteworthy publications, of which extended reviews are not given elsewhere in the magazine, as will enable them to keep in touch with the world of new books.]

Poetry.—Thanks to our education at the hands of political orators and scribblers, we are too lazy to note the lie that commonly lurks in the glib phrase, "He stands to-day at the head of his profession." Of whom can this be uncontestedly said? Perhaps it is the sense of the musical world that Adelina Patti outranks all other singers; a consensus of opinion among pugilists would perhaps place Mr. John L. Sullivan at the head of the profession of "the manly art;" but of politics is Bismarck or is Gladstone the supreme master? of living scholars, whose scholarship is broadest, deepest, finest? of the world's painters, who paints best? And so on. Yet we think it may be said that in the profession of letters the supremacy is clear and conceded. Tennyson is the master-poet of the age; in all ages no one has sung us sweeter, nobler strains. Hence the issue of a new volume of his poetry is to be esteemed as a literary event of the first importance. Such, indeed, is *DEMETER, AND OTHER POEMS* (Macmillans). Not all the contents of this slender book, however, can be adjudged, by the most partial reader, as worthy of the Laureate's genius. Any "Whitmaniac" might have written the rhymeless stanzas on the Jubilee of Queen Victoria; many lesser poets could have made more music out of "The Thistle" theme, and have wrought a finer effect through a happier form from the romantic incident of "The Ring." But the titular poem is beyond the power of a second-rate poet to write; a common talent could not grapple with a subject so lofty, could not fulfil it with images and pictures so magical, with pathos so touching, with a verbal music so exquisite. And a master-poet must be a prophet whose processes of thought are secret but sure. Only a prophet could have written "By an Evolutionist." Again, it is not possible to think of any other poet, living or dead, as capable of the distinctive and subtle charm with which the first and last poems of the volume are imbued. To word this charm aright would be as impossible as to define the sense of grief that goes with a dripping day. But who does not feel it in these lines?—

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

—*SONGS OF FAIRY LAND*, compiled by Edward T. Mason, with illustrations after designs by Maud Humphrey (Putnam). A useful Knickerbocker Nugget, which brings together some of the best fairy poems in our language. *Midsummer Night's Dream* is not drawn upon, and the rich store of fairy poetry in the German is left untouched. The nugget is not large enough to hold these. But

VOL. XLV.—30

we have the best examples by Coleridge, Miss Edith M. Thomas, Hogg, Allingham, Drake, and Mangan.

History and Biography.—**WARREN HASTINGS**, by Sir Alfred Lyall (Macmillans). Those whose estimate of the character of this remarkable Englishman is based upon Macaulay's perfervid essay will do well to read Sir Alfred Lyall's interesting monograph. Hastings is here seen, if not in proper, at least in a clear, light. He is neither the corrupter of a government nor the creature of a corrupt government. He discharged his duties with all credit and honor during the first fourteen years of his service in the East India Company; he was driven by the demands of governmental expediency into the coalition against the Rohillas; he was in the right in his official wrestle with Francis and Nuncomar; in short, it was his misfortune to rule in Bengal when "the methods of irregular, unrecognized rulership had been discountenanced but not discontinued,"—when "the conscience of the nation demanded orderly government before it had become altogether practicable." At least this is the present biographer's generous way of looking at it. The account of the famous trial is concise and entertaining.—**THE MAID OF ORLEANS**, by W. H. Davenport Adams (Lippincotts). Just as Mr. Adams is gallantly engaged in polishing the pedestal of Joan of Arc, an iconoclastic French author is trying to prove that her fame was ill gotten and her heroism a hoax. We would rather believe with Mr. Adams. His narrative is bright and engaging throughout.—**AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN**, edited, with notes, by John Bigelow (Putnams). A handy and dainty edition,—another Knickerbocker Nugget.—**THE STATE**, by Woodrow Wilson (D. C. Heath). It is high praise to say of this book that it contains all that its title-page alleges of its contents,—the elements of historical and practical politics. As a luminous and trustworthy sketch of institutional history and administration, it may be commended as an adroitly-arranged and comprehensive text-book.—**OLD CALIFORNIAN DAYS**, by James Steele (Belford-Clarke Co.). A series of vivid memories, admirably written down, conveying a more adequate impression of a wonderful land and people than can be gained from the amazing octavos of Mr. Bancroft. The memories are of Mexican and American, of the dwellers in the "adobe," and of the "Argonauts."—**MANUAL OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE**, by Pierre Paris, edited and augmented by Jane E. Harrison (Lippincotts). While this excellent hand-book does not pretend to be a history of art, its critical studies of the masterpieces of Egyptian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Grecian, and Roman sculptors are so complete and continuous in arrangement as to attain the effect of a full and trustworthy history of Ancient Sculpture. The usefulness and interest of the work are much enhanced by the copious and admirable illustration.

Fiction.—We have been waiting long for Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, and, now that she is come in the fulness of her art, all hail to her! The art of historical-romancing is not so dark and secret that a single success in it need be held to constitute a title to literary mastership. But so strong is Mrs. Catherwood's grasp of her material, so vivifying is her imagination, and so wholly meritorious her workmanship, that with the publication of **THE ROMANCE OF DOLLARD** (The Century Company) she fairly won the degree of mistress of her art. Close upon the serial issue of this picturesque tale comes **THE STORY OF TONTY** (A. C. McClurg & Co.), a finely colorful sketch of the later career of La Salle and his noble Italian lieutenant. In retrospect it is amazing what effective

and temperate use the author has made of the meagre authentic facts at her disposal. A delicate thread of romantic love is woven skilfully through the narrative; and for one thrilling instant—where La Salle vainly pleads his love before Jeanne Le Ber—the passion of the real hero is nothing less than sublime. It would be delightful to have Mrs. Catherwood come southward and wave her wand over the valley of the Wyoming.—**THE FAIR PURITAN**, by Henry William Herbert ["Frank Forester"] (Lippincotts). This was the author's only American romance. It is an eventful story of the witchcraft days in New England. The rascally governor Sir Edmund Andros figures in it picturesquely as heavy villain. Ruth, the fair heroine, is a charming creation.—**SYLVIA ARDEN**, by Oswald Crawford (Frank F. Lovell & Co.). A not unskilful readjustment of romantic adventures which have formed the skeleton of many stories. The central dramatic situation of the burial of the lovers alive in the tomb is well worked out.—**A STRANGE PEOPLE**, by John M. Batchelor (J. S. Ogilvie). It is plainly the chiefest part of the author's artistic creed that a tale to be entertaining must astound. Another novel by Mr. Batchelor (from the same publisher) is entitled **A STRANGE CONFLICT**. Both are deplorably overdone. The mystery of the latter romance when revealed is found to be too commonplace and tame to warrant the hue and cry that is raised about it.

Travel.—**FIVE THOUSAND MILES IN A SLEDGE**, by Lionel F. Gowing (Appletons). Two plucky Englishmen set out from Shanghai in the winter of 1886-87 to post across Siberia. They sailed to Vladivostok, and thence journeyed by sledge five thousand four hundred and seven miles, and by *tarantas* eighty-four, to Nizhni-Novgorod. There is small discomfort and no peril in making the trip (largely by steamboat) across Siberia in summer; but the journey by post-road in winter is a unique and formidable undertaking. Mr. Gowing's record of his exploit is sprightly and full of interesting observations. The travellers were twelve weeks on the way, spending nearly fifty nights in the open air; they sat behind more than a thousand horses, and changed horses at three hundred and fifty-seven posting-stations. The hardships of the journey cost the author's companion his life.—**INTO MOROCCO**, from the French of Pierre Loti (Welch, Fracker Co.). It is a rare and delightful gift of description that belongs to this pseudonymous author. Wherever he has taken us, on land or sea (particularly, indeed, in Iceland waters), he has opened our eyes. Here in Morocco he is more than cicerone, he is magician. The illustrative drawings by Constant and Marot are mostly superb; but these reproductions of the original photogravures are not.—**A MIDSUMMER DRIVE THROUGH THE PYRENEES**, by Edwin Asa Dix (Putnams). A telling plea for the attractions of a most picturesque and strangely-ignored region. It will not make one regret the days he has spent in the Swiss Alps and valleys, but it is bound to kindle a desire to explore the less familiar and more romantic mountains to the west.—**AMONG CANNIBALS: AN ACCOUNT OF FOUR YEARS' TRAVELS IN AUSTRALIA, AND OF CAMP LIFE WITH THE AB-ORIGINES OF QUEENSLAND**, by Dr. Carl Lumholtz; translated by Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson (Scribners). This is the graphic narrative of the expedition to Australia undertaken by the author in 1880, partly at the expense of the University of Christiania. He saw many strange animals, and lived among strange tribes that had never before come in contact with white men. His studies, both anthropological and zoological, are of much interest and value. The horrors of the cannibalism practised by the natives are almost incredible.

Miscellaneous.—**SAID IN FUN**, by Philip H. Welch (Scribners). The late Mr. Welch was astonishingly prolific in witty paragraphs. Handicapped by an incurable disease, he wrote for years, even on his death-bed, without perceptible loss in quality, the most humorous jokes and the cleverest satire that appeared in the American press. This illustrated collection is good for many a laugh; and it may interest the public to know that the artists' contributions are gratuitous, and that the royalties on the sales will swell the fund forming for the benefit of the author's widow and children.—**PEOPLE'S COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE**, by Edwin W. Rice, D.D. (The American Sunday-School Union). A valuable aid to the clear and full reading of the gospel narrative. Convenient features of the work are the printing of the text of the common English version of 1611, and, in parallel columns, the text of the Revised Version, with the readings and renderings preferred by the American Committee; also the division of the text into topical portions.—**THE COSMIC LAW OF THERMAL REPULSION** (John Wiley & Sons). An essay suggested by the projection of a comet's tail. Readers of the right sort will find it a very stimulating treatise.—**THE ART AND SCIENCE OF CONVERSATION**, by Harriet Earhart Monroe (A. S. Barnes & Co.). That which is purely pedagogic in this book (and much of it is so) has a practical value for the thoughtful teacher. The part devoted to the exposition of the art of conversation is, however, thin and unprofitable reading. Where Prof. Mahaffy barely escaped a failure, with all his flashing wit and ready scholarship, it is, indeed, not to be expected that the present author should succeed.—**PROBLEMS IN AMERICAN SOCIETY**, by Joseph Henry Crooker (George H. Ellis). These social studies are the result of wide, keen, and careful observation. They are well thought out and forcibly expressed, ranging from a caustic consideration of the political conscience, to a suggestive statement of the position and influence of the student in American life.—**ISRAELITE AND INDIAN: A PARALLEL IN PLANES OF CULTURE** (Appletons). Two exceptionally clever papers, by Garrick Mallery, reprinted from the *Popular Science Monthly*.—**LIFE**, by James Platt (Putnams). The author has a praiseworthy talent, exhibited in his previous volumes on *Business and Money*, for the felicitous phrasing of homely and wholesome wisdom. There is platitude in plenty in the present series of essays, but also much that is readable, notably in the chats on common sense and thrift.—**JUSTICE AND JURISPRUDENCE** (Lippincotte). An inquiry, remarkable in more than one respect, concerning the constitutional limitations of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments. It issues as the voice of "The Brotherhood of Liberty," and may be received as the declaration of rights of the African race in America. Whoever its author may be, he is obviously a man of legal learning and of signal literary eloquence. His presentment of his side of the race-question is clear, logical, and exhaustive.—**THE MERCANTILE SPELLER**, by Edmund Blunt (New York). Here is a useful book, sure of a hearty welcome from all sorts and conditions of men. It contains the correct ways of spelling words used in correspondence, together with their prefixes and suffixes. The man who plumes himself upon orthographic accuracy is likely to trip upon the commonest word. Here is an inexpensive pilot.—**TWO RUNAWAYS, AND OTHER STORIES**, by Harry Stillwell Edwards (The Century Company). These short stories are among the best that have appeared in American magazines. They reproduce without caricature the broad humor of the Southern negro. The dialect is very well done.



HE ACHIEVED GREATNESS.

Miss Redingote.—“No, Aunt Brindle, I am *not* engaged. When I marry it will be a great man.”

Mrs. Brindle (doubtfully).—“Well, I dunno. You can’t always tell how a man will turn out. Now, there’s Josiah——”

Miss Redingote.—“You don’t mean to say Uncle Brindle has ever distinguished himself?”

Mrs. Brindle.—“Well, I’ll tell you what he did. I sent him down to the store with a ribbon the other day and he matched it!”

A DOUBTFUL RESULT.

“I say, Miserly, did you raise anything by your proposal to treat the other day?”

“Oh, yes, I raised a smile.”

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

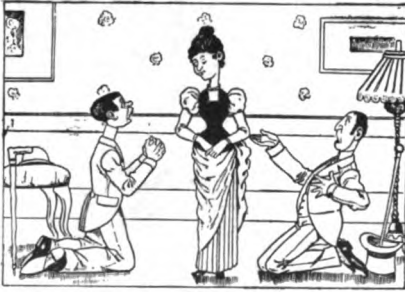
“I have only one last request to make,” said the dying man, as he painfully raised his head from the pillow and surveyed the weeping group around his bedside.

“What is it, my good friend?” asked the clergyman. “Anything you ask will be done.”

“Then see that the newspapers don’t refer to me as ‘another old landmark gone.’”

THE man who said “Tiers, idle tiers, I know not what they mean!” could have obtained the desired information by simply applying at the box-office.

AN ORIGINAL DUEL FOR LOVE



**WILLING TO SHIELD HIM.**

Seedy Stranger (insinuatingly to barkeeper).—"Do you know who I am?"

Barkeeper (shortly).—"No; I don't."

Seedy Stranger (proudly).—"I'm the man who first used the expression 'In the soup.'"

Barkeeper.—"S'sh! Take the back door and run for it! I'll try to throw the people off the scent and give you ten minutes' start."

THE IMMUNITY OF FAME.

Kewpon.—"Do you know General Roudstep, the courteous, prominent, wealthy statesman?"

Heavywaite.—"Quite well."

Kewpon.—"Well, he owes me five hundred dollars that I've been trying to collect for five years and can't."

Heavywaite (surprised).—"Why can't you?"

Kewpon (convincingly).—"Because he is a courteous, prominent, wealthy statesman."

A QUERY.

What's all philosophy about?

What we believe or what we doubt?

Or fronting tangible reverse

And thanking Heaven it's no worse?

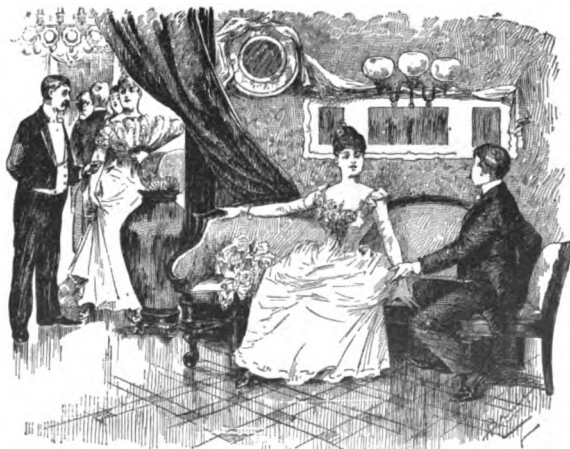
A PARADOX.

Soph.—"I see Miss Fairleigh is attracting a great deal of attention from the students: it's quite a paradox."

Miss Reedly.—"A paradox! Why?"

Soph.—"Well, you see, she's what most students have a profound dislike for,—she's the rising belle."

ANNE BOLEYN was a shrewd woman, but Henry VIII. managed to get ahead of her.





SHANTYTOWN ANIMOSITIES.

Mrs. O'Shaunacy (wishing to make up a recent quarrel).—"Good-mornin', Mrs. Flynn. Is there onything Oi kin bring yez from th' market this mornin'?"
 Mrs. Flynn.—"Phat do yez take me for?—a resayvor of shtolen goods?"

AN exchange states, "The affections are like lightning." The analogy is striking.

OLD STEADY.

A lover may grow cold in time,
 But a friend is never at his prime;
 Friendship's a cool and calm delight,
 But love burns out at Fahrenheit.

A CANDIDATE FOR A STATUE.

Citizen (at gas-office window).—"I wish you would send a man down to my house to look at the meter."

Clerk (scornfully).—"What's the matter with it?"

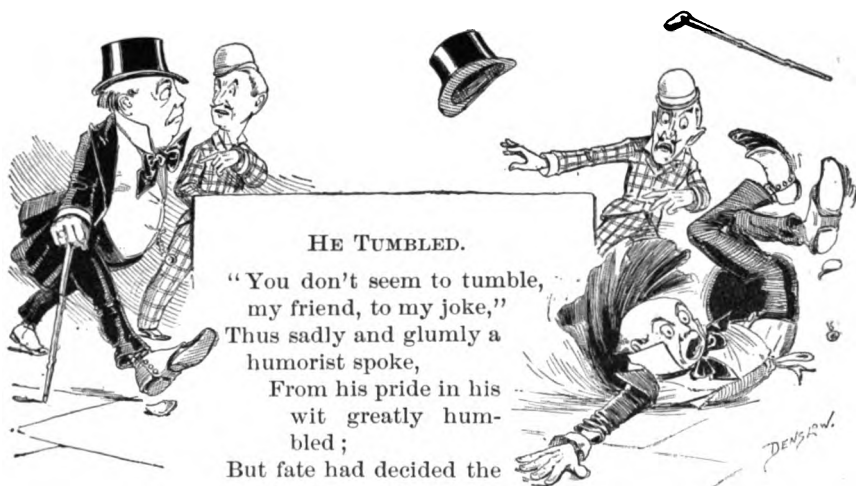
Citizen (mildly).—"I don't know what is the matter, but it doesn't register at all."

Clerk (panic-stricken).—"Take him away! seize him! He's crazy!"

CORRECT.

Pretty Teacher (thoughtlessly).—"Why is flirting a common noun?"

Sharp Pupil (severely).—" 'Cause 'tishn't proper."



HE TUMBLED.

"You don't seem to tumble,
my friend, to my joke,"
Thus sadly and glumly a
humorist spoke,
From his pride in his
wit greatly hum-
bled;
But fate had decided the
point to reveal,
For the solemn old duffer came down with his heel
On a piece of ripe fruit and a part of the peel,
And then you may wager he tumbled.

HE KNEW THE SYMPTOMS.

Litewaite (stopping him on the street).—"By the way, Brindle, I hear you—ha! ha!—have a capital story about a man who went fishing in Jersey."

Brindle (breaking away).—"I'm sorry, Litewaite, but I really haven't a dollar to lend to-day."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

De Baggs.—"Hello, Pompous, old boy. Thought you and Brindle were down in Jersey, on a fishing-trip."

Pompous.—"So we were, but we had to cut the trip short on account of the snakes. They were awful."

De Baggs.—"Too bad! Who had them?—you or Brindle?"

CHARON JOCOSUS.

The jolly man driving the hearse
Complacently beamed from his sables;
The grin on his shiny obverse
On Death was a-turning the tables.

The horses kept step to the dirge,
We pondered upon the Hereafter;
But Charon seemed just on the verge
Of peeling with deep-bellied laughter.

The moral I noted was meet,—
Death's not such a ghoul of a fellow,
If one may behold through the street
Death ushered by Sir Punchinello.

Wilbur Larremore.

THE ARBITER OF HIS OWN FATE.

Tennyson N. Twiggs.—“Would it make any difference if I should read this poem to you, or leave it here for you to read?”

The Editor.—“Yes; I think it would. If you leave it you’ll go out of the door; but if you read it you may go out of the window.”

MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

Thunder to Lightning.—“What do you think of my get-up?”

Lightning.—“It’s a trifle loud. What do you think of my rig?”

Thunder.—“Stunning.”



ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

One's modesty is often
pride;
Place strength and weak-
ness side by side,
Weakness goes on and gives
the facts,
But strength keeps still,
observes, and acts.

A DISTINCTION AND A
DIFFERENCE.

Mrs. Brindle.—“I must have some money to-day, William. I’m going shopping.”

Mr. Brindle (in surprise).—“What do you want with money?”

Mrs. Brindle (ditto).—“How can I buy goods without money?”

Mr. Brindle.—“Oh! you’re going to *buy* something? I thought you were only going shopping.”

THE DISTURBING CAUSE.

Professor Wayback.—“Silence! there’s no need of so much noise. Who is it that’s so loud?”

Scholars (with eyes centred upon professor’s apparel).—“Please, sir, ’taint none of us.”

A PACKAGE safely transmitted around the world is like a passage of Macaulay,—it is well expressed.

A HANDSOME face may be a ticket of general admission, but if it’s worked on the railroad it will have to be punched.



WEE ONES.

RESTRAINING HIMSELF.

Now is the time the scheming lad
Foregoes the sport of being bad
And checks awhile his laughter,
Because backsliding now would be
Too shortly after "Christmas-tree,"—
The rogue don't want us all to see
That's all that he was after.

CHILDREN don't often have the jaundice, but if **you** strike a boy he is liable to turn a little yell.

PUTTING ON AIRS.

Elsie.—"Did you know that Old Boreas carries a cane?"

Willie.—"No: what kind does he carry?"

Elsie.—"A hurricane."

WHY JOHNNY WAS SENT TO BED.

Johnny's Mother (continuing to read).—"But the stubborn animal refused to go a step further, whereupon its master beat it so severely that it fell to the earth, its breath coming in quick, short pants."—Dear me, that was terrible, wasn't it, Johnny? He might have tried kindness."

"Yes," responded Johnny, "or a trousers-stretcher."

"Trousers-stretcher?"

"Why, yes; for those quick, short pants."

You'd think a bird's digestion would
Turn out a total wreck;
For every time it gets its food
It has to take a "peck."



A TOSS-UP.

Ponsonby (at the club).—"What in the world is the matter? Everybody is running out of the library."

Dolliver (after reflection).—"Either a fire or Major Murgatroyd is telling a war-story."

CONUNDRUMS are seldom new: we may not welcome the coming but we can speed the parting guessed.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

Miss Pongee.—"Well, I'm glad it's over. I never did care for Mr. Ponsonby."

Miss Dolliver.—"I don't understand how you came to accept him, Julia."

Miss Pongee.—"I had to do it. I found out that Clara Redingote was in love with him the very worst way."

SURE ENOUGH!

Pessimist.—"This greed for gain is ruining the morals of the whole country! I tell you there is not a house in the land where duty is the chief and only consideration."

Optimist.—"What's the matter with the Custom-House?"



SARCASM OF THE STREET.

Benevolent Old Lady.—"Dear! dear! Little boy, why do you sit on the curbstone eating those crusts?"

Small Boy.—"I'm doin' it for me health, ma'am. You didn't suppose I was hungry, did ye?"

. A

CAST FOR FORTUNE.

BY

CHRISTIAN REID,

AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER," "A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA," "HEART
OF STEEL," "BONNY KATE," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

Copyright, 1890, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1890.

A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I.

DERWENT sat down on a stone bench and looked about him with a sense of satisfaction akin to delight. And it was indeed a delightful place into which he had wandered,—a place of broad avenues, shaded by immense trees, dividing pleasantries full of the most enchanting greenness, where feathery shrubs and banks of emerald sward, hedges of geranium and rose, and masses of Nile lilies, with wide green leaves and white, golden-hearted chalices of bloom, were all sparkling with diamond-drops from the water lately and lavishly showered upon them. The avenues, clean-swept as a palace floor, were also damp from the spray that had fallen over them, and their leaf-shaded vistas led from all directions to circular spaces, where fountains played in the midst of great basins, or groups of statuary stood on pedestals of green grass sown with daisies. Overhead was a sky of sapphire, cloudless and exquisite, from which the sun poured golden light, but with the light no heat,—only such balmy warmth as may have reigned in the garden of Paradise; while the atmosphere was crisp, clear, stimulating, and full of a charm as impossible to describe as the aroma of a rose.

The young man who found himself for the first time in this lovely garden—the Alameda of the city of Mexico—had seen all of the world's most famous pleasure-grounds; but he said to himself, as he lay back in his shade-arched seat, that there was something here which pleased the eye and the fancy, wakened the imagination, and charmed the senses to a degree that no spot which he had ever seen could surpass. For the spell was the spell of Mexico herself,—Mexico, with her shadowy history of past empires and vanished races, her traditions of ancient splendor, her marvellous Conquest, her picturesque people, and her aspect of Europe, the Orient, and the New World blended in a whole of ro-

mantic interest and wonderful beauty. Something of all this seemed to Derwent expressed in the scene before him, in the tropical loveliness of the beautiful pleasure-ground and in the old-world grace and solidity of every object fashioned by the hand of man. From the stone bench on which he sat, with its high back and sculptured ends, that might have been taken from a classic picture, to the noble towers of the two great churches that look at each other across the Plazuela Morelos and of which he had a glimpse through one of the leafy avenues, all was suggestive of Europe in the days when craftsmen were artists, when men wrought with a beauty and a skill that the world of to-day can only feebly copy, and builded not only for themselves but for the generations that were to follow them. Yet to fancy himself even for a moment in a European city was impossible. If the Spaniard planted deep in the land of the Aztec his art, his laws, his language, and his faith, he left—unlike other conquerors of whom we know—the race to whom God had given it, and to-day in the city of Cortez the young stranger had seen Aztec faces filling the churches, the streets, and the market-places, and forms so purely Indian that they might have met the *conquistadores* passing down the beautiful avenues and loitering around the shaded fountains of the Alameda.

There was to him so much interest in the striking contrasts of the scene—in the close juxtaposition of a brilliant civilization with the most primitive types of human life—that he let his thoughts wander far back into the history of this fascinating land, while a succession of different figures came down the shaded vistas, passed around the great basin of the fountain that occupied the centre of the circle where he sat, and disappeared in some one of the radiating walks. Now it was a young man who looked as if he might have stepped from the pavement of Pall Mall; then a sandalled peon in wide cotton trousers, gayly-striped blanket, and straw sombrero; next a gentleman with Spanish dignity in every line of face and figure; presently a group of Mexican ladies, silken-clad, lace-draped, on their way to mass, with ivory prayer-books and silver rosaries in their hands; a dark-faced woman with a baby wrapped in the close folds of her blue scarf passed, followed by a pair of prettily-dressed American or English girls, with the sunlight gleaming on their golden hair; a group of young officers with clanking swords made with their uniforms a bright effect of color; and a band of lovely children, attended by their Indian nurses, paused where a vender of *dulces* had erected his stand, and broke into a chatter of sweet Spanish sounds.

This constantly-varying procession had been going on for some time, when a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with an aspect unmistakably American, advanced in a leisurely manner down one of the avenues, caught sight of the quiet figure in the flickering shadow, and quickened his pace as he approached it.

"Well met, Derwent!" he said. "I was on my way to the Iturbide to look you up. But I see you have found your way to the right place: only you are rather early." He glanced at his watch as he sat down. "Eleven o'clock: not so early as I thought. It will not be long now before all the world will be here."

"A good deal of the world seems to be here at present," said Derwent. "I have been watching for some time the remarkably varied character of the people passing."

"Oh, that can be seen at any time," answered the other. "But Sunday morning after mass the fashionable world has a dress-parade in the Alameda. Everybody in Mexico—especially everybody who is anybody—comes here, and it is a very brilliant scene for an hour or two. There goes the first sign of it."

He indicated an Indian who trotted by with a dozen or two chairs skilfully bound together and arranged in a pyramid on his back. These he conveyed to the chief avenue leading from San Francisco Street into the heart of the park, where a woman removed them from his back and placed them in a line on the side of the avenue, putting a narrow strip of carpet before them. Others were engaged in the same manner on the opposite side; and soon two rows of chairs faced each other along the length of the beautiful shaded way.

"For *dos reales* you can have your choice of those," said the newcomer, "and find yourself in the society of the *élite* of Mexico, who naturally prefer paying for their seats to using those which the municipality provides. Moreover, everybody who enters the park comes in by that avenue: so that one has an admirable opportunity for observing and criticising all one's acquaintances."

"But how if one has none?" said Derwent. "That would lessen the amusement. I prefer my present position, because it commands a number of different avenues, and I suppose that the most of those who come here will walk about, else there would be no object in sitting down to look at them."

The other laughed. "You are right," he said. "Everybody walks, for a time at least. Here comes the music: the people will soon follow."

A group of men in uniform, carrying large brass instruments, passed by and mounted in single file the flight of steps leading to one of the picturesque music-pavilions erected in different parts of the park. Derwent followed them with his gaze, observing how well the gold braid with which they were profusely decorated gleamed through the green foliage that surrounded the stand.

"Can you tell me how it is, Morell," he said, half absently, "that these people have such an artistic genius, and know just how to give a touch of color and grace to everything they do?"

"If you are in the line of conundrums," replied Morell, "I can give you a better one than that. How is it that these people are so infernally slow in all their transactions that a man who comes here to do any kind of business must pass the best part of his time in waiting on their procrastination? By Jove! I sometimes think that I will throw up everything and leave the country!"

The other looked at him inquiringly. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Has anything annoying occurred?" He knew that the outburst had not been without a purpose.

Morell, who was rolling a cigarette, did not answer until he had placed it between his lips, lighted it behind the flap of the little box

of wax tapers which every Mexican carries, and returned the box to his pocket. Then he said, "I have had letters this morning, and there is trouble about that mine."

"What! the one you have offered me?"

"The same. The man who offered it to *me*, and assured me that he had it in his hand, so to speak, now writes that there is trouble with the owners. They are wrangling among themselves: some don't want to sell at all; and so the matter stands."

"Indeed!" said Derwent. He was a little surprised, but quite cool. Partly by temperament, partly by cultivation of habit, he had an imperturbable self-possession which seldom failed, and often served him in situations where other men lost control of themselves and consequently of events. "In that case," he said, quietly, "I had better think no more about it, and take up something else."

"It is the best thing of which I know," said Morell; "and I don't anticipate failure in getting it; but it is the way of the people to make such obstacles and delays. Fernandez says that the matter will come right, but that we must have patience and use a little diplomacy. Confound them! I should like to use something much more forcible!"

Derwent did not reply immediately. He suspected that a little diplomacy was being used for his benefit; although Morell's irritation certainly seemed altogether genuine. But he did not commit himself to any expression of such a suspicion. Time would show, he thought, how the matter stood; and meanwhile he would bear himself cautiously. A burst of music from the band near by filled the air at this moment and made a melodious accompaniment to his thoughts. Presently he said, with the same quietness,—

"And for how long a time will this patience and diplomacy be required?"

Morell shrugged his shoulders. "Who can say?" he answered. "There is no good in trying to force things with these people. They do not understand promptness in business, and when you try to press matters they take your haste for anxiety, and either double their price or hold back all the more. The diplomacy required is a policy of apparent indifference. Fernandez says that he will leave them severely alone for a time, and he believes that those who want to sell will make the others come to terms."

"But anything so indefinite as that does not suit me at all," said Derwent. "When I came here on your representation, I thought that you had property which you could put into my hands at once. If you have not, I must seek what I desire elsewhere."

"My dear fellow, you are like all Americans when they come into this country: you expect to be able to do business as it is done in the States. But the first lesson to be learned is that this is impossible. You *must* be patient if you wish to accomplish anything."

"Patience is a virtue in which I have never found myself deficient,—when it was required," said Derwent, calmly; "but there are times, as we all know, when it ceases to be a virtue. And one of these times is surely when people who own property do not want to sell it."

"But the fools *do* want to sell," replied Morell, growing a little excited in manner. "It is only their way of securing, if possible, a higher price."

"Be kind enough, then, to let them know, through your friend Señor Fernandez, that I have no intention of paying more than we have already agreed upon for that mine. If I find it all that it has been represented, I will give twenty thousand dollars for it,—not a centavo more."

"It is really worth a great deal more, you know," said Morell, in a confidential tone.

"I take it for granted that it is, and I hope to make much more out of it," returned the other, coolly. "But that has been their price, and it is the largest amount that I am able to give. If they do not take it, I must, as I have said, look elsewhere for an investment. You can surely make this plain enough for even a Mexican to understand. And I shall be glad to know as soon as possible if it is worth while for me to go and look at it or not. That is all."

It was now Morell's turn to be silent, and as he smoked he gave one or two quick glances at the face beside him. It was a face so pleasant that many people were deceived altogether with regard to the character of which it was an index. Only those who knew Geoffrey Derwent well were aware that under the sunny, debonair charm of his manner and appearance there was a very resolute nature. Obstinate he was not,—for obstinacy is always allied with intellectual weakness; but when he had once seen clearly and resolved firmly he acted inflexibly. There were certain lines about his straight nose and well-out mouth which would have made this evident at once to a physiognomist, and which struck Morell now as he glanced at the profile presented to him,—a handsome profile, that, with the perpendicular brow and firmly-rounded chin, would not have looked amiss on a bronze medal. It was only in profile that this expression was caught. The eyes dominated the face, and Derwent's gray eyes were full of the frank and pleasant good nature with which he regarded all the world unless specially roused to other sentiments; while one does not often see a more attractive smile than that which now and then made his white teeth gleam under the sweeping brown moustache.

Having uttered his ultimatum, he said nothing more; and indeed the scene before him was now striking enough to engage the attention of any one who saw it for the first time. The beautiful sylvan park had suddenly become a theatre on which the fashionable world was displaying itself in full force and with all its gayest plumes. Every seat was filled, all the chairs so carefully arranged along the avenue were occupied, and in every direction was a moving throng of promenaders; while two bands alternately flooded the air with melody. It is impossible to imagine anything more animated than the scene. The long vistas of shade, the masses of green turf and foliage, the sparkling fountains, the statues and great clumps of lilies, made a picturesque background for the figures that passed in well-bred throng among them,—graceful women in every variety of fashionable toilet, distinguished-looking men, and fairy-like children. It was the Champs-

Elysées transferred to the tropics, with such color as only the tropics can give; while here and there through the brilliant crowd, brushing silken skirts and point-lace parasols, came men and women who might have stepped from an aboriginal forest, with their dark faces and lithe sinewy forms draped in *serape* or *rebozo*,—some passing with calm unconcern through the elegant throng, others offering here and there the bright-hued *dulces* which they bore on trays.

"It is the most charming picture I have ever seen!" Derwent declared, as he watched the scene with eyes full of interest, while Morell kept up a running commentary of description concerning the chief personages who passed. Suddenly the young man broke in upon this with a quick exclamation. "What a beautiful woman!" he said. "Who is she?"

There were a number of women in sight, most of them with claims to beauty more or less pronounced, but Morell had no doubt to whom he alluded. Two ladies were passing at the moment, both wearing the charming Spanish costume, which no creation of Worth or Félix can rival in becomingness, and on the younger many eyes besides those of Derwent were fastened. She was indeed a beautiful creature,—her beauty being the supreme expression of the type of loveliness peculiar to her country. Soft brunette tints, delicate features, and dark eyes had been common enough in the faces that went by, but here was a face that fascinated by a distinction altogether its own. The complexion was like ivory in tint and texture, the features of exquisite delicacy had a certain fine nobility of outline which gave a lofty expression to the countenance, that was only redeemed from haughtiness by the sweetness of the lovely lips and the softness of the eyes, so large and dark and splendid that they would have sufficed to lift a plain face into beauty. Somewhat above the average height, her figure was moulded in faultless lines, and she walked with the unconscious grace which all Mexican women display, and a proud dignity that seemed specially her own. Dressed simply but richly in black, with the lace mantilla draping her beautiful head, she passed among the throng like a stately young queen among her subjects.

"Of course you mean that lovely girl in black," said Morell. "She is the most beautiful woman in Mexico, and one of the richest,—Dofia Zarifa Ormond y Cardella."

"Ormond!" repeated Derwent. "Surely that is not a Spanish name?"

"No. Her father—lucky dog!—is an Irishman. The younger son of an Irish baronet, he married Señorita Cardella, an only child, and the heiress of a principality. Ormond, who had little besides good birth and good looks to recommend him when he secured, by sheer audacity, it is said, the lady and the fortune, has made himself very popular in Mexico by heartily adopting the country and managing his wife's estates admirably. He is a great swell when he comes to the capital; but he spends the larger part of his time on some one or other of his immense haciendas. His wife is dead, and Dofia Zarifa, whom you have just seen, is sole heiress of one of the greatest estates in Mexico."

"Fate has given her too much," said Derwent. "Such beauty, and the fortune of a princess!"

"But you must agree that the beauty and the fortune are well matched. She looks like a princess, besides being dowered as few princesses are. Be sure the men who hope to marry her would not have the least charm lessened," he added, with a laugh.

"Some women should never marry," said Derwent, decidedly. "That girl is one of them. She looks too regal, too fine, to stoop to any man of ordinary mould; and men of extraordinary mould do not abound."

"Most of those in sight would differ with you," said Morell. "Did you ever know a man who thought himself of mould too ordinary for any woman to stoop to? Doña Zarifa has suitors and to spare; and, unless she is very unlike other women, she would not dispense with one of them."

"Her looks are deceptive if she is not unlike other women," said Derwent. "I should like to glance into the future and see what she will make of the gifts Fortune has showered on her so lavishly,—what part she will play in the world; but probably I should only be disappointed if I did."

"Not a doubt of it," said Morell. "A man is always disappointed when a woman whom he admires has the bad taste to marry another man. I have heard that Doña Zarifa will probably marry her kinsman Señor Cardella: that will restore the estates to the family. Now let me suggest that it is time for lunch, and that we had better go and secure a table at the Café Anglais or the Concordia before the crowd comes in."

"Very well," said Derwent, rising. He was a strangely-strung, fastidious being, and the last item of information about the dark-eyed princess had taken from him the desire to linger for another glimpse of her.

CHAPTER II.

BUT beautiful faces were no more than episodes in the life and thoughts of Derwent just now. After a youth of remarkable freedom from that form of care which is the most universal and harassing of all known to the sons of men,—the care that springs from money or its lack, in one form or another,—he had by the death of his father been suddenly brought face to face with financial difficulties which threatened more than the loss of luxury and ease. The loss of honor was involved. A fortune held in trust had been risked and greatly impaired, if not wholly lost. Derwent felt as if he had passed at one step from youth to age when he found himself confronted by this terrible discovery. To replace what had been lost—even if by the sacrifice of all his father's property it could be accomplished—would reduce his mother and himself to absolute poverty. To do him justice, he did not think of himself at all; but such an idea connected with his mother—the most luxurious, delicate, fastidious of beings, accustomed from her infancy to wealth—wrung his heart. He asked

himself what he could do to avert a calamity so great that he could not foresee the end. To replace what had been lost by ordinary methods of business, and within a very limited space of time, would have been difficult for any one; to him, without business training or experience, it was simply impossible. Speculation remained; but speculation is a fire that scorches, often fatally, those most familiar with it. No: gambling in any of the seductive forms known to the Stock Exchange would not answer. "If I venture to speculate," he said to himself, "it must be in something with a solid value." Vaguely he thought of the great mines of the West; but if the desert hills of Nevada held any more Comstock Lodes, he knew that they were not for men of moderate fortune. And then came the recollection of days that he had spent as a boy with an uncle in Western Louisiana, of visits to Texas, of the old Spanish town of San Antonio, and of stories told there of Mexican bonanzas,—of ranges of mountains rich in silver ore; of flooded mines where the water had grown too strong for the primitive native methods of draining, and men had stood by and watched with tears the great veins, shining with native silver, hidden from their sight; of mines only a hundred or two feet deep that had already yielded millions and were to be purchased for little or nothing in consequence of the refractory character of the deeper ores. All of these stories, with many of the romantic histories connected with famous Mexican mines, the boy had drunk in, and looked wistfully toward the southern border, where lay that wonderful land which had already yielded a wealth greater than that of the Indies, and which now awaited a new race of *conquistadores*—men armed with the mechanical inventions of the nineteenth century—to wrest its still hidden treasures from the grasp of nature.

When the memory of these things came to him, he said, "I will go to Mexico." And this resolution was confirmed by the fact that he had acquired, through sheer love of nature, one branch of scientific knowledge which would prove of value to him there. From his school-days he had liked geology, studied it with interest, and become almost unconsciously a good mineralogist. He had never been near a mine without examining it; and a tour through the West had derived its chief interest for him from this source. The idea of utilizing the knowledge so acquired had never occurred to him until the present time, but now he felt sure that he would not need the services of any expert to determine the value of mineral property: he was certain that he would know a good mine when he saw it. "And unless things have changed very much," he thought, "many good mines are to be had for moderate prices in the obscure districts of Mexico. It is there I will go."

He told no one of his intention. In the first place, he could tell no one of the reason for it,—that was a secret he was determined not to share with any human being,—and, secondly, he was well aware how visionary and wild such a scheme would appear to either his own or his father's friends, who knew him only as a young man of fortune, totally without business training, and unsuspected of scientific knowledge. Whatever he did must be done without counsel and without help.

And here the latent strength of his character showed itself. He decided and acted promptly. He would go to Mexico; he would look for investments out of which money might immediately and rapidly be made, and in this speculation—which meant financial life or death to him—he would risk twenty thousand dollars. The amount was fixed by the sum which he found he could at once and without trouble obtain by the sale of certain highly marketable securities. If the money was lost, he could by his own exertions hope to replace at least as much as that; but if fortune favored him, he might make it the means of retrieving the great loss already incurred. At all events, he would try what could be done, before letting the world know that his father had proved faithless to his trust.

That it was not a deliberate faithlessness—certainly not an intent to defraud—would not mend the matter, either in the eyes of the world or in those of the persons immediately concerned. The fortune that had been used for speculative purposes and so greatly impaired was that of a young girl, distantly connected with his mother, whose large inheritance had been placed in his father's hands with absolute confidence by her father's will. She was now nineteen: in two years an account of this inheritance must be given. On his father's death Derwent had assumed the guardianship and bound himself to make this account, before he discovered the grim fact that was later to overwhelm him. He remembered then some words uttered by the dying man when he understood that the end of all things earthly was at hand for him. "Sibyl!" he had said, drawing down his son's face to his own paling lips,—"Sibyl!—you will find—it was all a mistake—but you can make it right. Remember,"—what a grasp that was of the dying hand!—"you can make it right."

Derwent understood then what was meant, and he understood it with fresh force when he discovered the truth. He had long known that his father wished him to marry the pretty orphan heiress whom his mother already loved as a daughter. It was probably because the marriage was so desirable that he, with the contrariety inherent in human nature, had never felt himself drawn toward the idea; although he thought it likely that in the course of time propinquity and the family wishes, not to speak of Miss Lenox's own charms, would finally bring such an end about. But now, with the revelation of his father's meaning,—“marry the girl, and she need never know that I have lost her fortune,”—he felt his whole nature rise up in passionate protest. He said to himself that it would be a vile thing to do,—to offer to this girl, who might be won to love him, a mere semblance of affection, in order that the knowledge that she had been robbed might be concealed from her. Yet there was his father's honor to be saved, and, hardly less in importance to him, his mother's comfort and happiness!

Stung by these thoughts, the young man groaned aloud, and it was then that, amid many wild plans, the recollection of those old Mexican stories came to him like an inspiration. He resolved to make one bold fight for fortune and honor and liberty. Yes, liberty, too, for if he ever went as a suitor to Sibyl Lenox he wished to go with the freedom

of an honest man, and not with the feeling that he would cover robbery by that worst treachery which masks itself under the name of love.

In view of this resolution, it seemed to him a very fortunate thing that the year before he had met at the Mardi Gras Carnival in New Orleans a young man whom in his boyish days he had known as the son of a Texas planter, on whose "ranch" Derwent with his cousins from Louisiana had once spent a week or so. Mutual reminiscences and inquiries had elicited the fact that young Morell was now sojourning in Mexico. "I am speculating in mining properties," he said, frankly. "You see, I speak Spanish and know the people pretty well, so I can find things that a stranger could not. Have I done a good business? Yes, so far I have been fairly successful; but I hope to do better yet. If you ever want anything in my line, let me know; or if you come to the city of Mexico,—and lots of tourists are coming now every winter,—look me up. Here is my address."

The card he placed in Derwent's hand had luckily been preserved by the latter, who wrote at once inquiring of Morell about mining properties, stating clearly what kind of mines he desired, and giving a margin of price. Morell replied promptly and encouragingly. He had just the property for him,—a very valuable mine in an almost unexplored mineral district, a mine that in the great markets of the world would easily bring half a million, to be had for twenty thousand dollars because its Mexican owners were not able to obtain the machinery to work it with profit. "There could not possibly be a finer speculation than this property," he wrote, "and, as I take it for granted that you want it to sell again, I advise you to lose no time in securing it." The report enclosed was of such a nature that Derwent immediately made his preparations for departure, and when all his affairs were in order told his mother that he was going to New Orleans on business, and would probably "take a run into Mexico" from there.

Mrs. Derwent was surprised and not very well pleased by this. She not only adored her handsome son, but she depended upon him in a way common enough with women who have never known what it is to stand alone. Men like such women better than those who are more self-sustaining; but there are times when this clinging dependence becomes a little trying. Fond as he was of his mother, Derwent felt that he suffered in his freedom, and, although he had prepared himself for the protest certain to come, it nevertheless annoyed him.

"My dear boy!"—in an accent of mingled astonishment and remonstrance,—“why should you go to Mexico?”

"My dear mother," he replied, smiling and endeavoring to keep the annoyance he felt out of his voice, "why should I not go—for a little change? The country is becoming immensely popular as a place of travel, and must be very interesting. I shall probably not be gone more than a few weeks."

"It is a terribly uncivilized country," said Mrs. Derwent. "Just think of the people,—regular brigands! And the revolutions! If you go, I shall be miserable about you all the time."

"I hope not," said Derwent. "There is not the faintest reason

why you should be. The country, from all that I can gather, is quite as civilized as our own, and the people are eminently kind, hospitable, and not at all given to brigandage. You remember how delighted the Sterlings were with their visit there last winter."

"I remember that they brought back some very pretty things: I did not pay much attention to what they said about the country. But why should *you* go—and leave me all alone? I do not think you ought to leave me alone, Geoffrey. Your father would not have done it."

A black-edged handkerchief was lifted to a pair of violet eyes that time had not robbed of their beauty; and Derwent, with an aspiration for patience, could only reply,—

"You ought to know that I should not think of leaving you alone. Sibyl Lenox is ready to come to you at any time, and Halbert"—this was a cousin—"will look after you in any contingency that might arise requiring masculine assistance."

"Why should Frank Halbert be expected to look after me, instead of my own son?" demanded Mrs. Derwent, with tearful dignity. "But all young men are alike in these days,—all selfish and thinking only of their own pleasure."

"If you believe that I am thinking of my own pleasure, you are greatly mistaken," said her son, gravely. "I was never less disposed for pleasure in my life. I wish you would trust me and believe that I would not go away in this manner without a good reason."

Something in his tone—some unintentional betrayal of the constraint he was putting on himself—made Mrs. Derwent forget her petulance. She looked at him with a quick, solicitous glance. "Is anything the matter, Geoffrey?" she asked.

"Nothing, mamma," he answered, caressingly, "except that I am sorry to worry you in any way, and yet it is really necessary, from a business point of view, that I should take this journey."

"Oh, if it is business—" she said: that word meant to her all that was vague and disagreeable; "but I did not know that we had any interests connected with Mexico."

"Not directly,—but indirectly," answered her son, hating himself for the evasion that savored of falsehood, which of all things he most despised. Then he added, quickly, "You must trust me, and believe that I would not unnecessarily leave you alone. Besides, you will really not be alone. As I have said, Sibyl——"

"Oh, Sibyl is always ready to come," said Mrs. Derwent. "My own daughter could not be more kind and devoted. Ah, Geoffrey, if I could only hope that some day she would really be my daughter!"

"It is best to let the future take care of itself," replied Geoffrey, rising. This was the last subject he wished to discuss. The very name of Sibyl Lenox was like the touch of fire to a burn. "I will bring you all the pretty things I can find in Mexico," he said; "and meanwhile you must take care of yourself and not fret."

There was a tender farewell, for the mother and son were truly devoted to each other, and then, with a great sense of relief, Derwent found himself speeding as fast as steam could carry him toward the distant, mysterious land of New Spain.

He met Morell in the city of Mexico ; and up to that Sunday morning in the Alameda all seemed going well with the negotiations for the mine. Then suddenly an obstacle was thrown in the way,—whether a real obstacle, or merely a trick of trade, Derwent felt himself unable to determine ; but his firmness seemed to have an effect, for a day or two afterwards Morell announced that they were ready for investigation. “You will go to Guadalajara,” he said, “where Fernandez is ready to make all arrangements for showing you the mine. You will have to make a trip of sixty or seventy miles on mule-back into a very rough country ; but I suppose you don’t mind that ?”

“Not in the least,” said Derwent, quietly.

“I don’t think it will knock you up,—you look like a man who could stand hardship pretty well,—and you will be rewarded by the sight of such a mine as one does not see in the States. Don’t try to talk to the owners. It will do no good. Let Fernandez manage them. All you have to do is to verify our statements about the width of the veins and the value of the ores. If the property suits you, we will keep our word about getting possession of it. I will give you a letter to Fernandez and telegraph besides that you are on the way, so that he will be ready for you. I hope all will go well.”

“As far as I am concerned, there is no reason why all should not go well,” said Derwent, who was mentally set down by the other as the coolest person he had ever seen engaged for the first time in such a business. His mind had undergone a rapid and complete change with regard to the young man during the few days of their personal intercourse. Anticipating complete ignorance and an unlimited capacity for imposition,—of which, however, he had virtuously determined not to take advantage,—he found a man concerning whom he formulated his opinion to Señor Fernandez in characteristic terms.

“There is no good in attempting any tricks with him,” he wrote. “He is wide-awake and shrewd to the last degree. We must do a square business with him, if we are to do any at all, and be satisfied with a moderate profit. I am sorry that we did not put a higher price on the mine, but there is no hope of advancing it now. He will pay what he agreed, or nothing. I sounded him, and am sure of that. Keep Barrera quiet if you can. As for the mine, it can stand on its merits. I have no fear of *that*.”

Preceded by cautions like these, Derwent finally took leave of the city of Mexico and set his face toward the beautiful city, with the Spanish name, which lies in the lovely valley of the Lerma.

CHAPTER III.

SEEN first in the light of a sunset which filled the whole earth and sky with roseate flush, Guadalajara, with its slender towers and shining domes rising out of the wide, verdant plain, seemed to Derwent like a city of a dream,—as fair and white and graceful as if builded of marble and ivory instead of common bricks and mortar. “La

Perla del Occidente," a friendly Mexican fellow-traveller told him it was called; and the poetical name suited its appearance well, as it lay steeped in sunset color, the spires of its cathedral rising against the pellucid sky, its Byzantine domes glowing with iridescent color, shaded avenues leading to its gates from all directions, and exquisite ranges of azure heights framing the beautiful expanse of the great valley which encompassed it.

"What a picture!" said Derwent to himself, as he craned his neck out of the window of the railway-car to take it in more fully. "And what a country!" he added, as his glance swept from the pearly towers to the wide, luminous horizon, over miles of level plain covered with tender green and set with gleaming villages. "As beautiful as Europe, as picturesque and romantic as the East. I really hadn't the faintest idea of what I should find here!" he ended, prosaically, as the train, slackening its speed, passed through a gap in the city walls and made its slow way to the station.

"You were inquiring for the Cosmopolita," said the conductor, as it finally stopped. "Here is the porter." And he pointed to a tall, slender Mexican, wearing a short, braided jacket, and the name of the hotel in large letters around the crown of his sombrero.

This dignified person took Derwent's valise, invited him by a gesture to follow, and threaded his way easily through the crowd toward the place of exit. Declining a carriage,—for the exquisite evening air made walking a delight,—Derwent followed his guide along a street which led past a beautiful old church with an elaborately-sculptured front of brownstone, through a lovely plaza green with trees and fragrant with roses and violets, where a military band was playing and numbers of people were sitting and walking, up a crowded thoroughfare lined with handsome buildings, and finally into the court-yard of a large Spanish house, where at the head of the broad stone steps he was met by an English-speaking landlord, who relieved him of all further necessity to think for himself.

An hour later he was seated at one of the small tables placed invitingly around the gallery which overlooked the large inner *patio*, or court, with Señor Fernandez opposite him. The scene was altogether charming to eyes fresh from a more northern latitude. The polished tiles that formed the floor of the wide gallery stretched to a stone balustrade where broad-leaved tropical plants were set in large pots, while through the great arches that sprang from pillar to pillar the dark-violet sky, sown with golden stars, looked down. Around the gallery various other parties were dining at the tables set here and there, waiters, noiseless as Oriental slaves, skimmed lightly back and forth over the smooth pavement, the air was soft as a caress, and—most important point—the *cuisine* was excellent.

In the intervals of doing justice to it, Derwent studied the appearance of the man to whom Morell had consigned him. Señor Fernandez was probably of middle age, but he bore his years lightly. A slender, dark man, well bred, well dressed, with all the courteous suavity of his country, it was impossible not to find him agreeable; yet Derwent was conscious of a sentiment of distrust which he could

only account for by believing that it sprang from a warning given him before he entered Mexico by a man who knew the country well.

"The men," he said, "whom I advise you to look most sharply after in business dealings are Mexicans who have learned their business methods in the States. It is a sad fact that in the matter of honesty they are very likely to be demoralized. Doesn't say much for our higher civilization, does it? I never regretted trusting a native Mexican, but when you find one who is thoroughly Americanized it is generally safe to watch him."

This warning from a shrewd practical man had struck Derwent as rather an amusing commentary on the higher civilization which at another moment the speaker would have been ready enough to arrogate to himself and his people. But he remembered it when Morell said to him, "You'll find Fernandez speaks English perfectly—he lived sixteen years in California—and is thoroughly conversant with American habits. He's a capital partner for me. He manages the Mexicans and gets the mines, while I introduce them to the notice of inquiring investors like yourself. You'll like him, I know."

Derwent was doubtful on this point, and he still remained doubtful when he met Señor Fernandez. Yet there could be no question of that gentleman's agreeable qualities. As they dined together he proved a very pleasant companion,—waived the discussion of business, talked of the attractions of Guadalajara, lightly sketched its history, and deftly changed his tone when he found that Derwent had scant sympathy for the aggressions and tyrannies of the so-called "liberal" government. Señor Fernandez, it appeared, was one of those gentlemen who always find it convenient to uphold the existing order of things. He spoke familiarly of ministers and governors, shrugged his shoulders when Derwent denounced the wholesale robbery and persecution of the Church, was evidently too highly civilized to possess either religion or patriotism, and thought that the golden day of promise would dawn for Mexico when, giving up her "antiquated customs," she would be recreated according to the admirable pattern of her neighbor across the Rio Grande. He was somewhat astonished by Derwent's reply to this.

"When that day comes, if it ever does," said the young man, "your country will cease to be worth caring for. She will lose her individuality and become a feeble copy of a civilization altogether alien to that which has made her what she is. All that renders her most attractive to those who have any cultured appreciation will disappear,—the foreign charm of her beautiful old cities, the exquisite manners of her people, the decorum of her women, the respectful obedience of her children, the grace of her picturesque, unhurried life; but, more than that, the things that she will copy will be the worst things in the civilization she desires to imitate. There can be no doubt that 'sharp' American practices will be among the first improvements that American admirers will import into Mexico."

Señor Fernandez smiled, but it was in a somewhat disconcerted manner, as he bowed over his glass of claret. "I am delighted to find that you have so high an opinion of Mexico," he said. "Most Ameri-

cans think that we have much to learn, and that we cannot do better than copy their more fortunate country."

"Most Americans—like their English kinsmen—are too narrow-minded to understand that patent Anglo-Saxon methods of civilization don't suit every people," said Derwent. "God knows, they had better reform themselves before setting out to reform the world. But you take nothing more, señor: may I offer you a cigar?"

It was accepted and lighted, the table cleared, and then the two men looked at each other with a glance of mutual interrogation.

"Let us get to business now," Derwent said. "You have heard from Morell, of course. You know that I am here to examine the mine that you and he are offering for sale. When can we go to see it?"

"We can start to-morrow if you like," the other answered. "We will take the diligencia to Eitzatlan, and from there it is twenty leagues on horseback to the Buena Esperanza."

"The Good Hope," said Derwent, unconsciously translating. "Is that the name of the mine? It may be a good omen."

"The man who first found the lode and gave it that name thought so, and it proved so good a hope to him that he realized a fortune from it. Several fortunes, in fact, have been realized from the Buena Esperanza; but now the water is troublesome, the ores have grown rebellious, the present owners are too poor to handle the property, and so they will sell. It is a wonderful mine to go for such a price, Mr. Derwent. You will say that when you see it."

"If so, the price will be promptly paid," said Derwent. "But what is that Morell was telling me about a difference of opinion among the owners with regard to the sale?"

"Oh, there is one of them who is dissatisfied,—thinks the mine ought to bring more, doesn't want to sell at all, in fact, and regrets having joined in the bond. But the others brought pressure to bear on him and made him sign: so you need not fear about the title."

This was explicit enough, and sufficiently plausible; but the same instinct of distrust which he had been conscious of at first made Derwent say to himself that there was something in the transaction which might not perhaps reflect credit upon Señor Fernandez if known. It plainly did not concern him, however, to take up the vaguely-suspected grievance of an unknown Mexican. That must be settled between the parties concerned. All that he had to do was to look at the mine, and, if assured of its value, pay the price asked, in case a good title could be given him. It was settled that they would start the next morning, and, since nothing could be determined until this journey was made, Derwent, who heard seductive strains of music near by, proposed that they should finish their cigars in the open air.

"We will go to the plaza," said Señor Fernandez. "Every one is there to-night. You will see some very pretty women. Guadalajara is famous for its beauty."

"There are very pretty women in Mexico," observed the young man. "In fact, I think that one face which I saw in the Alameda last Sunday morning is the most beautiful I ever saw anywhere."

"Oh, Mexico, being the capital, gathers its beauty from all parts

of the country, and of course it has more fashion, more style," replied Fernandez. "But it is hard to surpass Guadalajara for lovely girls. Come and judge for yourself."

They passed out into the soft, tropic night. The plaza from which the music proceeded was only a block distant, and when they gained it Derwent thought that he had seen nothing more handsome and imposing even in the city of Mexico than the surroundings of the beautiful garden which occupied the centre of the large hollow square, the old Plaza de Armas, that was always the scene of tumult and fighting whenever revolution arose or war invaded the city. To-night, however, it was difficult to imagine that it had ever witnessed such scenes. In the middle of the garden rose a light Moorish pavilion, from which a military band was pouring forth music. Orange-trees that filled the air with the fragrance of their blossoms lined a broad walk surrounding the parterres of turf and flowers and fountains, where between opposite rows of well-filled benches two streams of promenaders were walking, —all the ladies in one direction, all the men in another, thus passing and repassing each other as often as the circuit of the square was made. Electric lights shed their white radiance over the scene, people were coming and going constantly, joining the ranks or dropping out of them, sitting down to talk with their friends, or passing from group to group. There was animated movement, but not the least disorder, for the perfect manners of the people are never more fully displayed than in these large open-air gatherings, where the same courtesy and decorum reign which would distinguish a private company in the most exclusive drawing-room.

Derwent sat down with his companion on the first bench where vacant seats presented themselves, and looked at the setting of this attractive scene. One side of the square was faced by the long and handsome front of the governor's palace, the other by the great mass of the cathedral buildings,—a picturesque mixture of Byzantine and Greek architecture, with its tall towers rising against the deep-violet sky. The remaining two sides were lined by brilliantly-lighted arcades, and the whole effect was of a long-established order and opulence.

"Oh, yes," said Señor Fernandez, in answer to a remark to this effect, "Guadalajara has been a place of great wealth and importance for more than two hundred years. It is only second in importance to Mexico itself. But observe whether or not I have spoken to you correctly of the beauty of our ladies."

"I have already seen a number of pretty faces," answered Derwent. "Guadalajara is evidently 'La Perla del Occidente' in many respects. But—by Jove! it can't be possible!—yes, it is—— Well, this is certainly extraordinary!"

As he uttered these quick, disjointed remarks, his companion turned, stared at him for an instant, and then, following the direction of his glance, saw in the line of promenaders a tall, handsome man of distinguished bearing advancing with a beautiful girl on his arm. She walked with a step as firm, a carriage as stately, as his own, and they were both of appearance so striking that they would have attracted attention anywhere.

"Oh! you know Don Maurizio, then?" said Fernandez, in a tone of surprise, which, had Derwent observed, would have struck him as not being very well pleased. But he did not observe at all. He was looking at the lovely face of the girl passing by, as he answered, absently,—

"Don—who? No, I don't know the man at all. But that is the same lady I saw in the Alameda in Mexico last Sunday. How curious that she should be here!"

"No more curious than that you are here yourself," answered the other, smiling. "Those people have a large hacienda near this place, and Don Maurizio has evidently come in to meet his daughter on her return from Mexico."

"But Morell told me that her father was an Irishman."

"Well, so he is. Do you think he looks like a Mexican? He is Don Maurizio Ormond, who married the great Cardella heiress. She had a magnificent estate, but he has doubled or trebled it since it came into his hands. He has remarkable business capabilities; but then he had such opportunities as do not come to many men. His daughter is very handsome, and a greater heiress than her mother. It is said that her father will look at no one less than a prince for her."

"But princes do not exist in Mexico."

"No: we have only a few great landed aristocrats to represent them. But Don Maurizio, it is said, will go to the Old World for an alliance for his daughter. He comes, I believe, of a noble family himself; and as for the Cardellas, everybody knows that they are of pure Spanish descent and have held their lands by royal grant since the Conquest."

"The matrimonial prospects of the *Señorita* Ormond seem to be a good deal canvassed," said Derwent. "Morell told me, when I saw her in the Alameda, that she would probably marry her cousin, the representative of her mother's family, in order to restore the lands to the name."

"The Cardellas are, of course, anxious for that; but it is said that Don Maurizio does not favor the idea. How *Dña Zarifa* stands herself I have never heard, but she will certainly have a word to say in the matter, or report does her injustice."

"She has too noble and too strong a face not to have a word—the most important word—to say," Derwent remarked, positively. "That girl will never allow her hand to be given away for considerations of family or ambition.—But they do not return. Surely they have grown tired of walking very soon."

"Probably they were only taking a turn around the plaza while looking for seats," said Fernandez. "Shall we walk and look for them?"

"By all means," answered Derwent, rising lightly. As with his companion he fell into place in the circling masculine throng, he did not think of the difference between the first time he had seen *Dña Zarifa* and the present. The first time he had been indifferent whether he saw her again or not, while now he was conscious of a strong desire to look once more on a face that fascinated him like a rare and exquisite picture.

But, although he made several circuits of the plaza, and scanned as closely as was compatible with good manners the row of faces on each side of the promenade, he had no further glimpse of Don Maurizio or his daughter.

CHAPTER IV.

"A LABYRINTH of mountains, which, arid and desolate, lose themselves in the distance; infinitely varied in form, suggesting inexpressible and awful contortions; full of deep, sad shadows, lonely, terrifying, like a sombre and tempestuous ocean suddenly petrified with awe at the whisper of God."

So has a Mexican writer impressively described the region of the great Sierras that lift their desolate heights above the fertile table-land. The flanks of these vast ranges, as they stretch down to the *tierra caliente*,* are clothed with tropical forests, but as they rise above the plateau—in itself from six to eight thousand feet above the level of the sea—they are bare of all vegetation, and their rugged forms, rent and torn by volcanic action into deep chasms and gorges, wild, inaccessible peaks, and wonderful serrated ridges, suggest the immediate presence of nature's most terrible and resistless forces. No one can shake off a sense of awe, and of a distaste amounting to repugnance, in travelling through these regions, so wild, so desolate, and so forbidding.

It was in the midst of such a region that Derwent found himself three or four days after leaving Guadalajara. A journey on mule-back of twenty leagues had brought him into the heart of the great Sierra Madre, and when he was told that the mine was at hand he looked on a scene that for wildness, sublimity, and loveliness could hardly be matched in the world. They were threading their way along one of the great *barrancoas*,—immense gorges that divide the mountains and descend often to a depth of three or four thousand feet,—while all around great peaks thrust themselves against the sky, varying only in the abrupt ruggedness of their forms, invariable in the desolate barrenness of their aspect.

The group of riders passing in single file along the shelf-like road that overhung the *barranca* added the only touch of life to the scene. There were five in the party,—Derwent, Fernandez, a Mexican named Aranda whom Fernandez introduced as one of the owners of the mine, and two servants, known in Mexico as *mozos*. The two riders in front of Derwent were a continual source of pleasure to his eye, from the picturesque appearance which they presented, with their silver-inlaid bridles, their elaborately-decorated saddles, their leggings of stamped and fringed leather, and their short jackets which afforded an excellent view of the pistols they wore in a belt around the waist. The two *mozos* behind were, in modified degree, not less striking in aspect, and Derwent had a humorous sense of his own commonplace appearance in a tweed suit and soft felt hat.

Presently a rare and welcome sound came to their ears,—the sound

* The "hot lands" of the coast.

of falling water. From a gorge that opened upon the *barranca* a small stream issued, and, crossing their path, fell in a succession of leaping cascades to the depths below. A road turned off into the gorge, and this they followed. It was hardly more than a trail along the bank of the stream, ever mounting higher in the midst of scenery that grew more wildly picturesque with every step. Wherever there is water in Mexico, luxuriant verdure follows; and the ravine was full of a greenness absolutely enchanting after the arid desolation of the scenes over which they had passed.

Turning to Derwent, Fernandez said that the stream would lead them immediately to the mouth of the mine, and, while he was despatching on the great advantages that water so near at hand afforded for the reducing of the ores, a sudden turn of the winding way brought them into full view of a commanding mountain, and, extending his hand with a dramatic gesture, he said, "There is the Buena Esperanza."

It made an impressive picture, and one that Derwent was never likely to forget. Standing at the head of the gorge and closing it like a gate, the vast slopes, surrounded by deep cañons, rose upward into a peak that dominated all the surrounding heights. Was it the young man's fancy that gave a peculiar air of majesty to this towering crest, uplifted in regal calm against the deep-blue sky? Already, as they climbed upward beside the chafing stream, he could see a dark opening in its side, which led to the treasure buried within its heart in distant ages by the wonderful forces of nature. What fairy-tale of man's imagination can equal the reality of this sober fact? The chamber of Aladdin was poor compared to the wealth that might be held in the lodes to which that passage ran. So Derwent said to himself, smiling a little at his own fancies, as they dismounted before the arched entrance of a tunnel draped by vines and surrounded by luxuriant greenery, while the stream, now near its head, dashed in white foam over the rocks just below.

"This tunnel goes in a hundred and fifty feet, and cuts the vein three hundred feet below the surface," said Fernandez. "Of course, as you perceive,"—pointing to the water issuing from it,—"it drains the mine to that depth: so we can examine it. But first come up the hill and look at the croppings. I want to know if you ever saw anything to equal them."

Leaving their mules, they climbed up the steep, almost perpendicular mountain-side, and soon found the quartz vein, distinctly traceable as a light seam, running across the slope. For a surface-showing, its dimensions were immense. Derwent followed it for at least a mile, and found its width never less than twelve feet, and often more. Various shafts had been sunk, and the rich ore piled around the mouth of each proved the value and permanency of the mine.

"It has been twice in bonanza," said Fernandez, "and millions have been taken from it. I am sure, Mr. Derwent, that you never saw such a mine offered before for so little money."

Derwent was, indeed, quite sure of this. Every indication proved the great value of the property; but as his conviction of its value increased, so also did his conviction that there was something unusual,

and calculated to inspire distrust, in the fact that it should be offered for so low a price.

He said nothing of this to Fernandez, however, until after they had thoroughly examined the interior to the depth of the tunnel. This was a long, a very laborious, and a very disagreeable business; but the result confirmed all that had been said. The lodes increased in size and richness as depth was reached; and Derwent saw no reason to doubt Señor Aranda's statement that in the lower shaft (now filled with water) the vein was eighteen feet wide and very rich in silver.

When they had struggled back to the light of day, along the apparently interminable tunnel, and sat down in the sweet outer air by the side of the stream, the young man spoke with quiet deliberateness.

"The mine is all that you have described it, Señor Fernandez," he said, "and apparently well worth the price asked. But, to speak frankly, I do not see how the owners can afford to sell at this price, nor where your profits in the transaction are to come from."

Fernandez looked at him with a smile. "I do not wonder that it strikes you in this way," he said. "I shall be glad to explain. As for the owners, what can they do but sell? The mine is rich, but they cannot work it: it has gone beyond them. The water is very strong, and before the shaft can be carried deeper, a pump must be put in. They have no money for such an expense."

"There is ore enough in sight to pay that and all other expenses for a considerable time to come."

"To pay expenses, yes,—but not to make much profit when worked by the *patio* process. There is the explanation, Mr. Derwent. The Buena Esperanza yielded a fortune in its docile ores; but the ores are now refractory, and the wealth that it still holds can be extracted only by a large outlay of money. Capital must take hold of it, and work it on a great scale. The day is past for small things."

"That is true," said Derwent. "This is a mine which will yield immensely, but it must, as you say, be worked on a great scale. Put the owners aside, then: where is *your* profit in the matter?"

"I thought Morell had explained that," answered Fernandez. "We expect to make our profit from you. If you work the mine, we want a share in it; if you sell it (which I suppose to be your intention), we want a share of your profit, as a return for having put into your hands a very good thing."

"I was under the impression," said Derwent, "that it is usually the seller, and not the buyer, who pays the intermediate agent his commission."

"That might easily have been arranged," returned the other. "We need only have asked you forty thousand dollars for the mine, instead of twenty thousand, and we should have made ten thousand apiece. You cannot say that the Buena Esperanza is not worth as much as that."

"The Buena Esperanza may be worth it, but I should not have given it," Derwent replied.

"You might, if you had never heard of the lower price," said Fernandez, calmly. "I am not flattering you, Mr. Derwent, when I

say that you know how to judge a mine. And you are aware that this mine is worth ten times what is asked for it. When Morell received your letter, he said to me, 'Here is a man who wants a mine for speculative purposes, to take into the great markets of the world and sell for a big price. In order to succeed in this, he must have a good mine. We will sell him the Buena Esperanza at its bottom price, and then we will make our profit by sharing in his. When we have put such a property in his hands, he cannot refuse this.' I am sure Morell was right, Mr. Derwent. You cannot refuse to enter into such an arrangement."

"And if I do refuse," said Derwent,—“for I object very much to having partners in my business,—what then?”

"Then we must ask you to pay forty thousand dollars for the mine. That is our lowest price."

There was a silence. Had Derwent followed his impulse, he would have risen to his feet, said, curtly, "I decline to buy your mine on any terms," and, mounting his mule, have ridden away. But it required only a moment's reflection to show that such a course would be particularly ill advised at present. Whether or not Fernandez meant to flatter him when he said that he knew how to judge a mine, the fact remained that he did know, and that he had never seen a mine that seemed to him so well worth possessing as the Buena Esperanza. He had said to himself, as he examined its lodes, that if all went well with him he ought to be able to make enough out of this alone to accomplish the end he had in view. And now, after he had, as it were, seen with his own eyes the treasure that was to redeem fortune and honor for him, it was snatched away, and he had to choose between resigning it altogether—for to pay the additional price asked was impossible—or to share with others the profit needed by himself. It was a hard decision, and the manner in which it was forced upon him—the time and place—made him say to himself that his original distrust of Fernandez was well justified.

As he sat on the green bank, with the shade-arched entrance of the mine behind him, the foaming water at his feet, and his gaze taking in idly the two *mozos* with the tethered animals farther down the stream, and Señor Aranda near at hand smoking cigarettes, he asked himself what he should do, with a desire for counsel and direction such as he had never known before. And while he still hesitated, uncertain how to deal with the man who he now felt sure would take any advantage of him, a sound suddenly smote on the ears of all three, which made them look at each other with a glance of surprised interrogation.

CHAPTER V.

It was the sound of a horse's hoofs striking on the rocky road as he came up the gorge, the enclosing walls of which conducted the sound with startling distinctness in advance. There was nothing yet to be seen, but the sounds made it plainly evident that the rider was hurrying his animal at a pace very unsuited to the character of the way. Der-

went saw the two Mexicans exchange a startled glance. Then Aranda shrugged his shoulders with the air of a man who foresees a difficulty. "It is Barrera," he said, in Spanish. "I told you that he had threatened to come."

"And what does he expect to gain by coming?" asked Fernandez, with an expression of lip and eye that did not promise a very amicable reception for that hurrying rider. "He knows that he can do nothing. I have him *here*." And he closed his hand with a quick, significant gesture.

"That may be," said the other, cautiously. "But Barrera is a man who stops at nothing. It will be well to conciliate him if possible. When he is angry, he is—dangerous."

"And so am I dangerous—when I am provoked," returned Fernandez. "If Señor Barrera comes here to give trouble, instead of conciliating I shall defy him. Then let him do his worst. He knows that he can do nothing."

The meaning of these quick sentences did not escape Derwent, though he understood little of the language in which they were spoken. Human tones are much the same in all languages, however, and there could be no more doubt of the anger of one man than of the apprehension of the other.

"What is the matter?" he asked, turning to Fernandez. "Who is coming?"

"We do not know," that gentleman replied. "But Aranda thinks it may be the other owner of the mine,—the man I told you of, who is dissatisfied with the bargain. If it should prove to be so, do not trouble yourself about the matter. I can manage him, and he has no power to do anything."

There was a minute's further suspense, and then, emerging from the green foliage at the head of the *cañada*, came a powerful black horse, ridden by a middle-aged Mexican, who, in his picturesque buckskin dress, and his broad sombrero overshadowing a strongly-marked face, with the dark, flashing eye of an eagle, was by far the most imposing figure Derwent had yet beheld. Handsomer men he had seen, but none who impressed him more by an individuality derived from a long line of warlike and untamed ancestors. "I wonder how many Indian chiefs, with a strain of the Spanish hidalgo, have gone to make this man what he is!" he thought, with a thrill of irrepressible admiration. Simultaneously with the appearance of the rider he found his sympathy enlisted on his side, and said to himself that the old fable of the lion and the fox had found another realization, when the new-comer dismounted, and, striding forward, met Fernandez.

Whether he came in peace or war was a question that no one would have found need to ask. The first sound of his deep-toned voice was enough to show that he was animated by a wrath that did not pause to dissemble and consider phrases. It seemed to Derwent, standing by with intelligence alert and observant, that the character of each man was more clearly revealed to him by manner because he did not understand the language they spoke. The indignant wrath of the new-comer was not more evident than the insulting defiance of Fernandez. If he

did not repeat in words that he held the man before him powerless in his hand, his manner expressed it as plainly as speech; and there was a scorching power to exasperate in his few, quiet sentences.

Presently Señor Barrera turned and accosted Derwent, asking courteously if he spoke Spanish. With very sincere regret the young man answered that he did not; and then, taking a sudden resolution, he addressed Fernandez. "What does this man wish to say to me?" he asked. "If it concerns the purchase of the mine, I have a right to know."

"He wishes to tell you," replied Fernandez, "that he has changed his mind about selling it at the price named. But this is child's play. He has signed the bond, and has no right to interfere at all in the matter."

"Has he not sense enough to know that?"

"Who can say? You may see for yourself that he is a passionate fool,—the kind of man to run his head against a rock. And now and then he finds a rock of particular hardness," he added, grimly.

Derwent did not reply at once. He could not say, what he distinctly thought, "You are deceiving me. This man is no fool, and there is more in the matter than you pretend." But he decided that he would waive the purchase of the Buena Esperanza for the present. The counsel and direction which he had desired a few minutes before had come to him most unexpectedly. He had distrusted Fernandez vaguely from the first. He now determined that he would take nothing through his hands, for he felt sure that the taint of fraud would be upon it. Entirely ignorant though he was of the point at issue between the two men before him, he was nevertheless certain that Barrera was an honest man and Fernandez a scoundrel. After a short pause, he spoke with a decision of manner that could not be mistaken:

"Be kind enough to say for me to the gentleman that he may set his mind at rest so far as I am concerned. I shall not buy the Buena Esperanza until I am assured that there is harmony among the sellers. I wish to take no man's property against his will. Further, I object to having the price of the mine doubled upon me, as you have doubled it within the last half-hour. We will therefore say nothing more at present of purchase."

Fernandez turned sharply and looked at him with a light in his eyes that was altogether evil. "Do you really mean this?" he demanded. "Do you intend, after all my trouble and expense, to refuse to take the mine?"

"I regret your trouble; but it was taken, I believe, in the line of business," answered Derwent. "Your expense I will reimburse. But I shall certainly not take the mine with the passionate opposition of one of its owners."

"This man has no power to harm you. I will warrant that."

"But it seems that I have power to harm him by taking his property against his wishes. That I will not do unless I know something of the history of the bond that he evidently repudiates. Frankly, there is a look about this thing that I do not like, and I will not touch it."

"I should have taken care to keep this fool away if I had

imagined that his mere appearance would intimidate you so completely," said Fernandez, with a bitter sneer.

"I am not intimidated in the least," said Derwent, calmly. "If you think so, you are mistaken. But you do not think so. You know very well why I decline to have anything further to do with this affair. Let us have no more words. It is sufficient to state explicitly that I will not buy the Buena Esperanza under the present circumstances, at any price."

Having said this, he turned and walked away. It was the only thing to do, for he felt that his own anger was rising, and he knew that nothing could have been more inadvisable than an altercation with Fernandez. In fact, as cooler thought came to him he was conscious that he had been rash to speak so openly and decidedly. A little diplomacy would have been better. He might have deferred his decision until they returned to Guadalajara. But it was too late to think of that now; and as he walked down the bank of the stream toward the mules and the *mozos*, he thought ruefully that his first effort in Mexico seemed likely to prove a *fiasco* in every respect.

While he stood idly watching the whirling water on its course, Señor Aranda came down the path and said a few words to the two attendants. They at once began to saddle the animals, and it was evident that an order for departure had been given. This was a relief; and as Derwent moved forward to lend a helping hand, hoof-strokes sounded again on the rocky descent behind him. He turned in time to see the powerful black horse and his rider pass, and to receive a courteous salutation. Whether or not Fernandez had rightly interpreted him to Barrera,—and this he knew was doubtful,—the latter obviously did not include him in his anger. There was something almost friendly in the "*Adios, señor*," with which he passed.

But there was nothing friendly in the air and manner of Fernandez when he appeared. If Derwent had ever doubted what was in the man, he saw it now,—saw the bitter and implacable enmity of which he was capable in lowering brow and angry glance. There were no words exchanged. Derwent would have been glad to be courteous as long as the exigencies of their journey threw them together; but Fernandez for once seemed unable to put any constraint upon himself or else did not care to exercise it. He mounted silently and rode off with Aranda, leaving Derwent to follow with the *mozos*.

As they passed down the *cañada*, the young man turned in his saddle and looked back at the majestic peak the first appearance of which had so fascinated him. It formed a beautiful picture for his parting glance, standing in stately isolation at the head of the gorge, its noble summit bathed in golden sunshine, while the purple shadows of late afternoon had gathered in the deep chasms around its base. Knowing just where to look, his eye caught the light gleam of the great lode running across the mighty slope; and with a pang of disappointment keener than he had reckoned upon, he bade adieu to the hopes which it had kindled.

Since there was only an hour or two of daylight remaining, they made as much haste as possible out of the *barranca*, and then, turning

from the direct road, took their way to a ranch on the slope of the mountains, where Señor Aranda had made arrangements for them to spend the night.

The next morning Fernandez proved to be in the same mood as on the preceding evening,—saying only such few words as were necessary for interpretation and direction: so Derwent, as he swung himself into his saddle, thought without much cheerfulness of the long, silent ride before him,—for they hoped to make Eitzatlan by night. But the ride was not destined to be so silent as he had anticipated. Fernandez came to his side, and, observing that they had both been somewhat hasty the day before, proposed to explain fully the whole history of the bond. It would have been a brutal incivility, of which Derwent was incapable, to tell the man that he distrusted his statements altogether: so he listened to a sketch of Barrera's impracticable and fiery disposition, of the desire of the other owners to sell the mine, of the difficulty they had in inducing him to consent to a sale, and of the manner in which he had since endeavored to embarrass their efforts. On abstract grounds Derwent agreed that it was hard that one man should have power to annoy others and injure their interests; but he said to himself that he was by no means sure on which side the injury lay, and he altogether declined to reconsider his own decision. The result was finally the exchange of a few angry words which cut deeply on each side, and then the two men parted, Fernandez to join Señor Aranda, and Derwent to soothe himself with a cigar alone.

At noon they halted for a short rest and refreshment by the side of the only water on their road. They were in the midst of a very wild and desolate country, surrounded by mountains, with a savage-looking defile before them, through which their road lay. "What an inviting place for brigands!" thought Derwent, regarding the narrow pass and frowning heights. But, knowing how sternly this little amusement had been put down in the country, he had no apprehensions of anything of the kind. The thought was merely suggested by the recollection of the many bloody deeds which such localities had witnessed in times past. It was not even strong enough to deter him, a little later, from falling behind the rest of the party, as they passed down a *barranca* with a steep mountain strewn with rocks on one side and a precipice which dropped two thousand feet deep on the other. The road at this point descended so sharply that Derwent, to relieve himself as well as his mule, dismounted and walked, with the animal following close behind him. It was a dangerous place, for the almost precipitous incline of the road was strewn with fragments of boulders from the mountain above; and his attention was altogether fixed upon the path, when the sudden falling of a rock immediately before him caused him to look quickly up the mountain-side. There was only time for a glance,—a glance which showed him the partially-concealed form of a man behind a great boulder,—when there came a flash, a report, a burning pain in his shoulder, and simultaneously the frightened mule dashed past, knocking him off his feet. He was conscious of falling down the precipice, of throwing out his hands wildly to save himself, of a crushing blow upon the head; and darkness followed.

CHAPTER VI.

It was with a very strange sensation that Derwent came back to consciousness. He roused from stupor with a sense of fire applied to his shoulder and to his throat. The first resolved itself into the agonizing pain of his wound, as he was lifted to a partially-sitting posture by a strong arm underneath him, and the second to a liquid which was being cautiously poured down his throat. He opened his eyes and looked up, to see a brown, solicitous face above him, and to inhale the odor of brandy from a bottle held to his lips.

"Ah! it has brought him to life," said the person administering this remedy, in a tone of satisfaction, and also in Spanish. "A little more, señor,—a little more."

But Derwent shook his head and closed his lips. He was, in fact, almost strangled by the liquid, which had nevertheless served its purpose in bringing him back to a knowledge of his surroundings. He lifted himself to a more upright position, in order to relieve the terrible pain in his shoulder, and looked about him.

He found himself in the midst of a group of men and horses, among whom were none of his own party. All were strangers, all apparently Mexicans,—as indeed what else was likely in this remote part of the country?—and a sense of despair seized him as he thought of his inability to make himself understood by them. Looking up, with eyes expressive of the suffering he was enduring, he could only touch his shoulder and say, "I have been shot,—here."

"English. I thought so," said another voice. And then out of the group of faces which seemed to swim around him, one bent over him which had a vaguely familiar look,—a face deeply sunburned, yet fair underneath the tan, as was proved by the dark-blue eyes and the luxuriant brown beard. The exclamation which this person uttered had been in Spanish, but he now spoke to the young man in his own tongue.

"The wound is in your shoulder," he said. "Yes, I see you have bled copiously. Lie down while we cut away your coat and bandage it."

Derwent was very glad to obey this direction, for blackness was gathering around him again. He had lost a quantity of blood, and this, together with the blow on the head which he had received in falling, made him feel very faint. He lay down obediently, and the stranger began to cut away the clothing from his wound in a very practised manner. He muttered several comments in Spanish when he saw the wound; but he bandaged it skilfully, administered to Derwent another dose of the stimulant, and then asked him how he had been shot.

The account was briefly given. "The last thing I recall," said the young man, "is falling down the precipice. I must have struck my head against a tree or a rock, and from what I remember of the blow, which instantly stunned me, it is wonderful that it did not kill me."

"Your head is badly cut and bruised," said the other, examining

it. "But if the last thing you remember is your fall, how did you get back here in the road?"

"Did you find me in the road?" asked Derwent, with surprise. "Then I can only imagine that the man who shot me had sufficient humanity to drag me back where I might be found. I suppose that he robbed me—yes, my watch is gone, and also my purse!"

"But were you travelling alone?"

"No. I had dropped behind my party, because I was tired of riding and wanted to walk a little. Of course they will discover my absence soon, and return for me."

"It is strange that they have not done so before this. At what time were you shot?"

"About two o'clock. I am certain of that, for I had glanced at my watch not long before."

"It is now four. Is it not a little strange that they have not returned before this time to look for you?"

"It is incomprehensible," said Derwent. "Can they have been killed?"

"That is very unlikely. Nothing of this kind has occurred before in years; and while a robber might be bold enough to attack a solitary traveller, he would consider long before attacking a party. How many were you?"

"Five,—and well armed."

"The thing is impossible, then. But this is not the time or place to investigate the affair. That must be done later. Meanwhile, the sooner you get medical attendance the better. Do you think you can manage to sit in a saddle and ride a few miles?"

"If it must be done, I can do it," said Derwent, with a certain grim resolution. "Help me to rise."

It was with a gentleness equal to his strength that the tall, strong stranger assisted him to his feet. Then he called a *mozo*, who brought up a richly-caparisoned horse of beautiful build and chestnut color.

"I will put you on my own horse," said the gentleman, "because he walks well, and will carry you with as little jar as is compatible with any motion."

"You are truly a good Samaritan," said Derwent, gratefully. "May I ask if we are countrymen?"

"Only in tongue, I fancy," answered the other. "I am an Irishman,—Maurice Ormond by name. You are, if I mistake not, an American."

"Yes: my name is Derwent. I know now," he added, quickly, "why your face has seemed so familiar to me. I saw you the other day in Guadalajara."

"That is likely. I have been there lately. Now, Señor Derwent, make as little effort as possible and let us lift you into your saddle. There,"—as half a dozen ready hands did the work,—"that is accomplished; but if you are to stay there you must take more brandy."

The deadly faintness that almost overpowered him warned Derwent that this was indeed necessary. He took the stimulant willingly, and,

thankful for the deep Spanish saddle which afforded him some support, they set out.

He perceived, now that he had gathered his senses a little, that the party formed quite a cavalcade. There were six or eight riders, besides himself and the man who, having had to resign his horse to Señor Ormond, walked with a long stride and lithe bearing in advance of them. All, with the exception of the stately Irishman, were Mexicans of the purest type, and all seemed to be his attendants.

As they proceeded down the mountain, Derwent looked about for some time in the expectation of finding the bullet-riddled bodies of Fernandez, Aranda, and the *mozos*. But, since no sign of them appeared, his wonder increased over the remarkable fact that they had apparently not concerned themselves in the least about his fate.

"I cannot understand this," he said presently to Señor Ormond. "It is incredible that my companions should have deliberately abandoned me."

"If you will tell me who they are," said that gentleman, "I can better tell you whether or not it is incredible."

"One of them was a man from this part of the country,—Señor Aranda——"

"I know him. Who else?"

"A man who accompanied me from Guadalajara to show me a mine. His name is Fernandez. And two *mozos*."

"I know also—by reputation, at least—the Fernandez of whom you speak. May I ask what mine he brought you to see?"

"The Buena Esperanza. Do you know *it*?"

"Yes," replied the other, smiling, "I know the Buena Esperanza. Did you, while there, see or hear anything of one Señor Barrera?"

"I saw him yesterday at the mine. He came and had a fierce altercation with Fernandez. What passed between them I do not know, for, unfortunately, I have little knowledge of Spanish; but I perceived that there was trouble, and I declined to buy the mine. You do not think—" he looked at his companion with a sudden, startled glance—"that it could have been Barrera who shot me?"

"No," was the decided answer. "It certainly was not Barrera. He is a man of fiery temper and dauntless courage, capable of killing an enemy on sight, without reckoning consequences, but absolutely incapable of shooting him from an ambush. Besides, what quarrel had he with you? No, señor, do not even in your thoughts do so great injustice to one who is in all respects a true gentleman."

"I was favorably impressed by him," said Derwent. "But the whole thing is so strange. Why should I have been picked off, and why have my companions made no search for me?"

"You were probably picked off because you were lingering in the rear of your party—a foolish thing to do, had you been aware of the danger—and so offered an excellent opportunity to the robber. Why your companions have not returned for you is more than I can answer. I advise you not to trouble yourself further about it now. I consider myself fortunate in having found you, and I really think it is fortunate also for you. I am the only English-speaking resident of this

part of the country, and my hacienda is near at hand, where you can rest and recover your strength."

"You are more than kind," said Derwent. "I put myself entirely in your hands. It was the greatest good fortune that brought you along this road."

"It was a lucky chance, certainly," said the other, cheerfully. "I have been for several days visiting the outlying ranches of my estate, and am now homeward-bound. Our road turns off at the foot of the mountain, and we will reach Miraflores in about two hours."

Two hours! If he had said two days, Derwent could hardly at that moment have felt more dismay. With the terrible pain of his wound, and the deadly faintness from loss of blood, how was he possibly to maintain an erect position in the saddle for that length of time? His companion must have read his thoughts in his paling face, for he said, quickly,—

"Whenever you feel too weak to go on, we will stop and rest. I know that you are suffering horribly. Ah, I have a thought.—Antonio!" He turned, and, as a young Mexican came forward, spoke at some length in Spanish. "*Si, señor,*" was the reply when he had finished, and, touching his horse with the spur, the young man rode on in advance, so rapidly that he was soon lost to sight.

"I have sent him to the hacienda with orders to bring a carriage to meet us," his master said to Derwent. "We shall be out of the mountains and on the level land of the valley by the time it reaches us. Now, señor, if you can manage to keep up——"

It was hard work,—the hardest, Derwent thought, that he had ever attempted,—but, by the aid of renewed stimulant and desperate resolution, he fought the constantly threatening faintness, endured the pain which momentarily grew worse, and kept his seat. Once or twice he felt himself reeling, but a strong arm was instantly thrown around him and a halt commanded. He never consented to descend from the saddle, for he felt sure that if he did he could not regain it, but, after the rest of a few minutes, insisted on going on. It was like a dark and evil dream to him afterward, that passage through the mountain-defiles, until suddenly, even to his pain-darkened sight, there unrolled a glorious picture,—a vast extent of wide, beautiful plain, green with cultivation, broken by stretches of forest, and with a distant silver lake gleaming in the last rays of the setting sun.

"Courage!" said his companion. "We are over the bad road now; the carriage must meet us before long, and Miraflores is not five miles away."

Derwent tried to smile, but he knew that his strength was going fast, and that if the carriage did not meet them he could never hold out for that five miles. Antonio had made good speed, however. With their slow progress they had hardly covered another mile, and he was on the point of saying, "You must take me down; I can bear no more," when a joyful exclamation from the whole party greeted the appearance of a carriage rolling rapidly toward them over the level, dusty road. Ten minutes later, they placed an insensible man in it.

CHAPTER VII.

"It is worth a journey to the Sierra Madre to see Miraflores," said a gentleman in the city of Mexico, many months after this, to Derwent. The latter agreed with the sentiment before having heard it, and added on his own account that it was well-nigh worth a bullet in the shoulder, when, a week after the accident, he lay on a couch near an open window, with an enchanting picture before his eyes.

Through the arches of a gallery beyond, he looked out over the great plain that rolled away like a verdant sea from the foot of the slope on which the hacienda stood, stretching in level expanse for miles, until it melted into blue, magical distance. Nothing was allowed to obstruct this glorious view, with its limitless turquoise sky above, its shifting shadows falling here and there, and the wonderful sense of vast space, of boundless freedom, and all the conditions of a wild, romantic, patriarchal life, which these immense table-lands of Mexico suggest. As he lay in the pleasant weakness that follows the cessation of fever and pain, Derwent felt as if he could never weary of the wide, marvellous scene. But, if he did, he had only to turn his head a little, and there was a glimpse at one side of a pleasance that recalled the beautiful *huertas* which he had seen and admired at Tacubaya, near the city of Mexico. Like these, the grounds of Miraflores were half garden, half park, but, as he learned later, were far more picturesque and extensive than anything at Tacubaya.

Meanwhile, his immediate surroundings were pleasant enough to have satisfied any but the most wandering fancy. The apartment in which he found himself was large and airy, with floor of shining tiles, frescoed ceiling, and delicately-painted walls. The furniture was simple, but very graceful,—a bedstead of polished brass, a pretty toilet-table of French pattern, a centre-table also French in design, the slender, curving legs of which were faithfully reflected in the glistening floor, while on it stood a bowl of splendid roses. The couch on which he lay was covered with pretty chintz, as were also two or three easy-chairs; rugs were scattered over the floor; and on a small table beside him was a crystal dish heaped with oranges. Three immense windows, opening on the gallery already mentioned, gave light and air to the room; while on the other side the double door opened on a court, which, with its Oriental arches and brightly-frescoed walls, its tropical plants and fountain, delighted Derwent's eye whenever he obtained a glimpse of it.

But there had been days after his arrival when not even these picturesque surroundings had power to charm him,—when, indeed, he had hardly been conscious of them. After the painful operation of extracting the ball from his shoulder, he had been partially delirious from fever and weakness, and had seen as in a dream the people around him. He was not certain whether he had really seen, or only imagined, Fernandez standing by him once, regarding him with a look in which he had felt that there was little real compassion. But he had never any doubt when the handsome, kindly face of his host bent over him; and presently he began to know equally well a delicate brown

countenance, with gentle dark eyes and masses of black, curling hair, which belonged to the deft, noiseless attendant detailed for his service. As he grew better, he found that Ramon needed only a glance or a gesture to understand and fulfil his wants. And so willingly, with so much gracious charm of manner, was this service rendered, that Derwent, when he placed his arm around the offered shoulder to raise himself, felt as if he touched an affectionate friend rather than a servant.

The soundness of his constitution soon asserted itself. The fever yielded after a few days, and the wound began to heal in a satisfactory manner. But he was exceedingly weak, and it was only with Ramon's assistance that he could walk from his bed to the couch by the window, where he had now lain for two days, inhaling the fresh, delicious air, as it came to him over leagues of space, and feasting his gaze on the wide, beautiful scene. With returning strength came a deep sense of gratitude for the wonderful chance which had thrown him into such kindly hands and brought him to this charming place.

It is not to be supposed that among the elements of pleasure around him he ignored the probability of seeing again the beautiful face that had so attracted him in the Alameda of Mexico and the plaza of Guadalajara. But illness dulls all emotions save those of pain; and when pain ceases, this in itself is pleasure enough for a time. As he grew better, he wondered a little if Doña Zarifa was at the hacienda; but no one had mentioned her name, and, had his interest been much keener than it was, he would still have felt that it was not fitting for him to make any inquiry on the subject. But in fact his interest was not very keen; and, although the idea of meeting her was a pleasant prospect, he would not have been very much disappointed had this anticipation not been fulfilled.

While he was lying, wondering a little how he should communicate the news of his accident to his mother, the door softly opened, and Ramon entered. He was a slender, handsome young fellow, with lithe Indian form well set off by tight-fitting trousers and short jacket. He wore sandals on his feet and moved noiselessly across the floor. "Don Maurizio, seffor," he said, "wishes to know if you feel able to see him."

The question had been asked so often before that Derwent was perfectly familiar with it; and he answered in the formula that he had learned, "Certainly. Beg Don Maurizio to enter."

Ramon smiled approvingly, moved a deep arm-chair near the couch, and then, retiring, returned after a moment, ushering in the tall, stately form of his master.

"How are you feeling to-day, Mr. Derwent?" asked that gentleman, with a cordial smile, as he crossed the room and sat down in the chair arranged for him. "I am sorry to be rather late in making the inquiry; but the doctor gave a good report of you this morning, and I have been far out on the hacienda to-day. My daughter accompanied me, and she is so devoted to riding that we made a circuit of at least thirty miles."

It was the first time that he had mentioned his daughter, and Derwent felt a certain thrill of interest at the name; but he only replied that he was feeling much better, and was, he thought, gaining strength

rapidly. "How could it be otherwise," he added, "in such delightful quarters and with such admirable care? I do not know how I am ever to express to you, señor, my deep obligation for your great kindness."

"The kindness on my part is really nothing," said Don Maurizio. "I am sincerely glad to have been able to be of service to you, and to see you improving so fast. But I am sorry to tell you that the mystery of your shooting remains a mystery still. The government officials have been making diligent efforts to find the robber, but there is no clue as yet. And, meanwhile, I regret to say that your companion Fernandez does not hesitate to accuse Señor Barrera of the outrage."

"What ground has he for the charge?" asked Derwent.

"Only his own enmity, in my opinion," replied Don Maurizio; "but he says that Barrera uttered threats against the whole party when he was at the mine, and this assertion Aranda—who is Fernandez' tool—corroborates. Unfortunately, not having any knowledge of Spanish, you cannot tell what passed."

"No," said Derwent, regretfully, "I cannot tell, further than this, that if Señor Barrera made any threats—and it is likely enough that he did, for he was a very angry man—they were directed against the others, and not, I am sure, against me."

"Fernandez affirms that he included you, as a probable purchaser of the mine; that he went away declaring that no one should buy the Buena Esperanza and live, and that his intention in shooting you was to inspire terror, and prevent the possibility of selling the mine to any one else."

Derwent lay back on his cushions, and was silent for a moment. Then he said, slowly, "I have been trying to bring before me as clearly as possible the appearance of the man I saw behind the boulder, and I can most certainly swear that he was not Señor Barrera. The latter impressed me so much that I should know him again anywhere."

"Unfortunately, that does not help matters," said Don Maurizio. "Fernandez does not pretend that Barrera shot you himself, but he declares his belief that he had it done, and that the robbery was a blind, —not to deceive *him*, but the government."

"He is more likely to have had it done himself!" cried Derwent, impetuously, without pausing to consider his words.

Don Maurizio's eyes met and held his, with a flash. "You have spoken my own suspicion," he said. "I should not have spoken it, because I have no knowledge of how long you have known Señor Fernandez, nor what your degree of intimacy with him may be. But I certainly suspect him of a plot to injure Barrera and at the same time revenge himself on you for your refusal to buy the mine. I know," he said, answering a look on Derwent's face, "that this sounds to you very melodramatic; but you must remember that we are a primitive people in Mexico, that we love and hate with a good deal of intensity, and that things as strange as this of which I speak are of sufficiently common occurrence among us."

"I am sure," said Derwent, "that Fernandez is a very vindictive man, and I suspect that he is also an unscrupulous one. But it re-

quires time to arrange a plot such as you suspect; and what time had he?"

"You spent the night at a ranch which belongs to Aranda. The matter might easily have been arranged there. I do not say it was; but it might have been. It certainly offered him an admirable opportunity to achieve a double revenge,—to punish you, and throw a stigma on Barrera which he may never be able to disprove."

"But it shall be disproved!" said Derwent, whose indignation grew, as the idea seemed to him more and more probable. "If Fernandez is accountable for this thing, I will follow the trail like a bloodhound until I fasten it on him. Certainly his neglect in failing to return for me is very suspicious. He has been here, I know. How did he explain that?"

"Oh, plausibly enough: he is always plausible, you know. They were in haste to reach Eitzatlan by night, and so they pressed on, thinking you were behind. It was only when dark was closing in—and there had been time for you to die comfortably on the mountain-side—that a *mozo* was sent back to look for you. He found your mule loose on the road, and presently met my messenger on his way to obtain a doctor and report to the authorities what had occurred."

Derwent smiled slightly. "I certainly owe no thanks to Señor Fernandez for my present safety," he said. "I shall be very glad if you will show me some way by which this affair may be thoroughly sifted. I am more than ever anxious now to know to whom I am indebted for this"—he touched his shoulder.

"It is a difficult affair to sift," said the other, thoughtfully. "I will, however, see Barrera and get him to come and talk to you. Something in the way of a clue may be elicited. It is unfortunate that his enmity to Fernandez with regard to the Buena Esperanza is well known; and it is doubly unfortunate that he should have gone to the mine in that reckless manner."

"I should like," said Derwent, "to know the true state of the case between Fernandez and himself. Can you tell it to me?"

"In a few words," was the reply. "Fernandez, as you may imagine from the character of the man, is the pliant tool of the corrupt officials with whom Mexico is cursed. There is no transaction so infamous that he is not ready to serve as an instrument in it, and he has therefore an influence altogether out of proportion to his real importance,—for men fear him as it is in human nature to fear those who have an almost unlimited power to injure. He has grown rich from the bribes he has received, both from those who have something to dread, and those who have much to gain, from the government. But Barrera is one man who has neither feared nor bribed him; and, since he is well known as an uncompromising opponent of the present government, he has suffered in consequence. He has been imprisoned on false charges, mulcted by heavy fines until his fortune is greatly diminished, and harassed and persecuted in innumerable ways. He is the chief owner of the Buena Esperanza, and on this Fernandez has long been known to have a covetous eye. But, aware of the value of the mine, Barrera has never been willing to sell; and he was in

negotiations with me to obtain the money to work the mine, when his son—who is as impetuous and uncompromising as himself—fell into trouble with the government. Fernandez was sent to the father, and, while demanding a heavy bribe for those who sent him, he demanded also the Buena Esperanza for himself. Barrera thought that he had no alternative; he gave the bond on the mine, and it was not until later that he learned that this had been no part of the official bargain. He then demanded from Fernandez the return of the bond which had been obtained by fraud and falsehood. The reply was a contemptuous refusal. Do you wonder at the anger of the man when he met the spoiler on his own property?"

"I only wonder," said Derwent, "that he held back his hand from shooting him then and there. This I can say for myself, that I had not the faintest doubt as to which was the honest man and which the scoundrel, when I saw them face to face. I told Fernandez that nothing would induce me to buy the mine until I was assured that all was straight and clear regarding the title."

"And made a deadly enemy, as the result abundantly proves," said Don Maurizio. "I am more than ever sure that Fernandez alone is responsible for what might have been your murder. But it will be difficult to prove it."

"Let me regain my strength," cried Derwent, "and I will make it my business to prove it."

"Your business, more likely, to be shot again, and perhaps with a better aim," said the other. "No, you must be quiet, and leave Barrera and myself to work out the matter if possible. I will only ask you to remain here for a time, in order to give your testimony in case we should be successful. In any event, it is necessary that you allow your wound time to heal thoroughly. If you have never before been on a Mexican hacienda, life with us for a few weeks will at least have the attraction of novelty for you."

"It is the best fortune I could have imagined, to have an opportunity to see how life goes on a great Mexican estate," said Derwent, eagerly. "It is something I have desired from my boyhood; and I really cannot feel much enmity toward the man who shot me, when I think of the result."

"I am delighted to be able to gratify you," said Don Maurizio, smiling, "and very glad to offer some counterbalancing good to atone for the manner in which you have fallen among thieves. It is settled, then, that you will be my guest for some time to come. And now that you are getting better, you must be rather lonely in solitary confinement. Do you not think you might make an effort to join us this evening? My daughter will be glad to see you."

"You are very kind. I shall be happy to be allowed to do so; that is, if I can manage to put on a coat;" for he was at present clad in a silken dressing-gown that Ramon had brought from his master's wardrobe.

"You must not think of putting on a coat," said Don Maurizio; "not, at least, of putting it on your injured arm. Simply button it around you. And if you have nothing large and loose enough, send

Ramon for something of mine. We shall see you, then,—after dinner, or before ?”

“After, I think. My strength is not yet that of a giant.”

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER dinner, therefore, feeling ridiculously weak, Derwent passed out of his room for the first time since he had entered it, and found himself in the court he had so often admired. Under the great arch of a passage which led to the front of the house, and of another which led to a second court behind, hung large and brilliant lamps, the light of which was reflected in the basin of the fountain that occupied the centre of the *patio*, while about it were grouped wide-leaved tropical plants in terra-cotta pots of native manufacture. Around the court a broad, tiled gallery ran, supported by pillared arches, under which there were glimpses of various apartments. One of these was the dining-room, and its open doors revealed a table still covered with the remains of dessert,—stands piled high with beautiful fruit, tall, slender wine-bottles and cut-glass liqueur-decanter, gleaming in the light of low-swinging lamps.

Following Ramon's noiseless tread, Derwent passed to where wide glass doors showed a large and lofty apartment, which charmed his eye at once by its picturesque grace and comfort. And yet, with the exception of a few articles of foreign luxury, it was such a room as might be found in any house belonging to a family of means, throughout Mexico, and had a beauty independent of its furnishing, in its noble proportions, its floor of glazed tiles that reflected like a mirror every object placed upon it, and the delicate arabesques traced upon its plastered walls. Over the shining floor were scattered Eastern rugs, interspersed with the silky white fleece of the Angora goat and the handsome spotted fur of the Mexican tiger-cat. A variety of low, luxurious couches—distinctly European, these—were mingled with easy-chairs of inviting form. There was an upright piano, with a scarf of Japanese silk of softly-blended colors thrown across its top, a long, low bookcase filled with volumes, and various tables, on almost all of which bowls and vases of flowers stood, while the whole was lighted by two lamps of Moorish design which hung from the ceiling by long silver chains. Altogether, simple as these things would have been in a different place, it was not such an apartment as one would, without warning, have expected to find under the shadow of the Sierra Madre; and Derwent's surprise was excusable as he stood for a moment motionless on the threshold.

“Enter, señor, enter,” said Ramon, pushing wider yet the open doors. He glanced around. “Ah! the señorita,” he said, as a lady rose and advanced from the farther end of the long room.

As she came toward him, it seemed to Derwent as if he had not before had the least idea of her surpassing beauty. Not even in the Alameda of Mexico, when she walked past him like a princess, draped in rich black

lace, had he fully recognized the perfection of her loveliness. But here it fairly dazzled him. The foreign, semi-Oriental room, with its shadowy corners and the circles of shining light from its hanging lamps, made an harmonious background for the graceful figure that, clad in soft white India silk clasped by a silver girdle at the waist and fitting high to the throat, under a silver collar wrought with the fairy-like delicacy of Mexican work, moved over the polished floor with the ease of a *grande dame* and held out a slender hand to him.

"I am very glad to see you, señor," she said, with gentle graciousness, "and more than glad that you have recovered sufficiently to be able to join us. Pray take this chair."

With her own hands she moved forward a large wicker chair, fitted with soft cushions of crimson silk, and Derwent was glad to sink into it, with a murmured apology, while she sat down on a divan opposite and looked at him with her dark, beautiful eyes full of solicitude.

"You are very pale," she said. "Shall I not send Ramon"—who still lingered at the door—"for a glass of wine?"

"Oh, no,—thanks," he answered. "You are very kind, but I am only a little weak. I have felt more weakness from my wound than would have been the case had I not lost so much blood," he added, apologetically.

"And then the fever," she said. "Considering both these things, I think you have made great strides toward recovery. It was only a week yesterday since you were brought into the house insensible,—we almost thought a dying man."

"I owe you many excuses for making such a sensational entrance," he said, smiling. "It must be very unpleasant to have an apparently dying man brought without any warning to your door. But then what would have become of me if the señor your father had not met and succored me in the most truly Samaritan fashion? I am afraid the dying would soon have become a grim fact."

"There is a strong probability of it," she answered; "and therefore we are very grateful for the chance that brought you here. It has been a great pleasure to do what we could for you, and to know that you were getting better."

"What should I have been made of if I did not get better?" he said. "It is the only way in which I can show my appreciation of your great kindness."

"Let us not talk of that," she said, with a slight wave of the hand. "Our kindness is nothing. In Mexico it is not considered remarkable to show hospitality to any one,—especially to a wounded stranger. The remarkable thing would be if one failed in it. But probably you do not know Mexico well, señor?"

He perceived that she wished to change the subject, and followed her lead at once. "No," he answered, "I cannot say that I know Mexico well; but I have at least the desire to know it better. The mere idea of the country always exercised a great fascination over me."

"Then you did not think of us as barbarians,—as I have been told that the most of your countrymen do?" she said, smiling.

"The most of my countrymen are very ignorant of Mexico, seño-

rita," he replied, "but I really do not think their ignorance leads them so far as that."

"Does it not?" she said, rather incredulously. "I have heard that in the States Mexico is considered a barbarous country. It is a little singular, is it not, that in Europe no such idea exists with regard to us?"

"Europe knows you better," he answered. "Up to the present time, all Mexico's social and commercial intercourse has been with Europe, rather than with her immediate neighbor. There was very good reason for this, as you know. I have no excuses to make for my countrymen, señorita. The grasping propensities of the Anglo-Saxon are, unfortunately, well known. And the narrow-minded vanity which induces him to fancy himself the exemplar of the human race is not less remarkable."

"You are not very complimentary to your countrymen," she said, showing her pearly teeth in another smile.

"Why should I be complimentary?" he asked. "Why should not one try to clear one's mind even of natural prejudice, and get as near the truth as possible in this very imperfect world? Every race has *les défauts de ses qualités*. But it is a great mistake to confound the defects with the virtues."

"Yes," she said, meditatively, "that is very true. Mexicans have undoubtedly some defects, although I really think—and it is not only because I too am a Mexican—that they have also great virtues."

"Even from the little that I have seen of them, I am very sure of it," said Derwent, heartily. "But you, señorita, can hardly consider yourself altogether a Mexican."

"I do, however," she said, lifting her head a little higher, with a pride that became it well. "I am Mexican in heart and soul, as well as in blood and birth. It is true that my dear father comes of another race; but he will tell you that *he* is altogether Mexican now."

"I am glad that he has at least not laid aside his knowledge of English, and that you condescend to speak it also," said Derwent, smiling.

"But here comes one who does not," said the young lady, rising.

Derwent rose, too, as an elder lady entered the room. He knew her at once as Doña Zarifa's companion when he saw the latter in the Alameda,—a handsome, middle-aged woman, very brunette and inclined to *embonpoint*, as all Spanish women are after a certain age. With a few words of greeting, she held out a soft, kindly hand to Derwent, who bowed over it.

"This is my cousin, Señora Peralta," said Doña Zarifa. "She hopes you are recovering. If you speak French, you can answer her in that language."

Derwent did speak French with fluency, so he answered Señora Peralta's inquiry, and then, in reply to other questions, gave a circumstantial history of his wound and all relating to it. Both ladies listened to him attentively, and the subject was hardly exhausted when Don Maurizio came in.

"Ah, Mr. Derwent," he said, cordially, "I am delighted to see you here. You look better already. A little society is a good thing;

although I must warn you that we can offer you very little variety in that line at Miraflores."

Derwent replied very sincerely that it was impossible to desire better society than he found at Miraflores. "But I have heard," he said, "that most Mexican proprietors of large estates do not live on them, because of their loneliness."

"It is, unfortunately, true," answered his host. "The estates are generally so large, and the distances from one to another so great, that wealthy Mexicans do not, as a rule, live on their haciendas, except for a few weeks in the course of the year."

"That is what I was told when I expressed a desire to see something of life on an hacienda," said Derwent. "'Nobody lives on the haciendas but the agents,' I was assured. 'There is no life there of the kind you fancy. Mexicans of the higher class all live in the capital or abroad.'"

"Allowing for the exceptions," said Don Maurizio, "that was a correct statement. And the consequence is that half the haciendas of Mexico are for sale, destined before long to pass into the hands of aliens. When men leave their estates in the control of agents, the result is mismanagement in all respects. Who knows this better than an Irishman? Absenteeism has been the curse of my country; and it is in a great degree the curse of Mexico. So when I became a Mexican I determined that I would not follow the prevailing fashion. Great estates came into my hands, and I resolved at once to administer them myself. I have done so for twenty years, and I am rather proud of the result."

"And you have not found it very irksome to live on an hacienda?"

"I cannot understand how a man can find anything irksome which is in the clear line of duty and which affords abundant occupation for his hands and head. I have found infinite pleasure as well as infinite employment in my life. An Irishman from Galway naturally loves everything connected with a free, out-door life; and I have taught my daughter to love it as well as I do myself. She is an enthusiastic horsewoman, and we live in the saddle half our time. By the bye, if you like riding, I can give you a good mount."

Derwent's eyes brightened. "I am a Southerner," he said, as if that were answer enough. "Half of my life I have spent in Louisiana, and half in the blue-grass region of Kentucky,—my mother belonging to the first, and my father to the last. Not even in Galway do you think more of riding than we do."

"And in neither are there such plains over which to ride as in Mexico, I am sure," said Doña Zarifa. "Ah, it is like flying through the air to put one's horse at his best speed and ride for miles over our great *mesas*."

Her delicate nostril dilated as if she inhaled the breezes sweeping over the wide leagues of space of which she spoke; and Derwent, looking at her, felt a quick thrill at the thought that he might be permitted some day to ride by her side.

"And do you really, then, spend all of your time here?" he asked, addressing Don Maurizio.

"Here at Miraflores? Oh, no," that gentleman replied. "I have another large hacienda in the Bajío—you know that stretch of fertile country between Irapuato and Querétaro? I divide my time between that place and this, with a month or two now and then in Mexico. But, rich, productive, and beautiful, too, as the Bajío is, both my daughter and myself prefer this wilder country; and if we were called upon to name our home, I think we should say Miraflores."

"Without doubt," said Doña Zarifa. "There is no place in the world so dear to me as this."

"That is very good for a girl who is fresh from a season in Paris, is it not?" said Don Maurizio, as he laid his hand caressingly on her wrist.

She placed her other hand over his, and looked up at him with her dark eyes melting into a more liquid softness than they had known before. "You were not in Paris," she said, with an enchanting smile.

"No, thank heaven!" he answered, gayly. "What should a Mexican *haciendado*, with his heart among his flocks and herds, do there? But go, *carina mia*, and give us some music. Let Mr. Derwent see what he thinks of our Mexican airs."

She rose instantly and moved across the floor,—a perfect picture of grace, Derwent thought, in her soft, shimmering draperies, and with her natural, unstudied charm of step and bearing. Sitting down to the piano, she struck a few chords and began to sing in a contralto so rich and sweet that it was like notes drawn from a violin by a master-hand, rather than the sounds of the human voice. What she sang her listener did not know,—the words were Spanish,—but the air was wild, haunting, mournful, and yet passionate in the extreme. As he listened, he seemed to see the rugged mountain-passes, the great Sierras like storm-tossed waves, the vast expanse of mighty plains, the sad, gentle faces and passionate eyes of the people; then the strain sank to a lower key, a tenderer sweetness stole into it, as though tropical flowers were breathing their fragrance out on the starry night, and with one last burst of sad, strange melody it ended.

"Oh, yes, it is Mexican," said Don Maurizio,—"one of the wild native airs that linger among the people and that are now and then caught and formulated by the composers."

"What did it say to you, señor?" asked Zarifa, turning around.

He told what it had suggested, and she smiled as if pleased. "A girl is relating how her lover has been killed among the wild mountains, and how her own heart is broken," she said. "At the close she wanders back to memories of their love, of how in the summer night he would come and sing beneath her window. Then she remembers that he is dead, and ends with a cry of despair."

"A very mournful *motif*," said Don Maurizio. "Give us something a little more cheerful, and then I will play physician and order Mr. Derwent to bed."

"Sing an *Ave Maria*, my child," said a quiet voice at the door; and as Derwent looked in that direction he saw a tall, slender man, wearing the cassock of a priest, enter the room.

"This is a member of our family group whom you would have met

earlier if he had not been absent until to-day," said Don Maurizio,—"our good friend and chaplain, Padre Francisco."

There was something very charming in the dark, gentle face, with finely-outlined features and soft brown eyes that looked at Derwent with a smile as they shook hands.

"I am grieved to hear of your accident, señor," he said, in very good English. "As Don Maurizio has remarked, I have been away for two weeks, else I should have expressed my regret sooner. But you are getting well?"

Derwent replied suitably, and then, turning to Doña Zarifa, said, "I hope that, since I am under orders to retire, señorita, you will sing at least one more song before I go."

"I will sing the *Ave Maria* for which *el padre* has asked," she replied. "I think you will like that."

Derwent was very sure of it, when he heard the strains of Cherubini's *Ave Maria*. Often as he had heard this beautiful song before, it was always in a soprano arrangement, and he thought that he had never appreciated its exquisite harmonies until he heard them rendered by Doña Zarifa's rich contralto tones. She sang it like a prayer; and the noble strains lingered in his ear long after he had said good-night and retired to his chamber.

They haunted him after he had laid his head on his pillow. Still in his memory vibrated the full, mellow notes of the enchanting voice, and before his eyes floated a picture of the silken-draped form, with its silver ornaments, and the beautiful face out of which shone the star-like splendor of the dark eyes.

It was not strange that his last thought before falling asleep was to say to himself, severely, "I must take care that I am not such a fool as to fall in love with Doña Zarifa."

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Derwent opened his eyes the next morning, bars of golden sunshine were lying on the red tiles of the floor, and Ramon stood by his bedside, bearing the coffee to which he always looked forward as a distinct pleasure. His shoulder was less painful, and the recollection that he was to spend an indefinite time amid these charming surroundings was invigorating as a tonic. To the "*Buenos dias, señor. Como está Usted?*" of Ramon, he answered "*Muy bueno, gracias,*" with so much emphasis that the face of the attendant lighted up with a bright smile, and he said, "*Bueno! bueno!*" with an air of commendation, as he set the tray down.

A little later, after the doctor had paid his visit, and had also said "*Bueno!*" approvingly over the progress of the shoulder, Ramon came in and announced that *el padre* desired to see the señor. "Beg him to enter," said Derwent, who had been very much pleased by the gentle, refined face of the priest. He anticipated an agreeable visit, in which he could ask much concerning the country of one intimately acquainted

with its inner life; but he was by no means prepared for the errand on which it soon transpired that Padre Francisco had come.

"Doña Zarifa," said the priest, after all due inquiries had been made, "thinks that perhaps you are strong enough now for a little outdoor exercise, and that you may like to see something of the hacienda,—at least of the portion which lies immediately around the *casa grande*. If you care to go, she and I will be happy for you to accompany us on our usual morning round."

"I shall be delighted," answered Derwent. A man of another stamp might have been disappointed that he was not to have a *tête-à-tête* with his fair hostess, but Derwent was not only too much a man of the world to have expected such a thing in a country with the customs of Continental Europe, but he really did not desire it. He had nothing to say to Doña Zarifa that the whole world might not hear; and he was very sure that the society of the padre would in no degree detract from his enjoyment of her companionship.

They found her in the court when they came out, standing under the shade of one of the Moorish arches, dressed as Derwent had seen her first, in black, and draped with lace, which she wore in the graceful Spanish fashion over her head. She gave him her hand, asked how he was feeling, and if he was sure that a walk would not fatigue him. "You must promise," she said, "that you will let us know as soon as you feel the least weary. Now, *padre mio*, I think we are ready."

They passed through the wide, vaulted passage, paved as a *portecochère*, which led to the front of the house, and out into the arcade, which ran the length of the long building, and the great arches of which framed in a succession of pictures the magnificent expanse of the plain.

Derwent now saw fully, for the first time, the commanding position of the house. Standing on a wide, level eminence, which on one side rolled gently down to the spreading table-land, it was enclosed on the other by hills, covered with verdure, behind which rose the high crests of greater heights, that, curving around in the arc of a half-circle, lay in splendid masses of blue and purple on each side of the *mesa*,—their farthest point forty or fifty miles distant, but looking much nearer in the clear atmosphere.

"What a glorious view!" he exclaimed. "No wonder, *señorita*, that you like a place which charms you with such pictures always before your eyes!"

"You should see it during the rainy season, *señor*," she answered, smiling, "when all the plain before us is carpeted with flowers,—myriads of every kind and color. It is for this reason that the hacienda is called *Miraflores*."

"See the Flowers!" said Padre Francisco, translating. "Mexicans are fond of fanciful names."

"I should rather call them poetical," said Derwent. "But this place deserves its name doubly; for what beautiful gardens?"

It was the park-like pleasure of which he had already had a glimpse from his window, and which now spread before him in all its loveliness, with shadowy vistas where great trees met overhead in an

arch of shade, stretches of green turf, parterres bright with flowers, tropical shrubs loaded with bloom, and small gurgling streams, directed into channels here and there for the irrigation which made this paradise possible.

Turning to the priest, Doña Zarifa said,—

"Shall we take Señor Derwent through the gardens first, *padre mio*?—or will it detain you too long?"

"By all means let us show him the *cañada*," the padre replied. "Miraflores has many beauties, but I think that is chief. And he may not be able to go farther with us."

"I feel as strong as possible," Derwent protested. "But if Miraflores contains anything more beautiful than I have already seen, I beg to be introduced to it at once."

"Come, then," said Zarifa, smiling. She had opened a large white parasol lined with rose-color, the reflection of which threw a soft pink glow over her delicate, ivory-like face, and as she walked by his side, with her spirited head held aloft, and her firm, free step,—the true step of a Mexican woman,—Derwent could not but think how little there was of the conventional languorous, tropical type about her. There was nothing seductive in the glances of the dark, proud eyes. Diana herself could not have suggested more strongly vestal purity and perfect physical vigor in every movement; while her manner was a perfect blending of simplicity and dignity. He likened her again in his thoughts to a young princess,—an ideal princess, who, realizing in every act and word the full meaning of the noble old motto, *Noblesse oblige*, had yet under all her gentle graciousness the ineradicable pride of blood and birth and the fiery spirit of a warlike race.

It was Padre Francisco who talked most, answering Derwent's questions about the country, as they walked down the beautiful avenues that led toward the hills which rose sheer and green before them. Presently they entered a path overshadowed by drooping foliage, that wound downward to a rocky ravine through which a stream came leaping in cascades of white foam. No more enchanting spot could be conceived. Here nature seemed untouched in all her primitive beauty: only a few paths along the stream, one or two bridges crossing it, and a temple-shaped pavilion perched on a large rock overhanging the highest fall, suggested the work or presence of man. And yet, as Derwent was told, immense pains had been taken to bring numbers of plants and trees here, besides those which grew naturally in a place so well adapted for vegetation. The result was a wild, lovely blending of tropical foliage, of masses of flowers, and of rare, exquisite orchids; while through all, like a charming Undine, the stream came whirling over the rocks in sheets of foam and spray, or fell into crystal pools where naiads might have bathed.

The enthusiastic admiration of the young man pleased his guides. "This is my favorite retreat," said Doña Zarifa. "There is no day so warm that delicious coolness may not be found here, and the view down the ravine from there"—she pointed to the pavilion—"is most charming. Some time I shall bring an artist here to paint it. Are you anything of an artist, Señor Derwent?"

"Unfortunately, no," answered Derwent, "else I should be only too happy to paint such a scene as this. But can we not go up to the pavilion?"

"Certainly,—and rest there for a time. I am sure you must be tired."

He did not like to acknowledge it, but he was tired; and it was with a sense of relief that he sat down in the pretty temple after they had mounted the slope which led to it. The view from this spot was as lovely as Doña Zarifa had said. Behind rose a steep, green hill-side, below dashed the leaping water, while before them the romantic *cañada*, with its wealth of foliage, its rocks and cascades, extended for at least a quarter of a mile.

"It reminds me somewhat," said Derwent, "of the view from the Buena Esperanza. Standing at the mouth of the mine, one looks down a ravine even wilder and grander than this, though not so picturesquely beautiful."

His companions glanced at him with interest. Evidently the name of the Buena Esperanza was familiar to them. "So it was *there* you were!" said Padre Francisco. "I am inclined to congratulate you upon getting off with a bullet in your shoulder. You little knew what you were doing in touching that mine."

"I have learned, however," said the young man, dryly. "It seems that it is to all intents and purposes a mine of gunpowder as well as of silver. This I must say for myself," he added, "that if I had had even the faintest idea of how the bond of that mine had been acquired, I should never have looked at it. But, after having seen it, I confess that it is a great disappointment to me to find it out of my reach altogether."

"You thought it a good mine?" asked Doña Zarifa.

"The best I have ever seen. If a man could acquire it honorably, he need ask no better source of wealth."

"You speak very confidently," said Padre Francisco. "Are you professionally a judge of mines?"

Derwent shook his head. "No," he answered. "I should not think of attempting to judge a mine for another person; but I do not hesitate to judge for myself, and it was for myself that I was anxious to buy the Buena Esperanza."

"Oh, you have come to Mexico to seek investments, then?"

"I have come to Mexico to find the means to realize a fortune in a short time," he answered.

"That is what all Americans desire to do, I believe," said Padre Francisco, meditatively,—*"to make a fortune in a short time."*

He did not utter any word of disapproval for such an aim, but something in his tone, and a certain look of withdrawal that came over Doña Zarifa's face,—as if she lost interest in a man who avowed such an ambition,—stung Derwent, and made him say, on an impulse,—

"I have a special reason for wishing to make the fortune of which I speak. It is not for myself,—not merely for the accumulation of money,—but to pay a debt of honor. If I do not pay it, others will

suffer. And that must not be, if any exertion on my part can prevent it."

It was the first time that he had uttered even so much of his secret to any human ear, and these people were strangers to him. But he was repaid by a quick glance of sympathy from Zarifa's eyes; while the priest said, kindly, "In that case, I hope you may soon find another Buena Esperanza. There are many rich lodes in these mountains, some of which are as yet untouched. Now, my child,"—he spoke to the girl,—“I must really go on; but there is no reason why you should not allow Señor Derwent to rest himself fully and then bring him with you.”

"No, no," said Derwent, rising. "I cannot consent to detain the señorita, for I am really rested now. In this wonderful climate I perceive that one recuperates rapidly. I am equal to accompanying you."

"*Bueno!*" said the padre, approvingly. "Then let us go."

They left the pavilion, and Doña Zarifa explained, as they crossed the pretty stream, that, a little lower, it turned the flouring-mills of the hacienda, which, Derwent found later, were the largest in that part of the country and supplied a wide district with their product.

"My father is very proud of his mills," she said, "and will certainly insist on taking you over them. He has all the latest improvements. I sometimes wonder how he can maintain such keen interest in so many varied pursuits."

"He is a wonderful man, Don Maurizio," said the priest. "His energy is indomitable, and his interest in everything that can develop the country and help the people is unflagging. Now, Señor Derwent, can you guess where we are taking you?"

Derwent confessed his inability to hazard a conjecture; for, skirting the grounds, they now seemed approaching a village, composed of neatly-built adobe houses, scrupulously clean both within and without, as almost all Mexican houses are.

"This is where the laborers on the estate live," said Padre Francisco. "There are several hundred souls here; for the industries of a great hacienda are very numerous. Everything which is consumed, and almost everything which is worn, is made upon it."

"And is it true that all the peons on the haciendas are virtual serfs, —unable to leave without the consent of their masters?" asked Derwent.

"It is true that, by the laws of Mexico, no laborer can leave an estate so long as he is in debt to his master. That is just enough, and on it the stability of the industries of the country depends. In all countries, however, there are men who do not fear to incur the vengeance of God by becoming oppressors of the poor. Such men take advantage of this law to keep the peons in their debt and so hold them in virtual bondage. But no such bondage exists at Miraflores. If a laborer who is in debt wishes to go, Don Maurizio will cancel his debt rather than keep with him one who is unwilling to remain."

"But such a need rarely occurs," said Doña Zarifa. "Few of our people ever wish to leave, and most of them have been born on the estate. We know them all, we think for them all, they are, as it were, part of our family: why should they desire to go?"

"There is something very charming in this feudal dependence of the employed upon their employers,—something softening and humanizing on both sides," said Derwent. "How different from the wide chasm and the bitter strife between labor and capital with which we have replaced it! But what is this?"

"The school-house," said the priest, smiling, as they paused before the open door of a large room, where about fifty children sat at their desks and a teacher stood before a blackboard. There was a simultaneous movement, as all present rose to their feet. Derwent did not enter, but, leaning against the door-way, watched the scene,—the pretty, dark faces, the shining eyes and gleaming teeth, the reverence with which the small scholars knelt for the padre's blessing, the caressing affectionateness with which those nearest Doña Zarifa pressed forward to touch her dress or kiss her hand. There was no servility in the last action. It was plainly as much an impulse of their admiring adoration as the same homage is from a lover. "Having the freedom to do so, how could they help it?" Derwent thought. Looking at the beautiful, gracious figure of the young lady, as she stood in the centre of the room, smiling into the upturned faces, with one hand on the dark, silky curls of a tiny boy, he envied the children their privilege to express the feeling which she inspired.

"We did not linger long, on your account," she said, when they rejoined him. "Usually *el padre* hears the catechism and I distribute rewards to the deserving; but we let them off easily this morning, because I do not want to fatigue you, and I do want you to see our hospital, if you are equal to a little farther walk."

Derwent declared himself fully equal to it; and indeed his interest was so much roused that he forgot his fatigue. The hospital—a rather imposing structure built around a pleasant court, with cleanliness and space and sunshine everywhere—was as perfect in its arrangements as everything else on the hacienda seemed to be. There were only one or two patients in it at present; but everything was so attractive in appearance, and so well managed, that it was evident sickness was as little a misfortune at Miraflores as care and kindness could make it. And here, too, Doña Zarifa was like a young queen among her subjects, greeted with the same adoring reverence which the children had displayed, and repaying it with a tender interest and gentleness beyond words. Derwent thought that he had never witnessed a more lovely sight than when, unconscious that any gaze was upon her, she bent over a woman tossing with fever, renewed the cool bandages on her head, held a juicy lime to her parched lips, and, clasping the hot, dry hand between her own cool, soft palms, talked soothingly as if to an infant.

"I think, señorita," he said, when they were walking away, "that if you had sent me to that hospital when I was brought, a wounded, insensible stranger, to your door, it would have been as much as could be expected of you, and I should have been very grateful."

"I hope you like your present quarters better," she said, with a smile.

"Oh, yes,—since I have known them. But if I had not known

them I should have been only too thankful to find myself in such a place as your hospital."

But he did not venture to add what was in his thoughts,—“ Perhaps you would have come to see me *there* !”

CHAPTER X.

“ Do you feel able to join us at our mid-day meal?—we call it *almuerzo*, or breakfast, but you, I suppose, call it, like the English, luncheon,” said Doña Zarifa to Derwent, as they entered the house on their return.

“ If there is time for me to rest a little first, I shall be very happy to do so,” he answered. “ I am ashamed to confess my weakness, but I feel tired now.”

“ You will have an hour to rest,” she replied, “ and then, if you are not equal to the exertion, pray do not think of attempting to make it.”

“ Oh, I shall be all right in an hour,” he answered, confidently.

He did feel very much better when, an hour later, he made his appearance in the dining-room, where Don Maurizio greeted him cordially, and a tall, dark man rose and offered his hand with a smile of recognition. For an instant Derwent was puzzled. Then, like a flash, the scene at the mine occurred to him, and even before Don Maurizio said, “ Señor Barrera,” he knew who it was.

“ Señor Barrera wishes to express to you his sincere sympathy and regret for your wound. He has come, by my request, to talk the matter over, and after a while we will do so. But now you must sit down and take a glass of wine at once, for you are looking fatigued. I am afraid that my daughter and Padre Francisco led you to overtask your strength this morning.”

“ On the contrary,” said Derwent, “ I find that I am stronger than I thought; and I was too much interested while out to think of fatigue. I have been delighted by what I have seen of the hacienda.”

“ The arrangements are only what you will find on any great Mexican estate,” Don Maurizio answered; “ and if there is any advantage in favor of Miraflores it is owing to the fact that we give everything a personal supervision. My daughter visits the school and the hospital daily when she is at home.”

“ And Padre Francisco visits them when I am absent: so they are never without supervision,” said that young lady, with a smile toward the priest.

“ You liked our gardens, did you not?” Señora Peralta—who, Derwent learned later, was called Doña Luisa by every one in the house—asked, turning to him.

While he answered, expressing his admiration in the convenient adjectives of the French language, he divided his attention between the succession of well-made dishes placed before him, and the simple but elegant furniture of the room,—especially two graceful sideboards,

modern in design, but made of carved and inlaid Mexican woods, and a collection of beautiful china plates hung around the walls.

"You recognize the Sèvres?" said Doña Zarifa, following his glance. "I brought a good deal of it from Paris, and some of the plates seemed to me too pretty to be used for other than decorative purposes."

"You have spent some time in Paris?" he asked.

"I was there for three years, in the *Sacré Cœur*," she replied. "And last winter I went into society with my aunt—papa's sister—who lives there."

"It is needless to ask if you liked Paris?" he said.

"Is it needless?" she answered. "I don't know how that may be; but in fact I did not like it very much. I am afraid I was pining for Mexico."

"She absolutely likes Miraflores better than Paris," said her father, with a smile as proud as it was fond.

"How could I fail to like it better?" she said, simply. "All my occupations and my duties are at Miraflores; while in Paris I had nothing to do but amuse myself. And when one has nothing to do but amuse one's self, one very soon wearies of it."

"I am afraid that most young ladies would not agree with you," said Derwent, while he thought how eagerly the gay world must have opened its arms to one so beautiful and so rich. "For of course she was well introduced," he added to himself. "Don Maurizio is too thoroughly a man of the world to permit his daughter to appear anywhere except with the very best chaperonage." And he was justified in this opinion by the fact that the aunt of whom Zarifa had spoken was a French countess, well known in the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

The pleasant, informal meal over, Don Maurizio said, "Now, Mr. Derwent, if you will accompany us, I shall be very glad to interpret between Señor Barrera and yourself; and something like an understanding may be arrived at."

Acceding willingly, Derwent followed his host to a room on one side of the great passage of entrance, which Don Maurizio called his "private den." It was fitted up very much like an office, with large, official-looking desk, a well-equipped writing-table, and solid but comfortable chairs, and had altogether an aspect of practical business,—that aspect which a room always seems to borrow from the character of its occupant.

Lighting their cigars and seating themselves, the two men who had last met at the mouth of the Buena Esperanza looked at each other; and Derwent was impressed afresh by the strong face and the eagle-like eye of Barrera. "A man to strike quickly and strike hard, when his enemy was facing him, but not a man to shoot another from an ambush, or to cause him to be so shot," was his final decision.

"Señor Barrera wishes me to assure you," said Don Maurizio, after the former had uttered a few sentences in Spanish, "that he felt not the faintest enmity toward you when he was at the mine, and that if Fernandez asserts that he uttered any threats against you he simply lies."

"Tell him, pray," said Derwent, "that I have not the faintest doubt but that Señor Fernandez lies. I have never believed anything that he has said to me about this matter; and I am not surprised to find that he has lied throughout. Assure Señor Barrera that his manner to me at the mine was sufficient proof that he felt no enmity toward me."

Señor Barrera bowed with grave dignity when this was translated to him. "Tell the señor, *mi amigo*," he said, "that if he had bought the mine I should never have troubled him, for I should have known that he had done so in ignorance and good faith. But I distinctly warned Fernandez that if the mine was sold I should shoot *him*; and, believe me, I should not have lurked behind a rock to do so."

"I am very sure of that," said Derwent, in reply. "Ask him if he agrees with you in suspecting that Fernandez is accountable for my shooting."

But on this point Señor Barrera would not commit himself. He would only say that he believed Fernandez to be *capable du tout*, and that the motive attributed—to punish Derwent and at the same time throw suspicion on himself—was sufficient to account for the deed. But the *ranchero* at whose house they had spent the night had bad connections. It was possible that one of these had waylaid the party, in hope of plunder, and, finding a man lingering behind the rest, had shot and robbed him. "When I am suffering from a false accusation myself, is not the time to accuse another, without the most positive proof," said the Mexican, quietly.

"He is a fine fellow," said Derwent, *à propos* of this remark, "and if they do not stop worrying him"—for there had been official examinations and threats of arrest and imprisonment—"I will go and shoot Fernandez myself. I am very sure that somebody ought to do it on general principles."

"Barrera is under bond to appear as soon as you are able to testify concerning the affair," said Don Maurizio. "They cannot possibly prove anything against him, for his *alibi* is unimpeachable. But on Fernandez' testimony of the threats they will pretend to believe that he had the shooting done; and the result will be a heavy fine at least. He is a powerful enemy,—a man of great influence,—and they will never rest until they have ruined him."

"What can we do to prevent it?—anything?" asked Derwent. "I am ready to leave the country, if that will serve any good purpose. I am the only witness to the shooting. They cannot prove it without me."

"Fernandez is capable of declaring that you have been murdered and put out of the way," said Don Maurizio, smiling. "No, no; you must stay and face the matter. When is the deferred examination of the case to take place, señor?" he asked, in Spanish.

"In about two weeks," answered Barrera. "It was deferred so long because it was represented that the señor here could not appear sooner."

"Well," said Don Maurizio, "in the interval we must do our best to find the real criminal. That is the only hope."

"It seems a slender one," said Derwent.

He knew that it did not in any degree rest with him, however: so he sat by, smoking and watching the changing shadows over the wide plain with its luminous horizon, while the others talked in Spanish of probabilities and chances which they alone understood. Presently Padre Francisco, passing under the arcade, paused at the open window for a few words with the group. Don Maurizio and Señor Barrera each asked his advice on the subject they were discussing: he spoke with them for some minutes, and then, turning, said to Derwent,—

"Since you cannot do any more here, señor, and since it is not very amusing to listen to a conversation in a foreign language, suppose you come with me? It may interest you to look over my library. I have a good many English books."

"With much pleasure," said Derwent, rising with a sense of relief.

Joining the padre, they walked along the arcade, and presently turned into an entrance which led to a small and very charming court surrounded by cloister-like arches and full of cloister-like quiet. Not a sound broke the perfect stillness here. A few doves were walking about the pavement in the centre of the quadrangle, while the deep-blue sky looked down as if on something shut away from the world and open only to God.

"It is like a bit of a monastery or convent," said Derwent, glancing around.

The priest smiled. "There is the church," he said, indicating a large, pointed door-way opposite; "and here are my apartments close at hand, communicating with the sacristy. Enter, señor."

Derwent found himself in a sitting-room which had a mingled religious and scholarly atmosphere. The deep windows looked out on the distant hills; the floor was laid in tiles, like all the rest of the house; the walls were almost entirely faced with shelves filled with books, and a large writing-table was also partially covered with volumes, as well as with many sheets of manuscript; while immediately opposite the large chair that stood by it was a tall crucifix, the exquisitely-carved ivory figure of which was thrown into relief by the polished ebony of the cross. In the few vacant spaces on the walls, two or three devotional pictures hung,—notably a beautiful Madonna and a head of St. Francis of Assisi. Beyond, through a curtained door-way, was a glimpse of a chamber simple in its arrangements as a monk's cell.

"What an ideal spot for a scholar or a saint, *padre mio*!" said the young man, with a smiling glance around.

"Too ideal, I have often thought," answered the priest, gravely. "Saints are not made in flowery places, and Miraflores deserves its name in all respects. I could not reconcile it to my conscience to stay here if I were not under obedience. But my superiors think it a good place for me. There is certainly a great deal to do, not only on the hacienda, but elsewhere; for since the banishment of the religious orders the parish priests are not able to attend to all the needs of the people. And then I have leisure in which to write."

"You write for publication?" asked Derwent, looking at the workmanlike aspect of the table.

"Yes; that is part of my work,—after the care of souls, which is, indeed, included in it."

"You write, I presume, on religious topics."

"Can you tell me any great topic into which religion does not enter?" asked the other, with a smile. "I write on the social, the political, the philosophical questions of our times, into all of which religion enters deeply and vitally. But I did not bring you here to talk of myself or my work. Come, these are my English books."

He walked up to a division of the encircling shelves, and Derwent was surprised to find himself confronted with the works of every noted English writer, even the most "advanced" and destructive in their tendencies: apostles of free thought were ranged by the side of Roman cardinals, and all the brilliant modern essayists were well represented.

"Do you read these books?" he asked, unable to keep his surprise out of his voice, as he took down one of the most noted volumes of sceptical literature.

"Certainly," answered the padre. "How could I feel the pulse of the times otherwise? A physician must understand the disease for which he is to prescribe. But I confess that I have no very high opinion of your English thinkers. They are iconoclastic enough, but they have neither the logic of the French nor the scholarship of the Germans."

"You understand both of those languages?"

"Oh, yes: here are my French books, and here are my German. Perhaps they may interest you."

"What interests me more are these," said the young man, walking over to a range of vellum-bound Latin volumes. "There must be some rare old editions here."

"Yes,—if you care for such things,—very rare and fine," said the priest, with his dark eyes shining. What does a scholar and a lover of books like better than to find some one who can sympathize with his passion and appreciate the value and rarity of his treasure? Volume after volume was lovingly taken down, exhibited, and dilated upon,—all of them valuable, many of them so rare as to be worth more than their weight in gold. While they were thus occupied, time flew by unheeded; the shades of color on the distant hills had changed many times, and its mantle of golden sunshine was fading from the plain, when the sound of a bell suddenly ringing out on the silence of the court made Padre Francisco start.

"Ah," he said, putting down the volume which he held, "that is my summons. To-morrow is a feast, and we have the vespers this evening. Do you care to go into the church, señor? It is well worth seeing, the interior of our church. Go, then, across the court, and enter by the door I showed you."

Derwent willingly obeyed. Crossing the court, where the doves at his approach rose in a soft gray cloud above the arches, against the sapphire sky, he entered the door directed, and found himself in a region of mysterious gloom, where only a few starry lights here and there dissipated the obscurity.

Presently, when his eye became more accustomed to the twilight

atmosphere, he found that he had entered at the side into a church much larger and more handsome than he had expected to find. It seemed to him, indeed, that not even in Mexico had he seen anything more rich than the interior of this hacienda chapel. Beautiful tiles paved the wide nave, where many dark forms were kneeling,—men praying with outstretched arms, and women shrouded in the folds of their *rebozos*; fine carved wood-work rose in fretted arches, and around the high altar was a blaze of gold,—a splendid specimen of churrigueresque work, as he found later. On each side of the sanctuary lamps of exquisite design were swinging; but, as he looked, the tapers were lighted on the altar, and its beauty was revealed and enhanced by their soft radiance. Padre Francisco entered with his train of acolytes, and then, “like the sound of a great Amen,” an organ-chord rolled out, and the air was flooded with noble harmonies.

Nothing can be more devotional than such an evening service,—especially in Mexico, where the faith and fervor of the people might move the coldest observer. Derwent found himself stirred by sentiments altogether unwonted, as he leaned in his dark corner, and when at length he heard the same rich, sweet voice that had haunted him since the evening before, float out in the beautiful strains of the Benediction hymns, it seemed only a part of the perfect harmony of sight, sound, and emotion which enthralled him.

CHAPTER XI.

A WOUNDED shoulder might not, perhaps, be thought a good preparation for a period of perfect enjoyment, but to the end of his days Derwent will never have any doubt that it proved so to him. Never will he fail to look back on the fortnight at Miraflores that followed his recovery, as the one enchanted time of his life,—that one lingering within the magic portals of fairy-land which almost all men or women know at some point on the journey of life. Generally it is not for long that any one lingers within those gates, and when once they are closed upon him who issues forth, he may wander far and wide without ever finding his way thither again. But while he is there, everything else that the world holds is forgotten,—sometimes even faith and duty,—and if there are any drawbacks to enjoyment, any pin-pricks in the spell of enchantment, he has no recollection of them afterwards.

Derwent in especial would have been quite positive that there was nothing of the kind for him in those magic days,—days of literal as well as metaphorical sunshine and flowers. Whenever he recalled them, he would see the deep sapphire sky looking down, he would hear the musical plash of fountains and inhale the fragrance of opening blossoms; pictures would rise before his eyes, now of cool, shadowy rooms with shining floors and arabesqued walls, now of the courts with their pillared arches and the Oriental-looking servants who glided back and forth, of the shadowy vistas of the gardens, of the rich splendor of the chapel, and amid all these varied scenes one central

figure always visible,—a graceful, gracious figure, with noble, princess-like ways, and a hand ever open to help and to give.

For this may be said for him, that if, despite his valiant resolutions, he was soon hopelessly in love with Doña Zarifa, it was less with the enchantment of her beauty—though this grew upon him day by day, as only real beauty does—than with the deeper charm of character which was revealed to him in her life, like the open page of a book full of noble thoughts and poetic words. He had never imagined anything at once so simple and so elevated as this character appeared. The contaminating influence of the world seemed hardly to have breathed upon it, and the lowering standards of the world had no place in a mind which had been trained in the highest school of thought and feeling. Indeed, somewhat to his surprise, he found the whole atmosphere of the house unworldly in the extreme. It was evident that to Don Maurizio his great wealth was chiefly valuable for the power it gave him of doing much good,—how much, it was only through chance references of Padre Francisco that Derwent learned; while Doña Zarifa seemed to give no thought whatever to her brilliant social position, with regard to the opportunities which it offered for pleasure and adulation. The pride, almost verging on *hauteur*, which had struck him as expressed by her face when he saw it first, was, he found, not that ignoble pride which is allied to vanity, but the higher pride that, dwelling in elevated regions of sentiment, can stoop to nothing lowering or even frivolous.

And yet how simple and charming she was! Trained chiefly by her father, and accustomed, therefore, to more liberty than falls to the lot of most Spanish-bred girls, she was frankly and entirely at ease with one whom she regarded as a stranger with a special claim upon their kindness from the fact of his having come to harm at their gates. It was a kindness that not even a man of duller perception than Derwent could for a moment have misunderstood. And he had no desire to misunderstand it. "I am a fool," he confessed to himself, ruefully, when the conviction of how it was with him dawned fully upon him, "but no one save myself shall know of my folly. I will simply enjoy this ideal life as long as I may, and when I go I will at least have the memory of one perfect woman to carry with me through life. A man should be grateful to have known such a creature, even though he can only worship her from afar."

Meanwhile, with a happy faculty of living in the present and forgetting all possibilities or certainties of pain that the future might bring, he enjoyed her presence and the sunshine of kindness which every one at Miraflores showered upon him. When he grew stronger, Don Maurizio placed a horse at his disposal, and then his dream of riding with Doña Zarifa found such realization as not many of our dreams do. It was true that they did not ride alone. Don Maurizio always accompanied them,—or, to speak more correctly, they accompanied him,—together with a *mozo*, or groom. But there was nothing in this companionship to detract from Derwent's enjoyment. More and more every day he liked and admired his genial host; and while listening to his graphic accounts of the country and its people, he could

look at Doña Zarifa, as she sat erect and square in her saddle, her habit correct enough for Hyde Park, but wearing a broad, sombrero-like hat to shield her face from the rays of the tropical sun. Never, he thought, did she look so beautiful as on these rides, when, after a long, stretching gallop across the *mesa*, she would turn and say, with a laugh like a child, "Was not that delightful?" while a pomegranate flush came into her cheek, and her eyes shone like dark diamonds under their silken lashes.

Then there were times when Don Maurizio would leave them, when he would bid them ride on while he paused with a group of laborers in the vast fields, or stopped to discuss the condition of his colts with their tall, dark-browed trainer; although when it was a question of anything so fascinating as the horses neither Doña Zarifa nor Derwent was always willing to be dismissed. Miles of pasture on the green hill-slopes of Miraflores were devoted to the stock which was its owner's chief pride, and nothing interested him more than improving the breed of his horses. Derwent, with the passionate fondness for horses which was part of his life-long training, soon knew the beautiful, gentle creatures as well as Don Maurizio himself. The rides were, therefore, full of interest as well as pleasure; and a part of every day was spent in the saddle.

One morning, as they were about to start, and while Derwent loitered under the arcade waiting for his companions, he observed that the *mozo* brought out two large bags, of the kind made throughout the country of a grass-like fibre, and hung them over the high pommel of his saddle. They were evidently well filled, and while Derwent wondered idly what they might contain, he heard a step, and, turning, found Doña Zarifa by his side.

"Have you come," he said, "to gratify my curiosity? I have just been wondering what those bags contain that Juan has placed so carefully over his saddle."

"I hope you will not be sorry to hear that they contain our lunch," she answered. "We are going this morning to a ranch on the lake; and since the distance is considerable, and my father has business there, we cannot return until the middle of the afternoon. Therefore I thought it well to provide against the pangs of hunger; for, though papa and myself could take some *tortillas* and milk at the house of the *ranchero*, you know that you do not like *tortillas*."

"No," he answered, with a slight grimace, "I confess that I do not. It is the only Mexican thing I don't like."

"Then you shall not be forced to eat them," she said, smiling. "We will take our lunch in a pretty place on the border of the lake. But papa lingers. You may put me up, Mr. Derwent, and we will ride slowly forward."

It was not often that Derwent had this privilege, for Don Maurizio generally lifted his daughter into the saddle as lightly as if she had been an infant. It was an unexpected pleasure, therefore, to hold out his hand, to have the slender, arched foot placed within it, to aid her practised spring into the saddle, and then to arrange her stirrup and habit. As, having done this, he glanced up to see if there was no

other service he could render, he caught the gleam of something like the handle of a pistol among the scant folds of her dress at the side of her short basque.

"What?" he said, involuntarily, "do Mexican ladies carry arms also?"

She laughed, as she drew out from a pocket at her waist the smallest and daintiest weapon he thought he had ever seen,—a silver-mounted pistol which lay in his hand like a toy, but which, he saw at once, was capable of doing deadly work.

"It is very beautiful," he said. "But may I ask why you carry it? If there is any danger, surely Don Maurizio and Juan are sufficiently armed to protect you,—not to speak of myself."

"There is no danger," she answered, a little haughtily. "How could there be on our own hacienda? If papa puts on his pistol when he rides out, it is more from habit than anything else; for there have been times in Mexico when it was not safe to be without arms. But when I wear a pistol it is only for amusement. I am very fond of shooting, and I have not tried my hand lately. I thought that there might be an opportunity to do so to-day."

"We will make an opportunity by setting up a target on the lake," he said, as he returned the pistol and mounted his own horse, as Don Maurizio came out, and, with an apology for delay, swung himself on his powerful chestnut.

Their place of destination was, it appeared, sixteen miles distant,—a short ride over the level plain for horses fresh and spirited as theirs. It was a part of the hacienda which Derwent had never visited before, and when they drew near the lake they found themselves in a more broken country, since one side of the beautiful sheet of water was enclosed by forest-clad hills rising abruptly from its edge.

There is nothing more charming than these lovely lakes which are scattered over a wide region of the plateau of Mexico. Blue as Como or Maggiore, only their own great elevation prevents their being surrounded by mountain-scenery as grand. If the heights that enclose them are not relatively as imposing as the Alps, they are none the less noble and majestic in outline, and absolutely enchanting in color. So it was with this lake on the beach of which the party from Miraflores presently drew rein. They were at its head, and so commanded a magnificent view of the shimmering azure water spreading for miles, bordered on one side by abrupt green heights that, with the haze of distance over them, were draped in robes of softest blue and purple, while on the other side of the liquid expanse the great plain stretched to meet the horizon.

"This is the most beautiful picture that I have seen in Mexico," said Derwent, as they paused to admire it. "What a paradise of color!"

"You will be glad to hear that we make the rest of our journey by water," said Don Maurizio. "Here is our boat."

A large, well-built row-boat, manned by four Indian oarsmen, swept around a headland as he spoke, and came toward them.

"Everything at Miraflores reminds one more or less of the 'Ara-

bian Nights,'” observed Derwent, “but really this suggests positive enchantment. We ride up to the shore of a wild and lonely lake, not a human being is in sight, and you do not even clap your hands as a signal of arrival, yet here comes a boat, ready to convey you where you will.”

“It looks mysterious, I admit,” said Don Maurizio, with a laugh, “but a message sent yesterday is the cause of the boat being ready, while our approach was not so unobserved as you thought. The house of the man who looks after the boat is near by, and we will leave our horses there.”

They dismounted, and Juan led the horses away, while the boat was brought up to a rocky point, from which they could step into it. Clean and well painted, with crimson-cushioned seats, the little craft lay lightly on the water as Doña Zarifa, with a smiling salutation to the men, took her seat at the rudder. “I like to steer,” she said, in answer to Derwent’s glance, as she gathered the cords into her slender hands. There was a moment’s pause, Juan came running lightly over the rocks, the luncheon-bags were safely shipped, and then they glided out over the shining water.

It was a day, a scene, an hour, of which to dream! Derwent was absolutely silent, as he sat drinking it all in, steeping his spirit, as it were, in the golden charm which he knew would be so fleeting. Every element of the beautiful picture added to his enjoyment; while, let his glance wander as it would over exquisite heights and broad stretches of gleaming water, it constantly returned to dwell on Zarifa, as she leaned back on the low seat, with the steering-cords in her hands, and her wide hat shading her face,—the “tressy forehead,” with its delicate tendrils of dark hair, soft and silky as floss, the dusky splendor of her eyes, with their golden lights, set under perfect brows, the fine straight nose with its arched nostrils, and the curving lips, forming, in Solomon’s words, “a thread of scarlet” on the creamy softness of her skin.

They rowed three or four miles down the lake, keeping sometimes near enough shore to be almost within the shadow of the hills, and at last entered a lovely miniature bay, where an opening in the heights gave a glimpse of cultivated fields and the group of buildings belonging to a ranch. Here they disembarked, and, while Don Maurizio went to transact his business with the *ranchero*, Derwent found a shady nook, arranged the boat-cushions in a seat for Doña Zarifa, and placed himself at her feet, while Juan kindled a fire at a little distance, where he proceeded to make coffee, to warm chicken (by holding it on a pointed stick to the fire), and to toast bread in a very deft manner.

“And what do you think of our lake, Señor Derwent?” asked Zarifa at last; for the spell of silence seemed still to hang over Derwent.

He roused himself with a start at the sound of her voice.

“I think,” he replied, “that it is like everything else at Miraflores, —simply perfect. Do not laugh; do not believe that I am speaking in exaggerated compliment. I mean just what I say. Whether the place is enchanted or whether I am, I don’t know, but certainly there seems to me no flaw or blemish anywhere. I have never before known

anything half so charming, and it makes me almost sad to feel that I must soon go back to the commonplace world, where all this"—he made a comprehensive sweep of the hand—"will seem as distant and unreal as a vision of sleep."

"I am glad that you think so well of Miraflores," she said, smiling. "As for going—well, I suppose that after a while you will have duties to call you away. But you can surely return again? Our gates are always open to our friends."

"It is very good of you to include me in that class," he said, flushing a little. "I feel it deeply; for what do you know of me? I may be the merest adventurer, a man unworthy of your notice or acquaintance, for aught you can tell. Why, your father has not even once asked me who I am, since I have been in his house! Such hospitality is fairly Arabian."

"Oh, no," she said, "it is only Mexican. And why should he ask you such a question? In the first place, you were in need of help: that was reason enough for opening his doors to you. And in the second place, do you think that he does not know a gentleman when he sees him? My father has not always lived at Miraflores, señor."

"Your father is the truest and the finest gentleman I have ever seen," said Derwent, quickly. "I think that with one glance he could judge a man. But such is his courtesy that if the judgment were unfavorable the subject of it would never be made aware that it was so."

"Not without need; but with need no man can be more frank than my father."

"I am sure of that, too. And frankness is a virtue I so much admire that I can do no less than practise it. Don Maurizio has asked me nothing, as I said; but I hope that he will feel interest enough to listen to an account of how and why I chance to be in Mexico."

"I am certain that he will listen with interest to whatever you care to tell him," said Zarifa; "but you must not suppose that there is any need for you to explain. Did you not say,—or imply,—when speaking to Padre Francisco and myself, that there was something in the nature of an affair of honor in what brought you here? In that case, no one would even wish you to speak of it."

"I said that I desired to make money, and make it quickly, in order to pay a debt of honor," he answered. "But I must not leave you under a mistaken impression. It is a debt of honor inasmuch as honor is deeply involved in it, but it is also a debt that will ruin my mother and myself if we must make it good out of our fortune. So that I have to consider the happiness of one parent, and the honor of——"

He paused abruptly. Had he spoken the two words trembling on his lips? He hardly knew. He only knew that he met a look of what seemed to him divine sympathy and comprehension in the eyes that rested on his own for an instant and then gazed away over the broad, dazzling surface of the lake.

"I see,—I understand," said the soft voice, very quietly. "There is a double necessity,—to save both fortune and honor. Well, señor, I

hope that Mexico may give you the means to do both. And it may be well that you should speak openly to my father of your wishes. He may be able to direct your attention to something as good as the Buena Esperanza."

"I could neither ask nor expect that," said Derwent, quickly. "It would seem like speculating on his kindness."

The dark eyes met his now with a glance of reproach. "Do you know a greater pleasure than that of helping another over some obstacle or trouble?" she asked. "Can any one know a greater pleasure? Why, then, should you wish to deny it to my father? If he can help you, he will. I am sure of that."

Derwent did not reply for a minute. Then he said, dreamily, "I find it strange to remember what a strong instinct, approaching to an inspiration, led me to Mexico. It seemed a wild thing. I had no knowledge of the country, I did not understand the language, I had not a friend among the people. But something bade me come; and here I am. It was the El Dorado of all my boyish dreams, this wonderful, mysterious land of the Aztec and the Spaniard, and I have found—ah, what have I not found in it!"

He broke off again abruptly. He felt that this would not do: his emotion was passing beyond his control. He seized it suddenly, as it were, and bade it lie down and be still. Then he added, with a smile,—

"That does not sound very much like an answer to your speech. Yet the point of application is this: that in a land of strangers I have found kindness, friendship, and, it may be, help. Is not my instinct justified?"

"So far," she answered, smiling also, "I think you have only found a bullet in the shoulder. But something more may come,—*si Dios quiere*, as we say."

"You don't know!" he said, impulsively. "It is worth a dozen bullets in the shoulder to be sitting here now! Everything is so perfect,—like your Mexican days,—it makes one feel for the first time what it is to live! But there comes Don Maurizio. And, by the bye, we have forgotten about the target-practice. Shall we not try it? Yonder is a water-fowl on the beach. Let me see you knock it over."

"No," she answered, as she drew out her pretty, toy-like weapon, "I have never yet killed a living creature, and I could not bear to do it. There is something terrible in the thought of extinguishing the spark of life,—the very breath of God,—which all the powers of earth cannot restore. But just beyond the bird is a scarlet cactus-bloom. I will strike that."

She raised the pistol, and, without seeming to aim, fired. The hills gave back the sharp report in multiplied echoes; and, as the startled bird flew away, Derwent saw the blossom hanging broken. The bullet had cut its stem.

"Dofia Zarifa is a wonderful shot," he said, showing the flower to Don Maurizio when the latter came up. "I am glad that she was not the person who aimed at me. I am afraid I should not have got off so easily."

"She has an unerring eye, and a hand that never varies," her father

answered. "Many a time she has beaten me at target-practice. Her training has been in some respects more that of a boy than a girl. But I am certain that every woman should understand the use of fire-arms."

"There can be no doubt of it," said Derwent, as he fastened the crimson cactus-blossom on his coat.

CHAPTER XII.

"I AM sorry," said Don Maurizio, coming out the next morning to find the usual group gathered under the arcade, around the great doorway,—to wit, Doña Zarifa, Derwent, the horses, and the *mozos*,—"that I shall have to disappoint you about our ride this morning. I find by a letter which I have just received that I must go on business to Eitzatlan, and it would not be agreeable to either of you to accompany me there."

"Of course not, papa," said Doña Zarifa, who was standing by her horse's head, feeding him with sugar, which the beautiful, intelligent creature took daintily from her hand. "And it is really as well—at least, so far as I am concerned—that the ride is deferred," she went on. "When I went to the hospital this morning, I found poor Benita wandering in mind, and my presence seemed to soothe her. So I will go back at once. *Adios*, my beauty,"—she patted the horse's arching neck: "are you sorry that you will not have to carry me this morning?"

"I am sure that he is, if I may be allowed to interpret his sentiments by my own," said Derwent. "And you are going to the hospital, señorita? I can say nothing against such a charitable intention; but before you spoke—so quick is thought—I was about to propose a visit to the *cañada*. Ever since you said that you would like a picture of it, I have been anxious to try what my efforts can accomplish in the way of a sketch."

"But I thought that you disclaimed any artistic skill?" she said, with some surprise.

"I said that I was not an artist. That is true. But I have a little facility in sketching from nature, though not much training. I cannot promise you a finished picture, but I may make a passable drawing of the ravine."

"I shall be delighted," she said. "I hope that you will try. And surely my absence cannot matter. You do not need assistance in your drawing?"

"Oh, yes," said Derwent, though he had the grace to blush, "I need your assistance to determine the best point of view,—that is, the one you would prefer. But I will take my materials and follow my own judgment. Then, when you have finished your charitable ministrations, you will perhaps come and tell me if you like my choice."

"Yes, I will come," she said, smiling. And then, without waiting to change her dress, she walked away toward the village on the other side of the gardens.

Derwent stood and watched her as long as she was in sight. The close-fitting habit showed every line of her statuesque figure and the

perfect grace with which she moved, as she passed down one of the shady avenues, her favorite companion, a beautiful greyhound, walking beside her, and looking as thorough-bred as herself. All around stretched the grounds, dappled with sunshine and shadow; while the long vista of the tree-arched avenue held only the one moving figure, as a perfect picture, in the heart of the green loveliness. Derwent gave a deep sigh. "If I could only paint that!" he said, half aloud, and then turned, with some confusion, to find Padre Francisco beside him.

"What is that you would like to paint?" asked the priest. "This view of the gardens? Yes, it is very charming. But is not that Doña Zarifa that I see walking away, yonder? How is it that your usual ride is not to be taken?"

Derwent explained, adding, "So Doña Zarifa has gone to the hospital to see some poor woman who is wandering in her mind——"

"Benita. Yes, she will die, I fear."

"And I am going to try and sketch the *cañada*. Will you come, *padre mio*, and see my failure?"

"I will come for a little while and see your success," the padre answered, "for I do not think that you are likely to attempt anything in which you would fail."

"I should not wish to attempt what I knew to be beyond my powers, certainly. But a man cannot always tell beforehand whether he will succeed in an effort, even when he thinks he may."

"If he has gauged his powers correctly, he can generally tell,—at least in some degree. You, Señor Derwent, know pretty accurately, I think, what you can do."

"I wish I did!" said Derwent, devoutly. "But I am like other men: misled by vanity, I sometimes essay tasks beyond my strength and fail. I shall probably fail in making this sketch; but I mean to try. Fortunately, I have sketching-materials with me; for I thought I would do something of the kind in Mexico. This will be my first attempt."

A few minutes later, with a portfolio under his arm and accompanied by the padre, he was on his way to the ravine, where he had spent many delightful hours since the day when he was first introduced to it. They tried various points of view, and it was finally decided that the sketch should be made from the pavilion. So Derwent settled himself, with the more satisfaction because he had a support on the railing for his book, and a roof overhead to keep away the intrusive rays of the sun. Padre Francisco lingered, talking pleasantly, until he was finally at work; and then, saying that his own work awaited him, he took his departure, with many wishes for the success of the picture.

As his slender, cassocked figure went down the glen, Derwent watched it with a smile, saying to himself that if his picture was a success that figure should enter into it. "Doña Zarifa will like that," he thought; for he knew how dear the gentle priest was to every one at Miraflores. He had heard from Don Maurizio that he belonged to one of the proscribed religious orders, which, robbed, exiled, and defrauded by the government, are yet quietly doing the work of God in poverty and obscurity all over Mexico.

The young man was thinking of that figure, and of all the long

line of such figures which had Christianized and civilized a savage people, as he worked with a facility that surprised himself. Perhaps the stimulus was the desire to gratify Doña Zarifa,—for love can do wonderful things and develop powers almost undreamed of,—or perhaps he possessed more talent than he had hitherto imagined. At all events, his sketch was growing in the most satisfactory manner, and he was so absorbed in its progress that he had almost forgotten to wonder if Doña Zarifa would appear according to her promise, when suddenly, in such quick succession as to be almost simultaneous, two shots rung sharply on the air, the last—a rifle-ball—just grazing his ear, and then flattening itself on the stone column beside which he sat.

The book dropped from his hand, and the sheet of paper on which he was sketching was borne by a current of air over the railing and fluttered unheeded into the current below, as with a violent start he looked up, to see Doña Zarifa standing on the path below, with a still smoking pistol in her uplifted hand.

In an instant he was by her side, for instinct told him that the shot had not been fired idly. "For God's sake, what is it?" he cried, gazing with astonishment at the pale, set face, the shining eyes, and the uplifted hand pointing so steadily without a tremor in the direction of the pavilion.

"There is a man, an assassin, behind yonder rock," she answered, in a clear, vibrant tone, pointing to a low, long boulder that crowned the hill which rose immediately in the rear of the pavilion. "I saw him about to shoot you, and I fired just as he had his finger on the trigger. His aim swerved, and he fell. I think I killed him."

"I will see," said Derwent, turning quickly; but she stopped him by a motion, and extended the pistol. "He may be merely wounded," she said. "Be cautious."

With no recollection of his weakness, he sprang forward and hastened up the steep ascent. Eighteen or twenty yards brought him to the boulder, and there on the ground behind it was the assassin, his rifle where it had fallen beside him. At the first glance Derwent thought he was dead, but on examination discovered that, though insensible, he was still breathing. Throwing open his loose white upper garment, the young man saw that the pistol-ball had entered his chest some little distance below the heart. A stream of dark blood was flowing from it; and Derwent's first act was to place his thumb on the bullet-hole. The next moment he heard a step, and, turning his head, saw Zarifa standing beside him, looking down at the man's face with an expression of intense pain. But she asked, in a hushed tone,—

"Is he dead?"

"No; and I am not sure that the wound need be fatal, if we can get speedy help. Can you go for it?"

"Yes, certainly," she answered, starting away impetuously. But before she had gone three steps she turned again, and, picking up the man's weapon, carried it a short distance away. "Have you the pistol in your hand?" she said. "Be on your guard: some of these people are very treacherous. I will soon bring assistance and Padre Francisco. I left him at the hospital."

When she was gone, Derwent for the first time looked closely at the man's face. It was dark, with finely-cut features and a tangled mass of black hair; but not even the closed eyes and relaxed muscles could soften its fierce and sinister expression. A desperado in appearance as well as in deed, he looked thoroughly capable of the dastardly act in which vengeance had overtaken him; and Derwent felt with a sense of shuddering horror, such as he had never before even imagined, that but for the strangely fortunate chance—or was it the mercy of heaven?—that had brought Doña Zarifa upon the scene at the critical moment, he himself would now be lying with his life-blood welling out and his eyes closed forever to the things of earth. The man must be indeed insensible who, having, as it were, felt the very breath of Death upon his cheek, is not thrilled by the touch of that great and terrible mystery. Nor was the thrill lessened by thinking of the hand that saved him,—the gentle woman's hand that had never before taken even the life of a bird, but that had not faltered in striking the murderer down. What a fire of fierce indignation had been in the dark eyes when he met them first! It was like the deadly flash of a sword from its sheath. He found himself recalling it with such a sense of conflicting emotion that it was well for him that the sound of quickly-approaching steps tore his mind from the subject. Padre Francisco had been met by Doña Zarifa before she had gone far, and he hurried on at once to join Derwent, while she proceeded quickly to the hospital, and, in less time than they dared hope, several men bearing a litter made their appearance.

With the practised skill of one accustomed to such work, the padre bandaged the wound, and the man was placed on the litter just as Zarifa once more appeared.

"The doctor will be at the hospital by the time you get there," she said. "Do you think, *padre mio*, that——"

"He will live?" the priest said, concluding her faltering sentence. "I cannot tell. He is still insensible, but I believe he will recover consciousness soon; and I shall stay beside him. Go home now, my child. This has been a great shock to you. Go."

But Doña Zarifa shook her head; and Derwent saw by her pallor and the expression of her face how much she was suffering. "I will go to the hospital," she said. "I can render assistance there——"

"None," said the padre, gently, but firmly. "You must go to the *casa*. If Don Maurizio has returned, send him to us; but you can do nothing. Take Señor Derwent with you."

"No," said Derwent; "my place is certainly here, to help you with your burden. But Doña Zarifa must go. It is too painful a sight for her."

"Nothing is too painful when one can do anything to help," she said. "But if there is nothing——"

She cast one more glance at the man on the litter, shuddered, and turned away. Derwent followed her with his eyes and with his heart, but an intuition told him that it was best to leave her alone, even if there had not been work for him to do. It was slow and difficult work conveying the wounded man to the hospital, where Our Lady of

Guadalupe stood above the door-way, as if to welcome all who came, and where he was laid down on a white bed,—the most wild, gaunt, bloody object that had ever come within those quiet walls.

CHAPTER XIII.

EXULTATION is the only word which will at all describe Don Maurizio's sentiments when he heard of that morning's work. He could scarcely think of Derwent's narrow escape, or of the terrible necessity laid upon Doña Zarifa, in his gratification at having the would-be assassin in his own hands.

"Now we shall know all!" he said. "Now the mystery will be cleared up! Nothing better could have happened,—if only the scoundrel can be kept alive until he confesses."

"I am afraid," said Derwent, "that will be difficult. He looks to me as if he were sinking fast."

They had just left the hospital, where the subject of their conversation was lying in a state of apparent insensibility, with the doctor on one side of his bed and Padre Francisco on the other.

"I do not think he is so near death as you imagine," Don Maurizio answered. "These Indians have wonderful powers of vitality. He will rally sufficiently to speak, and that is all we want. I have told the doctor to spare no effort to keep him alive and give him strength to do this. Our best hope, however, is from the influence of Padre Francisco. He will bring him to contrition and confession."

"Do you believe it possible?"

"Yes: I have seen it too often not to believe it possible. Men like this are different from your criminals, inasmuch as they are not able to rid themselves of the saving principle of faith. Like the devils, they believe and tremble. The justice of God is a very real thing to them,—the comfortable delusion that there is no such justice not having yet reached them; and when death comes, their overmastering desire is to make their peace with God as far as possible."

"I hope, for Doña Zarifa's sake, that this man may not die," said Derwent, after a short pause. "Does the doctor think there is any hope for him?"

"Not the least. The bullet is in his lung. It was a good shot: no man could have made a better. Why should she regret it? If she had not shot him, you would be dead; and there cannot be much doubt of the relative value of the two lives. And it will save him trouble if he dies now,—after having spoken,—for if he were to recover it would only be to be marched out and shot as a highway-robber. Such crimes are dealt with summarily here."

Derwent could not but smile. "In that case it will be better for him to die comfortably in your hospital, with Padre Francisco's gentle ministrations," he said. "But I am grieved beyond measure that Doña Zarifa should have been forced to an act so painful to herself, in order to save my life. It almost makes me regret that I ever came to Miraflores."

"Nonsense!" said Don Maurizio, good-naturedly. "If she feels any pain on the subject,—which I cannot believe,—it shows a morbid spirit that I would not have suspected in her. I am proud, myself, that she rose to the occasion so well. She should be grateful to have had the opportunity not only to save your life, but also to clear Señor Barrera of a very dark suspicion; as I am sure this man's confession will clear him."

"I hope it will," said Derwent; "but to take human life,—that is hard even for a man!"

"To take human life—the life of a cowardly assassin—when it is to save the life of an unconscious man at whose back he has levelled his gun!" cried Don Maurizio, with impatience, not unmingled with scorn. "I should feel no more regret for *that* necessity than for shooting a tiger in a jungle. Neither would you. Neither, I am certain, does Zarifa. The marvellously fortunate thing is that she came upon the ground just at that moment when her presence was needed."

"Yes," said Derwent; "if she had been a minute later I should not be walking here with you now."

He looked around, as if with a sudden sense of how near the peril had been, and how narrow the chance that he would ever look again upon the beauty of earth. Never had that beauty seemed to touch him more keenly than in connection with this thought. The long shadows of late afternoon were now stretching across the grounds through which he had watched Doña Zarifa walking in the morning, unconscious, as most of us are when the dark wing of Azraël most nearly overshadows us, that he might be looking his last upon that gracious form; the wide plain stretched into magical blueness afar to meet the luminous sky, the distant purple heights had a more mystic charm than ever in his eyes, and the fresh, delicious air seemed fraught with blessing. He had a feeling as if a new life were given to him,—a life divided from that of yesterday by the gulf of a great danger, and a life which was the gift (after God) of Zarifa. "It is owing to her that I am here!" he thought, with a rush of emotion, a sense that existence had become something dearer and more precious for that fact. "She will tell me that she would have done the same for any one, and I know that she would have done it for the poorest peon in Mexico. No matter. It was for me that she *did* do it. Nothing can alter that."

Almost oppressed with these thoughts, and also with the passionate desire to express them (in a modified form), he sought Doña Zarifa when he entered the house, but sought her in vain. He had by this time learned most of her haunts, but in none of them was she to be found. No one had seen her for hours,—not since, after having done everything that it was in her power to do for the wounded man, she had returned to the house and gone to her own apartments. She was not there, however, when Derwent, waylaying her maid, asked for her. "No; the señorita has gone out," Marcella made him understand. "I saw her pass across the court a short time ago."

It will not say much for Derwent's devotional instinct that it was only when he was altogether balked in his desire to express his grati-

tude to Zarifa that he thought of offering the same sentiment to God. Perhaps he would not have thought of it at all,—certainly not of taking his way to church for the purpose,—had not the atmosphere of Miraflores begun to tell on him. But he had a nature readily impressed by all things beautiful, and most readily by those which were beautiful in the moral rather than in the physical order. When he saw the whole household of Miraflores, and all those on the hacienda who were able to do so, gather every morning in the beautiful chapel for the most august of all acts of worship,—when he saw all day long men, women, and children passing through its open doors, seizing a few moments from their toil to offer a petition, to leave a thanksgiving, or simply to rest soul and body as in the shelter of a father's house,—the beauty of it struck him more than words can express. The lovely church, with its never-dying altar-flame and its atmosphere of infinite calm, seemed like the heart of all the busy life around,—a heart ever turned to God, yet also open ever to man, and full of holy thoughts and words as a censer is of fragrance.

Thither, then, he took his way, as the sun of the day which might have been his last on earth was slowly sinking behind the western mountains. Crossing the quiet, cloister-like court which led to the church, he entered by the side-door, and found himself in the soft, mellow gloom with which he was by this time familiar. As usual, two or three figures were kneeling here and there over the nave; but it was not until he had been in the church for several minutes that he identified one of them as Zarifa. She was kneeling on a *prie-dieu* just before the altar, her bowed head covered and her form partially concealed by the black drapery thrown around her. She seemed absorbed in prayer, and Derwent watched her for some time before she made the faintest movement. It was not until the dusk had deepened and the only light in the church was that of the flickering, golden radiance from the tabernacle lamps that she lifted her head, and, rising, glided across the nave toward the door by which he had entered. He followed her at once, and, when she paused for a moment under the pointed archway outside, reached her and spoke.

"Señor Derwent!" she exclaimed, with a slight start. "I did not know that you were here."

"Could I be in a better place?" he asked, in a voice that trembled a little from emotion. "I came here to thank God for my escape from sudden and violent death. And, having thanked God, señorita, will you now let me thank you? Thank you! Ah, what a word that is to express such a debt! If I could only utter what I feel!—if there were only words in which I might venture to utter it!"

She lifted one hand with a slight, silencing gesture as she turned her face toward him. There was still light enough from the blue sky overarching the court to show him that it looked like a pale, beautiful cameo in the setting of the soft, black drapery of China crape which surrounded it. Yet, beautiful as it looked, Derwent was almost shocked to see what a change the last few hours had wrought. It was not only the pallor of the skin and the purple shadows under the eyes,—those shadows which come so quickly in a sensitive organization from illness

or mental pain,—but the very features looked chiselled and attenuated, as if by suffering.

"Do not thank me, señor," she said, with grave gentleness. "Thank God if you will, and as you truly should, that I was there in time. But how could I have helped doing what I did? It was no merit on my part. I saw and I fired. The two things were simultaneous. There was not an instant to be lost. I stepped down upon that path,—ah, how lightly, how unconsciously!—and some instinct caused me to glance up at the hill-side. The rest was like a flash of lightning. I saw the sunshine reflected on the barrel of that gun, I saw the man leaning over the rock and taking aim at you so intently that he did not perceive me. To see was to act. I had still in the pocket of my habit the little pistol we used yesterday; and do you think it was an accident that I had not taken off that habit? I felt one thrill of passionate indignation as I saw you sitting so quietly, so unsuspectingly, and that coward drawing his gun upon you behind your back, on the very soil of Miraflores!"—he saw the flash that came into her eyes at the recollection. "I fired, and I was glad to see him drop. Yes; I could not have believed it, if I had been told of it beforehand, but I was *glad*! The horror of what I had been forced to do did not come over me until I saw the poor creature bleeding to death. Then—oh, then it was awful! I do not think I can ever forget the sight!"

As she lifted one hand, with an involuntary gesture, to her eyes, as if to shut out the memory, he took the other and kissed it,—the hand that had saved his life,—so gently and so reverently that it was like offering homage.

"What can I say?" he exclaimed. "To spare you such pain, I would have done anything. Would to God I had never come to Miraflores, since my coming was to cost you what you have suffered to-day!"

She withdrew her hand and looked at him with a very sweet and pathetic regard. "You must not think that," she said. "I should be very sorry if you believed that I regretted it. How could that be possible? It was a great privilege to be allowed to interpose to save the innocent from the guilty. But that I am a little unnerved is surely natural. The peril was so awfully near. In another instant it would have been *you* who lay bleeding, dying, before me. The piteous sight of the other helps me to realize that. And then, while I thank God that it was spared, the picture of the poor wretch yonder in the hospital comes before me, and I shudder at the thought that he is suffering, that he will die, from a wound inflicted by my hand."

He saw that she was indeed thoroughly unnerved. Something in the tragedy had certainly stirred her nature to its depths. The fire that he had suspected was there,—he had seen it blazing in her eyes as she stood with the uplifted weapon that had struck the destroyer down,—but how soon it was quenched by gentlest pity and divinest compassion! His heart melted within him in the stress of his love and sympathy. Yet what could he say or do? Never had he felt more keenly how wide were the barriers between them than as they stood alone together in the soft twilight and the cloistral quiet.

"I feel for you more than I can or dare express," he said. "I understand what a shock it is to have had such a necessity laid upon you, and to have seen the result with your own eyes. It is vain to repeat that I would have done anything—anything whatever—to spare you. But we were both powerless; it was the work of fate——"

"No," she interposed, "it was the mercy of God that sent me there and placed the duty before me. That being so, what reason have I for regret? None; believe me, none. If I shudder at the memory of what I have seen, I am nevertheless very grateful—grateful beyond measure—to have been allowed to save your life."

He longed to take and kiss her hand again, as she said those words with the most earnest emphasis; but never could he less have dared anything that savored in the remotest degree of presumption. Not only the greatness of his obligation overpowered him, but, as she revealed to him (with unconscious reliance upon his sympathy which touched him to the heart) all the depths of her feelings, he was like one taken into a sanctuary, where the very atmosphere rebuked anything that inclined to selfish passion.

"Yes, you have saved my life," he said. "And I beg you never to forget it, for it is a thought upon which I shall always be glad to dwell. Life given to me through your hands seems to have a greater value than ever before, as a gift is cherished according to our feeling for the giver. God knows, I would gladly give this life to you, if you had any use for it, even the least. There is no service I could render you that I would not perform, at any cost. I know this as I know that I exist; yet how idle the words must sound to you! For your life is so full to overflowing of every good gift of fortune,—nay, let me say, every good gift of God; for fortune is blind, but God, seeing how worthy you are of these things, has given them to you in such abundant measure that there is no room for anything that I can do. It seems hard to owe so much and to be able to give nothing; yet there is a sweetness even in that. If one cannot give, the next best thing is to take, from—from one so gentle, so noble, so worthy of a man's best homage, as yourself."

He had no idea how his voice was betraying him in the treacherous twilight that threw its soft veil of shadow into the pillared archway where they stood. At the last sentence he stopped himself abruptly, and substituted other words for the passionate ones that trembled upon his tongue; but, as his voice fell, there was a minute's silence that seemed still to vibrate with the deep thrill of feeling in his tones.

Zarifa, standing motionless in her clinging black draperies, with her statue-like face and her eyes of soft gloom, had asked herself at one moment what she should do. But it was only for a moment. She had felt the next instant how entirely unconscious was his betrayal; and the strong self-restraint which was evident in his last words touched her deeply. She had to pause for a moment to imitate that self-restraint before she could answer. Then she said, with something wistful in the sweet music of her tones,—

"You are a little wrong. No life can be so prosperous, so well filled with the good gifts of God, that there is not room in it for the

kindness of a friend. I have been able to save your life. That is true. But it was an accident. Some day you may be able to do for me what will outweigh it as much as an act of deliberate intention outweighs an act of impulse. And if not,—if the opportunity is not given to you, for one does not make these things for one's self,—I shall know at least that you have the will to serve me; and that is enough."

"Surely," he said, moved almost beyond his power of self-control, yet quieted, too, by those exquisitely gentle words, "you must know it. I feel that my life belongs to you: you may never have any use for it,—that is most likely,—but nevertheless if at any time you summoned me, though it were from the end of the world, to do your bidding, believe me, I should come."

"I do believe it," she said, thrilled by the passion of his tone. "But let us say no more of this. All is understood, if not expressed. I, too, have thanked God for your safety. And now I must go and find how it is with that poor creature in the hospital."

He could not utter another word, but he walked by her side across the court in the lovely twilight stillness, and at the entrance they met Padre Francisco. He paused at sight of them, and Zarifa looked into his pale, moved face with a startled entreaty in her eyes.

"He has made his confession," said the priest, "and he has promised to repeat the part relating to his attempts on Señor Derwent's life to the proper officials. They are taking his testimony now, and it exonerates Señor Barrera entirely. But he is sinking fast."

"Ah, my God!" said Zarifa, putting her hand to her heart.

Padre Francisco extended a gentle hand and laid it on her arm. "My child," he said, gravely, "stop and think what a good thing such an end as this is for him. What is the natural life, when it is spent in forgetfulness of God and stained so deeply with crime that a violent death at any moment might send the soul into perdition? When such a life as that ends, by the mercy of God, with contrition, with penitence, and with reparation, is it not something for which to be devoutly rejoiced? Try to look at things by the higher light,—the light of God's eternal purposes. Your promptness and your courage saved a life. You are grateful for that, I know. But, believe me,—and I speak, who have seen the depths of this poor soul,—you should be far more grateful that your bullet has saved a soul. Never might such a grace have come to him otherwise,—the grace that sends him forth to the bar of eternal justice contrite, absolved, and fortified by the sacraments. Come with me now. I am going to the church for the Holy Eucharist."

CHAPTER XIV.

"NEVER was I more glad of anything in my life," said Don Maurizio. "The whole matter has proved to be exactly as I imagined."

"Do you mean," said Derwent, a little startled, "that it was really Fernandez who had the shooting done?"

"Certainly," the other answered. "I never had any doubt of it."

He is not a man to stop at trifles, that worthy Señor Fernandez. The opportunity was so tempting to punish you and throw the odium of murder on Barrera. But he overshot his mark: his instrument was not zealous enough in the first instance, and a little too zealous in the second. That is always the difficulty in employing instruments. Hereafter I should advise him to do his shooting himself."

"But how was it?" asked Derwent. "How did he arrange the matter?"

"The substance of the dying man's confession is this," said Don Maurizio. "He is a notorious desperado, a semi-outlaw, who if brigandage had not been made so unpleasant and dangerous to all concerned in it would have embraced that profession. As it is, he is known to have been concerned in many crimes. He is a cousin of the *ranchero* at whose house you spent the night, and chanced to be there on that occasion; although it is not likely that you saw him. Fernandez did, however; and probably his idea flashed upon him at the sight of such an instrument. The man says that he told him guardedly, but in language sufficiently clear to be understood, that you carried money, and that he was at liberty to shoot and rob you. He was kind enough to remark that it was not necessary to kill you outright, although if such an accident occurred he would not deplore it. That accounts for the fact that when the robber found you senseless he dragged you back into the road and left you alive. Had you been conscious, he would no doubt have killed you."

"How could Fernandez be sure that I would give him an opportunity, by falling behind the rest of the party?"

"He reckoned, it is to be supposed, on the coolness between himself and you, and on the fact that you could not talk to Aranda or the *mozos*. A man in such a case generally rides alone, and is easily left behind. He told this poor tool of his—whose name, by the way, is Lopez—that if he, Fernandez, were with you, no harm was to be done, but if he found you alone he might do what he pleased."

"The scoundrel!" said Derwent between his teeth. "That meant that if he found me a pliant tool I should be spared. He offered me the mine, with many plausible explanations, again that day, and I again refused it. Then he left me to the fate he had prepared,—the infamous scoundrel!"

"Certainly an infamous scoundrel," said Don Maurizio. "He left you coolly to your fate; and when he found afterward that things were not going very smoothly from his point of view, that you had found a powerful friend,—for I may say that of myself,—and that inquiry was growing hot upon his tracks, he met one day the man whom he had tempted to put his life in jeopardy, and taunted him with having done his work so badly, with having spared your life. 'You should have remembered,' he said to him, 'that dead men never tell any tales.' It is not likely that he meant by this that the work should still be done in a more satisfactory manner; but so Lopez took it. He fancied that it might be safer for himself if you were out of the way; and the result was simple. He hung about the hacienda, discovered that you were in the habit of visiting the *cañada*,—a place

that seemed made for his purpose,—and watched for you there with the intention of putting an end to Fernandez' taunts. The rest we know."

"Yes," said Derwent, "we know that God sent an angel to frustrate his purpose,—why, He alone knows! I am sure my life seems unworthy of being saved in such a manner."

"Think, then, of poor Barrera," said Don Maurizio, smiling. "He absolutely wept—and you know how much of the impassive Indian calm our Mexicans have—when he heard of the confession. I had sent for him, and he arrived just after it had been taken down."

"I do think of him, and am most sincerely grateful on his account, as well as on my own," said Derwent. "But what will be the result to Fernandez?"

"The result will be, of course, that he will deny the story, and his powerful friends will hush the matter up, probably. But it will put a quietus upon him in many ways. With such a charge hanging over him, he will make himself less obnoxious for some time to come."

"I shall let him know that if he crosses my path I will shoot him like a dog."

"He will not cross your path," said the other, significantly. "And if he does, you can afford to scorn him. The blood of this poor creature is upon his soul. Let that suffice."

Yes, it might well suffice, Derwent said to himself a little later, as he passed across the *patio* on his way to his own apartment, feeling exhausted by the manifold excitements of the day. Within the short space of twelve hours many things had occurred that he should never forget. That moment of close and deadly danger, the instant when he had seen Zarifa standing before him with her flashing glance and her lifted pistol, her womanly anguish at the sight of the fatally-wounded assassin struck down by her own hand, her swift summons of assistance,—these things were burned ineffaceably upon his memory. And not less vivid was the recollection of the moments in the twilight quiet of the cloistered court, when Zarifa and himself had stood alone together, and she had spoken with a confidence so touching that it had almost led him to a betrayal that he felt would be the depth of folly. Then he had walked beside her as she made one of the procession that followed Padre Francisco as, with accompanying acolytes, with shining tapers and silver bell, and all the sweet and solemn state which the ritual prescribes, he bore the holy Host to the dying man. And what a scene that was upon which they entered! The hushed quiet, the kneeling forms, and the radiance of lighted candles, centring about the bed where he lay who in the morning had been a murderer in intent, and who now—oh, wonderful mystery of eternal love and pardon!—was to go forth on his last dread journey with that sacrament so fitly called the Viaticum of the dying. Zarifa knelt just outside the door of the room, shielded from observation alike by her black draperies and by the dusk of the court; but a few minutes after the communion, as she rose to go, Padre Francisco came out to her. "He wishes to speak to you," he said. "Nay, do not fear,"—as she shrank back: "what he has to say will not distress you. He begs you to come."

She could not refuse then. Derwent saw her gather herself together with a supreme effort, and very quietly—though pale as any statue—she followed Padre Francisco into the room. The young man almost held his breath as he gazed at the picture which she made, standing beside the bed, looking down, with a face which might have served a painter for that of the Mother of Mercy, upon the worn, brown countenance out of which the dark eyes shone with a calm and solemn gaze,—the gaze of a man whose regard is fixed upon eternity rather than upon time.

"Señorita," he said,—so low that she stooped to hear him, yet so clear that Derwent, leaning against the door, heard every word,—“I have asked you to come that I may thank you for saving me from the crime I should have committed this morning. I know that you are kind and gentle; I have thought that you might be sorry; and I wish to tell you that it is well for me that I am here. I have been a very wicked man,—my soul is stained with many crimes,—and it is likely that I should have died as I have lived, had you not brought me here, to make my peace with God. It is more than I deserve,—far more than I deserve, señorita. Thank God when you think of me, and pray for my poor soul.”

“So long as I live,” she answered, very gently, “I shall pray for you, and I shall have the Holy Sacrifice offered for the repose of your soul.”

“It is more than I deserve,” he repeated again. “Tell the señor whom I tried to kill that I thank God for preserving him, and I beg his forgiveness with all my heart. I have told the padre where his watch can be found, but the money, alas! is spent and gone.”

“Tell him,” said Derwent, when this was translated, “that I forgive him heartily, and that he need not trouble about the money. I hope that God may pardon him all his offences against Him as freely as I pardon those he has committed against me.”

“He is good,” said the dying man when these words were repeated. “Señorita, there is but one thing more. My poor wife and children,—if I could think that you would care for them——”

Dofia Zarifa placed her slender white hand upon his, as one who makes a solemn covenant.

“Be sure of it,” she said. “I will bring them here. I will see that they do not want, and that your children have the influences that alone will save them from such a fate as yours. My poor brother, be satisfied of this. See! to make you very certain, I will promise on the image of our Lord.”

She took from his breast a slender crucifix which the priest had laid there after the last sacraments, and lifted it to her lips. Then she touched it very tenderly to his. He looked at her with all his soul in his eyes, and, with a last effort of strength, took the hand which laid the crucifix again upon his heart, and kissed that also.

It seemed to Derwent, as he sat in his own room, somewhat worn out by these varying scenes, that the last was like the memory of a sacrament. Could he ever forget the expression with which that man had regarded the beautiful and tender face above him? And could he

ever forget the look with which Zarifa had lifted the crucifix to her lips to seal her promise to the dying criminal? "She is an angel!" said the young man to himself, with a rush of adoration which made his heart burn as if with sensible fire, "but she is as far above me, as far beyond my reach, as the very angels of God!"

He rose from his seat and began to pace to and fro, saying to himself that he must leave Miraflores, that it was impossible for him to remain longer and restrain the expression of the feeling which was passing beyond his control. "I must go before I have forfeited her friendship," he thought. "An insane outburst may do that any day, and nothing could be more hopeless or more presumptuous. What am I in her eyes, or those of her father, but a mere adventurer, a stranger to whom they have given hospitality in charity? And even if they knew me for what I am, and if the ruin both of fortune and of good name was not hanging over me, how could I dream of aspiring to the greatest heiress in Mexico? What was it some one said,—that her father would look only among the highest for an alliance for her? He is right. Yet where can any one be found who is worthy of her? Oh, my beautiful princess with the courage of a warrior and the gentleness of a dove, one man, who has nothing to offer you but the passionate homage of his heart, would thank God if he might only die to serve you!"

Presently he sat down again wearily in his chair. The lassitude that follows extreme emotion overpowered him. And then it was that he saw on the table a letter which had been placed there during his absence. He took it up with some awakening of interest, for it was addressed in his mother's handwriting. "It is probably an answer to the account of my accident," he thought, as he broke the seal. "And I have not given a thought to her anxiety. What a selfish being I am!"

It proved to be what he imagined. His mother had just received the news of his wound, and the first pages of her letter were almost hysterical in their distracted anxiety. "I knew that something of this kind would befall you," she wrote. "I was sure of it when you insisted upon going to that savage and dangerous country! I have not had one hour's respite from anxiety since you left, and when I received your letter saying that you were going into the mountains to look for mines—and what *can* you want with mines?—I said to Sibyl, 'He will simply be killed. I am sure of it.' So the news that you have been shot is an awful shock to me, indeed, but no surprise. Under the circumstances, I suppose it will hardly surprise *you* that I am now making preparations to go to Mexico. It is a terrible journey to undertake, but I cannot stay here and think of you wounded, ill, dying perhaps, in some rude Mexican house,—for although you say that you are in a comfortable place I fear that you say so only to relieve my mind,—without attendance or care. I shall start as soon as possible and travel day and night until I reach you. I will go first to the city of Mexico, and from there I will set out to find you wherever you may be. Sibyl will accompany me. My own daughter could not be more sympathetic and tender. She comforted me when I was prostrated by

the shock, and it was she who suggested the journey to Mexico. Without her I could never attempt it; but she is so strong, so courageous, that she keeps me up, and she is making all the preparations for our departure while I am writing."

It is to be feared that when Derwent laid down this letter he uttered an ejaculation which was not very expressive of gratitude toward Miss Lenox. Few things could have annoyed him more than such a resolution as this on his mother's part, and, as if her own presence in Mexico would not be enough of an embarrassment to him, she must be accompanied by the person whom of all others he most disliked to meet. "Poor Sibyl!" he thought, with a thrill of compunction, "she does not deserve such thoughts from me; but, when any one is associated with a most painful memory, how is it possible to avoid shrinking from her? One thing at least is certain: this cuts short any possible indecision on my part. But for this, I might have found it hard to tear myself from Miraflores; but now the matter is taken out of my hands. I must leave, without fail, to-morrow."

CHAPTER XV.

AND without fail he did leave. It was like wrenching apart the very fibres of his being, but he knew that there must be no delay. In the first place, it was well that the wrench should be made quickly, and, secondly, he was aware that his mother was quite capable of coming in search of him, as she had declared her intention of doing. He was sure that the hospitality of Miraflores would be equal to such a strain, but he had no desire to add to a burden of obligation which already he could hardly hope to repay, and he knew, moreover, that the journey would be very trying to Mrs. Derwent. The thing to do, therefore, was to go, and to go quickly. So the next morning he announced his intention of departure, giving the reason thereof.

Don Maurizio expressed his regret so cordially that it was impossible not to believe in the sincerity of every word. "I hoped that we should keep you a little longer, Mr. Derwent," he said, "and, now that this annoying matter of the investigation into your shooting is over, that we might have had a little conversation on business. But your mother's arrival, of course, makes it imperative that you should go. However, if you remain for any length of time in Mexico, I may see you there. I had not intended to go down for some weeks yet, but I think it will be well to take my daughter as soon as possible away from here. Yesterday's tragedy has been a great shock to her nerves, and the sooner she is away from its associations the better."

"I am sure of it," said Derwent, who felt like a reprieved criminal. The sentence of death—of separation to which he could see no end—that had been hanging over him was lifted; life seemed to flash back into his heart and veins: he was almost afraid that the irrepressible gladness of his voice would betray him. "I am delighted to hear of your resolution," he went on, "for Doña Zarifa's sake, because I am sure the tragedy *has* been a terrible shock to her, and for my own,

because I shall have the great pleasure of seeing you again, and my mother will be able to thank you for your wonderful kindness to me."

"What we have been able to do has been fully repaid by the pleasure of your society," said Don Maurizio. "Frankly, it has been long since I have met so companionable a man. You can be no stranger to Miraflores after this, Mr. Derwent. If you like us as well as we have learned to like you, there is no question but that you will come back."

"I would cross the world to come back!" cried the young man, earnestly.

After this, the farewell to Doña Zarifa which he had dreaded became easy. It wrung his heart to see on her face the pallor and purple transparent shadows of yesterday still visible, but even this had not power to damp the happiness with which he said, "I hope to have the great pleasure of seeing you in Mexico, señorita. Don Maurizio tells me that he will be there, with you, in a few days."

"In a few days, papa?" she said, with surprise. "I thought we should not leave Miraflores for some time."

"I find that it will be necessary for me to go down to Mexico as soon as possible," he answered, "and in that case it will not be worth while to return here before going to the Bajío. A few weeks in the city will do us both good. I will write to-day and order the house put in order for our coming."

Was it Derwent's fancy, or was there a light of pleasure in the dark eyes as they met his own? "In that case, señor," she said, with gentle graciousness, "we need not bid you a long adieu. It is enough to wish you a pleasant journey, and to hope that you may soon be able to relieve the anxiety of the señora your mother."

So, with a much lighter heart than he had fancied possible, Derwent rode out of the great gates of Miraflores, and looked back many times at the long arcaded dwelling on its lovely plateau, its soft cream-color thrown into relief by the green hills behind it, and the cross above its chapel pointing heavenward. At a turn of the road where he knew that the last glimpse was to be had, he paused and took off his hat, in final salutation to all that had been revealed to him there,—the boundless hospitality and charity, the kind and useful lives, the widely-diffused circle of good, the simplicity, the gentleness, and the happiness, which formed a golden atmosphere about the spot.

The third day after this found him entering the city of Mexico again, and hardly able to believe the evidence of the calendar that it had been little more than a month since he had left it to seek the Buena Esperanza. Although by no means sure how far Morell had been engaged in the business schemes of the redoubtable Fernandez, he had telegraphed him from Guadalajara requesting him to look at the hotels for Mrs. Derwent, and, if she had arrived, to keep her in the city. He was not very much surprised, therefore, to find Morell awaiting him at the station.

"Has my mother come?" was his first question.

"Yes: she arrived yesterday," Morell answered, "and had only been here an hour or two when I received your despatch and looked her up. She was very anxious about you, and much relieved to hear

that you were on the way to meet her. But, my dear fellow, what can I say for myself? I hardly know how to express my regret that such an accident should have befallen you,—something no one could possibly have foreseen."

"Unless it was your friend Señor Fernandez," said Derwent, dryly. "He not only foresaw, but planned, the whole thing, and had it executed."

"Derwent?" Morell exclaimed. He stopped—for they were walking together down the long platform—and looked at the other as if doubtful whether he had heard him aright. "What do you mean?" he asked. "That is a very grave accusation."

"It is a plain statement of a fact," replied Derwent. "The assassin came to finish his work, but was, fortunately, shot before he could do so. He lived long enough to tell the whole story, however." And then he related it briefly.

There could be no doubt that Morell was deeply and terribly shocked. "I knew that he was slippery,—very slippery,—and I suspected that he was a scoundrel," he said, alluding to Fernandez, "but I never could have imagined him capable of such dastardly villany as this. He wrote me that Barrera was certainly accountable for the crime."

"To fasten it on Barrera was his chief object," said Derwent. "By the bye, do you know how he obtained the bond to that mine?"

Morell had the grace to blush. "I do not know exactly," he replied, "but I suspect it was in a very unscrupulous manner. He told me that he could bring political pressure to bear. I suppose you think that I ought not to have sanctioned anything of the kind. But our bargain was that he was to get the mines and I was to sell them. I had no business to interfere with his manner of getting them."

"The receiver of stolen goods might say as much," observed Derwent, with scorn. "A man of honor does not wish to profit by dishonesty in any form. I tell you frankly that there is not silver enough in all Mexico to tempt me to touch a mine with a title acquired as that of the Buena Esperanza was."

"I hope you do not think that I shall touch it further," said Morell. "Henceforth I shall wash my hands of Señor Fernandez. I might endure cheating, but attempted assassination is a little too much. Here is a carriage. You can drop me at San Francisco Street, and you will find your people at the Hotel del Jardin."

"At least the shooting did you one good turn," he added, as they rolled out of the station gates: "it domesticated you in the hacienda of the Ormonds. I said to myself, 'What luck some fellows have!' as soon as I heard of it. And how did you like Doña Zarifa on acquaintance? Odd, wasn't it, our discussing her that day in the Alameda?"

"Did we discuss her?" said Derwent, who had a feeling as if the other took an unwarrantable liberty in even mentioning her name. "I never received greater kindness in my life than from every one at Miraflores. Don Maurizio picked me up in the road, you know. He is a magnificent type,—*grand seigneur*, yet simple, cordial, kind beyond belief."

"Oh, no doubt," said Morell. "But how about *Dofia Zarifa*? Is she as unapproachable as she looks? Or could a man venture to fall in love with her?"

"That would depend entirely upon the man," replied Derwent. "You have heard, no doubt, that fools sometimes rush in where angels fear to tread. I hope that I am at least not quite a fool. But tell me about my mother. How has she borne the journey?"

He was soon able to answer this question himself. He had hardly entered within the gilded iron gates of the *Hotel del Jardin* and taken a few steps along the wide gallery that runs around two sides of the immense quadrangle which encloses the beautiful old garden of the monastery of *San Francisco*, when he was met by a tall young lady, with frank hazel eyes and red-brown hair, who uttered a cry and held out both hands in welcome.

"My dear Geoffrey! how delighted I am to see you!" she exclaimed. "And you are really alive and well? What an awful fright you gave us! Are you not ashamed?"

"My dear Sibyl," Derwent retorted, "are not *you* ashamed to have let my mother come on such a journey? If you had only believed the explicit statements of my letter——"

"But we didn't believe them," she interposed. "At least your mother did not; she thought you were trying to spare her; and, seeing her misery, I thought the best thing for her to do was to come and satisfy herself. I am certain you would have thought so too, if you had been there."

"No doubt I should," he answered. "At least I should be a wretch to find fault with so much goodness, especially on your part. I am deeply grateful to you for undertaking the journey to accompany my mother."

"I am more than rewarded," she answered. "This is the most enchanting place I have ever wandered into. But come! Cousin Margaret is expecting you, and afraid, even yet, that you may be brought in on a litter."

He laughed as he followed her toward the door of one of the charming apartments surrounding the gallery, and paused in the sitting-room while she opened the door of the spacious chamber beyond, and said, gayly, "Dear cousin, here is your truant. Come and scold him."

The next instant Derwent saw the slender, black-clad form and pale, lovely face of his mother, with a wistful look in the deep-blue eyes, as she said, "My boy! is it really you at last?"

After the first eager questions had been answered, and Mrs. Derwent's anxiety somewhat reassured, Derwent found another surprise in store for him.

"You had no trouble in the journey, I hope?" he said. "It was too bad your having had to take it without a masculine attendant; for that is something you, at least, are not accustomed to, mamma. Sibyl, now, belongs to the new order of independent young ladies,—she would start out, with a maid, to go around the world,—but you are of the *ancien régime*, and I fear that it was very disagreeable to you."

"Oh, has Sibyl not told you?" said Mrs. Derwent. "We did not

come alone. I confess I should have disliked that very much; though of course, my dearest boy, I would have done that, or anything else, to reach you. But Frank Halbert came with us. It was very kind of him."

"Frank Halbert!" repeated Derwent, in surprise. Then he threw back his head and laughed uncontrollably. "Why, you organized a regular relief expedition!" he said. "What a picture you would have made coming to storm Miraflores!"

"You are very ungrateful, Geoffrey," said Miss Lenox. "It may be a laughing-matter to you now, but it was not a laughing-matter when we thought we might find you dying or dead. What could two women, in a strange country, have done in that case? One had to think of these things. So it *was* exceedingly kind of Mr. Halbert to accompany us."

"It certainly was, uncommonly kind," said Derwent, recovering his gravity, "and I beg your pardon for laughing. Halbert is a very good fellow always. Where is he?"

"I parted with him near the office just before I met you. He went in to make some inquiries. Ah, here he is!"

A handsome man of about thirty, well set up, with keen eyes looking out of a refined face, appeared at the partly-open door as Miss Lenox spoke. "So here you are!" he said, holding out a cordial hand to Derwent. "It is a satisfaction to see you still living; and upon my word, young man, I begin to fear this thing has been a hoax. You are looking very well."

"Oh, Frank!" said Mrs. Derwent, reproachfully, "I do not think so. He is pale and thin."

"I ought to be looking well," said Derwent, "if the best of care could make me so. I have been doing nothing but enjoying an ideal life and recovering my strength. My wound, however, is not yet healed, and gives me some trouble."

"You must have the best medical advice at once," said Mrs. Derwent, while Halbert looked at Sibyl and laughed.

"This is pleasant, is it not?" he said. "Think of our anxiety to reach the sufferer, our hurried journey without pause, our eager desire to relieve him from the discomforts he was supposed to be enduring,—while all the time he was 'enjoying an ideal life' and recovering his strength in the most satisfactory manner! I don't know what you may think of our journey to the land of the Montezumas, Miss Lenox, but I feel rather ridiculous."

"I do not," replied Miss Lenox, loftily. "We came to relieve Cousin Margaret's anxiety and to help her in any need that she might have for us. Of course, incidentally, we should have been glad to have relieved Geoffrey also——"

"But, since Geoffrey has behaved so shamefully as not to need relief, you are ready to put him aside severely," said that gentleman, smiling. "Come, now, is that quite fair? I am extremely sorry that you have taken such a long journey for such an insufficient reason, but I feel your kindness to my mother more than I can possibly express. And, now that you are here, don't you think you may find something to enjoy?"

"I am sure of it," replied Sibyl, frankly. "Since our anxiety about you was relieved by Mr. Morell's visit yesterday, I have enjoyed every sight and sound. Yes, on the whole, we will magnanimously forgive you for getting well before we came. And now tell us all about your ideal hacienda."

"I have only one improvement to suggest," said Halbert. "The hacienda is chapter second. Let us have chapter first,—the whole authentic account of the shooting, with the cause thereof."

Derwent hesitated for a moment. Should he tell the whole, or only part, of that story? Nothing would have induced him to mention Doña Zarifa's name in connection with the final tragedy when speaking of it to Morell, but these were his nearest friends and relatives: was it not right that he should let them know the full greatness of his obligation? So he told the whole story; and never was narrative listened to with more rapt attention. Three pairs of widening eyes were fastened on his face as he spoke, and when he finished Mrs. Derwent fairly broke into sobs.

"Oh, my dear," she cried, "what can we ever do to show our gratitude to those kind people? They have saved your life twice over. And that heroic girl! How I long to see and thank her!"

"I, too, have a great desire to see the girl," observed Halbert.

"I would go across Mexico to see her!" cried Sibyl. "Happy creature!—to be able to *do* heroic things, not dream of them! Geofrey, my respect for you has increased. There must be something more in you than I ever imagined, for fate to have selected you as the central figure of such a story."

"I played a very subordinate part in it, Sibyl," said Derwent. "My rôle was subjective altogether. All the honors belong to Doña Zarifa."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next few days were full of varied pleasure for the relief expedition, as Derwent still laughingly called the party that had come so far to seek him. Though he had spoken lightly, he was in reality very grateful to Halbert, as well as to Sibyl Lenox, and he was determined to spare no effort to reward them for their kindness. Consequently, he worked energetically in arranging expeditions of sight-seeing, in organizing all the details which make such expeditions pleasant, and in providing them with many glowing memories of the beautiful Mexican capital to carry away with them.

Even Mrs. Derwent enjoyed the novel and brilliant sights, the picturesque life, and the marvellous charm of the climate, notwithstanding her perennial surprise at the highly-civilized aspect of most things around her. "Why, this is like Paris!" she exclaimed, in her amazement, when she first saw the Paseo at the fashionable hour,—the roadway thronged with handsome equipages, which rolled down the wide avenue, fit for the triumphal progress of an emperor, with flashing wheels, gleaming harness, high-stepping horses, and all the outward paraphernalia of luxury and wealth, or paused for a few minutes in

the superb circle, where a band was filling the air with melody, just as the long, level rays of parting sunlight flooded the atmosphere and the surrounding scene with amber splendor.

"Like Paris!" repeated Sibyl. "Oh, no! Paris is tame, compared to this. The social part of the display may remind one somewhat of the Champs-Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne, but where else in the world will one find such a setting for social display as is here?"

"If it exists, I certainly do not know where to find it," said Halbert, looking around at a scene which is indeed almost without parallel in its beauty,—the splendid avenue, with its level straightness broken at intervals by magnificent circles embellished with heroic groups of statuary, and its long, leafy vista ending in the superb mass of the Castle of Chapultepec, the lovely outspread valley crossed by the gray arches of an aqueduct that dates from the Conquest, the picturesque mass of the city's towers and domes, and against the eastern sky the wonderful mountain-ranges, wearing such divinely lucid tints of color as no pen or brush can ever describe or reproduce, with the majestic summits of the two great volcanoes towering above, clad in the dazzling whiteness of their eternal snow.

Again and again Sibyl thanked Derwent for having provided the cause which drew them to this fascinating land. In the brilliant sunshine of days filled with color and fragrance, with loiterings in rich, dim churches and lovely old-world cloisters, in plazas filled with the life of the dark, gentle, courteous people, and on marble terraces below which spread the most beautiful of earthly views, all things painful and disagreeable seemed to fade into insignificance. Yet, solicitous as he was for the pleasure of the others, Derwent could not himself have enjoyed the picturesque scenes amid which they wandered had he not possessed one underlying consciousness, one constant thought, ever with him: "I shall see her again!" But for that, everything would have been a weariness which was now a delight. Only day by day the longing for her presence grew more insistent. Now and then it startled him. Now and then he roused himself from his dream of expectation to ask what he should do when the meeting to which he looked forward so eagerly was over, when there was no longer anything to sustain him in the hopeless pain of separation. "I shall not blow out my brains," he would think, "and that is the only thing of which I am certain. I shall live, I shall work, and perhaps after a while I shall grow used to it, as one does grow used to all forms of suffering; but beyond that I cannot look. Nor will I look. She is coming. I shall see her, I shall touch her hand and meet her eyes again, and that is enough."

But before she came there was a surprise, amounting to a shock, in store for him. It occurred one evening when, Mrs. Derwent and Sibyl having retired early, wearied by a day of sight-seeing, Halbert and himself were smoking together in the sitting-room of the former. The door was open, partly for the balmy air, partly that they might enjoy the fairy-like scene which the hotel and its garden always present at night,—the graceful encircling galleries lighted brilliantly with incandescent electric lights, and the rich tropical foliage of the garden fully revealed in the white radiance.

"I have never been in a place that charmed me so much as this," said Halbert, after a pause of some length. "I do not think it is the peculiar circumstances that make everything seem so enchanting. And, by the bye, Geoffrey, I feel that I ought to tell you something about those circumstances. It hardly seems fair to keep you in ignorance. Sibyl insists that it makes no difference; but I am not sure——"

"Sibyl!" repeated Derwent, staring at the other. He had never known Halbert so familiar before, for Miss Lenox, though a relative of Mrs. Derwent, was not at all related to the young man, who was Derwent's cousin on his father's side. "What are you talking about?" he asked. "What circumstances have occurred which Sibyl thinks do not concern me?"

Halbert smoked for a moment silently before he answered. Then he turned and faced his companion directly. "She has promised to marry me," he said, "and, although she assures me positively to the contrary, I fear the news will not be pleasant to you."

There was more than a moment's silence now. Derwent felt indeed as if he had been most unexpectedly knocked down. This was an event on which he had not reckoned in calculating the possibility of atoning for his father's wrong-doing. In all his considerations he had never considered the probability that Sibyl might marry before she attained her majority, and thus anticipate the time of settlement: in fact, there can be little doubt that the general opinion of every one about them had led him to fancy that he might marry her himself, if he chose to do so. The blow to his vanity (which really had been very little concerned) was not, however, the cause of his silence. He was overwhelmed by the terrible necessity of telling Halbert how matters stood.

But nothing was more natural than that Halbert should have misunderstood his silence. He said at length, in a low tone, "Geoff, I am more sorry for this than I can say. I feared it would be so, but Sibyl was sure that I was mistaken. She insisted that you never were in love with her, but I knew you could not have been associated with her so closely and fail to be."

"Sibyl is right," said Derwent, rousing himself with an effort. "I suppose it is because we have been associated so closely—almost like brother and sister—that I never was in love with her, though I know of no girl more altogether worthy of a man's love. As far as that is concerned, you have my heartiest congratulations; indeed, you have them in any case. But your news has been a shock to me for an altogether different reason. I am in terrible trouble about Sibyl's fortune."

"Geoffrey!"

"Yes: that is why I am here. When I looked into my father's affairs after his death, I found, to my horror, that he had used Sibyl's money in an unjustifiable manner. Of course he intended to replace it,—it happened, unfortunately, to be in a temptingly convenient form,—but death overtook him, as it has overtaken many another man, before he could repair what he had done. You may not have known that he was concerned in several unlucky speculations during the last years of his life."

"I suspected it," said Halbert. "In fact, it was whispered once or twice that he was very hard hit. But, when nothing seemed to come of it, I forgot the rumors. Geoff, my poor fellow, this is awful! How does his own fortune stand?"

"Very much impaired,—so much that when I make good the loss on Sibyl's fortune my mother will be very straitened in means. It was to save her from this, and also to save my father's honor, that I intended trying to replace what had been lost during the time that remains of Sibyl's minority. I decided that my best chance to make money quickly was here: so I came,—with what result, thus far, you know."

"You have not been here very long," said Halbert. "One failure signifies nothing. How have you been impressed by the possible chances?"

"I have been very well impressed. There is no place in the world, I am sure, where it is possible for the investment of a little capital to produce such large results. But time is needed to accomplish these results."

"That is the case everywhere. Only in dreams are fortunes realized in a day. Well, my dear fellow, as far as I am concerned,—and I know I can answer for Sibyl,—the time is yours. Neither she nor I will demand what has been lost, because we are well assured that you will repay it to the last farthing as soon as you are able. Only take care that you do not risk more than you can afford in the pursuit of it."

"I shall take care," said Derwent, "for I cannot afford to lose anything, and nothing is so near my heart as the payment of this debt. Frank, you are a true friend: I can never forget how you have taken this! I have no words with which to thank you, but I feel it more deeply than I can say."

"You have no reason to thank me," replied the other. "Merely as man to man could I do less when I have the utmost confidence in your honor and know that you are anxious to repair what is no fault of yours? Besides this, my uncle's good name is almost as dear to me as it is to you. I can never fail to remember that he put me on my feet when I was young and struggling. For the rest, it is not Sibyl's fortune that I have sought in seeking her, though of course it will be my duty to see that it is not thrown away. If it were legitimately lost, however, I should not mourn. We can do without it."

"You shall not need to do without it," said Derwent. "Your faith and confidence give me fresh courage. There are many more mines in Mexico besides the Buena Esperanza, and, God helping me, one of them shall yield back all that has been lost of Sibyl's fortune."

"And something for yourself too, I hope," said Halbert, smiling.

Not for a long time had sleep been so sweet to Derwent as it was that night. The consciousness of his cousin's friendship—so quiet, so undemonstrative, but so sincere, when tried by the test most difficult to man—seemed to revive his whole nature like strong wine. The faith that believed so firmly in his honor, and the sympathy that felt with him in his trouble, gave him that comfort which even the strongest

natures stand in need of. He knew now what a strain it had been to bear his burden alone, and he said to himself that, helped by such friendship, his strength would be "as the strength of ten" to redeem his father's honor and justify the confidence placed in his own.

Morning in Mexico is almost always what morning must have been in the primal Paradise. Nowhere else, surely, could the world have seemed so entirely as if it were freshly created and rejoicing in its creation. What floods of sunshine, what lucid skies, what enchanting atmosphere, what buoyant freshness of air, these mornings bring to the awakening earth! Merely to be alive seems joy enough, but, if other joy is added, then the fresh gladness of nature is like the special touch of an exquisite sympathy.

So it seemed to Derwent when he opened his eyes to the joyous brightness of another day in the land of sunshine; and all the brightness was tenfold enhanced when the first news that he heard on emerging from his apartment—brought by the messenger whom he had employed to call at the house every day—was that Don Maurizio and his household had arrived.

CHAPTER XVII.

DERWENT ever afterward declared that his mother simply and absolutely fell in love with Don Maurizio at first sight. There could be no doubt that she was as favorably impressed as he could have desired with the handsome man whose perfect blending of worldly polish and frank cordiality could not have failed to charm even the least susceptible to the effect of manner. Sibyl did not hesitate to affirm that she had never before seen so princely a man, and that the admirable results of a wound in the shoulder were daily becoming more apparent to her. Don Maurizio, on his part, was evidently much pleased with Derwent's friends,—with Mrs. Derwent's delicate refinement and Sibyl's spirited charm. He was most courteously prompt in paying his respects, accompanying Derwent, who lost no time in seeking him, back to the hotel for that purpose. His daughter, he said, would give herself the pleasure of calling later, and hoped the ladies would drive with her on the Paseo that afternoon. "For myself," he said, "I sometimes take out an English dog-cart, and if either, or both, of you gentlemen will accept a seat with me, I shall be very happy." Both invitations were accepted, and, waiving Mrs. Derwent's renewed thanks for her son's great debt of kindness, the stately *haciendado* bowed himself away.

But, if Don Maurizio had awakened enthusiasm in the breasts of these explorers from the States, what can be said of the effect which Donna Zarifa produced, with her surpassing beauty enhanced by a toilet fresh from the hands of the most consummate artist in Paris? Derwent, who had found that he could not trust himself to speak of her, had said very little of her personal charms, and so Sibyl's eyes turned upon him with a look of amazement and interrogation which almost provoked him to laughter. "What did you mean by not preparing us

for such a vision as this?" the look said. And indeed that perfect face, framed by a hat which was a mass of soft, curling plumes, was enough to provoke the inquiry. Yet to Derwent's eyes nothing could ever frame it so well as the graceful Spanish drapery in which he had seen it first, although he was glad that these critical feminine eyes should behold his princess in all the bravery of modern picturesque costuming.

Great is the effect of wealth. Who does not know this? Yet, to a nature not readily or deeply impressed by the accidents of life, its wonderful effect is a standing marvel which custom cannot stale. Derwent said to himself that if Doña Zarifa had been stripped of every accessory of fortune her noble beauty and still more noble character would have been none the less evident to him, and none the less adorable in his eyes. Perhaps he was right,—though the test would be a severe one, even for a lover,—but at least he had no reason to expect to find such eyes in others. There was nothing surprising in the fact that Mrs. Derwent was more struck by the surroundings of the young heiress than by her remarkable loveliness. The luxurious carriage which awaited them, with its handsome horses, liveried servants, and every appointment perfect as if for Hyde Park, brought home to her more vividly than all of Derwent's words the position and wealth of the people with whom his good fortune had associated him. As he passed the equipage on the Paseo, Derwent could not but smile at the expression of his mother's face as she lay back on the softly-cushioned seat, regarding with a look of perfect satisfaction the brilliant scene of which she was a part.

He was not surprised that, when they met at dinner, Sibyl's enthusiastic admiration overflowed all verbal bounds.

"She is simply the most beautiful creature that I have ever seen!" she said, referring to Zarifa. "I really did nothing but stare at her; for she is a perfect picture of loveliness. And when her eyes light up, and she makes that fascinating little Mexican salutation with the fingers, she is utterly bewitching. Geoffrey, if you were to swear until you were black in the face that you did not fall in love with her when you were out at their place, I should not believe you."

"There is no need for me to subject myself to such an unpleasant test, then, Sibyl," answered Geoffrey, calmly. "But I may be allowed to remark that it would be as sensible for me to fall in love with a royal princess as with Doña Zarifa. She is the greatest heiress in Mexico, and will no doubt make a great alliance."

"There is a very hackneyed proverb which it strikes me might have an application in this case," said Halbert. "We know what is said of a faint heart and a fair lady. The fair lady is here. May not the faint heart be also?"

"I really do not see," observed Mrs. Derwent, "why it should be supposed that Geoffrey would hesitate to offer himself to any woman, even if she is a great heiress. No one who knows him could suspect him of an interested motive, and he has sufficient fortune of his own——"

"My dear mother," interposed Derwent, with a gallant attempt to laugh, "the matter has not reached the point of even a contemplated

proposal. I have the honor to admire Doña Zarifa exceedingly, but beyond that my presumption does not venture."

"I am unable to perceive where the question of presumption comes in," said Mrs. Derwent, majestically.

Derwent did not reply, for he was indeed partly amused and partly irritated to perceive that his mother, having been disappointed in her long-cherished hope of seeing him marry Sibyl Lenox, had now conceived the brilliant idea of an alliance with Doña Zarifa. She would have shivered at the thought of a Mexican marriage before coming to the country, and especially before Doña Zarifa's wealth and beauty had dawned upon her, but now her imagination was eagerly at work. The romance as well as the solid advantage of such a match allured her greatly, and it was evident that she would not readily relinquish an idea so fascinating. Derwent, who felt too sick at heart with the hopelessness of his passion to argue with or laugh at her, strove to avoid the subject, and Sibyl, who was soon keen enough to perceive this, kindly seconded his efforts.

When they parted after their drive, Don Maurizio had said to him, "Come to see me to-morrow morning. I would like to speak with you on a matter of business." And Derwent lost no time the next day in keeping the appointment. More than ever now his resolve was set on replacing Sibyl's fortune in its entirety, and he knew that if he persevered in the intentions with which he came to Mexico, no one could better direct him toward the means necessary for his end than Don Maurizio.

The old Cardella *casa* is one of the most splendid of the palace-like houses erected during the colonial period of wealth and magnificence, in the city of Mexico. Derwent had admired its great sculptured portal and taken a glance into its spacious court when he had been in the capital first, but he did not appreciate all its stately beauty until he entered and saw the whole effect of the interior, which was at once fortress-like in its solidity and graceful in architectural detail as a vision of the Orient. Around the immense inner court, set with orange-trees and flowering shrubs and musical with the murmur of a fountain, were the domestic offices, while above, resting on Moresque arches that sprang from slender, clustered pillars, was the gallery, reached by two sweeping flights of marble steps, on which the family apartments opened. A king might have found himself not unfitly lodged in such a dwelling, Derwent thought, as he followed the servant who had received his card up the great staircase and into an apartment which reminded him of Don Maurizio's room at Miraflores. There was the same business-like air about this apartment, although it was more luxurious in its appointments than the one at the hacienda. Don Maurizio himself rose from a deep, leather-covered chair, and, putting down a paper, held out his hand in greeting.

"Mr. Derwent," he said, when they were both seated, "I have a confession to make, as a preface to a business proposal, and I will be quite frank in making it. Briefly, then, when you recovered from your wound in my house, and when I found that the stranger I had succored as a matter of charity proved to be a gentleman and a person of

whom one might wish to make a friend, I remembered prudence, and I felt that before admitting you to friendly intimacy I should know something about you as you are known at home. This does not offend you, I hope?"

"On the contrary," answered Derwent, "it is what I should have desired; for, naturally, a man who has all his life occupied a distinct and unquestioned social position is not anxious to appear in the light of a mere adventurer of fortune. And that, as I am well aware, is what I seemed to you. Well,"—he smiled slightly,—"I suppose you made some inquiries about me?"

"Yes. I wrote to an old friend, a man of the highest position, in New Orleans. And this, I may remark in passing, I did not because I needed assurance myself, but because it was an absolutely necessary step if I was to help you in a business point of view. Well, my friend's reply was so flattering that some day I will show it to you. Only one thing in his letter puzzles me a little. After speaking of your social position and your personal character in the highest terms, he mentions that you have recently inherited from your father a large estate. Yet, notwithstanding this, am I mistaken in believing that you have come to Mexico to make money in rather perilous ventures?"

"You are not mistaken," Derwent replied, whose resolution to be perfectly candid was taken with a quickness which surprised himself. "I have lately inherited a considerable estate from my father, and I have also come to Mexico to endeavor to make money in ventures which I hope may not prove perilous. If you were not so kind, I should hesitate before intruding my private affairs upon you; but, since you are good enough to take an interest in me, I hope you will let me explain why I have found it necessary to take this step."

"You spoke to my daughter, I think, of a debt of honor," said Don Maurizio, whose clear eyes were reading the young man's face as if they would read his soul.

"Yes," the latter answered, "and the story of that debt of honor is known at present to only one person in the world besides myself,—that is my cousin, Mr. Halbert. With your permission, I will tell it to you."

Then, in the briefest manner possible, he told it. The few, simple words were strong with feeling, and stronger still with purpose, as Don Maurizio, listening with an interest far removed from curiosity, perceived. When the story was finished he held out his hand. "I will do my best to help you, Mr. Derwent," he said. And no other expression of confidence was necessary.

"Now," he added, after Derwent had expressed his thanks, "let us consider the best means of helping you,—that is, of enabling you to accomplish your end in the shortest time possible. And here comes in my business proposal. You were, I believe, very favorably impressed with the value of the Buena Esperanza?"

"I have never seen a better mine," Derwent answered. "Nothing is needed but the proper application of scientific methods to realize a great fortune from it. But I have understood that Señor Barrera will not sell."

"He will not, but the other owners will. Their share of the mine has been offered to me. Barrera is anxious that I shall buy them out, put in machinery, and work the mine for a half-interest in the result. I have not the least doubt that it would be a good investment, and I thought of doing this before Fernandez extorted his bond. That bond has now been cancelled, and before I left Miraflores Barrera renewed the old proposal to me. I asked him if he was willing to transfer the offer to you, and he agreed to do so. Now, Mr. Derwent, this is a chance which does not occur every day,—not even in Mexico. What do you think of it?"

"Simply one thing," replied Derwent, without a moment's hesitation,—"that I accept it gratefully. I confess that it changes my plans materially; for my original intention was not to work mines in Mexico, but to sell them. As soon as I saw the Buena Esperanza, however, the desire to develop its splendid lodes came over me. Yet if I had taken the mine at that time I should have resisted the desire,—partly because I could not afford the necessary outlay of capital, but chiefly because I wanted to realize money quickly. Now, however, that immediate need is relieved. Time will be given me in which to pay the debt, and I think I can venture to risk the capital requisite for working."

"If you are inclined to allow me a share in the mine," said Don Maurizio, "I will assist you to work it."

"I shall be delighted to allow you whatever you wish to take," Derwent replied. "Could I do less, when it is to you I am indebted for the whole? Do you think I am indifferent to the fact that you have stood aside in order to benefit me?"

"I am too busy a man to undertake mining myself," the other said, smiling, "but with you as an active partner I have little doubt we shall succeed. I have long known the value of the Buena Esperanza. Were it otherwise,—were I not sure of this investment,—believe me, Mr. Derwent, after your confidence, I should not counsel you to touch it."

"I am not only sure of that," replied Derwent, "but deeply grateful for your thoughtful kindness. And no effort on my part shall be lacking to enable both yourself and Señor Barrera to realize a fortune."

"I think, from a purely business point of view, we will make a good triumvirate," said Don Maurizio. "Now let us resolve ourselves into a committee of ways and means and decide what the immediate expenses will be."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"It is simply like a dream of the 'Arabian Nights'!" said Sibyl, as they entered the great court of the *casa* Cardella, with its splendid space, its graceful arches, its feathery, broad-leaved plants, its fragrance of orange-flowers, its musical fountain, gilded galleries, and gleaming lamps,—for it was evening, and the American party had been invited to dine with Derwent's Mexican friends.

The porter who received them clapped his hands, in the Oriental

fashion of the country, and a servant in picturesque Mexican dress appeared and ushered them up the sweeping staircase to the door of a *salon* of superb size and proportion. Artistically-wrought columns of marble and onyx supported the frescoed ceiling, from which depended great Venetian chandeliers, forming, with their fairy-like prismatic beauty, masses of radiance which were reflected in the shining floor, formed of tiles as brilliant and highly polished as glass. Over this gleaming pavement rich-hued Eastern rugs were scattered in profusion, and numbers of low, luxurious couches were covered with soft Persian silk and heaped with embroidered cushions. From one of these couches a figure rose and came forward that was in full accord with the splendid room.

Even Derwent, accustomed to Doña Zarifa's beauty as he had become, was dazzled by it at this moment. She wore a gown of rose-tinted *crêpe de Chine*, which fell in lines of the most graceful classic drapery around her slender form, and all the borders of which were embroidered with silver in a Greek pattern. Her masses of dark hair were bound in a close high coiffure with fillets of rose-red ribbon studded with tiny silver stars, her beautiful throat with its melting lines was encircled by a necklet of the delicate Mexican silver-work she liked so much to wear, and on the rounded arms were bracelets of the same design. Into her girdle were thrust the exquisite rosy blooms of the cactus, and her noble head rose above the charming, classic dress like the head of a young goddess on an antique frieze. As she came forward, with her dark eyes shining, her lovely lips smiling, Sibyl could only say to herself, "Oh, poor Geoffrey!"

Derwent felt himself to be indeed an object of commiseration, and this feeling was sensibly increased when, after the party had been received by Doña Luisa, she presented a dark, slender, distinguished-looking man as "our kinsman, Señor Cardella." Into Derwent's mind there came at once the recollection that on the first day he had seen Doña Zarifa he had been told that she would probably marry her cousin, Señor Cardella, and an instinct told him that this was the man. He was a man who might have reconciled a woman to a *mariage de convenance*, a man to be possibly feared as a rival, yet even as a rival not to be disliked, for his manner was a delightful blending of the dignity of the Spaniard and the charming friendliness of the Mexican.

Keenest observation, however, failed to detect anything lover-like in his manner to Zarifa, and the reason why he had been invited to meet the American party was soon apparent in the fact that he spoke English perfectly. When dinner was announced, Don Maurizio offered his arm to Mrs. Derwent, Señor Cardella took in Sibyl, and, while Derwent hesitated, uncertain whether or not he was to have the pleasure of taking in Zarifa, she said to him, smiling, "Will you take Doña Luisa?" while laying her own hand on Halbert's arm.

It was a momentary disappointment; but when they entered the dining-room and grouped themselves around the beautifully-appointed table he found that, after all, fate, or some more benign power, had placed Zarifa at his right hand, with Halbert beyond. It was too small a party, however, for anything like private conversation. Led

by the genial host, talk was altogether general, and as gay and bright as talk mostly is when well-bred and cultured people meet around a dinner-table where delicate dishes are served by perfectly-trained servants and finest wines poured into sparkling glasses. The floral decorations were the same beautiful rose-red blooms of the cactus which the young hostess wore, and now and then, in the midst of the courses that proved a French *chef* in the kitchen, a distinctively Mexican dish was introduced, to give, as it were, a national note. "For we cannot allow you to forget that you are in Mexico," said Don Maurizio once, with a smile.

"Do you think that would be possible under any circumstances?" asked Sibyl. "Mexico has fascinated us so deeply that I am afraid we shall not be able to forget it even when we go home."

Besides the language in which most of the conversation was conducted, the only English thing about the entertainment was the fact that the group of men lingered a little over their wine and cigars after the ladies had left the room. The interval, however, was not long, and when they re-entered the *salon* Derwent at once perceived his opportunity to exchange a few words with Doña Zarifa.

She and Sibyl had been walking up and down the long, splendid room, while Mrs. Derwent sat on the special sofa of honor with Doña Luisa and talked French fluently. Both girls paused as the gentlemen entered, and Miss Lenox sank gracefully into a seat, while Doña Zarifa moved away to where a vase filled with great masses of growing heliotrope stood on a pedestal of Puebla onyx. She began to gather a few sprays, and the fragrance of the flowers filled the whole atmosphere around her. It was almost intoxicating in its sweetness, Derwent thought, as, while Señor Cardella paused by Sibyl, he moved on toward the lovely, classic figure and the dark, soft eyes with their glance of welcome.

"Are you gathering those sprays of heliotrope for me, señorita?" he asked, smiling. "Thanks: you are too good, to answer that presumptuous speech by giving me one. It is delicious,—I have never seen heliotrope bloom anywhere else as in Mexico,—but, if I might venture to say so, there is another flower that I would prefer to have."

"And why should you not venture?" she asked. "Surely you have learned that with our flowers at least we are generous."

"What are you not generous with? But your cactus"—he looked at the blossoms she wore in her belt—"is so entirely your own that I fear you would not care to give it to a stranger."

"Oh!" she glanced down, smiling, and blushing a little, "it is the cactus you mean? Well, frankly, I think the heliotrope suits you better. This, as you say, is specially for Mexicans."

"And may I not be adopted, in a degree at least, as a Mexican?" he asked. "Do you know that I am going to make Mexico my home for an indefinite length of time to come? And, more than that, I am to be your neighbor at Miraflores. Don Maurizio and I are to take the Buena Esperanza with Señor Barrera, and I shall personally direct the work. This, you see, will bring me within comfortable distance of Miraflores."

"Do you call sixteen leagues a comfortable distance?"

"Compared to a thousand miles,—yes, very comfortable. I can see you once or twice a month at least. I only hope I shall not become a dreadful nuisance."

"You could not possibly become that," she said, with the gentle gravity and sincerity he had learned by this time to know well. "I am very glad that you are to be near us, and that you are to have the Buena Esperanza, after all."

"I owe it altogether to you," he said, gratefully. "Don Maurizio did not tell me so, but I am sure that had you not interested him in my behalf he would never have thought of offering me this opportunity."

"I told him simply what you told me,—that you had a debt of honor which it was important you should pay," she replied. "He is very kind, my father, and always ready to help every one: so I felt certain that if he knew of anything which would enable you to accomplish your purpose he would tell you of it."

"He is more than kind," said Derwent, earnestly. "I can never forget his goodness. And as for yours,—well, language fails me when I try to speak of that. I can only repeat what I told you at Miraflores,—that my life belongs to you. And, when I say this, remember that I am not using the flowery language of compliment to which you are accustomed. I mean the words with our Anglo-Saxon literalness. It is yours by every possible claim,—yours because you saved it—"

She lifted her hand with a quick, deterring gesture, and he saw her cheek grow pale. "Do not speak of that," she said. "I try—I am trying hard—to forget it."

"But *I* do not try," he said, impetuously, "and I could not forget it if I would. It is as I told you: my life was given to me over again by your hand. So it is yours, whether you ever have use for it or whether you have not. And then there is another claim." He paused a moment, conscious that he was on the brink of betraying all he felt, filled with a sense of the utter hopelessness of any avowal, yet impelled by a power stronger than himself to speak. "Not only my life, but my whole heart is yours," he said; and when the words were spoken a sense of wonderful calmness took possession of him suddenly. He grasped, as it were, more than his ordinary self-possession. It was done. At least she now knew the truth, and he need no longer strive to tutor himself to play the part of a friend while the passion of a lover burned within him.

"I know that it is useless for me to tell you this," he went on, after a minute that seemed strangely long to both,—a minute in which he heard the murmur of voices, Sibyl's laugh, his mother's tones, and that would always be associated to the end of his life with the vision of a lovely down-bent head and the haunting fragrance of heliotrope. "I know that I may even forfeit the privilege of seeing and being with you in the intimacy which has taught me to know you. I cannot help it if this is so. Separation from you will be like death, but it is better than the effort to restrain my lips and eyes from telling you that I love you with an adoration which overwhelms me. It has come upon me like a madness, and I fear that it will not like a madness pass away,

for it is founded on the knowledge of what you are ; and what that is I have no words to tell you."

Perhaps, to the girl who had been surfeited all her life with words of adulation, this very reticence had an attraction and power. It was certainly not such a declaration as one of her own countrymen would have made, but the simple sentences seemed to go to her heart more directly for their very simplicity. She looked up, and something in the beautiful eyes sent a thrill of hope through Derwent's whole being. He drew nearer to her.

"My princess," he said, low and eagerly, "I am not worthy to utter such words to you, much less to hope that you could give me one thought of favor. But if my presumption does not make you banish me from your presence I am content. To be near you is enough,—for the present. I promise you that I will speak of this no more until I am a free man,—free from all claims against my honor, free to try and win your heart, if you permit me, as your father won another gentle Mexican heart in the years gone by. But if you could give me one word—one only—to live on until that day comes!"

"And what shall that word be?" she asked, with exquisite softness. "Shall I tell you that after you left Miraflores I felt a want,—a vacancy,—and I knew when I saw you again that life is a different thing when you are near? So I am glad that you are to stay in Mexico ; and perhaps some day you, too, will learn to love the land as my dear father has done, and then——"

"Ah, what a beautiful cactus-bloom, Geoffrey!" cried Sibyl, half an hour later, as she saw on Derwent's coat a rose-red flower which had not been there earlier. "Doña Zarifa has given you her national emblem, I perceive."

"We have gone through a little ceremony," said Derwent, smiling, "and I have received the cactus as a sign that henceforth my heart, at least, is to be Mexican."

THE END.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S "ELIXIR OF LIFE."

HOW HAWTHORNE WROTE.

IV.

[AT the point we have now reached, the arrangement of the incidents of the plot differs from that of the published "Septimius," though the incidents themselves are, as a rule, substantially similar. In "Septimius," for example, the character there named Doctor Portsoaken makes his appearance at about this epoch, and it is by the aid of his esoteric wisdom that Septimius is enabled to interpret some of the contents of the mysterious manuscript. In the present version, on the contrary, Septimius arrives at the solution by dint of his own study. Again, the relations between Rose and Sibyl Dacy are enlarged upon here more than in the published story; and the legends told by Sibyl and Nashoba differ in minor points in the two versions. Space is lacking to examine all these discrepancies in detail; but I shall try to bring out the more important ones. To begin with, let us glance at the series of maxims gathered by Septimius from the text of the manuscript. Their likeness and unlikeness to each other in the two versions are so interesting that I will give the hitherto unpublished series in full, referring the reader, for comparison, to "Septimius," pages 339-342 inclusive.]

PRECIOUS MAXIMS FROM AN UNKNOWN INTELLIGENCE.

1. Bask daily, for a convenient time, in whatsoever of sunshine thou shalt find; and lay in it the garments which thou art about to put on; for this kind of light and warmth has more virtues than are seen. In dark, wintry days, worship fire, but with the lattice of thy chamber ajar, lest thou shut up an evil demon along with thee, and he steal away the centuries of thy life.

2. Hate not any man nor woman. Be not angry with mankind, nor brute kind, thy neighbor, thy servant, thy horse, or thy dog,—save it be that thy blood run at any time somewhat cold and torpid, and thou require anger as a medicament, and the due measure thereof be not exceeded. Cast out from thy heart all passions that seek to rankle there; for such are a poison, and, moreover, work in deadly fashion against thy purpose. If in thy waking moments, or in thy dreams, thou hast fancies, thoughts, or visions of enmity and contention with any man whatsoever, strive quietly with thyself, first of all, to forget him.

3. If thy enemy may not be thus put aside, and nevertheless the sacredness of thy repose be utterly set at naught by him, take due counsel with thyself what is reasonable to be done; bethinking thee that thine own sore trouble is thy nearest concern, and that, in whatever case, it is better there should live one man in peace than two men in strife. The matter being ended to thy liking, sweep the remembrance from thy mind and heart, enjoying the rest thou hast earned.

4. Keep thy heart at some five-and-seventy throbs in the minute; else will thy life wear away more speedily than art can supply the waste. Think not overmuch of high matters; it will make thy respiration deep and irregular.

5. Drink not wine nor strong drink, nor obfuscate thyself with ale; taking heed that this rule is worthy in itself, and worthiest taken symbolically.

6. Kiss no woman if her lips be red and full; look not upon her if she be very fair; touch not her hand with thine if thou perceive thy finger-tips to thrill with hers. If thou love her, all is over, and thy whole past labor and pains have been in vain. Wherefore, on the whole matter, flee from woman, and better cast stones at her from a distance than salute her close at hand. She shortened Adam's days, and will shorten thine.

7. Have no friendship nor intercourse with a melancholy man, a passionate man, a great lover of his country, a madly benevolent man, a misanthrope, or any man whatsoever that has lost his balance and, according to the degree of his influence, will tend to throw thee from thine. For in this world we are as those who dance upon a rope,—a feather casts us on one side or the other. This rule is only for the first stages in thy progress; for, passing onward, thou wilt forget that so slight a thing as friendship ever was a toy for thee.

8. Walk at a steady pace, and count thy paces per diem. Nevertheless, run and leap and frisk as joyously as a young kid, but always of set purpose and to keep thy bodily life from stagnating in a pool.

9. Intermingle some decent and moderate degree of human kindness and benevolent acts in thy daily life; for the result, there is reason to believe, will be a slight, pleasurable titillation of thine own heart, and thy nature will be wholesomely warmed and delectated with felicitous self-laudation; and most beneficial is an admixture of such; for all that concentrates thy thoughts cheerfully upon thyself tends to invigorate that central principle by the growth and nourishment whereof thou art to attain indefinite life.

10. Do not, without special need, any act that human prejudices set down as evil; because such evil acts, so called, are apt to have a corrosive quality, and are unwholesome. Neither do any act extravagantly good, because one such act might be the seed of others like it, and so cover the whole field of thy life with a waste harvest.

11. From sick and afflicted people, maimed wretches, from persons in heavy affliction or extravagant joy (both being a disease, and of the same class), from teething and sickly children, turn away thine eyes and thine ears, especially if there be reason to think thou canst do aught for their easement; for wherein thou dost them good, there is much reason to fear that by just so much thou dost thyself harm. Come not near a corpse, for in the presence of death life oozes insensibly through the pores of the skin.

12. At convenient times, taking wholesome infants into thine arms, as if to kiss and embrace (thereby gaining their foolish mothers' good will), drink in their breath, which is special good to renew thy flagging life. Howbeit, beget not children for such purpose: it is buying the

drug at too costly a price. Likewise, take a morning draught of the breath of buxom maidens, so it can be done without unsuitable commotion, and solely as a medicinal drug; also, if the above drug be not convenient, the breath of cows, as they return from rich pasture, is very good, and pleasant to take.

13. Eat no spiced meats.

14. Practise thyself in a certain continual smile; for the outward aspect of benignity shall tend to compose thy entire frame of being and keep thee from much wear.

15. Search not thy head nor thy beard to see if there be gray hairs lurking amidst the brown ones; scrutinize not thy forehead in quest of wrinkles, nor the corners of thy eyes for crows'-feet. Such marks of time, being overlooked, are the more likely to disappear; being gazed at and made much of, they take heart and increase.

16. Desire nothing too fervently, not even life itself; yet keep thy gripe upon the possession of life mightily, quietly, unshakably; for so long as thou art really in the mind to live, Death nor all his force shall have power against thee. Men die, finally, because they choose not the toil and torment of struggling longer with Time for mere handfuls of moments. But to thee, under wise guidance, the struggle shall be as of a strong man with a child.

17. Walk not beneath old tottering walls, nor stand underneath a great stone as the builders crane it aloft, nor approach a precipice's edge, nor voyage at sea, nor confront the lightning, nor cross a swollen river, nor ride an ill-broken steed, nor offer thy bosom to the stroke of sword, the stab of dagger, or the shot of arrow, nor thy head to be beaten by a bludgeon; for these things are apt to be deadly, and are hateful and horrible, as making all good rules of no effect. By them the wise man may die, even as the fool dieth.

18. Say thy prayers at bedtime, so thou desirest thereby to gain the quieter sleep. Yet forget them, or disuse them, at thy convenience; they are superfluous, because thy whole life is a prayer, indeed, and a thought for life, and yet more life.

19. Change thy shirt daily, or hourly, if need be; thereby thou flingest off yesterday's decay and imbibest the freshness of the morning's life; which, moreover, thou shalt assist with smelling to roses, and all manner of fragrant flowers, with the dew yet on them. To no other end were flowers created than with their sweet breath to eke out man's life a little longer.

[We must now leave the manuscript, with Septimius's broodings over it, and his endeavors to import into its hideous materialism and selfishness some glimmerings of spiritual intent, and proceed to the intimations let fall as to its authorship. These are conveyed by two legends, related by Sibyl and by Aunt Nashoba respectively, and portraying the mysterious man of magic first pursuing his mystic researches in England, and then vanishing, to reappear in the wilderness of the Western world. This man, of course, was the early ancestor of Septimius himself.

The legends, as Hawthorne wrote them, are long and given in great

detail. We can but glance at them, in order not to lose the thread of the story. They are preceded by a description of the New-England winter, coming with snow and gloom to Septimius's home and hill-top, and of the growth of the intimacy between Sibyl Dacy and the three other personages.]

The pitch-pines on the hill were bent down with the weight of snow laid upon them, as if they were doing reverence: a drift was piled over Francis Norton's grave, Nature, deeming it unfit that he should sleep there without some kind of distinction of the spot from ordinary soil, heaping it up with a mass of her frozen tears. Septimius trod out his path anew, breasting the storm that blew its cold, stinging particles in his face, following the old track as nearly as might be, but made to swerve aside, because the boughs, heavily weighted with ice and snow, here hung so low that he could not pass beneath them, and here shed their burdens in a mounded heap. Hither, too, came Sibyl Dacy, haunting the spot, and haunting him. And a strange familiarity grew up between them; they discoursed, sometimes earnestly, sometimes in a mood of wild, fantastic merriment. Again, the girl had fits of deep, sombre, unexplorable sadness, in which a medium of darkness and coldness—of death, as it were—seemed to separate her from all living beings. At times, too, there came another mood, in which Septimius instinctively recognized somewhat dangerous and deadly and malevolent, and fancied that there might be moments when she might creep behind him with a deadly weapon and stab him, and then exult with that wild laugh which, in her merry moods, made the woods echo with questionable mirth. But this phase never lasted long, and was followed by tears and low depression, low sobs, moans as of a child wanting its mother for some unspeakable grief.

Rose, Septimius's step-sister, became a tender friend to Sibyl; but even to her the girl preserved her mystery. She only said that she was under the guardianship of a certain Doctor Omskirk [the Doctor Portsoaken of "Septimius"], her nearest relation, an English physician of great skill, who had come to Boston shortly before the breaking out of the war, but had been shut up there with the army, and, though of peaceful purposes towards the Americans, perforce shared the predicament of their enemies. Sibyl was well read in poetry, knew music, and spoke several Continental languages with idiomatic freedom; and she often brought up reminiscences of sunnier climes than England. She seemed to be a sociable creature as well as a solitary one, and would come and sit by the winter fireside with Rose and Aunt Nashoba, who smoked her pipe in the deep chimney-corner, being deficient in those feminine and civilized instincts that impel women to keep their hands always busy with knitting, darning, sewing, or embroidery. Sibyl, likewise, seemed unable to follow these pursuits. She would hold out her little hand, and say that there was nothing her fingers were fit for except to play on the keys of a harpsichord.

Aunt Nashoba offered the girl a drink from her earthen jug; but she declined it, observing that she must take no drugs save those prescribed by Doctor Omskirk, who had invented one that would make a person live forever. Aunt Nashoba and Septimius both express interest in this, and the talk turns upon death. Septimius, as usual, abuses it; but Sibyl unexpectedly speaks in its defence. "You abuse your best friend,—the best friend of all of us," she said. "I will say a word in behalf of this poor, slandered relation, Death. As to our other blessings, I have reason to mistrust them; but I can see the kindness of a heavenly Father when he made life so uncertain, and threw Death in among the continual probabilities of our being, and surrounded him with those awful mysteries into which we vanish. Without him, we should plod along in commonplaces forever, never dreaming of higher things, never risking anything, never drawing a long breath, never conscious of a soul. Put a clod into the grave, and, behold, a spirit arises from it; as I have seen Doctor Omskirk put lead into a crucible and pour out gold."

"Come here, child, and let me feel whether you are flesh and blood," quoth Aunt Nashoba, protruding her brown claw. "I think you are an imp that people used to be haunted by in the woods. There was an imp that

used to bring live coals from parts unknown to light my great-grandmother's pipe."

"Well, imp or no," said Sibyl, "I know one pleasant use of a grave, and that is to raise flowers upon it. I can tell you a story to that purpose. It is a legend of an old English hall, that I used to hear in my childhood." And then, being invited by the others, she told them the legend of "A Bloody Footstep."

The footstep in question (she said) was imprinted, many hundred years ago, on the stone threshold of Smithell's Hall, in England. It appears as a red stain in the shape of a footstep; and on a certain night in each year the blood miraculously becomes wet. Smithell's Hall is one of the oldest houses in England. It is a timber framework, filled in with brick and plaster, built round the four sides of a court. Six hundred years ago, when it was repaired, it was still of unknown age. Within, it is rich, sombre, and stately. The visitor feels a chill, as coming into a haunt of people whose coffins, in long succession, have been borne out of the doors to the graveyard. Ghosts seem to glimmer along the galleries and to draw the curtains of the antique four-post bedsteads.

Here lived, in the Dark Ages, a certain learned man, the Baron of the Hall. He was said to be a contemporary of Friar Bacon, and many discoveries attributed to the latter were thought to have been really made by the baron. He investigated the secret things of Nature, and, among others, the problem of physical immortality. His aim was noble and unselfish,—to benefit the human race. But he presently convinced himself that he who would engross to himself more of life can do so only by depriving some other being of his due share; and he further decided that the victim must needs be a person dear to him above all others. Now, this person was none other than a beautiful and innocent girl, whose guardian he was, and who lived with him in the Hall.

She was to him like a luxuriant vine spreading its green leaves over the musty pages of his folio volumes and filling the old Gothic chamber with the fragrance of its bloom. On neither side, however, was there that flower of which the perfume is rapture and the expressed juice is a deadly poison,—the flower of Love; or, if it did exist, whatever the beautiful girl might have done, the baron at least had never owned it to himself. But he came to the conclusion that she—Sibyl—was the victim required by the spell. He might kill twenty others without effect; but, mixing Sibyl's pure and fragrant life with the other ingredients of the Elixir, it would be the draught of immortality.

He persuaded himself that the progress of the work depended upon his carrying out his purpose. But, on the other hand, there was no doubt a natural instinct, struggling in the deep dungeon to which he had confined it, crying out and making its voice come up, stifled, hollow-sounding, to his consciousness, warning him against doing wrong to this angel, who was given to him to keep his heart from utterly dying out in the stern and cold intellectual life which it was his tendency to live. But he would not hearken to the warning; and one day, in the old Gothic room, he plunged the dagger in her heart, and she died.

It was said that when, in his madness, he told her his purpose, and held the dagger drawn, the poor child, partly in despair, partly to save him from a portion of his crime by taking what she could of it upon herself, flung herself upon the deadly blade, and that when the breath had left her there was still a smile upon her lips, as if it had been sweet to her to give her life for his sake. For you can never think, unless you have gone through the experience, what a foolish delight a woman takes in letting herself be the victim of the man she loves. And, as they both found out in that last moment, she loved him as a woman loves, and he loved her as well as a man could,—that is to say, next to the thing that was closest to him.

Till midnight, the baron sat in his chair in the Gothic room, looking down at her as she lay, and wondering that he was not more moved than he found himself to be. But such men as he, by means of their intellect, build a wall of stone between themselves and their emotions, and stand looking coldly over on their own worst sorrows. Then he took up the body (for he had studied the whole matter, and well knew what to do) and bore it down the winding stair and out by the door to the ancient wood, where the Druids were wont to sacrifice their victims. There he dug a grave for her among the oaks, and left her to be changed into violets and daisies, and into another flower, which he knew would

grow up out of her very heart. But he had the hap to set his left foot in a pool of her blood; and his foot left a bloody track along the wood-path; and at the threshold of the house he paused, thinking how lonely the house he was entering now was; and the bloody footmark that he left there remains to this day.

The next day the baron left the Hall, and travelled through the world, leaving behind him everywhere the track of the Bloody Footstep. At the court of the king, the monarch frowned, and said, "My lord, your ancestors have fought knee-deep in blood for mine, but I think never one of them left his bloody footprint so near our throne. We like it not. Let our court-surgeon look to it, Sir Baron; and so farewell!" Finally the baron dared take his walks only at night, or during heavy rains, and was compelled to forswear the blessed sunshine. At length he returned to the Hall, and went to the ancient wood, and there gathered a bunch of strange crimson flowers, the most beautiful that were ever seen. He took them to his study, and there shut himself up for many days and nights: the servants saw his shadow thrown on the curtains of the windows: he passed to and fro, and poured out liquids, and sometimes seemed to bend down and scrub the floor,—washing out, as they fancied, the stain of his bloody footsteps. And one morning, after a night of storm and rain, the study was found empty, and the bloody track leading from it and away. On the table was a goblet, containing a few drops of a fragrant liquid, that evaporated away while they looked at it. The baron was gone, and was seen no more. He had distilled the crimson flowers into a drink of immortality, and had quaffed it off, and vanished. But from generation to generation the superstitious peasantry pretended to have seen a crimson footprint near the hall. And at intervals of a century it was whispered that a stately, dark, and melancholy figure was seen moving through the shubbery, or following, like a dusky shadow, the funeral train of some scion of the race, or stooping to gaze into the funeral vault, with a longing, weary, hopeless face, as of a tired traveller who can find no lodging. But, when observed, he would turn away, leaving, some said, a crimson stain behind him. After a certain term of years, the nearest heir took possession of the estate, and for two hundred years his lineage held it. Then they became extinct; and other claimants arose, contending for its possession. And the lawyers said that should Old Bloody Footstep (for by that ugly title was he called in the legend), or any of his lineal male descendants, appear, he would inherit a baron's title, and the estate of Smithell's Hall. One of the rumors concerning him was that he had been tracked to the seaport of Bristol, and that a crimson footprint had been seen on the edge of the quay, where a vessel had just sailed for parts beyond the seas.

At Smithell's Hall there are still cultivated some strange and beautiful crimson flowers, of tropical richness of hue and fragrance, like none others known. Scientific botanists make great account of them, but sneer at the tradition that the flowers grew out of the heart of the poor maiden of the Dark Ages and had in them the essence of a pure human life sacrificed to prolong another life. Some had tried to distil the immortal liquor from the flowers, but had failed, because to give them potency the seeds should be planted in a new grave of bloody death.

Such was Sibyl's legend, told with a mixture of affright at the horror of it, and yet with a strange inclination to laugh at its most tragic and dramatic passages. Telling a tale with the voice, one can run off into any wildness that comes into the head; whereas the pen petrifies all such flights. But Aunt Nashoba, taking the pipe from her lips, declared that it was a pleasant story, and that she believed it every word. "I am mighty curious in herb-drinks," she added, "and might have taught Old Bloody Footstep himself a thing or two, perhaps. And now, as you've told us such pretty things about him, I'll see if I can't remember a story that was told me by my grandmother, who was sister-in-law of her that was hanged for witchcraft. It shows that there must be some kind of truth in this notion of a drink that makes people live forever, because my story hangs upon that, too."

N.B. Latinize Aunt Nashoba's language a little; for, except as Lowell uses it, I hate the Yankee dialect for literary purposes.

"Let us hear it, by all means, Aunt Nashoba," said Septimius. Rose and Sibyl added their entreaties; and in the flue of the chimney, over Aunt Na-

shoba's head, was a great roaring voice of the wind, roaring and laughing, like some great obstreperous fellow who had taken up his position there and was calling with impatient glee for the next story, while applauding the last.

Aunt Nashoba's pipe having been refilled, she related a family tradition that seemed little qualified to settle Septimius's disturbed imagination.

"This hill right above our heads," began the old lady, "bleak and barren as it looks, was once the dwelling-place of a great sagamore. There was his great wigwam, and an Indian village stretching back to the great meadows. This sagamore, though he wore the Indian dress, and lived in their way of life, and had children and grandchildren of a paler red than their mother, was said not to be of the red race. The pow-wows said he came from Tophet. None knew his age, though their traditions declared that he had appeared among them in the times of their great-grandfathers, looking just the same as now, and, helping and healing them in all ways, had come to be their chief by a kind of natural necessity, because he was strongest, bravest, wisest, and (as the pow-wows said) had more of the devil in him than all the rest of the tribe together. But, above all, no one knew when, if ever, the great sagamore was going to die.

"This uncertainty perplexed and troubled the red race more than anything else. It was tedious and wearisome beyond all idea to be always governed wisely, to always live in plenty, never to suffer any defeat,—all which they owed to the great sagamore. What a wretched thing it was, too, for the eloquent counsellors of the tribe to be tormented because there was one who could make their eloquence seem childish babble, and their wisdom nonsense! Who could be brave, either, when here was a warrior who, they say, had drunk such quantities of the blood of his enemies that it oozed continually out of one of his feet? Had it been probable that he would die, say, after a dozen generations, they would have waited patiently; but it was known that the great sagamore had a certain drink, brewed from herbs, of which, every five hundred moons, he took a sip, and so renewed his strength. So he was absolutely deathless; and they must look forward to being always under the rule of one man. And, wise though his rule was, the tribe began to grow more stupid than Indians usually are, their minds losing energy from lack of use.

"They plotted against him; but the great sagamore saw through their childish schemes of murder, and defeated them, and laughed at them. The priests tried to kill the terrible old fellow by witchcraft; but he came down upon their incantations with a whole legion of imps, and put them to such shame that they almost gave up devil-worship in despair. At last they resolved humbly to state their side of the matter to the great sagamore and to throw themselves on his mercy. So a deputation went to the wigwam and tremblingly requested an audience. The great sagamore happened to be changing his bloody moccasin; but he looked at them in a stern and solemn way,—for naturally he had the aspect of a man who carries an awful doom within him,—and bade them be seated, and gave them a pipe, and gruffly asked them their business. They first filled the wigwam with tobacco-smoke, and under the veil of it they found such freedom as to lay the whole case before him. They said it was hard that one man should live while all other men had to die, and suggested that so great a warrior and hunter should go and tell his experience of life to the Great Father, perhaps advising him of some means to better the condition of the red men; or that so unequalled a wizard might go to that other dusky devil, where he so evidently belonged. They besought him, at any rate, to depart, since they confessed themselves unworthy to be any longer honored by his presence.

"The great sagamore scowled at them, and laughed at them. At his scowl, they fell on their faces; and at his laugh, they shook with convulsions, and tried to roll themselves out of the wigwam. But the terrible old wretch hallooed after them, and told them he consented to die, and that they should summon all the warriors of the tribe, and kill him in any way they best liked. So, with great form and rejoicing, they all took their weapons, and first they shot their arrows at him; but the flint arrow-points made no impression on his skin; and, if I have found one, I have found fifty of these very arrow-points, blunted with the toughness of his skin. Then, growing bolder with despair, and because the great sagamore made no show of resistance, they gathered round

him and battered fiercely upon his shaven head with their tomahawks and war-clubs; but the war-clubs splintered like pipe-stems, and the stone tomahawks struck fire against his skull, and crumbled into dust, because his skull was hardened with such long life. Then, as a last resort, they built a great pile of wood about him, felling an acre of pitch-pine trees, and heaping them upon him, and set it on fire; and it burned three days and nights, while they danced about it, in the tremendous blaze and smoke, and rejoiced because now they had got rid of the man that would never die. A ground hemlock grows in a circle, on the hill-top, where the middle of the pile was. The white ashes lay thick upon him as he sat, and the charred brands had blackened him; but there he sat, visible through the glow and whirl of the subsiding flames; and they thought how quietly and majestically he had died, as an Indian warrior ought, leaving this incombustible body as a memorial of the great soul that had breathed out in a whirlwind of fire. But, as the fury of the flames subsided, they saw clearer, and, behold, the great sagamore, in the middle of the glowing embers, sitting upon the mighty trunk of a pine, which was all one live coal, and calmly smoking his pipe,—this very same iron pipe of mine, which was white-hot,—as if that furnace-heat were just the atmosphere he liked best to breathe. At that sight they fell into utter despair, and resolved to build another pile of pitch-pines, larger than the first, and fling in their squaws, their children, and themselves, and all perish together, and leave the Undying One alone, since they could neither get rid of him, nor live with such an awfully wise man any longer.

"But as the stately figure of the great sagamore sat there, on his throne of an enormous coal, and with the flames quivering about his garments, he beckoned to them; and out of that realm of fire it seemed as if he were speaking to them from another state of being. He told them that he was weary of the world, and would look upon that man who should help him out of it as his greatest benefactor. But, old as he was, and wise as he was, there was one thing they had taught him, foolish as they were,—that the human race is only to be taught by its own follies, blunders, and crimes, and that in order to do them any good a man must be a fool, a sinner, and a blunderer like them; for as soon as he gets apart from them in any way he can do nothing. And now, he said, he would leave them forever, bequeathing them to the Black Man whom they worshipped. But before he went (for he could not overcome his tediousness and authoritativeness of which the poor Indians complained) he preached them a long sermon out of the midst of the fire, giving them the best of advice on all subjects, which they forgot as soon as his old back was turned,—except the recipe for an herb-drink, which was preserved, as you shall hear.

"Having ended his sermon, he arose and strode through the dying embers, and beckoned to his great-great-great-grandson (for the great sagamore had taken to himself a squaw in some past generation, and had a family, who were dead and forgotten long ago, save this one descendant), and said something to the young warrior in a low voice. Then, shaking off the ashes from his feet (as he did it, it was observed that that bloody foot of his was still crimson and wet, though it should seem as if the fire might have dried it up), he departed through the forest. And it was an evil day for the tribe; for their enemies rose against them and overpowered them; a pestilence swept them away; and the English killed those who were left, or poisoned them with fire-water. But the great-great-great-grandson aforesaid was still living when the English came, and he went to the chief man among them, and told him that he was of English blood, and asked him to take care of his son and educate him. And it is from him that we are descended. And when I die, I have nothing else to leave Septimius but the recipe of that herb-drink which the sagamore taught us,—only he left out just one herb, for fear that any who came after him should be tempted to live forever.

"When I was a young woman, I used to look for the great sagamore's bloody track; and once, on the hill, I did see a line of bloody footsteps; but it turned out that Abner Garfield had cut his foot with an axe and gone bleeding home. But it startled me, I tell you!—But hear that old fellow laughing up there in the chimney! I shouldn't wonder if it were the great sagamore himself, holding his ear over the flue, and listening to his own true history!"

[It will be remembered that there is an account of this legendary Anglo-Indian ancestor in an earlier part of the story ; but the humor and vigor of this presentation give it the precedence. And the tale is much stronger and more convincing than the corresponding one in "Septimius."]

Now, touching the above legend, it may be pertinent to remark that Aunt Nashoba was of Yankee blood ; and it is a characteristic of theirs to tell any strange stories with a grave face, and yet, as I think, without the purpose or expectation of being seriously believed. As regards strangers, it seems to me my country-people give their imagination a license which they do not assume to so great an extent among themselves ; and so, perhaps, Aunt Nashoba fabled chiefly for Sibyl's benefit. She was a very queer and inscrutable old woman, and she may have had a notion, possibly, of capping Sibyl's tradition with one as strange, and made more grotesque by the unaccustomed imagery with which she herself was familiar. But she was a queer old woman, and in her witch-haunted mind may have believed the greater part of what she told, and no doubt had some family traditions around which she gathered the uncouth fragments of the legend. *N.B. Apply all this paragraph to Septimius, and to him alone.*

[Then follow several pages of reflections on the effect of the New-England winter upon the intellectual faculties. The mind "becomes a fiery power, and is capable of better things in the hard frost, because it has fewer outside things to enjoy, and so gets a stern and manful enjoyment out of its own action. The quality of the air, too, the sparkling northwest wind, puts the intellect upon its mettle by its brisk hostility ; suffering no sybaritish mood, and making friends with you only when you face it, and then in a few deep draughts giving you life and vigor for many hours thereafter ; and then the snowy atmosphere, covering deeply the earth ; the air all full of flakes, and the whole universe turned to snow, lying on the roofs, the window-sills, the boughs of the trees, along and half-way up the window-panes, slowly melting on the great logs heaped up on the hearth, and hissing on the hot bricks." Septimius, accordingly, is spurred to new diligence over the manuscript, and with increasing success. "A man's peculiar branch of study often seems to him of importance beyond all others ; because, when he gives a tug at it, hoping to pull it up, he feels the whole soil quake around him, and so conceives himself to have grappled with the whole universe in that one effort. So it is even with what seems an idle tale : that, too, slight as it is, wreathes its tendrils about human knowledge, belief, superstition, hopes, efforts, and, being taken only for a flower growing wild on our hill-side, with a fragrance of its own, we find that we have life and death and Providence and all the questions that man ever argued about, twined with its tendrils, so that here, too, we have hold of the moral universe.—*N.B. I find myself dealing with solemn and awful subjects, which I but partly succeed in putting aside.*"]

One day, after the spring had opened, Septimius was walking on his hill-top, when, to his infinite surprise, he beheld a stranger just ascending over the

brow of the hill. And yet it was not exactly surprise, because, like all men in perplexity, seeking they know not what, yearning for light, he had felt as if somebody would come to enlighten him.

The figure, it is true, was not in the least that of an angelic messenger, nor even that of one whom we should expect to be the bearer of deep earthly wisdom: not the kind of apparition, in short, from whom a young man looks for the word, the magic sentence, the sign, the hint, that is to begin for him the explanation of all this bewilderment of life and reduce its chaos to order. This was a short, broad figure, of a somewhat elderly man, with a red, rough face, on which, contrary to the general fashion of the period, he wore a bushy and grizzled beard. He had on a kind of foraging-cap, a blue surtout, and horse-man's boots, all of which served to give him a half-military air; while yet a pair of great spectacles made him seem of the owlish or student's genus. He had a German pipe in his hand (a strange implement to Septimius, who had hitherto seen no pipes but ordinary clay ones, and that iron pipe which Aunt Nashoba inherited from the famous lips of the great sagamore), applying which to his mouth, he sent out huge puffs of smoke, which the southwest wind brought to Septimius's nostrils and made him sensible of a rich and delicate fragrance. The stranger came slowly along on short legs, a squat, bluff figure, with protuberant paunch, putting himself, as Septimius thought, wonderfully at his ease; and the young man, slackening his ordinary pace, came as slowly up to meet him. When they were pretty near, the stranger planted himself astride of the path, as well as his short legs permitted, blew out a puff of smoke, and nodded in a gracious and familiar kind of way.—*N.B. Speak of his profanity very decidedly.*

"Mr. Septimius Norton, I presume," said he.

"That is my name," said Septimius, in his shy, distant manner.

"And I am Dr. Jabez Omskirk," said the stranger, holding out his hand, "late connected with the medical corps of His Majesty's army (a chemist, to tell you the truth, rather than a surgeon), which employment I quitted when His Majesty's troops (on the gentle suggestion of Mr. Washington's forces) quitted Boston. I saw no reason for accompanying them, and some very good ones for staying behind."

[I am obliged, though reluctantly, to omit the description of the visit and conversation of Dr. Omskirk, which is portrayed with a richness of coloring not surpassed in the book. Powerfully as the doctor's character is presented, however, the development which he gives to the plot at this juncture is not sufficient to warrant his full-length reproduction here. He announces himself as Sibyl's guardian, and says he has come to thank the Nortons for their hospitality to her. His talk and manner are mysterious, grotesque, and humorous; he evinces a singular interest in the hillock on the hill-top; he has much talk with Aunt Nashoba, in which each strives to outdo the other; he questions Septimius keenly about his studies, but fails to overcome the innate taciturnity of the young man; and at length he departs, leaving an ambiguous impression behind him,—the tendency being to regard him as a humbug, with an unavowed purpose in view. At a later period in the story Septimius visits him in Boston, and gets valuable information regarding the concoction of the Elixir.

Reference is now made to the relations between Rose and Sibyl: the former gradually wins the affection and confidence of the latter, though, in her confidences, Sibyl always seems to withhold some vital secret,—something which she buried even from herself. Rose half fancied, too, that Sibyl had some purpose in living with them,—some recollection that made her knit her brow, and brought flashes into her

eyes ; but these demonstrations decreased as time went on, and a certain gentle sorrow took its place.

Meanwhile, however, Rose's feminine acuteness had led her to think that Septimius was regarded by Sibyl with a strange sort of interest, though whether it more resembled hate or love she could not determine. The symptoms were contradictory ; one succeeded another ; and just as Rose had nearly decided to adopt one view of the matter, something would occur to make her incline to the opposite one. She would have spoken to Septimius on the subject, but his unapproachableness held her back, and she saw no reason to apprehend that he would conceive any attachment for Sibyl. Upon the whole, Rose could not but wish, much as she loved Sibyl, that this strange connection with her would come to an end, and that she would vanish into the mystery out of which she had come.

One day, the two girls, returning from a walk through the woods, came unexpectedly upon Septimius, who was bending down over the grave, having apparently found something of exceptional interest there. From this point we may take up our direct quotation from the manuscript.]

Sibyl laid her hand on Rose's dress, and drew her back a little, pointing with her finger at Septimius. "He has found a prize, now," said she, with a strange little laugh.

It was so strange a laugh that Rose, instead of looking at Septimius, looked first at her, and saw such an expression of mischief in her eyes and smiling out of her lips, all so brightening up the face with malign intelligence, that she half believed Sibyl to be a spirit of evil. Yet, at the moment when this sprightish, spark-like, elfish, impish merriment was at its height, an acute look of distress assumed its place, her eyes filled, she wrung her hands. "Woe! woe!" murmured she.

"What is the matter, Sibyl?" exclaimed Rose, in alarm.

"He has found it!" repeated she. "Look at him!"

This time Rose looked, and saw him bending over the mound, examining the spot with absorbed interest, apparently in some botanical specimen that he found there. Now he threw up his hands with a gesture of wonder, or, it might be, of thankfulness ; then he rose to his feet and clasped his hands, then knelt down again and examined the spot closer than ever.

"Come, let us go and see what he has found," said Sibyl, drawing Rose along. "I really did not guess, before, what an enthusiastic lover of botany he is!"

As they drew near the young man, she sent her voice before her among the trees, in a light, airy tone, in which Rose fancied she detected a malign quality, though at another time she might have thought it as cheerful as the note of a bird.

"What blossom has some angel dropped there that interests you so much, sober Sir Florist?"

Septimius, Indian-like, was at once as composed as ever. "Come," said he, quietly, "perhaps you can help me. I find here a flower that

I cannot account for. You, who have seen what wonders the gardeners of the Old World produce, can perhaps throw some light upon it."

"Oh, no, not I!" said Sibyl, laughing. "But I think, for my part, that earth corresponds with the state of the dwellers on it, and flowers of Paradise or poisonous herbs spring out of it, according to what sort of light comes from the eyes that look upon them."

"Then look here," said Septimius, quietly, yet with a sort of meaning in his tone that came there in spite of himself. "Look at these buds, just opening, and tell me what sort of a soil, or light from what eyes, could have caused them to spring up? Speak, learned professor!"

A crimson flower grew on the turfy mound, close to the ground; it had not been there yesterday, and hence was not quite in bloom, but closed its red petals over its heart. There was no stem to elevate it from the soil, no leaves, nothing but the flower, deep-set in soil, like a gem more than anything else, such rich color it had, such a glow, such a shine upon its petals. On such of its petals as were spread abroad there were spots of glistening jet: else it was all crimson. It seemed not a flexible flower, but there was a kind of fleshliness in the texture of its petals, and something singular in the way it clasped them over its heart, as if that, at all events, meant not to be disclosed. The sun shone full down upon it, as if to woo it out of its mystery, but it was still closely folded; and there were two or three drops of dew, or else some peculiar moisture of the flower, that appeared to ooze from the closed petals, out of its heart, and did not exhale: the rich color of the flower itself made them resemble drops of blood. And indeed, to one who knew the mystery of that little mound, it might have seemed as if the whole flower was a drop of crimson agony, in which the secret of death had burst forth from the virgin and innocent earth.

"What a strange flower!" said Rose. "Has it any fragrance?"

"Yes, such as it is," said Sibyl, bending towards it and expanding her delicate nostrils; then, shrinking back, "But I like it not! Ah! it makes me faint! Come, Rose, let us leave him with his beautiful flower he has brought to light. It should be called after his name, and make him live forever,—in scientific fame, I mean. The expanding *Nortoniensis*! Pah! it has an ugly smell, now I think of it."

With one of those freaks of petulance to which she was liable, she snatched the flower from the soil, whence it seemed to be drawn with difficulty, and flung it away with her whole force. Then, flitting away with sprite-like laughter, she called to Rose to follow her, and made her escape down the hill, looking back and clapping her hands as she saw Septimius standing stupefied with horror at the sudden destruction of the gem which Nature had just offered him, and which he could not but suppose to have a purport and potency which the act of the wild girl had annihilated forever. But neither she nor any one could have suspected what hopes, what immortal projects, he had connected with that flower; and now all was brought to naught. There is reason to think that Septimius spent the whole summer night on the hill-top, pacing to and fro, or flinging himself down and pillowing his head on Francis Norton's grave, and wildly gesticulating beneath the stars, and howling to the roar of the wind among the pines.

And, after all, there was no occasion for his distress. Nature—or whatever power aside from Nature had produced the flower—was not so niggardly as he supposed. As morning brightened, spreading crimson and gold for the new day to tread upon, Septimius threw his dull eyes upon the grave, which all night long had lain a black heap, and there he was surprised by an appearance as of gems glistening and shining, and a fragrance heavily ascending into the morning air. The hillock glittered with these sanguine blossoms, each on the same precise pattern as the first. He trembled, as if the buried one were reappearing in this form of a new flower. He grew faint; perhaps it was the sweet but heavy odor: the grave looked studded with fire,—or was it blood? He plucked one of the flowers and pulled it to pieces. There was no flexibility in the petals.

"It is not a flower," he said to himself. "Methinks it is a sort of scarlet toadstool."

Whatever it was, there was and continued to be a most abundant growth of it on the hillock, sanguine hearts breaking out continually. They had no roots, and lasted but a day in perfection, and the next morning were decayed, and their fragrance changed to something disagreeable; so that every morning Septimius's first care was to weed up the whole crop of yesterday and fling them away,—a task which he performed with infinite disgust and repugnance, shuddering as if he were touching the decaying mortality of Francis Norton. Was it indeed the rich growth of the heart of his slain foeman? How rich a heart must it be, if it could long supply such a daily crop! He must make haste to avail himself of it, if it were indeed available, since any day the production might cease, and he find only the ghastly heap of yesterday. Thus spurred and excited, he applied himself with more force and assiduity than ever to evolving the intricacies of the old manuscript.

[This must be the last of our extracts from Hawthorne's manuscript, either condensed or uncondensed. It remains to outline the remainder of the story, which moves on substantially the same lines as in "Septimius." Septimius is in urgent need of information as to what use is to be made (if any) of the crimson flowers in the preparation of his Elixir; and, Aunt Nashoba chancing to fall seriously ill at this juncture, it occurs to him to try the effect of putting one of the flowers into her favorite herb-drink. It was a risky experiment; and the poor old lady, either for that reason or some other, gives up the ghost soon after drinking the mixture. Septimius then, at Sibyl's suggestion, sets out for Boston to consult Dr. Omskirk as to the proper use of the flower. The doctor gives him certain directions, which he follows, and at length, after many trials, actually succeeds in producing a liquid which seems to answer to the description of the famous Drink of Immortality.]

Sibyl, who has all along presided over his efforts, without taking any actual part in them, is present on the night of his final triumph, and he invites her to quaff with him the magic draught and be the partner of his endless existence. He forecasts the successive steps of

this interminable life, specifying how he means to pass the centuries ; and she listens with a smile, and, when he pauses, ever asks him, "Well, and what next?" At length, when many thousand years have thus been passed, in imagination, he prepares to drink. But she snatches the goblet from him, and drinks before him ; and then, as he is about to take the goblet from her, she lets it fall upon the floor, and it is shattered to pieces, and the precious drink is spilled.

He cries out in rage and despair ; but she smiles, and presses her hand over her heart. She is dying, and she explains to him that the drink, instead of being an Elixir of Life, is a deadly poison. The flower from which it was distilled was not a flower, but a fungus, closely resembling in appearance the true flower of the legend, but of properties most opposite to it. It had been her original intention to encourage him to brew the poison, and to kill himself with it, she being abetted in the scheme by Dr. Omskirk. Septimius was her enemy because he had slain Francis Norton, whom she had loved, and who had ruined her ; and the doctor desired his death because he was the true heir of Smithell's Hall. But Sibyl had discovered too late that she loved Septimius, instead of hating him ; and therefore she had drunk the draught of death herself, and had saved the life of him whom she had plotted to destroy.

The next morning, Septimius had disappeared, and was never again heard of, though some said that he had gone to England and gained possession of the ancestral estates. Rose and Robert are married. Dr. Omskirk vanishes, in bad odor, his schemes having miscarried ; and the problem of the Elixir of Immortality is still as mysterious as ever.]

Julian Hawthorne.

THE END.

HER SONG.

"AND I would sing," she said, "some wondrous thing,
To lift high souls to higher planes of thought,
And I would wear a crown of fame all wrought
With jewels, and the world would hear me sing."
And, while she spoke, the sunlight fell around,
And crowned her with its glory, and a bird
Filled the bright space with music, while she heard
And wondered, and was silent, as spell-bound.
Then cried she, "God !" she cried, "and must I sing
While no one heedeth, even as but now
This bird hath sung and asketh never word
Of praise?" Then from her heart, song, triumphing
In joy, arose, loud, clear, and on each bough
The blossoms burst, and all the springtime heard.

Helen Grace Smith.

REMINISCENCES: MEMORIES OF ENGLAND.*

I HAVE many pleasing recollections of the poet Tom Moore, whom I met repeatedly when I was connected with the American Legation at London, during the administration of Martin Van Buren. Moore is deservedly one of the most popular of the modern English poets. His lodgement in the affections of the people was due mainly to his "Irish Melodies," for they touched the hearts of the people, everywhere, as the wind touches the æolian harp.

He thoroughly understood what belonged to human sympathies, and as a master he proved that knowledge in some of the most exquisite productions of a cultured fancy. It is hardly possible to select from the class of Moore's writings the best from the better. There is perhaps not a village in any of our States where some fair child cannot be found who will sing selections from Moore's Melodies and accompany herself on the piano. Some of them are so touchingly beautiful that they impress themselves indelibly on maiden memory. And thus the taste is cultivated and developed, and so it is that Moore is so well known and so popular in this day.

One of the delights of my residence in London was to meet, in certain special circles of society, literary celebrities. One of these prominent circles gathered around the charming Lady Morgan, who was as genial and accomplished as she was fascinating. She made her reception-rooms the resort of the famous literary men and women of that day. It was in 1838 that she was at the zenith of her fame. Her weekly receptions were among the most attractive in London. Lady Morgan's literary character is well known; she has written much, and possibly may be remembered best as the author of "The Wild Irish Girl." Lady Blessington, Count D'Orsay, Disraeli, N. P. Willis, Landseer, Sydney Smith, and, indeed, nearly all the literary people and artists of any celebrity of that day, were to be found, at times, at Lady Morgan's receptions.

Lady Morgan's sister, who married Sir John Clark, lived in Dublin. She had not the literary culture or ability possessed by her sister, but she was attracted by like society. Her receptions in Dublin were the resort of the prominent and distinguished members of the society of that city. Visiting her with a letter of introduction from Lady Morgan, opportunity was afforded me to enjoy her charming hospitality.

Once on occasion of a visit to Lady Clark she asked if I was dis-

* Mr. Vaux, who is one of the most interesting figures in the social and political history of Philadelphia, and who during his long and useful life has held many places of honor and trust at home and abroad, will follow up this instalment of his reminiscences with others dealing with his life at home, and the many distinguished Americans whom he has known. Mr. Vaux's active participation in affairs, his wide knowledge, and his intimacy with the leading men of his time give a peculiar value to his reminiscences.—ED.

engaged the following evening at eight o'clock. I accordingly waited upon her, and she said, "I am so glad you came, for I have an unexpected pleasure for you: I want you to accompany me to a musical party at Mr. O'Connell's." There were gathered there about fifty people, probably the selected celebrities of Dublin society. There was music and song and conversation. The harp and the piano were surrounded by a galaxy of brilliant and beautiful women and titled men, when a sudden silence pervaded the room. So striking was the effect of this silence that our curiosity was aroused to know what had caused it. My curiosity carried me to a group which was the centre of attraction. Crossing the room, a lady stopped me and said, "Isn't this charming?" "Will you pray tell me why?" I answered. "Tom Moore is about to sing some of his Melodies and accompany himself on the piano." To attempt to describe the effect of that half-hour, which is yet fresh in my memory, is next to impossible.

Tom Moore singing his own Melodies! Could there be a more signal instance of the charm of poetry and the delights of music? Tom Moore! When the circle broke up, and he left the piano, I was introduced to him. He shook me warmly by the hand, and, without relinquishing his grasp, took me to a sofa, where we sat together. "So, Mr. Vaux, you are from the United States?" said the poet. "Pray tell me, from which one of your sovereignties?" "Pennsylvania, and Philadelphia." "Oh! Philadelphia! Yes, yes: I remember my stay there: its Quaker citizens, their simplicity, earnestness, and quiet truthfulness, impressed me very much. Well, tell me, has it changed in latter times? I wish I was young enough to go back to America. I shall always regret some of the mistakes I made while in America. Unfortunately, they are written. Do tell me if I have yet some friends in your country?" Telling him that in the cities, towns, and villages of the United States everywhere Moore's Melodies were among the household gods,—that a traveller in any part of the United States could not fail to hear some of these Melodies sung, showing the just appreciation of their marvellous beauty,—he took me by the hand, and, turning his face towards me, with tears in his eyes, said, "Oh, is that possible?" Assuring him that he had friends, as this evidence must prove, and that he need have no fear but that his fame had an abiding resting-place on our side of the Atlantic, and trying to express to him the effect of what I had just heard, and saying that the recollection would be one of the treasures of my life, he said, "And really you were gratified?" He paused, and then remarked, "Let me sing you one farewell." He rose, went to the piano, the crowd following him from all parts of the room, and sang "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls."

When the applause ceased, turning to me he said, "I know my American friends remember 'The Last Rose of Summer,'" and sang with deep feeling that exquisite song.

He was then surrounded by the company: the conversation was of course animated, and everybody was delighted. A short time afterwards, coming to me, he said, "May I ask you a favor? I feel a little exhausted,—not very well; and possibly, as your carriage is here, you

will accompany me home." In a few minutes we entered the carriage, and, leaving him at his lodgings, I departed.

Tom Moore was a short man, with a clear-cut, classic face, round head, curly hair, and an expression such as you would expect from a man of his character, acquirements, and position. His manners were free from all taint of self-assertion, placid, genial, and he really was what you would expect the author of Moore's *Melodies* to be. He spoke of the United States without reserve, indicating a deep interest in the future of this country. His regret was sincere that he never expected to be able to visit America again, the land he loved so well.

* * * * *

The name of O'Connell suggests an incident which at the time was interesting. Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, Speaker of the House of Congress, and a devoted friend of Andrew Jackson, was minister to England. He was one of the most magnificent-looking men in appearance one need wish to see,—something like Sam Houston of Texas, only not quite so stout: his hair was nearly white, cut close to the scalp; he wore no beard, was straight as an Indian, and six feet two inches tall.

Of course he attracted attention everywhere. He was a great favorite in London, for his demeanor was singularly dignified and prudent. Graceful in manner, he was a cultured statesman and thoroughly educated in the political history of his country and of the times in which he lived. At one of those public banquets in London which it was proper for an American minister to attend he was selected to reply to the toast, "To the Diplomatic Corps." It is no exaggeration to say that his speeches on such occasions were received with what in the United States might be called "uproarious applause." In style, manner, and delivery they were so directly the opposite of a speech by an English statesman, that the charm of his style and the novelty of his manner carried the audience away. Having such a reputation, of course he was a favorite among all who knew him.

It seems that some political meeting was held, in Manchester, I think, at which Daniel O'Connell referred to "The American minister at the Court of St. James" in terms and with language that were wholly unjustifiable. This speech was reported in the *Manchester Guardian*. The American consul at Manchester sent Mr. Stevenson the paper containing this alleged speech, with a letter calling his attention to it, and commenting emphatically on the objectionable language.

At this time there was in London Ex-Governor Hamilton of South Carolina, who it was said was engaged in trying to prevail upon the English government to recognize the independence of Texas. Governor Hamilton was one of those gentlemen whose education and training specially fitted him for the duty assigned to him in London. There was also present, at this time, Captain Nicholson, of the United States navy, who, leaving his ship at Portsmouth for repairs, came to London to report to the American Legation.

When a copy of O'Connell's reported speech was received, Mr. Stevenson read it with surprise and indignation. The language said to have been used by Mr. O'Connell was so inappropriate and obnoxious

that notice was required to be taken of it. The gentlemen to whom I have referred, and one gentleman from New York and another from Boston who were travelling in Europe and stopping temporarily in London, were asked to give their opinion as to what ought to be done. Their indignation at Mr. O'Connell's language was unhesitatingly expressed. After calm consideration, recognizing Mr. Stevenson's official position, as well as Mr. O'Connell's prominence in public life, it was decided that Mr. O'Connell should be asked to explain his motive for using such language.

Mr. Stevenson addressed a note to Mr. O'Connell, the substance of which was that he had received a newspaper containing a reported speech of his, in which he had used the following words, which were extracted from the printed speech, and asked an explanation.

The question then arose how this note was to be delivered. It was important that it should be given to Mr. O'Connell personally. Of course each of the gentlemen in consultation proffered his services to undertake a personal delivery of the note. Mr. Stevenson would not permit an officer of the American navy, or Governor Hamilton, to be connected with the affair; and as the other gentlemen were sojourners, their services were deemed unnecessary. Mr. Stevenson selected me to perform this somewhat delicate task.

At the proper time I went to Mr. O'Connell's lodging in London. The servant who came to the door in answer to my knock said Mr. O'Connell was in, but refused to see any gentleman unless his card was sent to him in advance. As the only card I then had in my pocket was an official one, on the instant it occurred to me that such a card might suggest the purposes of my visit, and I told the servant that I would see Mr. O'Connell again, and left the door. I thought it was likely that I would meet him personally at the Reform Club, of which he was a member. When I went there, the steward of the club informed me that Mr. O'Connell was not then in the building, and, as it was late, he would hardly come there before going to Parliament. The last resort was the Parliament House.

Having the *entrée* to the less-frequented avenue to the House, I went in, and at the door of the chamber of the House of Parliament I asked the officer in charge if Mr. O'Connell had gone in. He said, no, but it was most likely he would come in a few minutes. The corridor along which the members came to enter the House gave an opportunity from its position to observe those who were coming in; and I waited, observing the members as they passed. Directly I observed Mr. O'Connell walking arm in arm with a gentleman with whom he was engaged in earnest conversation. Mr. O'Connell was tall, heavily built, with a striking head, and of imposing appearance. He could not be mistaken. I had often seen him before. To act promptly and with discretion, knowing that I was within the control of the government of the House, I took the note and turned the address side under, presenting the flying seal up. Stepping up to Mr. O'Connell, I said, "Mr. O'Connell, this note is for you," and handed it to him. He stopped a moment in his conversation, withdrew his arm, and, turning towards me, took the note. While he was engaged in looking for the

address, I gracefully withdrew, and before any act or remark of his I was out of sight. Of course I was anxious to report the result of my proceedings, and on arriving at the office of the legation I gave a statement of what had transpired. The fact that the note had been delivered personally to Mr. O'Connell was very satisfactory.

Mr. Stevenson considered that the greatest compliment he could pay his American friends in London was to ask them to a Virginia dinner. Desiring to testify his thanks to these gentlemen for the interest they had taken in this affair, he said, "Now we will go in to a Virginia dinner," and we assembled around the dinner-table, on which was a Virginia ham, acorn-fed, raised on his own estate in Albemarle, with chickens from home, and other dishes not important enough to name. These hams were remarkable: the animals were fed on acorns exclusively, being allowed to roam the woods when the acorns covered the ground, and the flavor of the meat was delicious. It was a charming dinner, full of anecdotes of American men who had earned high reputation in public affairs at home and abroad. Mr. Stevenson told us many interesting anecdotes of Andrew Jackson, none of which, within my knowledge, have ever been printed. The references made to Van Buren, Calhoun, Benton, Silas Wright, Governor Marcy, and men of that rank and period, were brilliant and deeply interesting. The sherry gave zest to the conversation, and the party broke up, rather glad, I think, of the incident which had caused so charming and memorable an entertainment.

No reply was received to the note which I had given Mr. O'Connell until twenty-four hours after I had delivered it to him. If I now can remember correctly the substance of the answer, it was that Mr. O'Connell was "not responsible for the report printed in the *Manchester Guardian*, of which an extract had been sent to him, and that he had not used the language ascribed to him."

This answer was conclusive, and nothing else could be done but accept it. And so a duel between an American minister and the great Commoner of Ireland was averted by the discretion of Mr. O'Connell. Mr. Stevenson was never censured by his home government for the spirit he had displayed on this occasion.

Richard Vaux.

HIS SERMON.

FORGIVENESS was his theme, and, lo !
 What words with eloquence aglow !
 Their fine persuasiveness he knew
 Sped like winged fire from pew to pew !
 And yet, upon his homeward way,
 He met relentlessly that day
 An ancient enemy who pled
 Forgiveness for an ill long dead,
 And in quick words with wrath aglow
 He silenced his repentant foe !

William H. Hayne.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A TORRES STRAITS ISLANDER.

BETWEEN Cape York, the most northerly extremity of Australia, and that island of marvels, New Guinea, is a narrow strait which possesses the unenviable reputation of being one of the most intricate and dangerous of all water-routes. Scattered among its coral reefs are numerous islands, varying in size from a tiny sand-bank to a hilly island some twelve miles across, in some of which I spent many months of 1888 and 1889. Situated well in the tropics, the sun beats fiercely upon these islands, but the climate is for the greater portion of the year tempered by the prevailing southeast trade-wind. At the change of monsoons and at intervals during the rainy season dead calms occur, and the sun pours down its vertical rays on the heated soil and on the glassy sea. The sand-beach dazzles the eye with its glare and burns the feet with its heat. At such times life in the daytime becomes endurable only when passed in quietness and shade; the relief of the evening, the wondrous beauty of the night, and the glory of the early morning, however, are compensations for the burden and heat of the day.

The sandy islets rarely have more than a vegetation of low scrub, but the rocky hills of the western islands are more or less clothed with trees. Still, there is a somewhat poverty-stricken appearance in many of them, especially towards the close of the dry season. It is only in the few volcanic islands at the eastern entrance to the Straits that vegetation becomes rampant, and there one finds large areas covered with coco-nut palms and bananas and gardens of yams and sweet potatoes.

No indigenous mammals inhabit these islands, and there are only a few resident birds, none of which are particularly remarkable. Twice a year the narrowest portion of the Straits is traversed by great flocks of the large white-and-black pigeon commonly known as the Torres Straits pigeon, in its annual migrations to and from New Guinea and North Queensland.

However interesting a locality may be to the naturalist, to the majority of people the greatest interest lies in its human inhabitants. The appearance and mode of living of other people always excite wonder and curiosity, and comparison is more or less unconsciously made with the standard man, one's self. There is often a lurking suspicion that "natives" are scarcely human beings in the same sense that we civilized people are. Rather they are apt to be regarded as *human-like* beings, of the same form and substance, but with another essence. The solidarity of the human race is still for the majority a theory, not a belief which determines actions. An intimate and friendly acquaintance with savages breaks down many prejudices, and while it often reveals modes of thought and traits of character which are all but incomprehensible to us with our specialized Aryan civilization, yet human nature is displayed at every turn, and common impulses and sympathies link the extremes of human kind.

Let us now endeavor to catch a glimpse of what the natives of these islands thought and did before they were brought face to face with the white man and his aggressive culture. Nor is it a far retrospect. Thirty years ago no intelligent intercourse had taken place between the natives and Europeans, save in the case of the naturalists on board the *Fly* and the *Rattlesnake*. Macgillivray especially has given us some interesting details of native customs; but no real modification of native habits resulted from the casual visits of vessels to Torres Straits. Now, to use the natives' own pathetic expression, "all finish." Good and bad alike in the culture of natives is swamped by the influence of white and South-Sea men.

Unfettered with even a rag, the man stands forth unconscious of nudity, a bronze statue with the texture of velvet, active, supple, well proportioned, usually of a sinister expression of face, the black, frizzly hair often falling in mop-like ringlets round the head. Vanity is manifested by personal adornment; a simple shell ornament may be suspended round the neck, and the septum of the nose is perforated for the occasional insertion of a white shell bar or skewer. The ear, too, has been tampered with; the lobe, hugely distended by dumb-bell-shaped pieces of wood, may become tattered and torn and hang like a fleshy pendant, wabbling with every movement. The margin of the ear and the lobe, usually perforated with small holes, may be decked with seeds, straws, flowers, or what not. Our islander knows, too, how effective a blossom of the scarlet hibiscus looks in his hair. But when dressed for the dance he is seen in his glory: truly the art of barbarism as then displayed is wonderful.

Propriety clothes the woman in a leaf petticoat which extends from the waist to the knees. Uniformity in style does not necessarily exist even in the same island, and the dress may be made of shredded banana-leaf, of the frond of the sago-palm, of bark from a tree, or of other materials, separately or in combination. Their natural colors may be retained, or they may be dyed with quiet tertiary colors which harmonize beautifully with the soft dark-brown skin of the girls. The hair is usually cut short; it is less trouble so, and they cannot find much time for personal adornment; this is left for the more leisured class, —the men.

With a fair degree of intelligence and of lively disposition, excitable and demonstrative, these people offer a marked contrast to the neighboring Australians; for our friends are Papuans, and are conscious of their superiority over the Australian black. Other characteristics will exhibit themselves as we proceed.

Even supposing it is allowed to be born in the ordinary course of events, it does not follow that a baby is permitted to live: that privilege can be granted by the father alone. The mother duly inquires of her husband concerning the fate of the newly-born infant, and should he say, "*Marama teio*," she forthwith digs a hole in the sand-beach, and the little stranger is seen no more.

Should it not be considered "too hard work" to provide for their offspring, the parents behave in an exemplary manner, and are as affectionate as needs be, for infanticide is simply their traditional method of

solving the population problem. Though they have no names for numbers higher than two, and will probably ever remain ignorant as to the distinction between arithmetical and geometrical progression, they long ago arrived at the knowledge that population tends to outgrow the food-supply. Emigration being practically impossible, and starvation being undesirable, the simplest remedy was to limit the number of the offspring, and to do that before the matter was complicated by the development of parental affection.

Maternal solicitude is early exhibited, as by oft-repeated stroking by the hand the mother seeks to mould the head of her infant according to the fashion approved by tradition. These gentle passes over the soft head of the babe may often be found to have left a definite and permanent impression on the skull throughout life. They are content with influencing the form of their children's skulls; our mothers try to exert their soft influence on the brains and character of their offspring.

The happy childhood passes all too quickly,—no lessons to learn, no clothes to tear, no washing of faces or scrubbing of nails. There are plenty of crabs to be caught on the shore, and with much shouting and splashing fish may be speared with the small pronged fish-spear, or possibly caught with hook and line. Toy bows and arrows afford much sport, whether in aiming at a mark or in shooting at birds.

All the games serve to train the eye and hand, upon the expertness of which success in after-life mainly depends; and this is not without present advantage, for the more the youngsters catch the more they will have to eat, and it is not long before they practically support themselves.

Lads and lassies grow up, to be wooed and won; but before marriage is entered upon, the lad has to become initiated into the rights and duties of manhood. Manhood is with us a gradual development of youth; with all savages it is a state of privilege, the full advantages of which can be gained only by the observance of special ceremonies.

The growth of hair on the face warns the father that his boy is growing up, and he consults with other fathers who have rising sons. "Good thing," he remarks; "boy no stop along woman now: he got hair, time we make him man now;" and arrangements are duly made. Supposing our lads belong to that division of the western tribe of Torres Strait which is known as the Kalkalaig, the subsequent proceedings will be much as follows.

The lads are handed over to their uncles, or to some responsible person, by their fathers, who then cease to have any intercourse with them. They are conducted to the open space sacred to the men, where no woman or child ever ventures, and which henceforth has for them many deep-rooted associations. The uncles wash them with water and then rub charcoal into the skin; this is daily repeated till the probation-period is over. The lads are then covered with mats doubled up like a tent with the ends closed, and they sit the livelong day in groups, without moving, playing, or even speaking. Their instructors watch and teach them; the traditions are then communicated, rules of conduct are laid down, information in all branches of native lore is given, and thus generation after generation the things of the fathers are trans-

mitted to the sons. The following are some of the rules imparted to the youths by the "old men."

"You no steal.

"If you see food belong another man, you no take, or you dead.

"You no take thing belong to other man without leave; if you see a fish-spear and take it, s'pose you break it and have not one of your own, how you pay man? S'pose you see a dugong-harpoon in a canoe and take it, and man he no savvy, then you lose it or break it, how you pay him? You no got dugong-harpoon.

"You no play with boy and girl now; you a man now, and no boy.

"You no play with small play canoe, or with toy spear; that all finish now.

"You no like girl first; if you do, girl laugh at you and call you a woman. [That is, the young man must not propose marriage to a girl, but must wait for her to ask first.]

"You no marry the sister of your mate, or by and by you will be ashamed; mates all same as brothers. [But "mates" may marry two sisters.]

"You no marry your cousin; she all same as sister.

"If any one asks for food, or water, or anything, you give something; if you have a little, you give a little; if you have plenty, give half.

"Look after your mother and father; never mind if you and your wife go without.

"Don't speak bad word to your mother.

"Give half of all your fish to your parents; don't be mean.

"Father and mother all along same as food in belly; when they die you feel hungry and empty.

"Mind your uncles, too, and cousins.

"If woman walk along, you no follow; by and by man look, he call you bad name.

"If a canoe is going to another place, you go in canoe; no stop behind to steal woman.

"If your brother is going out to fight, you help him; don't let him go first, but go together."

Who will say, after this, that the Torres Straits Islanders were degraded savages? True it is that they were treacherous, often murdered strangers, and were head-hunters, that their ideas of sexual morality differed from ours, and that they had no organized religious system; but the above rules of conduct exhibit a delicacy of feeling which is quite comparable with our code of social morality.

At length the month of isolation has expired, and for the last time the uncle washes the lad, rubs him with scented leaves, and polishes him up with oil. Then he is decorated with armlets and leglets, breast-ornament, and possibly a belt, his ears are ornamented and a shell skewer is passed through his nose, bright-colored leaves may be inserted in his armlets, and his hair is rolled into the approved string-like ringlets: so they "make him flash—flash like bell,—that boy."

The afternoon of the eventful day is occupied in this congenial task, and at nightfall all the lads who are being initiated are marshalled

by their uncles behind a large mat which is held vertically. In this wise they march to the village until they arrive at an open space where a mat is spread on the ground before a semicircle of friends and relatives. When the approaching party reaches this mat, the lads seat themselves upon it, and then the screening mat is lowered. Suddenly for the first time for a month the fathers and female relatives see the boys, and great are the crying and shouting and exclamations of delight at the brave show. With tears the mothers cry out, "My boy! my boy!" and they and other elderly female relatives rush up to them and fondle and caress them, and the mothers surreptitiously put dainty morsels in front of their boys. Sitting with legs crossed under them and down-turned faces, the boys neither move nor exhibit the least emotion. They are men now.

A great feast and dance close the proceedings. Then maybe some girl loses her heart to a gayly-decked, modest youth, and, casting shy glances of admiration at his glossy skin, she makes up her mind that a lad like that is worth the wooing.

It must not be imagined that the young men and girls have had no acquaintance before marriage is seriously thought of; very far from it; but the new aspect of affairs materially alters their relations with one another. The character of the eligible young ladies has already formed part of the gossip of the men's quarters, and advice respecting certain girls has been tendered to the lads, who are occasionally warned against rashly giving themselves away to the first aspirant to their hand.

It may be some time before a lad has an offer; but should he be a fine dancer with goodly calves, and dance with sprightliness and energy at the secular dances, he will not lack admirers.

Should there still be a reticence on the part of his female acquaintance, the young man may be stimulated to captivate the heart of a girl by acquiring the head of a man. Our adventurous youth could join in some foray: it matters not to him what is the equity of the quarrel, or whether there is any enmity at all between his people and the attacked. "His not to reason why,—his but to do or die." So long as he kills some one, man, woman, or child, and brings the head back, it is not of much consequence to him whose head it was. Possibly a man killed would redound to his greater glory, but a skull's a skull for all that, and its possession is recognized as an order of merit. How much more distinction does a man gain when he can boast of a whole trophy of skulls!

The girl's heart being won by prowess, dancing skill, or fine appearance, the next step is for her to declare her choice, and so she plaits a string and forms it into an armlet. This she intrusts to the care of a mutual and confidential friend,—preferably the chosen one's sister. She, seizing the first opportunity, says to her brother, "Brother, I've got some good news for you." "What is it?" he asks. "I've got some string for you." Knowing full well what she means, he replies, "Show it to me." Then he inquires who sent it, and receives her message.

If he is favorably inclined, he accepts and wears the string, and in return sends two slender leglets and by means of the intermediary

arranges for a private interview with the girl in the bush,—on which occasion they arrive at some understanding, their intercourse being highly proper in character.

Later the girl sends some food to the young man, but instead of eating it he gives it to his mother or sister. His parents advise him not to eat it, "perhaps woman he gammon;" his mother also warns him, "You look after that string armlet; suppose you lose it, girl will be wild."

Again the damsel sends food. Possibly the youth may want to eat it, but the mother says, "No, or by and by you will get an eruption over your face and body." At all events, the relations preach caution, so as to make sure that the girl is not "gammoning." The result is that he waits a month, or even two; he also tells his parents that he is in no hurry to leave his home, and that he does not wish to make them sorry by his absence. For when married he would have to leave his father and mother and more or less cleave unto his wife and her people. With what some would regard as a stroke of real genius, our savage, in common with so many others, has arranged it as a matter of the strictest etiquette that he and his parents-in-law should not have much intercourse with one another, and thus they manage to get on well together. "No come close to father- and mother-in-law; never speak; ashamed." Such was one man's statement.

The customary probationary period of a month or so being passed, the young man "lying low" and the food coming in all the time, the mother says, "When will you go and take her?" The youth, as in duty bound, consults his immediate relatives, and says, "Suppose you tell me to take her, I take her." All being agreeable, the "big men" of the village are consulted, and then the man takes the woman.

Presents are exchanged, but the man has to pay heavily for his bride. The price is sometimes so great that a man can't afford to marry, though a wife costs nothing to keep when once she belongs to him; quite the reverse. There is the customary wedding-feast, with much dancing and rejoicing, and the man is fairly launched in the struggle for existence.

Alfred C. Haddon.

MICROCOSM.

UPON the morning path one sees,
When all the land is green and new,
The sun, the skies, the clouds, the trees,
Deep-mirrored in a drop of dew.

Ah, had we more than mortal eyes
To pierce the sombre shadows here,
Might we not see how trembling lies
The universe within a tear!

Frederick Peterson.

THINGS THAT MAY ANY DAY TURN UP.

THINK what marvellous things *have* turned up, from under ground, or from out-of-the-way corners above ground, during the last hundred years, and especially during the last fifty years.

Two Roman cities of the days of the apostles, that had lain buried for seventeen centuries, have been in large part excavated out of compacted earth and ashes, or out of soft volcanic rock, and every year in the streets of Heroulaneum and Pompeii, or in the corridors of the National Museum at Naples, our tourists "personally conducted" stand face to face with pagan Italy as she was at her favorite watering-places, with her homes and shops, her parlors and boudoirs and libraries, her small politics, her fashionable temples, her public amusements and her private vices.

Egyptian tombs, obelisks, and temples, profusely decked with inscriptions, are the very opposite of a new discovery. They had been the despair of travellers and scholars for two thousand years, when the little block of black basalt with its trilingual inscription was found in the mud of the Nile Delta at Rosetta, which, after long guessing and infinite patience in comparing and correcting, has at last unlocked for us "the wisdom of the Egyptians." To-day the trained scholar reads down the side of an obelisk of the days of Moses as he would read down a column in the morning's newspaper.

It was not till near the middle of the nineteenth century, while "higher critics," with that solemn bumptiousness which seems a necessary incident of their useful and fascinating study, were assuring us that the accounts of Nineveh were merely mythical,—that there never had really been any such place,—that we were startled by the thrilling discoveries of Botta the Frenchman and Layard the Englishman. From the weather-worn and grass-grown mounds along the Tigris they had unearthed the monuments and documents of a civilization which had already passed into ancient history when Rome was an infant. Here was a vast and sumptuously-illustrated volume of primeval history, legend, and literature; and all we could do was to gaze and wonder at the illustrations. Who should read us the accompanying text,—the miles of inscription carved on slabs of alabaster,—the thousands of columns written on cylinders of clay in minute characters,—unknown characters of an unknown language upon unknown subjects? How to read "the handwriting on the walls" was the most impossible task ever set before antiquaries,—an equation in which all the quantities were unknown quantities. It was the most splendid piece of patient guess-work in the history of scholarship, that first step in the reading of the cuneiform inscriptions, that gave us the new science of Assyriology.

Following just in the line of the recovery of Nineveh and Babylon comes the sudden revelation, within these dozen years, of the mighty and splendid and hitherto unknown Empire of the Hittites. This also was one of the practical jokes that discovery sometimes plays upon

criticism. A famous scholar had scored a point against the Second Book of Kings (vii. 6), where the Syrian besiegers exclaim, in a panic, "Lo, the king of Israel hath hired against us the kings of the Hittites and the kings of the Egyptians to come upon us." "The unhistorical tone of the passage," remarks the eminent critic, with that immense air of knowing-it-all which belongs to his profession, "is too manifest to allow of our easy belief in it." "No Hittite kings can have compared in power with the king of Judah, the real and near ally, who is not named at all, . . . nor is there a single mark of acquaintance with the contemporaneous history." Pity that this writer could not have lived to see the conceit taken out of his strictures by the sculptures and still undeciphered inscriptions of that prehistoric empire of booted mountaineers that held the highlands of Asia Minor against the armies of Egypt and of Assyria. The discovery of the Hittite Empire by Prof. Sayce and Dr. Wright came opportunely, just when the learned world was ready for it. We had had mention of the Hittites in the Old Testament, from Genesis to Kings,—not later. The records of Egypt and Nineveh were beginning to talk copiously about some unknown people with a name like Hittite; and the indubitable carvings "in the rock forever," coming to light just at this juncture, fitted into a vacant place in Biblical and historical knowledge like the last piece of a dissected map.

The year 1853 being a dry year, the Swiss lakes shrank below low-water mark and revealed the relics of an ancient history before history began,—of the family, social, and municipal life of the Lake-dwellers, beginning indefinite millenniums back, and reaching down through the stone age, the bronze age, the iron age, to the confines of written history. As you stand face to face with ancient Roman life in the Museum at Naples, or with Assyrian life in the British Museum or the Louvre, or with the Pharaohs and their people at Bûlak, so in the museum at Zurich (if you do not miss it, as so many travellers do) you are surrounded with the material evidences of the common daily life of an unknown primeval race that perished from the land and the lakes at the point of time when history began.

Every Christian of our generation has a right to read his Bible with a more intelligent confidence since the year 1844, when Constantine Tischendorf discovered in the hands of the illiterate Greek monks of Mount Sinai the most ancient and precious of all extant manuscripts of the New Testament. The story of this discovery has been so charmingly told by the great critic himself that no one dares try to tell it after him. You can read it in his little book, "When were our Gospels Written?" published by the American Tract Society.

It is not strange that the wonderful tales of the unearthing of Pompeii, and then of Nineveh, should have worked in the mind of young Schliemann in his Homeric enthusiasm, making him feel that he must see the inside of the mounds which all travellers described as on the traditionary plain of Troy, but which not one of them had ever bethought himself to tap with a pickaxe and a spade. What wonders revealed themselves to his first strokes,—the Troy of Homer and of Virgil,—the ashes of that conflagration from which the pious Æneas

brought forth his father Anchises on his back,—the Treasury of King Priam, with jewels that false Helen may have worn, and the helmet from which may have nodded the plume of Hector to terrify the child of Andromache,—all this, is it not written in the fascinating pages of the famous digger? Intoxicated with his success, he follows back the wily Ulysses to his native Greece, and compels the ruins of Mycenæ and Tiryns to surrender the treasures they have been keeping for us these thirty centuries.

No wonder that after such exploits of individual enterprise the matter of exploration, and especially this underground work, should come to be organized by societies and by governments. The rules for successful digging are formulated into a science. The pursuit of hid treasure has grown from a fad into a learned profession.

The centre of the world's history—Italy, Rome—has the advantage of a government that assumes charge of historic excavations as a national interest. Every traveller that watches the slow, careful diggings in the Forum or elsewhere in the Eternal City—every spadeful of earth sifted as if for gold nuggets—has felt what compensations there sometimes are in a "paternal government." And the scholars who have longed to see with their own eyes the newly-disclosed historic scenes,—the rostrum on which Cicero and Hortensius stood amid the Forum, the pavement on which Horace loitered along the Sacred Way,—and they who having seen desire to look again and know what later wonders have been disclosed, may turn the pages of Mr. Lanciani's beautiful book, "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries," and (no matter what their theological views concerning the temporal power) may rejoice that, whoever holds the sceptre, the shovel is now in the right hands.

The archæological societies that are at work in Greece, and have given back the city of Olympia to the light of day, the Palestine Exploration Society, the Egyptian Exploration Fund, and the little party under the patronage of the University of Pennsylvania and the direction of Professor Peters, rummaging in the mounds of Babylon,—these are the exploring organizations that are most attracting the world's attention at present. And among them the Egyptian explorers, by their amazing and splendid successes, working "wonders in the field of Zoan," are easily foremost. The "find" which has most dazzled the eyes of the world—the congregation of mummied Pharaohs at Deir-el-Bahiri—and that which is even more significant to scholars—the more recent discovery of a great collection of manuscripts at Medinet-el-Fayûm—stir the imagination to conceive what possibilities are just before us. The Fayûm manuscripts are all in fragments, to be sure, but there are thirty thousand of them; on papyrus leaves, on paper, on parchment, on leather; in eleven different languages, of dates covering a thousand years, and the latest of them a thousand years old. They include what Gibbon would almost have given all the rest of his library to possess,—a file of Imperial edicts from 93 A.D. to Constantine, and then down the Byzantine line to A.D. 641. They include fragments of Homer and Thucydides of the second century; heretofore the oldest known manuscript of Thucydides was of the eleventh century. They

include Scriptural fragments in Greek from the fourth to the seventh century. And they include one little scrap of Greek writing on the story of the Lord's Supper—only a few words—over which the learned world held its breath for a time. Was it a part of that Gospel of the Gnostics, of which we know only by the abusive language of their orthodox enemies? Or was it from that "Gospel to the Hebrews" which is known to have been current in Egypt in the second century? Or was it (thrilling question!) a torn leaf from the longed-for *urevangelium*,—the original Gospel which critics say must have preceded our four existing Gospels? Perhaps it was not any one of these; but it might have been.

To conclude this long but hurried story of things that have lately turned up (and we have left out even such delightful finds as the Moabite Stone and the Siloam Inscription), there is the fresh surprise that greeted us in the morning papers only four or five years ago, when our scanty store of primeval Christian literature was suddenly enriched with the most precious writing of Christian antiquity outside of the canon of the New Testament,—a writing not less ancient, perhaps, than some of the canonical books themselves,—"The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles."

This invaluable little manuscript turned up where it was not expected. Thirty years before, a French explorer reported from that very place, the library of the "Convent of the Holy Sepulchre" at Constantinople, that there was nothing of much value there, except to recent history. But even as we write, the story comes that the same Greek bishop, Bryennios, who found "The Teaching of the Twelve," has found one of the great *desiderata* for which Christian scholarship has been hungering for centuries. The earliest mention of the Gospel of Matthew relates that this disciple wrote "the sayings" of our Lord in Hebrew. And Jerome, the translator of the Bible into Latin, declares that this Hebrew Gospel of Matthew was still kept in the library at Cæsarea, and that he had seen and transcribed from a copy of it preserved by the "Nazarene" Christians at Berea. If only we could find this Hebrew Matthew, what questions it would settle—and what questions it would raise! And now comes a rumor, provokingly vague, that Bryennios has found this very thing. The "Library of the Holy Sepulchre" will prove to have been well named if out of its age-long silence and darkness shall come the resurrection of two such dead and buried treasures.

The preface to the Gospel of Luke gives as a reason for writing the story, that "many have taken in hand" to do the like. Of the numerous primeval Gospels here referred to, two remain,—Matthew and Mark; the Gospel of John is the latest of the four, and all the apocryphal Gospels now extant are palpably of much later date. What has become of those which Luke saw? They seem to have been multiplied and circulated in his day. What would we not give for a sight of them! It is not impossible, not even improbable, that we may some time have that privilege.

The next great "pocket" of manuscripts like that of Fayûm that is uncovered in Egypt, I shall be disappointed, for one, if we do not

find that which Old Testament scholars are longing for as for hid treasure,—a copy of that Hebrew Old Testament from which the ancient Septuagint translation was made into Greek in the second century before Christ. It is well known that the Hebrew Scriptures then current among the Jews in Egypt seriously differed from the Hebrew Scriptures as we now possess them. Some great Biblical scholars are confident that the text used in Egypt two thousand years ago, and known to us only through the Greek translation, was truer and purer than this which we hold from the Jews of the modern synagogue,—the most ancient copy of which, by the way, is as late as the tenth century. Laborious scholars are now at work trying to restore the lost Hebrew text by translating back from the Greek. One of them, Professor Workman, by his studies on the book of Jeremiah, has done signal honor to American scholarship. Presently we shall hear by cable that the old Alexandrian Hebrew text has turned up; and then it will be sport to go over the work of our learned friends and see how near they have hit it.

There will be great agitation of timid souls whenever these variant copies of the Hebrew Scriptures are found. Good people are going to be terrified then, to be told of myriads of "various readings" in the Old Testament, as now they are pained to be told of one hundred and fifty thousand various readings in the New, and are going to cry out, "The foundations are destroyed, and what shall the righteous do?" They may comfort themselves by reflecting that it is just because of the vast multitude of varying copies of the New Testament that we are growing exactly sure of what the true reading is; and that it is just because we have only one unvarying text of the Old Testament—the divergent copies having been destroyed—that we are left in doubt of what the reading ought to be. There is no room here to explain this paradox, but it is true, nevertheless.

It hardly needs to be mentioned that we are waiting day by day for the news that Professor Sayce, or Dr. Wright, or Dr. Ward, has found the key to the Hittite inscriptions; that those strange, archaic characters embossed, not incised, upon the rocks of Asia Minor and Northern Syria, have broken their silence of three thousand years, and begun to tell us the Hittite side of the story which we have had to take with grains of allowance from the records of their adversaries, the Egyptians and the Assyrians. Already there seems to be the suggestion of a beginning; and the beginning is the half. In this work, it is always the first step that costs.

There is just such another problem awaiting the successful guesser on our own side of the ocean. Which of us that were boys forty and fifty years ago does not remember the fascination of Stephens's "Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan," and his two later volumes on Yucatan alone? They were written in a bright, delightful style, but the charm of them lay in the revelation of those mysterious monuments of an extinct civilization that are hidden within the dark immemorial forests of tropical America. Even a boy could recognize in the columns and squares of curiously-devised characters on the shafts of Copan and the walls of Palenque—the mocking con-

torted figures, out of each of which peered a face or beckoned a hand—something more advanced than mere barbaric ornament or mere picture-writing. They are manifestly a writing of some sort, alphabetic or ideographic, or after some other method unknown and unnamed hitherto. The secret of these inscriptions is not so hopeless as like secrets which our century has discovered. Already we know the numeral system,—by a progression of fives,—and antiquaries of inexhaustible patience are at work, with the aid of “the Maya Manuscript” of the Berlin Library, and will presently tell us the whole story that is written out so copiously above the distorted skulls of the sculptured Mayan kings, priests, and heroes. Perhaps the secret of the peopling of America, and the mystery of the mound-builders, are hidden in these characters. If it should be announced in to-morrow’s newspaper that a key to these inscriptions had been found in the library of some Spanish-American convent, no one would have a right to be surprised.

Crossing the ocean again, and coming to the history of that Greek and Roman civilization to which our own is so nearly allied, we have already, in the find of Fayûm, had a glimpse of what contributions Egyptian exploration is making to classic history and literature. But Greece and Italy themselves are pouring out their treasures profusely. The choicest works of Grecian art have been discovered within this generation, and the finest of them within ten years. But the recent additions to our store of classic *literature* have not been in proportion. It is astonishing how little has been done since the Revival of Letters in the fifteenth century, to fill the lamentable gaps in our libraries. Of the works of Cicero’s great rival, Hortensius, not a syllable survives. The histories of Livy, Diodorus, and Tacitus exist only in fragments, and all modern writers of classic history unite in lamenting the “irreparable loss.” Why irreparable? When the charred manuscripts of Herculaneum first began to be successfully unrolled and read, the world waited with eager expectation of some unprecedented addition to extant classic literature. What might we not hope to find in the private libraries of a wealthy Roman sea-side town of the first century? We might come upon the lost decades of Livy or the speeches of Hortensius; or, of works now known only through late and corrupted copies, we might find manuscripts almost contemporary with their authors. Well, thus far these reasonable hopes have been disappointed. The Herculanean books, so far as yet deciphered, afford singularly little that is of the slightest value to the scholar. We have gotten more out of the scrawling on the dead walls of Pompeii than from the two thousand manuscripts in the principal library thus far discovered at Herculaneum, with its dull Epicurean treatises of ethics and art and grammar, and its second-rate Latin poetry. But he is a bold man that would venture to predict that there is to be no more fruitful yield in the future than in the past. The next stroke of the pickaxe may put the world into possession of a first-century Cicero or Virgil, of the lost Livy or Hortensius, of an inedited satire of Horace, or of an autograph epistle of Paul. They may turn up any day.

Who will go dig for us at Debir, which is Kirjath-Sepher, in the land of Judah? No one of Professor Harper’s multitudinous students

in the rudiments of Hebrew but recognizes immense possibilities hidden in that name of Kirjath-Sepher, or Book-town. But since Professor Sayce's late visit to Egypt to read a lot of Assyrian cylinders that had been found by the Egyptologists, when it was made clear that the Assyrian character and method of preserving records had an international vogue in the remoter centuries B.C., the cry for a digging at Kirjath-Sepher has grown to be imperative. We need no more fear to find there only the trace of decayed and perished parchments. We shall sift the earth in eager expectation of finding the imperishable fragments of the tiles to which the writers of the books of Kings and Chronicles refer as their sources of history; and who knows but we may discover that "Book of Jasher," and that "Book of Jehovah's Wars," that were classical authorities in the days when the Pentateuch and Joshua were written?

There ought to be a lesson to the Higher Critics in all these histories and these immense possibilities,—a lesson to "go slow," to take positions cautiously and express themselves modestly. But it is a lesson that they will not learn. There seems an intoxication in their line of study, by which they lose their heads and are as cock-sure of their latest conjecture as if former conjectures, just as positive, had not been shovelled away by dozens and spatted down under neat mounds by the unfeeling spade of the scientific excavator. The fate of the Higher Critic who forty years ago assured us that there weren't any "kings of the Hittites" to speak of, and that the narrative in 2 Kings vii. was "manifestly unhistorical," has no power to deter his brethren of to-day from being just as positive that there never was any Chedorlaomer nor Tidal nor Amraphel, and that Genesis xiv. is purely mythical.

It would be very unfair not to refer to some of the striking instances in which the sagacity of criticism has been beautifully confirmed by subsequent discovery. There is no finer example of this than when, after the finding and publication of "The Teaching of the Twelve," it was shown that critics had demonstrated from later documents that just such an early document as "The Teaching" proved to be must previously have existed. But over against such successes as these we must bring the critics and their science rigorously to book for their demonstrated failures. It is hardly to be denied that, on the whole, the discovery of ancient monuments and documents has tended to confirm those narratives of early history which criticism, delighting in vivid paradox, has been wont to scout as old wives' fables. With a brush of his quill, Niebuhr swept the early centuries of Roman history into the gulf of mythology, and his dictum has been accepted by two generations. But "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries," according to Signor Lanciani, tends to rehabilitate our heroes of "the brave days of old." Into the contested field of Jerusalem topography rode gallantly James Fergusson with his fascinatingly revolutionary theory about the site of the Holy Sepulchre, but stumbled over the fatal pickaxe and shovel, and down he came. But, nothing dismayed, the latest German scholars have sent into the lists their new fad about the City of David, more delightfully impossible still, and we are waiting to see it tumble into the next trench dug by the Exploration Fund.

What is to come of all this accumulating discovery of monument and document?—or is nothing to come of it? The devotees of physical science and useful art hear of such discoveries with an amused curiosity, and wonder that men can be found to give time, money, and hard study to such matters of useless bric-à-brac. They would do well to think of four centuries ago, when there were great discoveries both in *this* line and in *their* line. It was the discoveries of ancient art and literature, at the time of the fall of Constantinople, far more than any discovery in so-called “useful” art and science, that founded modern civilization and changed the face of the earth.

Leonard Woolsey Bacon.

HAMLET.

ON the stage, nothing is more hard to kill than tradition. The playgoer often forms his conception of a character upon that of the first actor he sees attempt to play it. When afterwards he takes up the drama to read it, the actor's personality is in his mind's eye, and it is almost an impossibility for him to disconnect that actor and the character.

Who that has read Dickens can picture his characters otherwise than as Phiz drew them? What a shock it would be to have a new illustrator of Dickens, who would give us entirely fresh conceptions of Peggotty, of Captain Cuttle, of the Artful Dodger, of Fagin, Sykes, Pickwick, Weller, and the other characters which Phiz has stamped upon our memories! and yet it has been said that Dickens did not by any means agree with all of Phiz's realizations of his ideals.

Something like this feeling is engendered in the mind of the playgoer when an actor appears who has sufficient originality to strike out for himself an entirely new conception of a favorite part: unconsciously he resents the innovation, and during the performance he sees constantly before him, side by side with the new, the old interpretation and interpreter. It may be that the old is the wrong and the new the right idea of the character. This does not lessen the shock that the new notion gives the auditor. Thus an actor who gives an entirely new rendition of “Hamlet” places himself at once at an enormous disadvantage. Most playgoers have formed a conception of Hamlet, and they are not grateful to the man who wantonly disturbs it. Still, tradition may be false, and when an actor continues to be true to a false tradition he is false to his art. At any sacrifice let truth prevail. To no play has tradition done so much harm as to “Hamlet.” Bold as this contention is, I think I shall prove it a just one before I finish this article, if the reader will patiently read the text of the play with me as I go along, uninfluenced by any commentator whatsoever except his own common sense. Before attempting to analyze the character of Hamlet, I will endeavor to point out a few of the gross absurdities which have for generations been perpetrated in the acting version of the play.

Since Betterton's time the actors have invariably finished the third act of "Hamlet" with the lines,—

I must be cruel only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.

Turn to the published acting versions of the play, and you will find the proof of what I say. What is the result of this arrangement? The fourth act commences with the meeting of the king and the queen. The king learns from her that Hamlet has just slain Polonius; he confides the secret to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; they are sent to find the body of Polonius, and, before that task is accomplished, Ophelia enters, mad with grief for her father's death, of which she has never heard, and describes in her madness his funeral, which has never taken place. Furthermore, Laertes enters, and demands of the king, "O thou vile king, give me my father," and goes on to talk of his "means of death,—his obscure funeral." Obscure indeed, considering the fact that the body has not been found. Remember, too, that Laertes was in France when his father was murdered, that the news had to travel from Denmark to France, that Laertes had to journey from France to Denmark and stir up the rebellion which he guides and leads,—and all this has been done in the few hours, or rather minutes, which elapse between the slaying of Polonius and the despatch of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to find the body. Hamlet has been sent a moment before to England: ere he has had time to cross the court-yard of the castle, a letter is brought to the king from him, in which he says he has been "three days at sea," has been captured by the pirates, and has been by them set naked on the shores of Denmark. What a jumble is here! And yet for generations this maltreatment of this glorious tragedy has been allowed to pass unquestioned. By finishing the act where Shakespeare meant it should be finished,—viz., after Hamlet's departure for England,—we get the interregnum which the dramatist intended. Some six weeks have elapsed, there has been time to bury Polonius, time for Ophelia's grief to affect her brain, time for Laertes to travel from France, and time for Hamlet to be captured by the pirates at sea and be released again. I have pointed out a few of the mistakes which have been tolerated for a hundred and fifty years at least. Space will not allow me to enumerate them all, nor do I so much wish to criticise the stage version of the play as to endeavor to put right the conception of the leading character. Casting tradition to the winds, I took up "Hamlet" to study it as I would a character written but yesterday,—entirely by the light of the author's words, uninfluenced either by commentator or by the conceptions of other actors. Here I trust I was in the right, for nearly every one will admit that it is the first duty of an actor when studying a character to endeavor to discover the meaning of his author, to get at the motive and the psychology of the part, and then to the best of his ability to embody the poet's ideal, and to reproduce, as nearly as his physical qualifications will allow, the outward appearance of that ideal.

In modern plays, as a rule, the actor has the advantage of personal communication with the author, and from him he can learn what the

text of the play may leave uncertain. Failing this personal instruction, he resorts to the drama itself; and no drama should leave in doubt for a moment the intention of the author on certain fundamental conditions. Shakespeare was too practical a dramatist not to take the utmost care in, so to speak, labelling his characters, that the actors in his plays might not have the least excuse for making a mistake as to his intentions.

As a rule, so anxious is he to instruct the player that he repeats to an almost tiresome extent his descriptions of his characters. In nearly all cases these labellings and instructions are accepted by actors and commentators alike; but there is one instance to the contrary, and that is, oddly enough, the one of all others most clearly and carefully worked out by the poet. There is no character throughout the whole range of his plays which Shakespeare has taken so much pains to describe as Hamlet. His personal appearance, his age, his mental qualifications, all are insisted upon with a lucidity and an accuracy which Shakespeare no doubt fondly thought would render misapprehension impossible. But, alas! no other character has been so deliberately misunderstood, or so distorted. No two commentators seem able to agree upon Hamlet; they build up the most astonishing theories, volumes of speculations are written upon this or that fad of this or that critic. In the mean time there is Shakespeare's own authority for what he intended Hamlet to be (writ so large that he who runs may read), ignored, neglected, and despised with the most astonishing persistence. "This is white," says Shakespeare, "white," and again, "white." "Ah!" says the commentator, "what does he mean by that? He has told us three times that it is white; therefore he must mean that it is black, or at least whity-brown: he would never insist so strongly upon its being white unless he meant us to understand that it was some other color." "Hamlet is not mad," says Shakespeare, again and again. "Hamlet is mad, or at least half mad," says the critic. "Hamlet is young, young, young; please do not think I mean anything else but a youth," says Shakespeare. "Hamlet is thirty-five,—a middle-aged man," say his commentators. Let me endeavor to point out what Shakespeare has to say on the subjects of Hamlet's sanity and his age. First, as to his sanity. There can be no doubt as to Ophelia's madness. Is it likely that Shakespeare would be guilty of the serious dramatic error of making both the hero and the heroine of his play insane? Is Hamlet ever mad in soliloquy? Is he ever mad when with his one trusted friend, Horatio? Is there the slightest allusion in the first act to Hamlet's madness until he has announced to his two friends that he "hereafter may think meet to put an antic disposition on"? Hamlet, after he has seen the ghost, has rapidly made up his mind to avenge the death of his father. He knows his uncle is a murderer. He knows his own life would not be worth a pin's purchase if by any accident the king should learn that he is cognizant of his crime. He will feign madness, to cloak his designs and lull the suspicions of the king. He knows, however, that Horatio and Marcellus are aware that he is perfectly sane, and he makes them swear not only that they will never "make known that which they have seen," but, further,

Never, so help you mercy,
 How strange or odd so'er I bear myself,
 As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
 To put an antic disposition on,
 That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
 With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As, Well, well, we know, or, We could, an if we would,
 Or, If we list to speak; or, There be, an if they might,
 Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
 That you know aught of me; this not to do,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
 Swear.

So all-important to the understanding of the character of Hamlet does Shakespeare consider this that he brings the ghost back twice to make Horatio and Marcellus swear that they will never reveal, by act or deed, the fact that Hamlet is not mad. And if this is not evidence enough, we have Hamlet making his mother promise that the king will not for

A pair of reechy kisses
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft.

And

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.

Again,—

Bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word; which madness
 Would gambol from.

Even the king, after watching Hamlet with Polonius, says,—

Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
 Was not like madness.

“He shall with speed to England.” He is not insane: therefore he is dangerous. Could any author have taken more pains than this to instruct the actor how a character is to be played? And yet, in the face of all this, against the author's express instructions, commentators will distort and misinterpret Shakespeare's language and build up theories of their own, to the destruction of his meaning and the ruin of the tragedy. Hamlet's inaction, retrospection, and indecision are often insisted upon as another sign of mental weakness. Surely far too much stress has been put upon this one side of his many-sided character. As a fact, Hamlet at times acts with the most remarkable quickness and decision. Let us take his first scene as an example. No sooner has Horatio told him of the appearance of the ghost than Hamlet sets to work and cross-examines him with all the alertness of a practical lawyer. The when, where, and how are brought out in the clearest manner, and immediately Hamlet says, “I will watch to-night;” and he does watch that night. “I will speak to it;” and he does speak. Not much lack of decision here. When the players arrive, does he not at

once conceive the idea of the play,—“to catch the conscience of the king”? Immediately on the success of this ruse, going straight from the play to his mother’s closet, he comes across the king, and draws his sword upon him, and would then and there kill him; but that would not be revenge, to send the murderer, purged of his sins, to heaven. No, he cries,—

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.
 When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
 Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
 At gaming, swearing; or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in’t;
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
 And that his soul may be as damned and black
 As hell, whereto it goes.

But a few moments later, in his mother’s closet, he believes, on hearing the cry of Polonius, that he has caught the king about “some act that has no relish of salvation in’t,” and without a pause his sword is out, and Polonius is slain. Where is the lack of action here?

Again, when he suspects Rosencrantz and Guildenstern on the voyage to England, he abstracts the commission from their cabin, copies it, inserts in it their names in place of his own, and adds, “That England should the bearers put to sudden death, not shriving time allow.” Is not this decision?

When the pirate gave the vessel chase and grappled with it, Hamlet says, “I boarded them; on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner.” Therefore he was the only one who had boarded the pirate,—the first in action, the first to decide.

It is too often supposed that Hamlet delays his revenge over a period of some years. This is another absurd mistake; as a matter of fact, the whole action of the play does not extend over four months. At the opening of the play, Hamlet’s father has been dead barely two months,—“nay, not so much,—not two.” In the play-scene in the third act, Ophelia says, “’Tis twice two months, my lord:” so that from the beginning of the first act to the close of the third we must allow about ten weeks. Allowing six weeks for the time between Hamlet’s murder of Polonius and the death of Ophelia, we have only the four months; for Ophelia dies at the end of the fourth act and is buried at the commencement of the fifth. Immediately after the burial the bout of foils takes place, and Hamlet kills the king. Hamlet does hesitate, he does pause and ponder, at times, but at others the swiftness of his action is most marvellous; and surely both sides of his character should be considered.

Another most important point is the age of Hamlet. Following some interpolated lines in the grave-digger’s scene, many commentators fix it at thirty, to the utter destruction of Shakespeare’s conception of Hamlet and the whole meaning of the play. The lines are, “I have been sexton here, man and boy, for thirty years.” My reply to this is that these are not Shakespeare’s words at all, but were introduced for the convenience of the actor, either Taylor or Burbage, both of whom

were incapable of looking the youthful prince. A man who has been sexton, man and boy, for thirty years, supposing him to have been twelve years of age when he began to dig graves, would be forty-two. Why, then, for generations has the actor been allowed to make up as the grave-digger looking at least sixty or seventy years of age, without remonstrance? If the text is right, the actor must be wrong. I have never yet seen a picture or drawing of the grave-yard scene in which the grave-digger is not represented as a very old man; and quite right, too; the sexton should be a very old man; and he is always presented to the imagination as such. The lines fixing his age at forty-two have crept into the text without thought on the part of the interpolator, and the actor while altering the text retained the conception of the character. The other line, "Yorick's skull has been buried in the earth three-and-twenty years," has been inserted for the same purpose; the original line reads "a dozen years." The other lines are no more Shakespeare's than the passage introduced for the same purpose, reading, "Our son is fat and scant of breath." The statement that Hamlet is thirty years of age no more accords with the rest of the play than does the line "fat and scant of breath" accord with Ophelia's description of Hamlet, "The glass of fashion and the mould of form." Other lines quoted in support of the theory of Hamlet's being over thirty are those spoken by the player king:

Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

These are understood to imply that Hamlet's father and mother have been married thirty years, and are also accepted as a statement of Hamlet's age. If his father and mother were married only thirty years, and he is over thirty years of age, why does not Shakespeare allude to his illegitimacy at some portion of the play? Yet another argument is that Hamlet says to his mother, when reproaching her for her sin,—

Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones.

And we are asked to believe that the word "matron" signifies a woman fifty or sixty years of age, and therefore Hamlet must be thirty. Is not every mother a matron, whether she be sixty or sixteen? The whole play turns upon the incestuous intercourse of the queen and her husband's brother. This had been going on during the lifetime of the dead king, if we may trust the words of the ghost, who says,—

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
Won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.

Let us imagine a woman fifty or sixty years of age inspiring such a passion in the mind of a man like Claudius. Does it not strike one immediately as being truly revolting? Can we imagine Shakespeare building so glorious a tragedy as "Hamlet" on such a theme? With a handsome, sensual, attractive woman of forty it is reasonable, but surely not with a woman of fifty or sixty. Over the actual statements of Hamlet's age made by Shakespeare himself there should be surely no controversy. He is constantly referring to him as "young." He refers to Romeo as the "young Romeo," and again to Orlando as the "young Orlando." Will anybody assert that Romeo or Orlando is over thirty years of age? Will any one avouch that Shakespeare's power of imagery was so poor and scanty that only the one word "young" could be found by him to describe a boy of nineteen, like Romeo, and a man of thirty? In the first scene, Horatio alludes to Hamlet as the "young Hamlet." Horatio is himself a young man. In the second scene, the king says, "For your intent in going back to school in Wittenberg." It is immaterial to me whether he meant school or college. So far as we can gather, the schooling would commence at twelve or fourteen, and at the age of thirty a prince like Hamlet would be commanding armies in the field. Again, if Hamlet had attained his majority, why is he not on the throne? Granting that the throne of Denmark went by election, Hamlet is the beloved son of a beloved father, "loved by the distracted multitude," popular, and with absolutely no bar to his claim to the throne. In the third scene, Laertes, in warning his sister against Hamlet, says,—

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature;
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting.

Can we for a moment believe that Shakespeare would use the word "forward"—*i.e.*, precocious—concerning the love of a man over thirty years of age? Laertes is himself a young man of not more than twenty-one or twenty-two. Would he be likely to speak of the love of a man of thirty as being in the youth of primy nature? Further, he goes on to speak two or three lines which seem to have escaped the notice of nearly every commentator or critic who has yet endeavored to fix the age of Hamlet at thirty,—*viz.*,

For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.

If these words have any meaning at all, they mean that Hamlet has not done growing, either physically or mentally. Is this possible in a man thirty years of age? Surely not. Polonius immediately after this takes occasion to warn Ophelia against Hamlet because he is young. He says,—

For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young.

In the second scene of the second act, speaking to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, the king says,—

I entreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And sith so neighbored to his youth.

Hamlet himself, speaking to these two young men, appeals to them by "the consonancy of their youth." The king further alludes to Hamlet as this "mad young man," and again speaks of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern as his "two school-fellows." In fact, there is hardly a scene in the play in which some allusion to Hamlet's youth is not made. And yet, in the face of all this, we are to believe that Hamlet is over thirty!

In the *Teller* newspaper, dated Tuesday, September 20, to Thursday, September 22, 1709, appears a criticism of the Hamlet of Mr. Betterton, who was unquestionably a very successful exponent of the character. Almost the first detailed criticism of any one in this character relates to Betterton. It is generally conceded that Betterton was taught how to play the part by Sir William Davenant, who received his conception of the character directly from Shakespeare himself. There is no question of Davenant's intimacy with Shakespeare, and, if my evidence be trustworthy, he transmitted his conception of the piece, gained from his intimacy with the author, to Betterton. This is the Betterton-cum-Davenant-cum-Shakespeare idea of Hamlet:

"I was going on in the reading of my letter, when I was interrupted by Mr. Greenbat, who had been this evening at the play of Hamlet. 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said he, 'had you been to-night at the play-house you had seen the force of action in perfection. Your admired Mr. Betterton behaved himself so well that, though now about seventy-six, he acted Youth, and, by the prevalent power of proper manner, gesture, and voice, appeared through the whole drama a youth of great expectations, vivacity, and enterprise. The soliloquy when he began the celebrated sentence of "To be, or not to be," the expostulation when he explains with his mother in her closet, the whole ardor after seeing his father's ghost, and his generous distress for the death of Ophelia, are each of them circumstances which dwell strongly upon the minds of the audience, and would certainly affect their behavior on the parallel occasion of their own lives. Pray, Mr. Bickerstaff, let us have virtue thus represented on the stage with its proper ornaments, or let the ornaments be added to her in places more sacred. As for my part,' said he, 'I carried my cousin Jerry, this little boy, with me, and shall always love the child for his partiality for all that concerns the fortune of Hamlet. This is entering youth into the affections and passions of manhood beforehand, and, as it were, antedating the effects we hope from a long and liberal education.'" Thus says Bickerstaff, otherwise Dean Swift.

In the original legend of Hamlet, by Saxo Grammaticus, we are informed that "Feggi killed Orvendio and married his wife, and that Hamlet was then twenty years of age, and that Hamlet, to lull the suspicion of his uncle, feigned madness the better to carry out his plans of vengeance."

By the ancient Northmen a madman was considered to be sacred, and to injure one would be a sacrilege. Hamlet, in his address to his people, says, "I hid my knowledge under an assumed cloak of madness," and "this before I had come to man's estate."

Thus in the original legend and in Shakespeare's play we are again and again told that Hamlet was not mad, and that he was quite young.

It is obvious that the tragedy gains in attractiveness if Hamlet is played as a young man. By representing the king and queen as beings in the very prime of life they interest the audience instead of boring it, and thus the balance of the play is preserved. The eye of the spectator is pleased by the appearance of the most important characters, the sensibilities are no longer shocked, the student finds matter for fresh thought in the new aspect in which the play is presented to him, and, above all, he sees Hamlet as Shakespeare saw him first in the crude legend of Saxo Grammaticus, but strengthened, enlarged, glorified, and immortalized by the grandeur of his genius.

Wilson Barrett.

DEAD FLOWERS.

A TUFT of mignonette, a withered rose!—
 Numberless foolish hearts have treasured such.
 Now, as I lift them from their long repose,
 They turn to dust and crumble at a touch,—
 Poor flowers, that meant so much!

They meant—pure love and limitless belief
 In summer's faithfulness, in sunny skies;
 They mean—one lonely pang of silent grief,
 Just one true tear that in a moment dries,—
 For even sorrow dies.

So with the millions who have hoarded flowers:
 The frail love-token lasts, the heart's love goes.
 Man's vaunted strength and woman's boasted powers
 Are more ephemeral even than the rose,
 The frailest flower that blows!

A withered rose, a tuft of mignonette!—
 How passing weak must be the human heart!
 For these outlive even love, outlast regret,
 Abide even when grim pain, with blunted dart,
 Makes ready to depart.

George Barlow.

ON SOME RECENT ART PROGRESS.

WHEN it was suggested to me to say a few words on "Recent Art Progress," my first thought was whether, as regarded the pictorial art of England, there was really much progress to record. I speak of England first, as it is the country I know best. Numerically, of course, the ranks are much stronger, the general level of art production is higher, and the works of certain clever young painters, unheard of ten years ago, are now highly esteemed; and this may be said of nearly every country lately represented in Paris.

The spread of art education throughout England during the period between the last two International Exhibitions in Paris has had some results not altogether foreseen by its promoters. It has crowded the profession with a host of young and generally indifferent painters, but has not very perceptibly raised the level of appreciation of good pictures by the public. This is one of many adverse influences that must be taken into account in forming any estimate of the present position of art in this country. As regards education, the facilities afforded by the Government National Art Training Schools at South Kensington, and throughout the country, were never more complete than at present; but the fact remains that thousands of young people step down annually from the platforms of their local schools of art, bearing away prizes awarded by their judges in London for skill in copying in chalk from the antique, or in painting in water-colors from still life. These prize-holders are congratulated by all their friends, but the hopes thus raised of a future art career are, I need hardly say, in a few years ruthlessly dispelled. By "art career" (the common phrase) I mean the career of a painter of pictures,—*"genre,"* landscape, or portraits,—whose work we are chiefly considering, and on the success of which the reputation of a country in the world of art largely depends.

As a matter of ways and means, the attention of some of the cleverest students in England is now directed to decoration and design. Here is a career open to thousands; and it is a satisfactory state of things, considering the number of young people who are being forced forward by our school-masters under the system of "payment by results." These students—many of whose designs compete with the best in Europe—administer to the decoration of our houses, and help to keep the wheels of our factories from standing still. Some of the best original work I have seen in England of late has been in schools conducted and supported by manufacturers for their special wants,—such as designs for fabrics, silks, stuffs, wall-papers, glass, pottery, and the like. It is worth while to draw prominent attention to these facts because there is no question that at present there is more scope for the employment of young artists in this direction than in any other; and it is the most active and healthy aspect of the art movement that we have to record.

But how does this affect the painter of *"genre,"* and of pictures generally, in England? It affects him in a somewhat unforeseen and evil

way. There is no room for doubt that the very attractive, and too often assertive, schemes of decoration for the interior of a room, as seen in the wall-papers by William Morris and other manufacturers, have had much to do with the decline of purchases of modern paintings. Speaking broadly, the wider the diffusion of taste in the interior of our homes, the more attractive the work of our architects, decorators, and paper-hangers, the worse for the painters of pictures who exhibit them in ordinary frames. We are passing through a phase of assertiveness in these matters, and shall emerge, let us hope, into a period of repose, when backgrounds, as backgrounds, shall be more considered. There is no necessity, of course, for any collision; some of the most beautiful homes in England, and more especially the new houses in America, are decorated and considered with a view to the hanging of pictures; but it is a fact that many cherished pictures have been taken from the walls of English houses during the last few years to make way for the decorator, with his geometric patterns and "harmonies." There is a fashion in these things, and the tendency at present among certain painters, who are in the minority, seems to be to consider decorative effect above all things. We may take as an example for our purpose a large picture by E. Burne-Jones called "Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid," which was exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery in 1884 and at the Paris Exhibition last year. It is one of the most characteristic works ever painted by this artist, and will be remembered best for its fine decorative character and color,—regarded rather as a piece of tapestry than as a picture. Thus, reflected upon the canvas of a painter of mediæval tendencies, we may note the passing fashion of the time; and the land of Wilkie, Gainsborough, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Turner, Constable, and Crome, of pictures hanging in old oak-panelled rooms and in quiet "Queen Anne" interiors, is occupied for the moment with the relative merits of early Italian wall-papers and decorative subtleties from Japan.

The art of England in its relation to other countries, and the progress upwards, or downwards, of some of its living painters, can only be briefly referred to here. The position may perhaps be best considered by a glance at the collections which were sent to the last two Paris International Exhibitions.

PAINTINGS.

The English collection, although maintaining a higher level of excellence, in 1889 was less complete (owing to some untoward circumstances) and attracted less attention from foreigners than in 1878. America, on the contrary, was of course much stronger in 1889.

When the English painters rallied their forces on the Champ de Mars in 1878, a crowd of curious sight-seers lingered round the work of many, to them, unknown artists. Pictures by the late Sir Edwin Landseer (who died in 1873) were hung side by side with Frith's "Derby Day" (now in the National Gallery), Sir John Millais's "Yeoman of the Guard" and "North-West Passage," L. Alma-Tadema's "Sculpture-Gallery," Sir Frederick Leighton's "Elijah," G. F. Watts's "Love and Death," Luke Fildes's "Casual Ward," Herkomer's "Last

Muster," Poynter's "Catapult," and "The Beguiling of Merlin" by Burne-Jones. These works, and many more which it would be impossible to catalogue here, were prominent in 1878, and the painters of them have achieved success in England. It will be interesting to note how far the painters representing in some sort the popular art of England seem to have progressed in 1889. Sir John Millais, whose principal occupation is portrait-painting, showed a power and variety of resource in his ten pictures exhibited in Paris in 1878 which was only excelled in 1889, in the general estimation, by his portrait of Mr. Gladstone. One of the ten, a small picture called "The Gambler's Wife," painted much earlier, and well known to the public by the etching, was one of the gems of the earlier Exhibition, and far exceeded in artistic interest his later and more popular "Cinderella," "Cherry Ripe," "Bubbles," and other pictures of children. Mr. L. Alma-Tadema, more skilful than ever in technique in 1889, shows plainly that his mission is still to paint Roman maidens and marble floors, and that the public may expect little else at present from his hand. Mr. F. Leighton (now Sir Frederick Leighton, Baronet, President of the Royal Academy*) was represented in Paris in 1878 by a picture of "Elijah" painted for the Museum of Art in Liverpool, also by "The Music-Lesson," two seated figures, a delicate rendering of Oriental tints and draperies, well known by the engraving. But the painter of the "Cimabue" in 1855, and of the great processional picture called "Daphnephoria" in 1876 (which many visitors to the Manchester Exhibition of 1887 will remember), was not adequately represented in 1878. Last year he sent the "Captive Andromache," a large and important work, with numerous figures thoroughly characteristic of the painter, now in possession of the Corporation of Manchester. Here, also, were exhibited his bronze figure of "The Sluggard," and another, a statuette, called "Needless Alarms."

Of Mr. Burne-Jones's single exhibit in 1889 I have already spoken; his earlier work, which included "The Beguiling of Merlin," attracted more attention in Paris in 1878. "The Beguiling of Merlin" and the series of panels entitled "Days of Creation" were exhibited at the first opening of the Grosvenor Gallery by Sir Coutts Lindsay in 1877, and were succeeded in the following year by "The Seasons," "Laus Veneris," and "Le Chant d'Amour." Public interest was great in those days in the work of an artist who had rarely exhibited in public and whose dislike to picture-shows was well known. It may be interesting to mention that another great series of pictures will shortly be seen from his hand.

Mr. G. F. Watts, whose paintings are familiar to Americans, sent "Love and Death" to Paris in 1878, and last year "Love and Life," "Hope," "The Judgment of Paris," and other pictures, in all eight exhibits. They sufficed to draw attention to a painter of the intellectual qualities of whose work we form a better estimate when seen collected in his own house in Melbury Road, Kensington, or as ex-

* Sir Francis Grant, the well-known portrait-painter, was President of the Royal Academy in 1878.

hibited lately in the Museum of Art in New York. Mr. Watts's pictures were certainly not seen to advantage in Paris last year.

Let us now turn to the work of one or two prominent, and comparatively young, painters who since 1878 have advanced steadily to the front. Mr. Hubert Herkomer, who gained the gold medal in 1878 for his picture of the Chelsea Pensioners called "The Last Muster," and has received various other distinctions, exhibited two remarkable portraits in Paris last year. His principal picture, "The Chapel of the Charter-House," was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1889 and purchased by the Council under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. It is larger and more important in technique than the Chelsea Pensioners, but has less human interest from an artistic point of view. Mr. Herkomer's portraits are well known in America from the artist's own etchings, two especially, a lady in black, "Entranced," and a lady in white, "Miss Katherine Grant." These portraits may be taken as indicative of the direction in which some of the best energies of our painters—English by birth or by adoption—are tending.

The law of supply and demand, the *real demand* in England at the present time for good portraits (especially from those who can paint a lady), is naturally diverting the attention of many talented artists. For instance, the painter of "Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward" (Luke Fildes, now R.A.), which, in spite of being hung rather out of sight, was highly thought of in 1878 (for earnestness of purpose, it may be, rather than for technique), appears for the moment to have joined the ranks of the portrait-painters; and he steps easily to the front rank in his Portrait of Mrs. Luke Fildes, which was in last year's Paris Exhibition.

Another artist who in the last few years passed from the ranks of "genre" to the very highest position as a portrait-painter should be mentioned here,—the late Frank Holl, R.A. No artist in England had risen more rapidly; but few of his friends who saw the two pictures sent to Paris in 1878 and knew his work at that time could have predicted so brilliant a career. Thus, in the present, as in the past, portraiture, the most trying and exacting of professions, is absorbing some of the best talent of contemporary artists, and in England especially, in so marked a degree that no notice of art progress would be complete without a reference to it.

Other painters have shown progress during the decade in widely different ways: thus, among the landscape-painters most honored in Paris in 1889 are Henry Moore, with his unsurpassed effects of light on disturbed seas and moving clouds, and B. W. Leader, with his winter sunsets on calm low land, fringe of village spires and wintry trees. They have both extorted admiration from their French *confrères*,—admiration for English landscape the most frank and unreserved it has ever been my fortune to hear expressed across the Channel. And, yet, who shall say that the painters named have gone far from the beaten track or stand out from the ranks of landscape-painters as having exceptional gifts?

Of the men whose works made a distinct impression in Paris in

1878, two should be mentioned, young artists of great promise who died early, George Mason, the painter of "The Harvest Moon," and Frederick Walker, A.R.A., who was represented by "The Old Gate" and by ten water-color drawings. The English water-colors came as a sort of revelation of the art of England in that year, the extent to which the art was practised being little known or not very seriously considered abroad. This, as a separate "cult" and branch of art (to the workers in which our Royal Academy holds out no hope of distinction), sustained its high reputation in 1889, and it seems to find a home in England in several prosperous institutions.

To return to the oil paintings. "The Return from Inkerman," by Miss Thompson (the painter of the "Roll-Call"), "Dawn," by E. J. Gregory, "Medea," by F. Sandys, and "The Tirewoman," by H. Graham, were singled out in 1878 for special notice, but these painters, and others that could be named, have scarcely realized the promise of their early successes. A very powerful and passionate picture exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1876 and in Paris in 1878 was "The Wreck," by William Small. This picture held out hopes of the artist as a painter which have never been fulfilled; but his work in black and white is well known in all parts of the world.

On the contrary, Mr. W. L. Wyllie (who had his "Sea-Birds" hung nearly out of sight in Paris in 1878) came triumphantly to the front in 1889 with his "Toil, Glitter, and Grime," a true picture of Thames barges coming up on the tide. Among the younger men who were little known in 1878 and who have since made a place for themselves should be mentioned J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A., S. J. Solomon, Stanhope A. Forbes, T. B. Kennington, J. D. Millet, A. Hacker, G. Clausen, David Murray, Adrian Stokes, W. H. Bartlett, and Walter Langley, and the rising young portrait-painters J. J. Shannon, William Carter, and others. We mention these as points of interest in the artistic firmament of 1890. We cannot see all the fixed stars at one sitting; the list would be too long if only made half complete.

What is the outcome of it all? What was the general verdict abroad,—a verdict worth much more than individual opinion? It has been said that the progress of art in any country should not be judged by exhibitions,—that "its real growth and influence should be sought in silent places,—in undisturbed atmospheres favorable to the growth of mosses and ferns." But for the purpose of these notes we can deal only with what we see.

SCULPTURE.

Let us glance for a moment at Sculpture, an art which must at least be *en évidence*. From the few English exhibits in Paris in 1878 in the galleries on the Champ de Mars—the truth should be told—there was little to be gathered in the way of promise or hope. Sculpture in England seems more than ever an exotic; it is still suffering from a lack of great teachers, from an adverse climate, and from a general want of interest on the part of the public. It would be of little use to recall many names of sculptors who were represented in Paris in 1878; two were prominent,—Sir J. E. Boehm, with his colossal

"Clydesdale Stallion," and J. H. Foley, with his portraits. (The latter died in 1874.) But in 1889, curiously enough, the works in sculpture that were singled out for praise for their *motif*, if not for other qualities, were not by sculptors at all!—such as Sir Frederick Leighton's "Athlete struggling with a Python" and Mr. G. F. Watts's bust of "Clytie."

In last year's Exhibition, some French artists and sculptors with whom I had conversations were enthusiastic—some naturally, some perhaps politely—about the *Ecole Anglaise*. They expressed admiration for the work of Alfred Gilbert, Hamo Thornycroft, Onslow Ford, and one or two other sculptors; also for Sir Frederick Leighton's bronze figure called "Needless Alarms," for a little bronze of "A Young Tiger," by J. M. Swan, and for the more tentative studies in low relief by the late Randolph Caldecott. *Voilà tout!* Alfred Stevens (represented in Paris in 1878 by his designs of a caryatid for a chimney-piece) died in 1874, R. Caldecott (following in his footsteps) died in 1886, and the lamp of genius, as far as England is concerned, seemed to burn most brightly in the Paris Exhibition in the "Icarus," "Perseus," and "An Offering to Venus," by Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., our greatest living sculptor. Other names come to mind in this connection, such as Harry Bates, whose relief of "Hounds in Leash" was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1889.

But, with the remembrance fresh in every one's recollection of the display of modern French sculpture in the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and of the wonderful retrospective section of French Art, these may appear small things to record. Nothing in its way was more interesting or informing than to hear some unbiassed, natural questions and observations from those whom we may style, for the sake of argument, our artistic *confrères*. Three remarks I call to mind referring to the English exhibit in the Section des Beaux-Arts. 1. A certain wonderment as to the small impression made by such works as S. J. Solomon's "Samson" in a gallery crowded with less ambitious pictures. 2. An expression of surprise at the "disappointing color and technique" of the pictures by Watts,—coming, be it observed, from men highly appreciative of the artist. 3. A pointedly expressed amazement at "the treatment of Millais" in permitting colored imitations of his charming picture of a child, called "Bubbles," to be spread broadcast over the Exhibition. "We do not pretend to understand the English," remarked our French friends; "but the atmosphere is too loaded here: perhaps the time is not favorable for criticism;" "*c'est loin du monde qu'on peut juger sainement des illusions dont ils nous environnent.*"

Of the influence of modern French art, of which we hear so much in England, the outcome is, to say the least, of uncertain quality. Studio talk in England is of realism, impressionism, "plein air," and the like; but neither from the "Newlyn School," those children of the mist who have chosen the one spot in England where the rainfall is greatest and where more "shrouded days" are recorded than anywhere else,—the coast of Cornwall,—nor from the so-called "Impressionists" (whose exhibition at Messrs. Goupil's in Bond Street, London, in December last, was in many examples an outrage on our

sense of the beautiful), have we yet reaped the promised harvest. But the Newlyn School, breaking through many traditions, has already produced artists of undeniable merit; and the "Impressionists," if showing little subtlety or skill in painting as a body, have at least the courage of their opinions, and one of the youngest of them, in the late Goupil Exhibition, challenged comparison with M. Béraud in effects, difficult enough, of the garish light in the interior of a *café concert*. These are straws showing the direction of the wind, the present shifting, uncertain condition of the artistic atmosphere.

But the modern French school, with which so many of our young artists are more or less in sympathy, is also on shifting sands. It is so occupied, as one writer expresses it, in the solution of technical problems that "the mind behind the canvas" is less and less apparent; the French are "becoming more scientific and full of dexterity every day," and, as a consequence, their work is "less beautiful and less interesting."

There is no space to follow this subject further now. Let us conclude with a mention, merely, of the very remarkable exhibit in Paris last year by American artists,—of J. J. Sargent, the portrait-painter, at his best, of Harrison's wave-painting, of Pearce, Dannat, Stewart, and others,—and record one general impression, that of admiration for the great advance in technique and for the reticence (amidst much temptation) of a school, as yet, without national style and without tradition.

Modern art is a comprehensive word, and the display at the late Paris Exhibition would alone fill a volume; but no notice of recent art progress should omit a mention of the exhibit of wood engraving by American artists which formed one of the most instructive sections of the Paris Exhibition of 1889.

Henry Blackburn.

ORAT STELLA.

O LONE aloofest one of heaven's highway, bowed absently upon
the chilly night,
Bright mother! when shall thine estranged ray turn tender, and suck
up my little light?

My heart, on high, beheld the seraphs pass, and here has only, at the
valley's bend,
Visions of rain and wind and trampled grass,—for its first uses home-
sick to the end.

Why should I keep in patience longer yet by this dark pool of earth
my signals brave?
Hardly to tyrants is their gleam a threat, hardly a solace unto any slave!

Nor can I shine nor sing, as once afar: man's ache of thought has
reached me. Right me now!
Take back the fallen and the faithful star, to know as much, to be as
calm, as thou!

Louise Imogen Guiney.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

MEASURED not so much by definite achievement as by perennial fascination and charm, no figure in the literature of our century can vie with that of Shelley. The gulf between our ideals of life, and even of art, and his, grows visibly broader; yet he holds us with a magnetism which no intellectual divergence impairs. His convictions, though urged with magnificent imaginative energy, are often palpably crude and barren, and of all his contemporaries he has the loosest and faintest grasp upon reality; yet a generation of realists founds a society to study him. His pre-Darwinian ethics and politics are indulgently or contemptuously ignored by those who ardently defend or disparage the far subtler revolutionism of Ibsen. But all are, sooner or later, for a longer or a shorter time, arrested by him, and turn with involuntary interest to the twentieth recital of his pathetic life and death.

And the spell which keeps Shelley's personality fresh and vivid has diffused itself in some measure over his whole *entourage*. Among those who composed this *entourage* there are many whose names have still an independent luminosity of their own, and several who in his day entirely outshone him. Yet, when we turn over the records of Godwin, of Hunt, of Moore, of Southey, even of Byron, we are sensible of stirring a little dust, of setting free a little mould. A much larger number, though conspicuous enough in their time, would be wholly forgotten in ours but for the chance which brought them into touch with the vitalizing genius of Shelley. Not that they were always without high merit; but in this crowded century high merit is only a ticket in the lottery of fame,—a condition, not a guarantee,—and the goddess Reputation flings her glory and her gold about with much of the blindness proverbially attributed to Justice. Hogg and Trelawny stand in the front rank of English biographers; but, brilliant as their books are, it is mainly their subject which keeps them alive; and Trelawny's "Adventures of a Younger Son," in spite of the magnificent airs with which he gave it to the world (a transaction vividly illuminated by the present volumes), is now buried not many fathoms less deep under the waters of oblivion than Hogg's "Prince Haimatoff" itself.

It is probably to the latter and larger group—to those who are remembered essentially through their association with Shelley—that impartial criticism must assign the remarkable woman who became his second wife. But no literary satellite ever took less pains to be remembered apart from its central luminary. Always shrinking nervously from publicity, peremptorily refusing to share in Trelawny's proposed Life (to the great disgust of that hero), and doing her best, in vain, to arrest the catchpenny lucubrations of Medwin, it is not surprising that Mary Shelley has been known to the present generation all but exclusively as her husband's wife. While he lived, indeed, her existence was so intimately bound up with his that his biography could hardly be written without, so far, implying hers. But the miserable catastrophe

which abruptly closed his career withdrew her from the sphere of immediate Shelleyan interest; and the agony of those *Lerici* days was treated as the last scene of a drama upon which it seemed only natural that the curtain of an all but complete oblivion should be allowed to fall. Yet the larger half of her life was yet to come, and, though the joyousness, never exuberant, was wrung out of it, it is, as we now see, by this long monotonous sequel* to the enthralling romance of her youth that we first thoroughly understand Mary Shelley. The record which Mrs. Marshall has drawn, in large part, from material hitherto unknown, is therefore a contribution of importance to our means of judging a woman who has been a standing example of the perils which beset the wives of men of genius; for while his detractors have commonly included her in their abuse of him, his friends have sometimes exalted him at her expense, and she has had to pay the penalty both of sympathizing, and of failing to sympathize, with her husband. She has been reproached for insensibility to conventions in the chapter about Harriet, and for subserviency to them in the chapter about Emilia. Let us, then, with the help of the new material now before us, attempt to understand her career as a whole.

The only child of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, she inherited the Irish ardor of her mother's temperament, together with something of her father's outward coldness and restraint. In him this was the natural garb of an intellect rather penetrating than sensitive; but in her it disguised, and very often concealed, a heart intensely sympathetic and full of the need of social intercourse. Her early life probably confirmed this quality. Losing her mother at her birth, and without brother or sister of her own, she grew up with little experience of intimate companionship. Her step-mother was a woman whose bustling vulgarity would hardly have tempted Godwin to be false a second time to his anti-matrimonial principles, had it not permitted her to smooth the way to that consummation by gross and deliberate flattery. Of her two half-sisters, neither Jane, with her shallow vivacity, nor Fanny, affectionate but *bornée*, ever stood very near to Mary; and her father, who, as publisher of the "Juvenile Library," was much occupied with the enlightenment of other people's children, had little leisure or sympathy for his own. On the other hand, the intellectual atmosphere of Godwin's household was keen and stimulating, and vibrated with the revolutionary ideas of which its existence was in some sort the negation. While yet a child in experience, Mary heard the deepest problems of life discussed, and became familiar with the theory of the solubility of social bonds before she had ever felt their power. Her first warm friendship was probably that which ripened during her visit in the summer of 1812 to the delightful family of the Baxters at Dundee. It was on the day after her return in October with Christy Baxter that Mary first saw Shelley, when he, in company with the blooming Harriet and the inevitable Eliza, spent the evening at Godwin's house. Of this memorable occasion the Muse of history, with her usual short-

* "The Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley," by Mrs. Julian Marshall. London, R. Bentley & Son, 1889

sightedness, has recorded little but fragmentary details,—the fresh complexion of Harriet, and the splendors of her purple satin dress. Yet Godwin's young and ardent disciple had already excited keen interest in the lively household of Skinner Street by his letters from Ireland and from Wales. "You cannot imagine," Godwin had written to him, "how much all the females of my family are interested by your letters and your history." Godwin himself was flattered, but also somewhat embarrassed, by a disciple who proposed to carry out his principles without any of those respects of time and person which with him separated theory from practice, and whose otherwise copious dictionary was devoid of the word *compromise*. The closer acquaintance which followed speedily shattered the ideal edifice of friendship reared by the enthusiasm of Shelley. Godwin, who in his relations with the morbid and feeble Patrickson appears the model of a wise and kindly Mentor, betrays his most pitiable inconsistencies in his dealings with Shelley, whose *naïve* unworldliness throws them into the most glaring and damaging relief. Patrickson, it is true, had not run away with his daughter; nor was Patrickson the prospective heir of six thousand pounds a year, but the recipient of Godwin's own generosity. It was Godwin's misfortune that the sad plight of his finances led him to bestow indignation and to seek relief in the same quarter, and made him, in his attitude towards Shelley, a half-grotesque, half-pathetic compound of the offended moralist and the needy debtor.

Mary, on the other hand, found in Shelley for the first time a man who satisfied to the full her intellectual sympathies,—a man penetrated in every fibre with an ardor like her own, and armed, as she was not, with both fearless audacity and a brilliant though unchastened faculty of expression. Shelley, on his part, wrung by the coldness of Harriet, and at length in June, 1814, convinced, rightly or wrongly, of her unfaithfulness, yielded to the profound attraction which a nature so kindred to his own not unnaturally inspired in him. The eventful step which followed, on the evening of July 28, has been viewed rather from Shelley's than from Mary's point of view. It is an evidence of her implicit faith in him that, with her mother's history in her mind, she unhesitatingly undertook it. The assumption on which both acted, that the formation and dissolution of families are matters of purely individual choice, in which society has no concern, can find no place in any system of ethics of less pristine simplicity than Shelley's, and need not, therefore, be discussed; but of their sincerity there can be no question.

From this point until Shelley's death, Mary's life is as familiar as his, and little could be added to the sympathetic picture already traced in great detail by Prof. Dowden. Mrs. Marshall has shifted the camera a little, and the perspective is slightly altered; but her work, though honestly constructed from the original materials, has at times, almost inevitably, the air of being a reproduction, and rather a hasty and inartistic one, of his. In one respect, indeed, the adoption of the less artistic method which marks her book was a counsel of wisdom. Prof. Dowden, like any other literary workman of the finer sort, preferred to work up his materials into his own narrative rather than to

strew them broadcast over his pages. But this method did not and could not give that immediate knowledge of the sources which the modern reader credits himself with desiring and, when they are piquant, both desires and demands. Hence Mrs. Marshall has done good service in giving us, at some cost to the artistic finish of her work, wholesale quotations from the letters and journals of this most eventful period of Mary's life. The diary of the struggling years of wandering in England, which is presented to us at great length, is merely a string of brief jottings, the matter-of-fact incidents of every day, rarely interrupted by a thought,—a moving phantasmagoria of goings and comings, walks and talks, studies and slumbers, humors and illnesses, births and deaths. Yet the picture which disengages itself in the memory when all this restless detail has subsided is one of permanent charm and pathos,—the bright youthful figures of "the Maie" and her "Elfin Knight," sharply relieved against a sordid, shadowy background of money-lenders, bailiffs, duns, and lawyers, with an intermediate group of figures in half-light, the wayward, vivacious Clare, the plausible scapegrace Charles, Hogg cynically good-natured, Peacock cynical without good nature, and hapless Fanny Godwin, meek, unobtrusive domestic drudge as she was thought to be until the day when, with a flash of her mother's vehemence of will, she "took arms" against her life in that lonely lodging-house in Cardiff.

The memorable summer of 1816 was for Mary, as for Shelley, the beginning of serious authorship. The "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" sprang from the snows of Mont Blanc, and "Frankenstein" was the offspring of a night of uneasy slumber in their lake-side villa near Geneva, after an evening with Byron. Both the thrilling and eerie *motif* of the story, and the moral import which is rather insinuated into than gathered from it,—the perils of social isolation,—are sufficiently Shelleyan; but the original conception belongs unquestionably to Mary, and there is no reason to attribute to her husband any other influence upon its execution than that of stimulating sympathy. "Frankenstein" is certainly one of the most remarkable examples extant of the literary utilization of a dream: it was to prove, however, her culminating achievement, and now remains the solitary pillar on which her independent reputation rests. The journey to Italy which shortly followed its completion did not bring to Mary the extraordinary access of inspiration which it kindled in her husband. It was for her in great part a time of harrowing crises and painful anxieties,—the death of her only daughter Clara ("my sweet girl whose face resembled his") in the inn at Venice, that of William the next year under the malarial heats of Rome, the cruel detention and final death of Allegra, and then the agitation, harder to bear because she could not share it with Shelley, produced by the episode of which the "Epipsychidion" was the fruit, and humiliating disillusion the issue. Scandal-mongers, too, were busy as of old, and Byron, who knew the truth, countenanced, if he did not help to wing, the poisoned shafts which fell upon his friend and his friend's wife and sister. "Poor souls!" wrote Mary Shelley to Mrs. Gisborne, "we live innocently, as you well know: if we did not, ten to one God would take pity on us, and we should not

be so unfortunate." Over all these things, indeed, she triumphed, and the record of books read flows equably on as before,—Ariosto, Dante, Virgil, Spenser, Fletcher, Jonson, and later, under the tutorage of their fantastic guest Mavrocordato, Homer and Herodotus in Greek. But she did not feel impelled to write. Shelley was convinced that she had a genius for drama, and urged her to the attempt with the united ardor of faith and love. Now it was the story of Beatrice Cenci, which he was himself presently to re-create, now that of Charles I., on which he afterwards produced what but for the "Cenci" would have been held a convincing proof of his own dramatic incompetence. "Remember, remember Charles I.!" he wrote to her in 1818: "I have been already imagining how you will conduct such scenes. The second volume of *St. Leon* (Godwin's romance) "begins with this proud and true sentiment: 'There is nothing which the human mind can conceive which it may not execute. Shakespeare was only a human being.'" But, however human Shakespeare might be, neither Charles I. nor the Cenci bourgeoned under Shelley's diligent watering. Mary produced, however, in the last summer of their married life, the historical romance of "*Castruccio*" (afterwards known as "*Valperga*"). *Castruccio* was a prince of Lucca in Dante's time, and the choice of his story, though suggested long before at Marlowe, was probably confirmed by their enthusiastic Dante readings of this year. It reflected, otherwise, the political ardors of Shelley, and the heroine Euthanasia (the last survivor of a noble house), whose love for *Castruccio* is equalled only by her enthusiasm for the liberty of the republic of Florence, is an aristocratic republican like Shelley himself. The prophetess Beatrice was a still more pronounced specimen of that grandiose type of womanhood which always fascinated Shelley's imagination. "I know nothing," he wrote to his publisher, Ollier, "in Walter Scott's novels which at all approaches the sublimity and beauty of this—creation, I may say, for it is perfectly original, and, although founded upon the ideas and manners of the age which is represented, is wholly without a similitude in any fiction I ever read." These glowing phrases, which would have done no more than justice to his own far greater Beatrice, made little impression upon Ollier. The publication of the novel was delayed, and before any further steps had been taken the catastrophe of July, 1822, had withdrawn its author forever from the sympathy which had steadily fostered its slow growth. With the instinct of a sensitive imagination, Mary had been haunted by bodeful presages throughout the winter: she entered with a shudder the lonely house on the Spezzian bay which was to be their last home, and physical ill health supervened to plunge her into the lowest depths of depression. "No words can tell you," she wrote afterwards to Mrs. Gisborne, "how I hated our house and the country about it. Shelley reproached me for this; his health was good, and the place was quite after his own heart. What could I answer? That the people were wild and hateful, that though the country was beautiful yet I liked a more *countrified* place, that there was great difficulty in living. . . . This was all I had to say; but no words could describe my feelings: the beauty of the woods made me weep and shudder; so vehement was my feeling of

dislike that I used to rejoice when the winds and waves permitted me to go out in the boat, so that I was not obliged to take my usual walk along the shaded paths and alleys of vine-festooned trees,—all that before I doted on, and that now weighed on me.” Shelley, on the other hand, as this passage hints, revelled in unusual vigor, and a sensitive ear may detect a touch of bitterness in the words, as if the physical contrast they describe had not been altogether bridged over by his sympathy. One cannot ignore that the husband and wife whose nature so finely supplemented each other were, during the last months of their common existence, now and then driven by physical conditions to a degree of divergence which Mary endured in silence, but which wrung from Shelley, in an unguarded moment, one of those impatient expressions which his critics so well know how to utilize: “I only feel the want of those who can feel and understand me: whether from proximity and the continuity of domestic intercourse, Mary does not.” And in still stronger words, which Mrs. Marshall does not quote, “It is the curse of Tantalus that a person possessing such excellent powers and so pure a mind as hers should not excite the sympathy indispensable to their application to domestic life.” One wonders that a man whose faculty of compassion was, to all appearance, so ample and so easily touched, should find sympathy with his sick wife so hard. But Shelley’s compassion was rooted rather in love than in any sensitiveness to suffering, and his love was, though not wholly abstract and impersonal, yet so strongly infused with ideal aspirations that it attached itself to living and breathing women rather as apparent fulfillments of these than as beings dear for their own sake; and if the glass grew dim and the image blurred, he was capable of brief disloyalties in word and spirit, such as this language to a third person about his wife implies. Women, however, rarely love in this way; and it is certain that Mary Shelley, with whom we are here alone concerned, never swerved from the passionate devotion to her husband which possessed her from the first. And now, without an instant’s warning, came the end.

The calamity was to her immeasurable. “The scene of my existence is closed,” she wrote to her best friend in the memorable letter dated on the very day, nay, the very hour, of Shelley’s fiery obsequies: “they are now about this fearful office, and I live!” Human sympathy was given her, but not in unstinted measure. Edward Trelawny, indeed, the large-hearted “Pirate” whose adventurous tales had interested the imagination of Shelley and Mary during the last six months, showed the somewhat reckless chivalry of his Celtic nature on its very finest and most thoughtful side; even Byron curbed his egoism, was “very kind, and with the Guiccioli visited me often.” Leigh Hunt, settled in Pisa with his ailing wife and the “six little blackguards” of whom Byron wrote impatiently, expressed the deepest grief. But Hunt’s regrets for Shelley the man and the poet were not unmingled with others for Shelley the wealthy and open-handed friend, for Shelley the contributor to the funds and the pages of the “*Liberal*,” and they did not prevent him from engaging in that unseemly struggle with Mary for the possession of her husband’s heart, which has left a permanent

stain upon his memory. To her father Mary had not written at once, fearful perhaps of a repetition of the stoical counsels with which he had replied to the news of her children's death. There was no danger: Godwin, after waiting for some days, wrote a letter in which genuine sympathy with his daughter struggles for expression with alarm at the withdrawal of the financial pillar of his crumbling house. Byron's "kindness," too, an impulse as abnormal in him as it was constitutional in Shelley, was rapidly exhausted: his involuntary liking for the "Snake" had at no time been colored by any attraction to the less magnetic nature of his wife; and, after promising her the funds for her return to England, he disappeared, to play the more magnificent part of lavishing his wealth upon the liberation of Greece, leaving his friend's widow to be relieved out of the slenderer resources of Trelawny. Trelawny, indeed, showed at times an extravagance in his Samaritan enterprises which one might be tempted to call quixotic if he had been a lean fanatic instead of a robust and genial adventurer brimful of humorous self-confidence and buoyant high spirits. "Do not go to England," he wrote to her, "to encounter poverty and bitter retrospections. Stay in Italy. I will most gladly share my income with you, and if under the same circumstances you would do the same by me, why, then you will not hesitate to accept it. I know of nothing would give me half so much pleasure. As you say, in a few years we shall both be better off." One is tempted, too, to smile, though not unkindly, at his resolute measures for securing a place one day for his own heroic ashes beside the immortal dust of Shelley and Keats in the little Protestant cemetery of Rome; there the Pirate meant to lie when his battles and his braveries were over, sharing the classic consecration of the spot, and contributing a not inappreciable increment to its glory. Throughout the melancholy narrative of Mary Shelley's later life the bright boyish figure of Trelawny plays erratically to and fro, like a gay arabesque upon a dusky ground; and his cheery and at times brilliant letters, with those of the equally vivacious but far less amiable Clare, afford a not unwelcome relief from the pathetic but oppressive monotone of Mary's anguish. For the present, his friendship and that of her sister in calamity, Jane Williams, remained her chief hold in the blank desolation of her life. How terrible and how lasting that desolation was, the reader of her journals and letters, amply quoted by Mrs. Marshall, has now an opportunity of judging for the first time. She was by temperament always prone to despondency when alone, and, now that loneliness was her permanent state, she had few resources against despair. Trelawny's description of her after their first meeting as "witty, social, and animated in the society of friends, though mournful in solitude," is the key to her inner history.

Financial reasons made it necessary, after some months of uncertain existence, to return to England. The parting was bitter. She had, indeed, little cause to be grateful to the land whose treacherous loveliness had destroyed her husband and two children. There, however, they remained, and there she had lived with them the divinest life she had ever known. She had at times, as we have seen, spoken harshly of Italy; but now, when forced to leave it, its radiant beauty became

an embodiment of the irrevocable past, and England, with its mists and rains, a symbol of the joyless future which lay before her. The contrast which Shelley had playfully drawn out in delicious verse in his "Letter to Maria Gisborne" was *lived*, in bitter earnest and sober prose, by his wife. It was after a visit to the Gisbornes themselves, when she had been a fortnight in London, that she wrote to Hunt, "I know not why, but seeing them seemed more than anything else to remind me of Italy. Evening came on drearily, the rain splashed on the pavement, nor star nor moon deigned to appear. I looked up to seek an image of Italy, but a blotted sky told me only of my change. I tried to collect my thoughts, and then, again, dared not to think, for I am a ruin, where bats and owls live only, and I lost my last *singing bird* when I left Albano." And months after, in her Journal, she breaks out, "Italy, dear Italy, murderess of those I love and of all my happiness, one word of your soft language coming unawares upon me has made me shed bitter tears." She tried to occupy herself with literary work, but to little purpose. "Amidst all the depressing circumstances that weigh on me, none sinks deeper than the failure of my intellectual powers. Nothing I write pleases me. Whether I am just in this, or whether the want of Shelley's (oh, my loved Shelley, it is some alleviation only to write your name!) encouragement, I can hardly tell, but it seems to me as if the lovely and sublime objects of nature had been my best inspirers, and, wanting them, I am lost. Although so utterly miserable at Genoa, yet what reveries were mine as I looked on the aspect of the ravine, the sunny deep and its boats, the promontories clothed in purple light, the starry heavens, the fire-flies, the uprising of spring! Then I could think, and my imagination could invent and combine, and self became absorbed in the grandeur of the universe I created. Now my mind is a blank, a gulf filled with formless mist." The appearance of her "Frankenstein" on the stage, the sight of which had distracted one of her first sad evenings in London, turned her thoughts to the drama, and she submitted some specimen scenes to her father's judgment. Godwin was at no time prone to illusive estimates of other people's powers, and he measured, far more accurately than Shelley had ever done, the strength and the limitations of his own daughter. He replied at once, in a letter full of acute criticism and penetrating self-knowledge, which forms a valuable contribution to his own biography, and, as such, has been partially quoted by Mr. Kegan Paul. "Is it not strange that so many people admire and relish Shakespeare, and that nobody writes or even attempts to write like him? To read your specimens, I should suppose that you had read no tragedies but such as have been written since the date of your birth. Your personages are mere abstractions,—the lines and points of a mathematical diagram,—and not men and women. If A crosses B, and C falls upon D, who can weep for that? Your talent is something like mine,—it cannot unfold itself without elbow-room. . . . I can do tolerably well if you will allow me to explain as much as I like, if, in the margin of what my personage says, I am permitted to set down and anatomize all that he feels. Dramatic dialogue, in reference to any talent I possess, is the devil. To write no more than

the very words spoken by the character is a course that withers all the powers of my soul." The words indicate very effectively one of the lines of influence which have replaced the drama by the novel as the chosen artistic medium of an analytic age. Mary was not altogether convinced by her father's reasoning, and throughout her life a powerful piece of acting, such as Kean's Othello, would kindle in her the futile longing after the forbidden glories of the stage; but she never again made any serious effort to capture them. She wrote, nevertheless, not without effort and reluctance, and in part under the stimulus of want rather than of inspiration, a series of romances which obtained readers and reputation in the literary interregnum which lay between Scott and the Brontës. Considerable personal interest belongs, indeed, to her "Lodore," in which she recalls and reproduces, from the lonely vantage-ground of her later London life, the feverish excitements and adventurous vicissitudes of her early years there with Shelley. Outwardly, indeed, her present life was less solitary than her Journals suggest. As the author of "Frankenstein" she occupied a place in the literary world which would in any case have been conceded without much difficulty to the daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, and even to the wife of Shelley; and the mysterious flavor of atheistic and democratic heresy which these associations conveyed rather enhanced the attractiveness of a suffering and still beautiful woman. At the hospitable house of the Novellos, on Shacklewell Green, where she was welcomed with the kindest sympathy, she was always a distinguished guest. Mary Novello, afterwards Mrs. Cowden Clarke, has vividly described her as she then appeared: "her well-shaped, golden-haired head, almost always a little bent and drooping; her marble-white shoulders and arms statuesquely visible in the perfectly plain black velvet dress; . . . her thoughtful, earnest eyes; her short upper lip and intellectually curved mouth, with a certain close-compressed and decisive expression while she listened, and a relaxation into fuller redness and mobility when speaking; her exquisitely formed, white, dimpled, small hands, with rosy palms, and plumply commencing fingers, that tapered into tips as slender and delicate as those in a Vandyke portrait."

There is a certain unintended felicity in the last allusion; for Mary Shelley's attitude to the stirring contemporary life of her later years is not without suggestions of the unsubstantial repose, the passive distinction, of a portrait, charged with the mellow memories of the past, but without any real relation to the present or the future. The outward events of those years are of little moment, and are soon told. They belong rather to her son's biography than to hers. In 1833, after long hesitation, she moved away from the comparatively congenial society of London to solitary lodgings at Harrow, to give him the benefit of the school. In 1836 her father died, in the following year her good friends the Gisbornes. In the same year she labored hard upon the edition of her husband's poems, Sir Timothy Shelley's veto having been tacitly withdrawn. In 1840 her son took his degree at Cambridge, and thereupon received an allowance which relieved his mother thenceforward from money cares. After an interval of seventeen years, she now

undertook, in company with her son and a college-friend, the long-desired journey to Italy, at first to Como and Milan only, in the following summer to Venice and to Rome. In 1844 the prolonged old age of Sir Timothy at length came to a close. Percy Shelley succeeded to the baronetcy, and four years later he married. Three years afterwards, Mary Shelley died, and was buried near her son's home at Bournemouth, where, somewhat later, her father and her mother were transferred also, not without clerical protests happily futile.

The critic, whether of life or of literature, who turns over the pathetic record of Mary's after-career, is chiefly concerned to see what light it throws upon the personality of the wife of Shelley. In one respect the conditions are very favorable. We do not easily press deeper into the inner strength and weakness of a life than where it is sharply divided into two contrasted periods, one passed in the full sunshine of a congenial and stimulating influence, and the other in struggling to make head against its loss; and literature has few instances in which the division is so sharp, and the contrast so unrelieved, as here. A thirty years' widowhood, part of it further darkened by persecution, calumny, and want, ripened much in Mary which Shelley's companionship had left in the germ, if it also ruined much that he had eagerly tended. It turned the girl who at seventeen had written with impatient scorn of the hapless Harriet whose place she had taken, into one of the most merciful of women. It also strengthened her natural reserve,—her incapacity, as she expressed it, "to put myself forward,"—and thus set a barrier which Shelley's impetuosity would have beaten down, if it had ever arisen, between her and the party of reform in state and society to which by all the traditions of birth and education she belonged. The remarkable "Confession of Faith," as Mrs. Marshall calls it, in her *Journal* of 1838, makes her position and the causes of it very clear. "With regard to the Good Cause,"—the cause of the advancement of freedom and knowledge, of the right of women, etc.,—"I am not a person of opinions. . . . Some have a passion for reforming the world. Others do not cling to particular opinions. That my parents and Shelley were of the former class makes me respect it. I respect such when joined to real disinterestedness, toleration, and a clear understanding. My accusers, after such as these, appear to me mere drivellers. For myself, I earnestly desire the good and enlightenment of my fellow-creatures; but I am not for violent extremes, which only bring on an injurious reaction." She then proceeds, in a very interesting passage, to account for, rather than to justify, her creed: "I believe we are sent here to educate ourselves, and that self-denial and disappointment and self-control are a part of our education; that it is not by taking away all restraining law that our improvement is to be achieved." In these last words the wife of Shelley indicated a conception of law utterly antagonistic to his. Law was to Shelley, in his most characteristic utterances, though they became less emphatic, no doubt, as he approached maturity, a shackle, which man advances by shaking off, not by submitting to. No doubt her attitude arose in large part from her instinctive hesitancy, her dread of conspicuous and isolated action; and she freely admitted this. But she was conscious, too,

of the crudity of Shelley's views. The anecdote reported by Matthew Arnold strikingly illustrates this. At the time when the question of Percy's education was growing urgent, she had a conversation with a friend, Mr. Arnold's informant, upon English schools. "Send him where they will teach him to think for himself," advised the latter (apologizing afterwards to the great school-inspector, rather needlessly, for the triteness of the counsel,—“You know the banalities one comes out with.”) “My God!” rejoined Mary Shelley, “send him where they will teach him to think like other people.” Shelley had himself desired that his son should go to a public school. But his mother had additional reasons for preferring this; and so, at great cost to her, the son of the unworldly genius whom Eton had persecuted and Oxford expelled was sent to Harrow and to Cambridge. Percy, however, as Mrs. Shelley well knew and probably did not regret, was no genius, and his amiable common sense throve and flourished in the air which acted only as an irritant upon the more strangely tempered nature of his father.

Equally characteristic was Mary Shelley's attitude to the brilliant and enthusiastic woman-reformer, Frances Wright. In 1827, a letter was presented to her, by the son of Robert Dale Owen, from an unknown lady in Paris, who had spent her life in the energetic working out of social schemes, and now offered her friendship in glowing terms to the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. The offer implied no condescension on Mary's part. Frances Wright was one of the most distinguished women of her time, equally familiar in New York, where she had produced a successful tragedy, and in Paris, where she was intimate with all the opposition leaders. She was wholly devoid, however, of social vanity, and several years of her life, and much of her fortune, had been spent in a brave effort to create in the wilds of Tennessee one of those Utopias of freedom and equality which, a generation before, had dazzled the sober Southey to the extent of a corduroy suit, and the visionary Coleridge to that of a rather prematurely wedded wife, who could not, like the corduroys, be put by when the bubble of Pantisocracy burst. Under the exposure and hardships of camp life Frances Wright's health had at length broken down, she had been compelled to retire to Paris, and thence she had written to Mary, in the hope, as subsequent correspondence showed, of winning not only her friendship but also her active adherence and help. In this, however, she was deceived. Mary replied with sympathetic warmth, eliciting an ecstatic outburst of devotion in return; they met some weeks later, and parted only when Miss Wright once more set sail for Tennessee, leaving Mary to her brooding sorrows and her despondent toil, moved but by no means carried away by the stormy ardors of her friend.

For the rest, if she shrank from public effort, she was never backward in giving private help. As she justly said in her Journal, “If I have never written to vindicate the rights of women” (one of the sore points with her accusers), “I have ever befriended women when oppressed. At every risk I have befriended and supported victims to the social system; but I make no boast, for in truth it is simple justice I

perform; and so I am still reviled for being worldly." And she was singularly ready to forgive even grave injuries to herself. Byron's treatment of her had been in the end ignoble,—far more so, indeed, than she ever knew; but the news of his death, a few months later, drew from her nothing but fond reminiscence of the past. Jane Williams, her sister in sorrow, wrung her sensitive heart by calumnious assertions, just near enough the truth to be poignant, of her own superior influence over Shelley. Yet Mary did not cease relations with a woman who was no doubt not so much malignant as vain. There was, however, no weak disregard of what her own dignity demanded: never thrusting her ready affection upon others, even where, as in the case of Caroline Norton, she would have welcomed the permission, she also knew very well how to keep her own too ardent worshippers at a distance. Towards Trelawny her relations, in spite of some anger, occasional impertinence, and one untenable demand on his part, were throughout those of affectionate friendship. But she knew his weakness, and her answer to the demand in question is a model of dignified self-assertion, touched with quiet scorn, but not exceeding the bounds of friendly plainness: "My name will *never* be Trelawny. I am not so young as I was when you first knew me; but I am as proud. I must have the entire affection, devotion, and, above all, the solicitous protection, of any one who would win me. You belong to womankind in general, and Mary Shelley will *never* be yours."

This last word may serve as a fitting close to the present record of a life in which fidelity was the key-note and central inspiration. Her intellectual faculty, though distinguished, and capable, under casual impulses, of remarkable achievements, was not of the stuff from which lasting reputations spring. Quickened to its utmost vigor by Shelley's companionship, it steadily flagged and faded when that was withdrawn. The whole meaning of that larger half of her life which then lay before her is summed up in devotion to his memory. Such devotion is a new tribute to any man's fame; and the simple stone, shadowed by laurels and cypresses from the Roman sun, under which Shelley's ashes lie, is not a truer or more lasting monument of him than the life lastingly desolated, when scarcely beyond girlhood, by his death,—a monument, this, on which the famous *Cor cordium* might not less fitly be inscribed.

C. H. Herford.

ELUSION.

HOW much that we at first intend
Escapes us ere we reach the end!
At the White City's outer walls
The weary pilgrim faints and falls.

Charles Henry Lüders.

STANLEY'S EMIN PASHA EXPEDITION.

ONE of the most remarkable movements recorded in history is that which has in view the occupation of Africa and its swift civilization by compulsory means. The English in the Nile Valley, in South Africa, and on the Gold Coast, the French in North Africa, Senegambia, and Gaboon, the Germans on the East Coast and in the Cameroons, and the managers of the Congo Free State movement in the interior, are all co-workers in the enterprise. The slow missionary methods of the past are not to be given up: they are to be increased tenfold in extent and activity. The accomplished Belgian geographer M. Wauters* has given us a succinct historical and geographical view of the whole undertaking, beginning with the meeting in 1862 of Baker with Speke and Grant upon the Upper Nile, and ending with the arrival of Stanley and Emin at Bogamoyo, on the east coast, in December, 1889. The story is told with admirable clearness and accuracy, yet with not too much minuteness of detail. For one who may wish to take a short and comprehensive view of the present situation in Central Africa, and to refresh his memory as to the course of noteworthy events in that region during the past thirty years, no more convenient and trustworthy guide is now accessible than this compact *vidimus* of the subject in question. What a stirring, vivid narrative it is! What strong portraits are here drawn of the principal characters in that intensely fascinating story! Gordon, a knight-errant without fear and without stain, at once the Galahad and the Bayard of his times; the Mahdi, the embodiment of the hopes and the wild dreams of Moslem ambition; Lupton Bey, the type of the pushing, fearless element in the Young England of to-day; Emin Bey, active in mind and body, far-sighted, dauntless, and disinterested; Wilhelm Junker, Russian by birth, but German by descent, one of the most adventurous explorers Africa ever saw, and a man who has contributed very much to our knowledge of the region in question; Casati, the brilliant Italian traveller; Tippoo Tib, the wealthy Afro-Arabian merchant, type of all that is best and most hopeful in the native character; and finally Stanley himself,—British by birth, American by choice, and cosmopolitan by nature and the force of circumstances,—the central figure of the whole of the later narrative.

With the story are blended excellent biographical sketches of several of the principal actors, and brief but well-devised accounts of the geographical and ethnological features of the continent. The greater part of the book is taken up with the narrative of Stanley's latest expedition; and by the aid of the abundant illustrations any person who takes an interest in the subject can find in this work the clue by which to unravel the intricacies in which the matter has been involved in the

* "Stanley's Emin Pasha Expedition," by A. J. Wauters. J. B. Lippincott Co., 1890, pp. 378.

minds of most of us,—an involvement due to our ignorance of the geography of the country and to the meagreness of the telegraphic reports from the expedition which from time to time have been printed during the past three years. The map appended to this volume is large and minute, and outlines the very latest African developments in excellent shape.

Emin Pasha, the principal actor in the great Central African drama, is one of the most striking figures of recent times. Dr. Edward Schnitzer (for that is his real name) was born of Jewish parents at Oppeln, in Prussian Silesia, March 24, 1840. Left an orphan at an early age, he was adopted by a Protestant family, and when six years old was baptized. His gymnasial studies were carried on in a Roman Catholic institution; and during his university career he saw a good many changes of place; for he studied in Berlin, Breslau, Königsberg, Paris, and Vienna, obtaining the doctor's degree both in medicine and in natural science,—ornithology being a branch of science to which he gave especial attention. In 1869 he entered the service of the Turkish government. After some years' employment in Albania and Anatolia, and at Constantinople, he went with Chinese Gordon (then Governor-General of the Egyptian Soudan) to Khartoom as a medical officer, with the title of Emin Effendi. Here his abilities soon won especial recognition; and he was despatched into the interior on expeditions of much importance, which he conducted with great tact and wisdom. During all his expeditions he was diligent in the collection of scientific facts, some of them of rare value: these from time to time appeared in Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, up to the point when in 1883 the world for six years lost sight of him. In 1879 Gordon left the Soudan and placed Emin (now a Bey in rank) in charge of the Khedive's Province of the Equator, as its governor. In this position, though operating with most unpromising material, he won many conspicuous successes. He pushed forward the work of civilization as Baker and Gordon had done, but in some respects with more success than either of them. He caused an increase in the culture of rice, indigo, cotton, and sugar-cane, established many cattle-breeding and cattle-training establishments and ostrich-farms, built roads, and founded towns, and in 1880 his province for the first time paid its expenses; in addition to which, his treasury had a surplus of forty thousand dollars. It was his firm belief that the province was then in a fair way to pay a large revenue to the Egyptian government. But the events at Khartoom in 1882 put an end to such hopes. These events Emin had predicted, and he would have taken steps to prevent them if he had been permitted to do so by the powers that then were. After the fall of Khartoom Emin was cut off for years from communication with civilization. He had under him fifteen hundred soldiers; and all his followers, including women, children, and slaves, were not more than ten thousand in number. But the attacks of the Mahdists, and those Arab intrigues that drove the heroic Lupton out of the country in spite of his twenty victories in battle, did not greatly disturb the stability of Emin's position. After 1885 the civilizing process went on rather satisfactorily. Agriculture, and some of the minor kinds of manufacture, were gradually extended.

There were only two other white men, Casati and Junker, at this time in the province. In 1886 Dr. Junker made a very adventurous journey to Zanzibar, which he accomplished in a year's time. The two expeditions of Lenz and Fischer (both sent out in 1885 to the relief of Emin) proved complete failures. It was not till January 20, 1887, that the major part of Stanley's relief-party left London for the Congo basin.

Tippoo Tib is another of the prominent actors in recent African history. He is an ivory-merchant of great wealth residing at Nyangwe on the Lualaba, or Upper Congo. His father was a Zanzibar Arab, and his mother a negress of the Mrima race. His real name is Hamed-ben-Mohammad, Tippoo Tib being a nickname given to him on account of a peculiar motion in his eyes. He is at present some forty-five years old, and is the owner of immense plantations tilled by thousands of slaves. His high reputation for fidelity and ability, his courage, dignity, and chivalrous bearing, his swift decisiveness of manner, his patriarchal virtues of hospitality and truthfulness, and, not least, his prodigious wealth, have given him great and well-deserved influence in Eastern-Central Africa. Nominally a subject of Zanzibar, he is practically monarch of the whole region where he lives. All the travellers from Livingstone to the present day have liked and trusted him, and his own subjects and slaves are exceedingly proud of his exploits and abilities. In 1887 Tippoo entered the service of the Congo Free State as Commissioner of the Stanley Falls district. That State was founded in 1885, under the nominal sovereignty of the King of the Belgians; and from its capital on the Lower Congo the Emin relief-expedition started on March 25, 1887. The very interesting particulars of the expedition we cannot here relate. The civilized world soon lost all sight of Stanley, who had plunged into the awful wilderness of the Upper Congo. In the December following, Osman Digna, the Mahdist general operating against Suakin, sent to General Grenfell a letter containing the false news that Emin had been captured and was then in irons. A few days later, however, letters received from Stanley Falls gave us intelligence of the arrival of the expedition in the equatorial region, and of Emin's good health and that of his associate Casati. The story of Stanley's terrible hardships on this journey, of the final revolt of Emin's followers, hard pressed by the Mahdists, and of Emin's reluctant farewell to the land where he had so long and faithfully struggled against the enemies of African civilization,—these things must be passed over in haste; nor can we dwell here on the painful toils and sorrows of the march of fifteen hundred miles to Zanzibar, and the end of the relief-journey.

The question has been asked, Was Stanley's expedition for the relief of Emin a success or a failure? The answer to this question must depend partly upon the point of view taken by the inquirer. As a party of rescue the expedition was an unquestionable success; and Stanley seems throughout to have taken the view that it was his business to rescue and bring home Emin and his Egyptian following. But from Emin's point of view the case was very different. He had no desire to be rescued. He was engaged in a work which he enjoyed, and which he fully believed himself fitted for in a special degree. He

loved his chosen vocation as an advance-courier of civilization; he liked the African people, he believed heartily in a great and happy future for them. What he thought he wanted was arms, ammunition, and possibly some reinforcement of men. In short, he looked for relief rather than rescue. It is true that just as Stanley came to him his own followers largely fell away, cajoled by their co-religionists the Mahdists; and there may have been some foundation for the suspicion that Stanley's arrival hastened the development of a traitorous plot for Emin's destruction. But judging by the facts that occurred, and in the absence of any full statement of the causes of the revolt, we must believe that Emin's period of usefulness on his lonely post of duty had come to an end, and that it was high time for him to leave the equatorial province to its fate. We may pardon him for not leaving it till a time came when he could hardly count on any friends in the country. We can all understand that his long and faithful service had had its pleasant as well as its repulsive side. He had exercised much power,—an exercise which to many people is of itself very sweet,—he had repulsed attack after attack of numerous and brave foes, he had baffled the machinations of enemies and the treachery of pretended friends. He had done this, alone and almost single-handed, year in and year out; and now to give up the struggle and go away beaten was hard indeed. On the other hand, we may believe that he himself felt, when he came to review the situation, that it was time for him to leave his post.

Another question has been asked by some doubters. What was the real need of any rescue-party? Why could not Emin have left the country at any time, making his way to the coast at Zanzibar, or reaching the Congo Free State by a shorter course? It must be remembered that of Emin's ten thousand followers hardly one-tenth were fighting-men. It was not till the desertion of the greater part of these troops (men who had served him well in many a desperate strait, and who had not been paid for the services of more than eight years),—it was not till their desertion that Emin could have felt justified in abandoning any of the non-combatants of his party to their fate. It seems to the present writer that Stanley's arrival with a small but effective armed force furnished the only possible chance for Emin to leave the Soudan with honor to himself, and that even then, if any considerable part of his old forces had remained true to him, it would have been his duty to remain with them. If England, or Egypt (in whose service, or rather in that of Turkey, he nominally was engaged), had seen fit to send to Emin's relief an army of occupation or a large supply of military stores, the case would have been very different. As it was, we must regard Stanley's expedition as on the whole a successful one, at least from his own point of view, and so far as he himself is concerned.

But is the country—this hot and seething region on the equator—worth redeeming from barbarism? Are the people the kind that have to be exterminated? The answer is decisive. The natural resources of the country are very great. In many parts the climate is agreeable and healthful even for Europeans. The Africans in this region are (according to the testimony of Baker and Emin alike) as brave soldiers as any in the world. The fate of Hicks's army shows what stuff their

enemies were made of. Lack of national unity has thus far kept them from being a far-conquering race; but if the spread of Mohammedanism and Mahdism shall do anything towards unifying them and inspiring them with fanatical zeal for the faith, the extension of European civilization in Africa may yet be put to severe tests. As it is, the true African has little apparent desire for real conquests. Wars are local affairs, slave-hunting expeditions, or cattle-raids, or ivory-speculations. The love for the country and the people which educated men like Emin and Junker have so often expressed implies a real merit in both country and people. Take for illustration the region of the tribes called collectively the Niam-niam. By all accounts this territory is exceedingly picturesque. Much of it has an agreeable climate; and though the people are cannibals, the traveller has only to exercise a reasonable amount of tact in order to feel perfectly safe from their attacks.

The tribe called Monbuttoo presents still greater points of interest. All travellers agree in praising their truthfulness, courage, dignity, and kindness. Yet they are greedy cannibals. Their country is one of great beauty,—“an Eden upon earth,” in the words of Schweinfurth. The very fertile Bongo country is also noteworthy, as well as the attractive territory of the tribes called Dinka, who are remarkable for a strong and, among Africans, almost unique sense of nationality.

The future of Africa is as uncertain as it is possible for anything to be. It will probably be a long time before Germany and England will push their colonies far into the interior. The Congo Free State will not have any strong authority at points remote from navigable water. What will Cardinal Allemand-Lavigerie be able to effect against the slave-trade at points where the terror of French arms is not felt? Will Mahdism and the kindred anti-European Moslem movements spread, or are they the mere freaks of a fanatical frenzy, which cannot last? We may be reasonably sure that the occupation of all the African coasts by European troops and the presence of war-ships in African waters will practically kill the exportation of slaves to Moslem Asia; and the rapid slaughter of elephants will limit the importance of the ivory-trade. As for the interior, its occupation for civilization must be slow. The people of Africa are not, as a rule, an industrious race; but when they can no longer live by the sale of ivory and slaves and by cannibalism (for that will no doubt be repressed by European interference), then they will have to work, or cease to exist. The African race is of far tougher fibre than any other savage race of which we know anything. Its reproductive power is marvellous. At one time the Dutch in South Africa handled their black neighbors so roughly that it seemed likely that the region would become essentially a white man's country; but under British rule the black element has more than held its own, and to-day there is no part of the continent that ought to present to the friends of the colonization of Africa with Americans of African stock so many attractions as South Africa has. With a healthful climate, a good soil, settled laws, justice well established, the Cape Colony and its appendages ought to present to the would-be colonists among the colored people of America far greater attractions than Liberia or the Congo Free State can ever offer.

LOOKING FORWARD.

WHEN the Nationalist millennium arrives, we shall see many startling changes; and, as we shall still be in a world wherein one gets nothing for nothing, our new privileges will be weighted with certain drawbacks.

It might seem better to drop the first person, and speak of our descendants instead of ourselves; but Mr. Bellamy is now understood to look for the realization of his plan in less than the century allowed by his book, and his disciples have already begun an active propaganda, which may be expected before long to draw votes from almost all quarters. The Prohibitionists, indeed, will hardly join, for alcohol is not to be wholly banished from the coming state; but the Labor men will be attracted by the abolition of private wealth and the equalization of incomes; the Mugwumps, disgusted with long delays in reforming the tariff and the civil service, will naturally fall into line; the followers of Mr. George can ask nothing better than the doing away of rent, the nation holding all lands for the joint benefit of its members; the Socialists will see their ideals presented on the grandest scale ever yet proposed or imagined; the increasing army of the discontented will welcome a revolution which promises to abolish poverty and minimize all other evils. The question may be knocking at our doors, in ponderous and practicable shape, before we know it; so it is perhaps well not to relegate it to posterity with the usual sneer, but to look calmly into the advantages and defects of the project. Granted that it is but a dream as yet; dreams, no less than prophecies, sometimes come true. A hundred trees are planted, and nobody knows which of them shall spring up to giant size and yield abundant shade or fruit. Every reformer is derided for a while as a fanatic: Moses, and Buddha, and Mohammed, and Luther, and Galileo, and Mazzini, and the rest, had but a feeble or doubtful following at first, but their ideas grew and spread apace. "Thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that." Snap-judgments for or against are cheap: the only sure way to get the information is to wait and see.

Objections to any new device are never lacking, even if it be purely in the realm of theory; still more, of course, if it proposes to modify practice. Conservative opinions and vested interests had much to say against popular government, against Christianity, against trial by jury, free schools, locomotion by steam, manhood suffrage. The Nationalist scheme is certainly no exception: its apparent difficulties are manifold. Apparent, I say, for a plan cannot be criticised with full intelligence while it is in the air; it must have a chance to test itself and show what it can do. Still, *a priori* discussion is always in order.

For instance,—to begin at random, and to pass by the "privileged classes," the millionaires and great corporations,—it seems doubtful whether all should have equal incomes; and this from considerations which affect both earning and spending. If A.'s brain-power is ten times that of B., it looks as if he ought to get more returns from it. So, if C.'s abilities by their direction are more effective than A.'s,—if A. can only write novels or teach Latin, while C. can "run" a big hotel, railroad, or iron-mill,—is not C. entitled to rank A., as he now does, in the matter of compensation? These may be mere conventional prejudices, but it will be some time before we get rid of them. Again, the man

of enlarged and cultivated mind can enjoy and utilize books, pictures, scientific materials and implements, facilities for travel and research; while his neighbor who lives on a lower plane has fewer wants, and can make less use for the common good of such supplies as he may command beyond the needs of nature. To bring the higher education within the reach of all will only mitigate these inequalities, which must remain until humanity endures a more radical change than is looked for even in the orthodox heaven.

Another flaw in the new gospel (or what appears such to the imperfectly converted) is the destruction or weakening of home associations, so far as ownership of house and land is concerned. The self-respecting man of our day usually aims to be his own landlord; under Mr. Bellamy he will dwindle to a tenant. This will be a little hard on the possessors of old family mansions, and on those bucolic brethren (if any) who are rooted in the soil. To be sure, if we go on at our present pace for another generation or two this difficulty may be removed; all the old farms will perhaps be abandoned, and all the old houses torn down to make way for shops. This reflection may be set against the argument that tenant-farming in this country has not generally been a success: better agriculture by government, it may be urged, than none at all. To feel our way a little further, it is not easy to see exactly how the co-operative system is to work in thinly-settled districts, nor how city people who prefer to dine at home rather than in a vast caravansary are to manage with "help" who are every way their equals. But it is perhaps considering too curiously to insist on these details, and Mr. Bellamy will no doubt explain them to our satisfaction when he has the time to spare.

It would be hypercritical to object to the doing away (in part, at least) of assemblages for church, concert, and the like, by advanced applications of the telephone, whereby song, symphony, or sermon can be turned on in your room at will. These conveniences are almost in sight already, and if men grow less gregarious, on their heads be the penalty. Perhaps eating in large companies will take the place, and produce the happy effects, of saying their prayers and listening to entertainments together. The coming man is by no means to be less social than his progenitor, but more wisely and efficaciously so.

A more dangerous snag rises in the form of ancient human selfishness, breasting the tide of administrative progress. Public corruption will indeed disappear under the new system, along with private begging, faking, bunco-steering, and emigration to Canada. There will be no more spoilers when there are no more spoils: the delightful absence of cash and the edifying assurance of a uniform annual credit to each citizen will have dug the deep and dishonored graves of these abuses. But everybody's business, being next door to nobody's, is apt to call forth larger expenditures of wind than of careful and efficient zeal. An employee with no hope of a rise usually aims to earn his stipend and no more. Why economize, when the national pockets are deep, and overflowing with a huge surplus? Walking on a country road, I was overtaken by a stranger, who invited me to jump into his buggy. We came to a toll-gate; desirous to reciprocate my companion's courtesy, I produced the needed pence. "No, no," said he: "this is government money; I'm in the revenue." They say the German railways are well operated, but not so well as ours: private enterprise, with private gains in view, beats salaried patriotism every time—up to date.

The Nationalist scheme, with its highly-developed ethics, claims, indeed,

that in practice it could and would displace the old grovelling motives which have kept the world going thus far, by nobler ones which would prove quite as powerful. For gold put humanity; for self read truth and progress; in lieu of a corner lot and a brownstone palace let us aim simply at good work and the general welfare. That is a beautiful theory: it would be still more beautiful in daily exercise. The Christian religion had ideas of this sort, and has realized them to some extent, here and there, now and then. Its beneficial efforts have been much hampered by traditions and conventions; a social order handed down (with some modifications) for ages, and what many regard as essentials of civilization, if not laws of nature,—Individual Effort, a Circulating Medium, Competition, Natural Selection, the Struggle for Existence, the Survival of the Fittest. Remove these, give us a thorough-going and high-toned socialism, and the gospel would have such a chance to get in its work as it never has had yet.

Oh, but laws of nature cannot be removed. Doubtless not; but their application may be changed by altering so much of the environment, the external conditions of life, as is matter of custom, tradition, and legislation. You fling about the word *law* much too freely,—so say the prophets of the future order. Some of your so-called laws are really violations of the higher law, and what you call essentials of civilization will before long be recognized as essentials of barbarism.

This is a large claim, a bold defiance of established institutions; but it is well to have the case put squarely. It may be that the new dispensation will regenerate society: it needs to, if it is to support itself. It may be that, relieved from base consideration of domestic ways and means, the Presidents and senators and heads of departments, and superintendents and foremen and clerks and janitors, and even the common workmen, will be, each in his place, as zealous, as prudent, as indomitable, as the picked man of to-day in booming his particular mine and uplifting his individual pile. It may be, and it may not. That is all guess-work: nobody knows, or can know. People may dignify their belief or unbelief with the name of knowledge, and say, This thing shall be, or, It cannot and shall not be; but these are the mere pretences of dogmatism. The hardened cynic, or the equally hardened practical man, will ignore the matter, or treat it as a bad joke. The curious inquirer (since this new doctrine has already attracted some attention) will weigh its visible pros and cons, and suspend his opinion. The infrequent disciple of Socrates will say of it what Gamaliel said of the infant Church. The eager hunter after novelties and nostrums will afflict the movement with his cackling adhesion. The true devotees will gird themselves for the battle; if their faith be of the kind that moves mountains, it will find plenty of exercise.

Success is the test of merit, and the chief virtue of our time is the ability to "get there." When Mr. Bellamy's doctrines have passed through constitutional amendments into practice, most of us will be ready to admit that they deserved to triumph. It will then be well to build a high board fence around the improved commonwealth, to keep out the Chinese, the mining "Hungarians," and the sort of Italians who now land in droves at the port of New York; for so much uncircumcision would be a thorn in the side of the body politic, and foreign nations are not to fall into line till we have set the example. And meanwhile it will be necessary to go to work vigorously on our tramps and other home heathen, who have thus far proved little more amenable to the civilizing process than those of Africa and Central Asia: if they are to be equal in

income and dignity with the rest of us, they must learn to behave themselves. "To have a republic you must first have republicans," and the millennium, it may be confidently predicted, will not arrive till the people are in some degree prepared for it. So the first step should be to invigorate our city missionary societies, and furnish them with largely increased facilities. After that it will be well to provide and enforce æsthetic, ethical, and economic instruction through the length and breadth of the land, and up and down its highways and by-ways. In fact, any one who is familiar with our streets and smoking-cars, not to say with our bar-rooms and slums, will hardly expect to see the desired consummation arrive next year, or before A.D. 1900 at the very earliest.

Frederic M. Bird.

A WORD CONCERNING PHYSICAL TRAINING.

It is strange that among the discussions and agitations which continually surge about the vexed question of the public schools there should as yet have appeared so few suggestions aiming at a broader and fuller scheme for the development of character than has been previously offered. We appear to have lost sight of the fact that there is more required as preparation for life than mere beginnings of mental discipline, and that if the school is to become the self-enforced guardian of public weal it should take cognizance of this fact. The State has shown most praiseworthy regard for these cherished institutions, but often in a way which smacks more of jealousy than of true love. It reserves to itself a certain number of rights and privileges, but resents any outer interference, even when the innovation takes on so praiseworthy a form as that of introducing kindergartens and manual training. Every suggestion of radical change is looked upon with suspicion. Some latent fear that it may hide a covert attack upon principle, some doubt lest this entering wedge should prove an excuse for blows of sledge-hammer argument which may mean destruction, seems to agitate souls which would fain believe that "whatever is, is right." There is, besides, the suspicion that criticism means disrespect to the memory of the great and good of past ages, whose admirable work should hold their descendants in unquestioning loyalty to their judgment.

Between this stress of opinion and that of the reformer who believes the older formula to be inadequate and unfit for present requirement there result some strange incongruities. Founded originally upon a strongly religious basis, at a time when the New England Catechism was also the New England Primer and the formulas of belief were as familiar to the child as the letters of the alphabet, the public school has been robbed of all semblance of religion in the interests of non-sectarianism. In our large cities, the overworked teacher can scarce find time to inculcate decency, much less dogma; and a certain tacit observance of the ordinary rules of conduct is the nearest approach that can be made to a lesson in morals. On the other hand, the requirements which forced the school to become the place solely for intellectual training no longer exist, yet we continue these limitations. The harsh necessities of that early life, its tremendous vigor of physical existence, its rude and constant struggle with material difficulty, made it eminently proper that the short hours devoted

to mental work should be given to this alone. The boy who spent the greater part of the year at his father's side in the forest, on the farm, at the work-bench, could afford to bear the purely sedentary and thoughtful atmosphere of books for the little time he might be subjected to it. The girl who shared the healthful care and labor of the household, trained to bake, to brew, to spin, and to sweep, could resist the enervating influences of undiluted study-hours and yet escape physically unscathed. But our modern routine, while it has deprived the child of these natural means of exercise, has increased the mental strain put upon him. It has made of education simply a process of intellectual cramming, while ignoring the cry of the soul for sustenance, and taking as little heed of the corporal wants of humanity as if the race had already become one of disembodied spirits.

Leaving for another time discussion upon the recklessness of this first proceeding, let us look at the fallacy of the second. How can we, as a nation, dare to allow the physical condition of our people so to degenerate as to produce the nervous, prematurely aged, easily prostrated physiques of the generation about us? Is there any doubt that the five hours a day demanded by the State as its right for the training of its children should be used to produce character and stamina rather than bookishness, and that the claims of the body should be recognized as well as those of the mind? How are the best results ever to be obtained while an abnormally excited brain is made to depend for its efficacy on poor blood, unhealthy nerves, and flaccid muscles? A civilization that excelled in loveliness and strength of body as well as clearness of intellect, that still holds the palm in poetry, philosophy, art, endurance, and daring, was built upon the principle of physical perfection first and mental training afterwards. We have reversed the order of the Greeks. Our children must become primarily intellectual machines, capable of producing on demand more or less exact supplies of dates, of facts, and of figures; if there is opportunity after to infuse a little vitality, a little robustness, a little of the splendid enthusiasm which goes with perfect health,—well and good; we accept it. But this is only as it may be.

One of the greatest stumbling-blocks to the permanency of our country as a nation is involved in these very considerations. For want of force of vital principle our best families become refined out of existence. The sturdiness of the forbears gradually fades away through a line of frail descendants, and the heredity of patriotism, of talent, and of power which they represent finally dies from sheer inanition. A great land cannot afford thus to waste its resources, or depend for perpetuity upon the influx of raw material which comes by way of immigration. Yet it is precisely to this point that our disregard of physical education and blind subservience to purely mental development are bringing us. If the end justified the means,—if, even at the expense of health, we could point to brilliant intellectual results which should prove that our system was of so much positive value,—there might be some excuse for it. But we can do no such thing. Even Massachusetts, which spends the largest proportion of time and money in the task, is not able to claim more than a mere average proficiency; and there is constant complaint from employers requiring minor service in their offices as to the quality of the reading, spelling, and penmanship submitted by graduates for their inspection. Both Belgium and Austria, which combine training of hand and body with that of mind, attain a higher degree of general culture than we can yet claim. Besides, we are obliged to

borrow from them skilled labor, and that educated knowledge which is capable of elevating crude and almost worthless force into the value of high-priced helpfulness.

A most hopeful indication of the feeling which is being aroused upon this question of the necessity of bodily culture was given at the Conference held in Boston in November last in the interests of physical development. This gathering, which represented the best element in American society, during the two days' sessions applauded with enthusiasm every emphasis laid upon the need of instant and careful advance in this direction. The highest public opinion is at last becoming alive to the merits of the case. There were present experts in the French, the German, the Swedish, and what might be called the Eclectic systems of inducing a more robust maturity among our young people. Many hopeful and sensible hints were given as to time, place, and manner of producing the desired result. But upon one point all agreed: that the work should not be pushed into miserable remnants of time stolen from the yet unbroken stress of intellectual work. It was demanded that proper provision should be made for it, with its proportionate share of time and encouragement, instead of the makeshifts now allowed in the chinks between changing classes. As yet, so much book-work must be accomplished, however the pupil is dragged through it. Outside of school-hours a great deal of home study is requisite; so that the chance for rational growth and recreation is almost wholly cut off, while the poor little candle of life is burning at both ends from the very beginning.

Would it not be possible to try an experiment? Since we are as yet so avaricious of purely intellectual attainment, let us put the means of acquiring it to a practical test. In some large city, divide the class entering the grammar from the primary school into two portions. Let one go through the ordinary course under the ordinary conditions, memorizing text-books, and engaging in purely intellectual work. Let the other be given daily three hours of mental work, with one hour of manual training and one of well-graded physical exercise. At the end of five or six years, when preparation for graduation is complete, have the results compared. It goes without saying that the moiety which had passed from childhood to youth in the more rational manner would at least be better fitted for the usual exigencies of life, possessing more perfect health and greater ability to earn an honest livelihood. This gain no chance of the future could take away. They would also probably possess more self-reliant character, as the result of a training which afforded the best rounding to our many-sided human nature. The discrepancy would show itself in the amount of theoretic knowledge acquired by the two classes, and it would be extremely interesting to note how far this might extend. There is every probability that the alertness of judgment and quickened perception induced by the more vigorous method, and the increase of mind-power which always follows the reserve force of a healthy body, would so bridge the gap that the difference would be nominal. At least it would be well worth the trial; and public opinion could thereafter work upon some tangible basis of comparison.

Mary Elizabeth Blake.

BOOK-TALK.

"SAID IN FUN."

Is the funny man a chartered libertine? We give him full swing in national affairs, we allow him to attack his political enemies with all the resources of wit and sarcasm, and on the whole it is best that this should be so. No weapon has been found more effective than laughter in purifying American politics. Evil-doers who have proved invulnerable to all other forms of attack have winced under the lash of the satirist; and the pencil of the comic artist has done more to arouse a righteous public indignation than all the thunders of oratorical eloquence. But as a matter of good taste and right feeling it might be well to curb the funny man's tendency to invade the private rights of individuals. If a young woman publishes a foolish book, he may abuse the book, but he should let her domestic life alone. People who are unwittingly brought into temporary notoriety should be spared additional suffering. Fred Solomon, who sings the "I've Got it" song in "The Brigands," tells how in Philadelphia he added a verse which alluded jokingly to Charley Ross. One morning he received a letter from the brother of the unfortunate boy, who said he had been greatly pained by hearing the "gag," and begged Mr. Solomon to suppress it. To the credit of the latter it should be added that he did so. A London paper of comic tendencies recently gave place to a complaint from Mr. John Smith, who said that he experienced much discomfort at finding his name a subject of continual ridicule. The paper promised to reform in this respect. Immediately an avalanche of letters followed from the Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons, demanding a similar exemption for their names. Perhaps these people were over-sensitive. But the man who in the same paper stated that his family had a tendency towards insanity, and that the levity with which the whole subject of lunacy and lunatics was treated by the paragrapher was acutely painful to him,—this man had good sense and right feeling on his side. And isn't it about time that the conventional Jew should disappear from the American comic papers? Hath not a Jew feelings? If you prick him, will he not bleed? The jest is becoming wearisome in itself, and many of us do not like to see an excellent class of people held up to continual scorn and ridicule. The Irishman is treated a little more kindly than the Jew, but the kindness is only comparative; it is quite intelligible why Patrick should not look with much favor upon our leading comic weeklies.

By the rule of opposites, all this train of reasoning has been suggested by the posthumous collection of Philip H. Welch's journalistic jests under the title of "Said in Fun" (Scribners), which Mr. Robert Gordon Butler has edited. Here is nothing to wound nor to offend; here is humor,—and good humor; here is honest hearty laughter untinted by malice. Nor is it the conventional merry-making of the ordinary paragrapher. We have had enough of the mother-in-law and the goat and the spring poet; we have even had too much of the Chicago girl's foot. Mr. Welch deals in none of these, the stock in trade of so many of his brethren. His wit plays lightly over the surface of real life; it is not the wit of tradition and make-believe. The value and interest of the book are greatly enhanced by the memoir written by the editor, which tells

plainly and simply the tragic story of the humorist's life. It is an old story, so old as almost to have become a "chestnut,"—the story of the cap and bells crowning the suffering body. But we cannot read it again without feeling a lump in the throat.

William S. Walsh.

"THE CRIME OF SYLVESTER BONNARD."

"And that writer who touches the spring of generous tears by some simple story of gratitude, of natural kindness, of gentle self-sacrifice, is surely more entitled to our love than the sculptor who shapes for us a dream of merely animal grace, or the painter who images for us, however richly, the young bloom of that form which is only the husk of Being!" This is the last and best word in the critical introduction written by Lafcadio Hearn to his translation of "*Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*," a novel of extraordinary merits, by Anatole France. Perhaps some readers, but surely no writer, of fiction will appraise at less than its high value the "simple story of gratitude, of natural kindness, of gentle self-sacrifice." Such is "*Henry Esmond*;" such, indeed, is the secret of its superiority over "*Vanity Fair*." Why do we relish "*Lorna Doone*"? Why is "*The Woodlanders*" the best of Mr. Hardy's books? It is true that a cultivated taste for fiction is manifold; that on Sunday we may be enchanted with "*Pilgrim's Progress*," on Monday with "*Kidnapped*," on Tuesday with "*Pickwick Papers*," on Wednesday with "*The Egoist*," on Thursday with "*Ivanhoe*," on Friday with "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*," on Saturday with "*Don Quixote*,"—and so on and on. But that simple story which touches "the spring of generous tears,"—does it not match every mood?

There is only the thinnest, finest thread of story to "*The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard*." A homely, lovable old scholar, a Member of the Institute, notes in his journal certain reflections and events which gradually work themselves out into a symmetrical story of adventure and love. "I do not know any reading more easy, more fascinating, more delightful, than that of a catalogue," he exclaims at an early date. Then it is charming to feel (with such delicacy is the transformation wrought) the gradual growth of the old archivist into a new and saner manhood. There are two distinct episodes in the romance of his tranquil life; but the later and pleasanter one determines M. Bonnard's career and the title of his narrative. It is the potent love of a child working wonders: at an advanced age Sylvester Bonnard turns from his precious manuscripts and is conscious of the glory of the sky and field; he abandons his folios for the flowers. That is only the end of the story, simply suggested. In the course of it there is a fascinating admixture of character-sketching, pathetic reminiscence, archæological learning, and the best of humor. French humor is not always funny; this is. Moreover, it is the most innocent and wholesome humor. At the tyranny of the faithful servant Thérèse, at the revulsion of feeling M. Bonnard experienced when he heard the scornful words of the youthful scholar on the terrace of the Luxembourg, at the obvious scheming of Mademoiselle Préfère, and, above all, and constantly, at the amusing and unconscious self-portrayal of the ingenuous diarist, one smiles without compunction, and (which is better) without feeling that the smile is the response to an appeal.

Melville Philips.

NEW BOOKS.

[The readers of LIPPINCOTT's will find in this department, from month to month, such concise and critical notice of all noteworthy publications, of which extended reviews are not given elsewhere in the magazine, as will enable them to keep in touch with the world of new books.]

History and Biography.—WARREN HASTINGS, by Sir Alfred Lyall (Macmillans: Men of Action Series). This excellent monograph calls upon us to revise our estimate of the character of a remarkable man. While it cannot be said that Hastings was more sinned against than sinning, it is clear that Macaulay's portrait of him is untrustworthy, that Burke was too bitter in his tremendous denunciation, that many of the charges could not be sustained, and that in all his dealings with the East India Company Hastings was honest and fair.—JAMES G. BIRNEY AND HIS TIMES, by William Birney (Appletons). General Birney's life of his father is more than a filial tribute, albeit it is confessedly inspired by certain unpleasant and really deplorable remarks made in the recently-completed life of William Lloyd Garrison, written by his sons. To this quarrel (which has been curiously complicated by Mr. Thayer's vigorous account of the Kansas Crusade) it is only necessary to allude. The present biography is to be commended as a readable sketch of the career of a brave and able man, perhaps the most able of the small group of Abolitionist leaders. Birney was a politician with a conscience: if, like Clay, he had "bent his conscience to his dealing," it is not unlikely that his name would figure more conspicuously in our national history than as the Presidential candidate of the Anti-Slavery and Liberty parties respectively in 1840 and in 1844.—THE BARBARY CORSAIRS, by Stanley Lane-Poole, with the Collaboration of Lieut. J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U.S.N. (Appletons: Story of the Nations Series). Here is the raw material for a thousand stirring stories,—how the pirates, Moorish, Turkish, and Christian, held dominion over the Mediterranean during three centuries. The bare chronicle of the tumultuous lives of the brothers Barbarossa beggars the romancer's art. The shackled galley-slaves, the sweep of their long and multitudinous oars, the heroic figures of Andrea Doria, Dragut, and Don John of Austria,—one cannot read of these without a sudden rushing of one's blood. There is unction, too, for our national pride in the part we played through Preble and Decatur in abating the "scourge of Christendom."—HISTORY OF THE FOUR GEORGES, by Justin McCarthy, Vol. II. (Harpers). This volume completes the story of the long reign of George II. It is written as only Mr. McCarthy knows how to write history for us,—that is, most charmingly. He galvanizes mummies. To be sure, it would have been inexcusable had he failed to entertain us with his narrative of this period, so prolific in notable and picturesque men. The portraiture of the chiefest of these—of Walpole, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Pulteney, of Defoe, Gay, Pope, and Swift—is admirably vivid and speaking.—ISABELLA OF CASTILE, by Eliza Ellen Star (Chicago, C. V. Waite & Co.). An interesting and well-written sketch, issued in the interest of the Queen Isabella Association, an adjunct of the proposed World's Fair of 1892.

Poetry.—THE NORTH SHORE WATCH, AND OTHER POEMS, by George Edward Woodberry (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The long opening poem and

"Agathon" are ambitious compositions of considerable merit of sound and sense. Mr. Woodberry is freer in expression, however, in his smaller pieces.—**THE FALLEN PILLAR SAINT, AND OTHER POEMS**, by Susie M. Best (G. W. Dillingham). The tone of these verses is unhealthy, and their construction far from faultless.—**SPRING AND SUMMER, OR BLUSHING HOURS**, by William T. Washburn (Putnams). A collection that demands reading. There is wide variety here, sweet music, and a notable skill in versification.—**FABLES OF JOHN GAY**, edited by W. H. Kearley Wright (Frederick Warne & Co.). A neat edition, with numerous drawings by William Harvey.—**ANNALS OF THE EARTH**, by C. L. Phifer (American Publishing Association). Another ludicrous attempt to versify the Biblical story.

Religion.—**UNITARIANISM, ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY** (American Unitarian Association, Boston). A course of sixteen lectures delivered (1888-89) in Channing Hall, Boston, by eminent clergymen of the faith. A unity of purpose and of interest pervades the volume, which in its entirety is praiseworthy as an exposition of the doctrines, and as a full and fair story of the doctrinal growth, of Unitarianism.—**THE PERMANENT ELEMENTS OF RELIGION**, by W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., D.C.L. (Macmillans). A critical and impartial analysis of the essential elements of the "three universal religions," Islamism, Buddhism, and Christianity, embodied in a series of eight lectures delivered before the University of Oxford during 1887 (the Bampton course).—**THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF EVOLUTION**, by James McCosh, D.D., LL.D. (Scribners). That the task is not a thankless one of attempting a reconciliation of science and religion upon other than the first fundamental principle laid down by Herbert Spencer, is shown by the call for a second edition of Dr. McCosh's readable treatise.—**LUTHER ON EDUCATION**, by Prof. J. V. N. Painter (Lutheran Publication Society). A forceful argument contained in a concise historical and biographical sketch, together with a translation of Luther's letter to the mayors and aldermen of German cities in behalf of Christian schools, and his sermon on the duty of sending children to school.

Fiction.—**THE SPLENDID SPUR**, by "Q." (Harpers, and Cassell Publishing Co.). Here is another delightful romance by the author of "The Astonishing History of Troy Town." Its general scheme and much of its piquant humor may seem like a borrowing from Mr. Stevenson's "Black Arrow;" but it is never fair to make a charge like that. Jack and Delia are charming comrades; and, however familiar they may seem to us, the robust, valiant Joan is at least a fresh and fantastic creation.—**ALLAN'S WIFE, AND OTHER TALES**, by H. Rider Haggard (Harpers). The first and longest of these four tales will please those who admire Mr. Haggard at his best. Those who don't will find it duller reading. The scheme is not new: we are reminded that "Orpheus C. Kerr" employed it in his forgotten story, "Once There Was a Man," which appeared as a serial in Judge Tourgee's *Continent*. The other three stories are inconsiderable.—**ALBRECHT**, by Arlo Bates (Roberts). A delicately fanciful romance, suggesting "Undine," and recalling the picturesque scenery of the Rhine.—**THE BAGPIPERS**, by George Sand (Roberts). This is a praiseworthy translation of "Les Maitres Sonneurs," by Katharine Prescott Wormeley.—**JULIUS COURTNEY, OR MASTER OF HIS FATE**, by J. MacLaren Cobban (Appletons, F. F. Lovell & Co.). An entertaining fiction with a vein of scientific speculation in it.—**A MARCH IN THE RANKS**, by Jessie Fothergill; **THE**

BONDMAN, by Hall Caine; A FAMILY WITHOUT A NAME, by Jules Verne; THE MYNNS' MYSTERY, by George Manville Fenn; HENRIETTE, from the French of Léon de Tinseau, by Anna D. Page; HELENA BUDEROFF, by Martha Morton (John W. Lovell Co.).—JOSHUA, by Georg Ebers (W. S. Gottsberger, and John W. Lovell Co.). The popularity of this Biblical romance is one of the mysteries of the book-trade.—A COLLEGE WIDOW, by Frank Howard Howe (Belford Co.).—A SARATOGA ROMANCE, OR A MASK OF HONOR, by Caroline Washburne Rockwood (Funk & Wagnalls). An unsuccessful attempt to sustain a high note.—THE PROSE DRAMAS OF HENRIK IBSEN, with a biographical introduction by Edmund Gosse (John W. Lovell Co.). A convenient edition, and Mr. Gosse's word is noteworthy.—LOVER OR BLACKMAILER, translated from the French of Du Boisgobey; NED STAFFORD'S EXPERIENCES IN THE UNITED STATES, by Philip Milford (Rand, McNally & Co.).—MISS BRECKENRIDGE, A DAUGHTER OF DIXIE, by A Nashville Pen (Lippincotts). Readable throughout, and finely dramatic in parts.—SIX TO ONE, by Edward Bellamy (Putnams). A crude early effort.—KINGS IN EXILE, by Alphonse Daudet, a fair translation; and LADY CLANCARTY, by A. D. Hall (Rand, McNally & Co.).—STARLIGHT RANCH, AND OTHER STORIES OF ARMY LIFE ON THE FRONTIER, by Captain Charles King, U.S.A. (Lippincotts). No one has succeeded in doing such stories as well as this author.—NURSE REVEL'S MISTAKE, by Florence Warden; SYLVIA ARDEN, by Oswald Crawford; THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE, by Edward Maitland (F. F. Lovell & Co.).—EXPIATION, a translation from the French; BY WHOSE HAND? by Edith Sessions Tupper (Welch, Fracker Co.).—HIS HONOR, OR FATE'S MYSTERIES, by Cynthia E. Cleveland (American News Co.). A story of the United States army.

Travel.—AROUND AND ABOUT SOUTH AMERICA, by Frank Vincent (Appletons). The author crossed the Isthmus of Panama and coasted round South America, travelling about thirty-five thousand miles, visiting all the capitals, chief cities, and important seaports, and making expeditions into the interior of the Argentine Republic and Brazil, and ascents of the Parana, Paraguay, Amazon, Orinoco, and Magdalena rivers. He writes his record in a vivacious, colloquial style, always pleasing. It would have been well for him, however, to qualify his statement concerning the great "rocking-stone" he visited in the Argentine Republic. It is by no means "perhaps the largest in the world." The volume is abundantly illustrated.—ON THE WING THROUGH EUROPE, by Francis C. Sessions (Welch, Fracker Co.). The comeliness of this book aside, there is no obvious reason for its being, much less for its being, as it is, in its third edition. Nothing unusual was seen by the author, who writes in the usual way.—THE STORY OF EMIN'S RESCUE AS TOLD IN STANLEY'S LETTERS, edited by J. Scott Keltie (Harpers). The title fully describes the book. Doubtless the editor's introductory and concise account of Emin Pasha's life and labors in the Soudan will be welcome to many readers.—STANLEY'S EMIN PASHA EXPEDITION, by A. J. Wauters (Lippincotts). No one is better equipped to write an impersonal story of the Emin relief-expedition than the chief editor of the *Mouvement Géographique* of Brussels. The narrative is comprehensive and never dull. It explains the important geographical discoveries resulting from the great expedition, and is illustrated with a map and thirty-three portraits and views.

Miscellaneous.—**EPITOME OF SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY**, by F. Howard Collins (Appletons). Mr. Collins has been five years in making this useful condensation of Herbert Spencer's philosophy. Retaining the original words wherever possible, he has compressed the substance of five thousand pages within four hundred. Mr. Spencer himself, in an introductory note, quotes a succinct statement he made some years ago, in sixteen paragraphs, of the cardinal principles developed in his successive works. The epitome is of the First Principles, the Principles of Biology, of Sociology, of Psychology, and of Morality ("The Data of Ethics"). Admirable as the condensation is, one cannot commend it as the best introduction to a thorough reading of Spencer's works. Even in the originals the compression of thought is often too great for easy comprehension on the part of the untrained reader.—**THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ATTENTION**, by Th. Ribot (Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago). A masterly treatise.—**MASSAGE AND THE SWEDISH MOVEMENT**, by Kurre W. Ostrom (P. Blakiston, Son & Co.). A useful manual for would-be masseurs, not wholly trustworthy in its physiological paragraphs.—**SOUVENIR OF THE DEAD HEART**, excellent "process" views of the leading scenes and characters in the successful play produced by Mr. Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theatre, London.—**THE EXEGESIS OF LIFE** (Minerva Publishing Co.).—**THE GARDEN AS CONSIDERED IN LITERATURE BY CERTAIN POLITE WRITERS**, with a critical essay by Walter Howe (Putnams). The latest of the irresistible Nuggets, containing delightful extracts from the Plinys, Sir William Temple, Bacon, Goldsmith, Horace Walpole, Evelyn, *et al.*—**OLD COUNTRY LIFE**, by S. Baring-Gould, with illustrations by W. Parkinson, F. D. Bedford, and F. Masey (Lippincotts). An altogether charming book, full of the odor of flowers, the glint of frosty fields, and the trample of hoofs in hunt. Here we have the country parson, the "last squire," the village bard and musicians, and the old butler. We saunter along the old roads, and meet to chase the fox. It is excellently and plentifully illustrated.—**RAILWAY SECRECY AND TRUSTS**, by John M. Bonham (Putnams). A timely and searching inquiry.—**CONVERSATIONS ON MINES BETWEEN A FATHER AND SON**, by William Hopton (Lippincotts). A very popular and remarkably instructive hand-book written a quarter of a century ago by a Lancashire miner.—**THE TOWN-DWELLER**, by J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. (Appletons). Here is much food for thought; a plain and authoritative sermon for all cockneys.—**PHYSIOLOGY OF EXERCISE**, by Ferdinand Lagrange, M.D. (Appletons). The author writes as a scientist and an athlete. He defines exercise as work done with the object of perfecting the human organism from the point of view of strength, skill, or health. The book is full of valuable suggestions.—**AMERICAN WHIST**, by "G. W. P." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). An acceptable combination of the author's two popular volumes, Whist Universal and American Whist.—**MUSIC IN AMERICA**, by Dr. Frederic Louis Ritter (Scribners). A new edition of an excellent work. Two new chapters are added, and gaps are filled up.—**BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS IN PROSE AND VERSE OF JOHN RUSKIN**, edited by Thomas J. Wise (John Wiley & Sons). The first two of the eight parts composing a welcome work, excellently executed and handsomely published.

A SAPPHO OF GREEN SPRINGS.

BY

BRET HARTE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "THE OUTCASTS OF
POKER FLAT," "GABRIEL CONROY," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

Copyright, 1890, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1890.

A SAPPHO OF GREEN SPRINGS.

CHAPTER I.

"COME in," said the editor.

The door of the editorial room of the *Excelsior Magazine* began to creak painfully under the hesitating pressure of an uncertain and unfamiliar hand. This continued until with a start of irritation the editor faced directly about, throwing his leg over the arm of his chair with a certain youthful dexterity. With one hand gripping its back, the other still grasping a proof-slip, and his pencil in his mouth, he stared at the intruder.

The stranger, despite his hesitating entrance, did not seem in the least disconcerted. He was a tall man, looking even taller by reason of the long formless overcoat he wore, known as a "duster," and by a long straight beard that depended from his chin, which he combed with two reflective fingers as he contemplated the editor. The red dust which still lay in the creases of his garment and in the curves of his soft felt hat, and left a dusty circle like a precipitated halo around his feet, proclaimed him, if not a countryman, a recent inland importation by coach. "Busy?" he said, in a grave but pleasant voice. "I kin wait. Don't mind me. Go on."

The editor indicated a chair with his disengaged hand and plunged again into his proof-slips. The stranger surveyed the scant furniture and appointments of the office with a look of grave curiosity, and then,

taking a chair, fixed an earnest, penetrating gaze on the editor's profile. The editor felt it, and, without looking up, said,—

“Well, go on.”

“But you're busy. I kin wait.”

“I shall not be less busy this morning. I can listen.”

“I want you to give me the name of a certain person who writes in your magazine.”

The editor's eye glanced at the second right-hand drawer of his desk. It did not contain the names of his contributors, but what in the traditions of his office was accepted as an equivalent,—a revolver. He had never yet presented either to an inquirer. But he laid aside his proofs, and, with a slight darkening of his youthful, discontented face, said, “What do you want to know for?”

The question was so evidently unexpected that the stranger's face colored slightly, and he hesitated. The editor meanwhile, without taking his eyes from the man, mentally ran over the contents of the last magazine. They had been of a singularly peaceful character. There seemed to be nothing to justify homicide on his part or the stranger's. Yet there was no knowing, and his questioner's bucolic appearance by no means precluded an assault. Indeed, it had been a legend of the office that a predecessor had suffered vicariously from a geological hammer covertly introduced into a scientific controversy by an irate Professor.

“As we make ourselves responsible for the conduct of the magazine,” continued the young editor, with mature severity, “we do not give up the names of our contributors. If you do not agree with their opinions——”

“But I *do*,” said the stranger, with his former composure, “and I reckon that's why I want to know who wrote those verses called ‘Underbrush,’ signed ‘White Violet,’ in your last number. They're pow'ful pretty.”

The editor flushed slightly, and glanced instinctively around for any unexpected witness of his ludicrous mistake. The fear of ridicule was uppermost in his mind, and he was more relieved at his mistake not being overheard than at its groundlessness.

“The verses *are* pretty,” he said, recovering himself, with a critical

air, "and I am glad you like them. But even then, you know, I could not give you the lady's name without her permission. I will write to her and ask it, if you like."

The actual fact was that the verses had been sent to him anonymously from a remote village in the Coast Range,—the address being the post-office and the signature initials.

The stranger looked disturbed. "Then she ain't about here anywhere?" he said, with a vague gesture. "She don't belong to the office?"

The young editor beamed with tolerant superiority: "No, I am sorry to say."

"I should like to have got to see her and kinder asked her a few questions," continued the stranger, with the same reflective seriousness. "You see, it wasn't just the rhymin' o' them verses,—and they kinder sing themselves to ye, don't they?—it wasn't the chyce o' words,—and I reckon they allus hit the idee in the centre shot every time,—it wasn't the idees and moral she sort o' drew out o' what she was tellin',—but it was the straight thing itself,—the truth!"

"The truth?" repeated the editor.

"Yes, sir. I've bin there. I've seen all that she's seen in the brush,—the little flicks and checkers o' light and shadder down in the brown dust that you wonder how it ever got through the dark of the woods, and that allus seems to slip away like a snake or a lizard if you grope. I've heard all that she's heard there,—the creepin', the sighin', and the whisperin' through the bracken and the ground-vines of all that lives there."

"You seem to be a poet yourself," said the editor, with a patronizing smile.

"I'm a lumberman, up in Mendocino," returned the stranger, with sublime *naïveté*. "Got a mill there. You see, sightin' standin' timber and selectin' from the gen'ral show of the trees in the ground and the lay of roots hez sorter made me take notice." He paused. "Then," he added, somewhat despondingly, "you don't know who she is?"

"No," said the editor, reflectively; "not even if it is really a woman who writes."

"Eh?"

"Well, you see, 'White Violet' may as well be the *nom-de-plume* of a man as of a woman,—especially if adopted for the purpose of mystification. The handwriting, I remember, was more boyish than feminine."

"No," returned the stranger, doggedly, "it wasn't no *man*. There's ideas and words there that only come from a woman: baby-talk to the birds, you know, and a kind of fearsome keer of bugs and creepin' things that don't come to a man who wears boots and trousers. Well," he added, with a return to his previous air of resigned disappointment, "I suppose you don't even know what she's like?"

"No," responded the editor, cheerfully. Then, following an idea suggested by the odd mingling of sentiment and shrewd perception in the man before him, he added, "Probably not at all like anything you imagine. She may be a mother with three or four children; or an old maid who keeps a boarding-house; or a wrinkled school-mistress; or a chit of a school-girl. I've had some fair verses from a red-haired girl of fourteen at the Seminary," he concluded, with professional coolness.

The stranger regarded him with the *naïve* wonder of an inexperienced man. Having paid this tribute to his superior knowledge, he regained his previous air of grave perception. "I reckon she ain't none of them. But I'm keepin' you from your work. Good-by. My name's Bowers,—Jim Bowers, of Mendocino. If you're up my way, give me a call. And if you do write to this yer 'White Violet,' and she's willin', send me her address."

He shook the editor's hand warmly,—even in its literal significance of imparting a good deal of his own earnest caloric to the editor's fingers,—and left the room. His foot-fall echoed along the passage and died out, and with it, I fear, all impression of his visit from the editor's mind, as he plunged again into the silent task before him.

Presently he was conscious of a melodious humming and a light leisurely step at the entrance of the hall. They continued on in an easy harmony and unaffected as the passage of a bird. Both were pleasant and both familiar to the editor. They belonged to Jack Hamlin, by vocation a gambler, by taste a musician, on his way from his apartments on the upper floor, where he had just risen, to drop

into his friend's editorial room and glance over the exchanges, as was his habit before breakfast.

The door opened lightly. The editor was conscious of a faint odor of scented soap, a sensation of freshness and cleanliness, the impression of a soft hand like a woman's on his shoulder and, like a woman's, momentarily and playfully caressing, the passage of a graceful shadow across his desk, and the next moment Jack Hamlin was ostentatiously dusting a chair with an open newspaper preparatory to sitting down.

"You ought to ship that office-boy of yours if he can't keep things cleaner," he said, suspending his melody to eye grimly the dust which Mr. Bowers had shaken from his departing feet.

The editor did not look up until he had finished revising a difficult paragraph. By that time Mr. Hamlin had comfortably settled himself on a cane sofa, and, possibly out of deference to his surroundings, had subdued his song to a peculiarly low, soft, and heart-breaking whistle as he unfolded a newspaper. Clean and faultless in his appearance, he had the rare gift of being able to get up at two in the afternoon with much of the dewy freshness and all of the moral superiority of an early riser.

"You ought to have been here just now, Jack," said the editor.

"Not a row, old man, eh?" inquired Jack, with a faint accession of interest.

"No," said the editor, smiling. Then he related the incidents of the previous interview, with a certain humorous exaggeration which was part of his nature. But Jack did not smile.

"You ought to have booted him out of the ranch on sight," he said. "What right had he to come here prying into a lady's affairs?—at least a lady as far as *he* knows. Of course she's some old blowzy with frumpled hair trying to rope in a greenhorn with a string of words and phrases," concluded Jack, carelessly, who had an equally cynical distrust of the sex and of literature.

"That's about what I told him," said the editor.

"That's just what you *shouldn't* have told him," returned Jack. "You ought to have stuck up for that woman as if she'd been your own mother. Lord! you fellows don't know how to run a

magazine. You ought to let *me* sit on that chair and tackle your customers."

"What would you have done, Jack?" asked the editor, much amused to find that his hitherto invincible hero was not above the ordinary human weakness of offering advice as to editorial conduct.

"Done?" reflected Jack. "Well, first, sonny, I shouldn't keep a revolver in a drawer that I had to *open* to get at."

"But what would you have said?"

"I should simply have asked him what was the price of lumber at Mendocino," said Jack, sweetly, "and when he told me, I should have said that the samples he was offering out of his own head wouldn't suit. You see, you don't want any trifling in such matters. You write well enough, my boy," continued he, turning over his paper, "but what you're lacking in is editorial dignity. But go on with your work. Don't mind me."

Thus admonished, the editor again bent over his desk, and his friend softly took up his suspended song. The editor had not proceeded far in his corrections when Jack's voice again broke the silence.

"Where are those d——d verses, anyway?"

Without looking up, the editor waved his pencil towards an uncut copy of the *Excelsior Magazine* lying on the table.

"You don't suppose I'm going to *read* them, do you?" said Jack, aggrievedly. "Why don't you say what they're about? That's your business as editor."

But that functionary, now wholly lost and wandering in the *non-sequitur* of an involved passage in the proof before him, only waved an impatient remonstrance with his pencil and knit his brows. Jack, with a sigh, took up the magazine.

A long silence followed, broken only by the hurried rustling of sheets of copy and an occasional exasperated start from the editor. The sun was already beginning to slant a dusty beam across his desk; Jack's whistling had long since ceased. Presently, with an exclamation of relief, the editor laid aside the last proof-sheet and looked up.

Jack Hamlin had closed the magazine, but with one hand thrown over the back of the sofa he was still holding it, his slim forefinger between its leaves to keep the place, and his handsome profile and

dark lashes lifted towards the window. The editor, smiling at this unwonted abstraction, said, quietly,—

“Well, what do you think of them?”

Jack rose, laid the magazine down, settled his white waistcoat with both hands, and lounged towards his friend with audacious but slightly veiled and shining eyes. “They sort of sing themselves to you,” he said, quietly, leaning beside the editor’s desk and looking down upon him. After a pause he said, “Then you don’t know what she’s like?”

“That’s what Mr. Bowers asked me,” remarked the editor.

“D——n Bowers!”

“I suppose you also wish me to write and ask for permission to give you her address?” said the editor, with great gravity.

• “No,” said Jack, coolly. “I propose to give it to *you* within a week, and you will pay me with a breakfast. I should like to have it said that I was once a paid contributor to literature. If I don’t give it to you, I’ll stand you a dinner, that’s all.”

“Done!” said the editor. “And you know nothing of her now?”

“No,” said Jack, promptly. “Nor you?”

“No more than I have told you.”

“That’ll do. So long!” And Jack, carefully adjusting his glossy hat over his curls at an ominously wicked angle, sauntered lightly from the room. The editor, glancing after his handsome figure and hearing him take up his pretermitted whistle as he passed out, began to think that the contingent dinner was by no means an inevitable prospect.

Howbeit, he plunged once more into his monotonous duties. But the freshness of the day seemed to have departed with Jack, and the later interruptions of foreman and publisher were of a more practical character. It was not until the post arrived that the superscription on one of the letters caught his eye and revived his former interest. It was the same hand as that of his unknown contributor’s manuscript,—ill formed and boyish. He opened the envelope. It contained another poem with the same signature, but also a note—much longer than the brief lines that accompanied the first contribution—was scrawled upon a separate piece of paper. This the editor opened first, and read

the following, with an amazement that for the moment dominated all other sense:

"MR. EDITOR,—

"I see you have got my poetry in. But I don't see the spondulix that oughter follow. Perhaps you don't know where to send it. Then I'll tell you. Send the money to Lock Box 47, Green Springs P. O., per Wells Fargo's Express, and I'll get it there, on account of my parents not knowing. We're very high-toned, and they would think it's low making poetry for papers. Send amount usually paid for poetry in your papers. Or maybe you think I make poetry for nothing? That's where you slip up!

"Yours truly,

"WHITE VIOLET. .

"P.S.—If you don't pay for poetry, send this back. It's as good as what you did put in, and is just as hard to make. You hear me? that's me,—all the time.

"WHITE VIOLET."

The editor turned quickly to the new contribution for some corroboration of what he felt must be an extraordinary blunder. But no! The few lines that he hurriedly read breathed the same atmosphere of intellectual repose, gentleness, and imagination as the first contribution. And yet they were in the same handwriting as the singular missive, and both were identical with the previous manuscript.

Had he been the victim of a hoax, and were the verses not original? No; they were distinctly original, local in color, and even local in the use of certain old English words that were common in the Southwest. He had before noticed the apparent incongruity of the handwriting and the text, and it was possible that for the purposes of disguise the poet might have employed an amanuensis. But how could he reconcile the incongruity of the mercenary and slangy purport of the missive itself with the mental habit of its author? Was it possible that these inconsistent qualities existed in the one individual? He smiled grimly as he thought of his visitor Bowers and his friend Jack. He

was startled as he remembered the purely imaginative picture he had himself given to the seriously interested Bowers of the possible incongruous personality of the poetess.

Was he quite fair in keeping this from Jack? Was it really honorable, in view of their wager? It is to be feared that a very human enjoyment of Jack's possible discomfiture quite as much as any chivalrous friendship impelled the editor to ring eventually for the office-boy.

"See if Mr. Hamlin is in his rooms."

The editor then sat down and wrote rapidly as follows :

"DEAR MADAM,—

"You are as right as you are generous in supposing that only ignorance of your address prevented the manager from previously remitting the honorarium for your beautiful verses. He now begs to send it to you in the manner you have indicated. As the verses have attracted deserved attention, I have been applied to for your address. Should you care to submit it to me to be used at my discretion, I shall feel honored by your confidence. But this is a matter left entirely to your own kindness and better judgment. Meantime, I take pleasure in accepting 'White Violet's' present contribution, and remain, dear madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"THE EDITOR."

The boy returned as he was folding the letter. Mr. Hamlin was not only *not* in his rooms, but, according to his negro servant Pete, had left town an hour ago, for a few days in the country.

"Did he say where?" asked the editor, quickly.

"No, sir : he didn't know."

"Very well. Take this to the manager." He addressed the letter, and, scrawling a few hieroglyphics on a memorandum-tag, tore it off, and handed it with the letter to the boy.

An hour later he stood in the manager's office. "The next number is pretty well made up," he said, carelessly, "and I think of taking a day or two off."

"Certainly," said the manager. "It will do you good. Where do you think you'll go?"

"I haven't quite made up my mind."

CHAPTER II.

"HULLO!" said Jack Hamlin.

He had halted his mare at the edge of an abrupt chasm. It did not appear to be fifty feet across, yet its depth must have been nearly two hundred to where the hidden mountain-stream, of which it was the banks, alternately slipped, tumbled, and fell with murmuring and monotonous regularity. One or two pine-trees growing on the opposite edge, loosened at the roots, had tilted their straight shafts like spears over the abyss, and the top of one, resting on the upper branches of a sycamore a few yards from him, served as an aerial bridge for the passage of a boy of fourteen to whom Mr. Hamlin's challenge was addressed.

The boy stopped midway in his perilous transit, and, looking down upon the horseman, responded, coolly, "Hullo yourself!"

"Is that the only way across this infernal hole, or the one you prefer for exercise?" continued Hamlin, gravely.

The boy sat down on a bough, allowing his bare feet to dangle over the dizzy depths, and critically examined his questioner. Jack had on this occasion modified his usual correct conventional attire by a tasteful combination of a vaquero's costume, and, in loose white bullion-fringed trousers, red sash, jacket, and sombrero, looked infinitely more dashing and picturesque than his original. Nevertheless the boy did not reply. Mr. Hamlin's pride in his usual ascendancy over women, children, horses, and all unreasoning animals was deeply nettled. He smiled, however, and said, quietly,—

"Come here, George Washington. I want to talk to you."

Without rejecting this august yet impossible title, the boy presently lifted his feet and carelessly resumed his passage across the chasm until, reaching the sycamore, he began to let himself down squirrel-wise, leap by leap, with an occasional trapeze swinging from bough to bough,

dropping at last easily to the ground. Here he appeared to be rather good-looking, albeit the sun and air had worked a miracle of brown tan and freckles on his exposed surfaces, until the mottling of his oval cheeks looked like a polished bird's egg. Indeed, it struck Mr. Hamlin that he was as intensely a part of that sylvan seclusion as the hidden brook that murmured, the brown velvet shadows that lay like trappings on the white flanks of his horse, the quivering heat, and the stinging spice of bay. Mr. Hamlin had vague ideas of dryads and fauns, but at that moment would have bet something on the chances of their survival.

"I did not hear what you said just now, general," he remarked, with great elegance of manner, "but I know from your reputation that it could not be a lie. I therefore gather that there is another way across."

The boy smiled; rather his very short upper lip apparently vanished completely over his white teeth, and his very black eyes—which showed a great deal of the white around them—danced in their orbits.

"But *you* couldn't find it," he said, slyly.

"No more could you find the half-dollar I dropped just now, unless I helped you."

Mr. Hamlin, by way of illustration, leaned deeply over his left stirrup and pointed to the ground. At the same moment a bright half-dollar absolutely appeared to glitter in the herbage at the point of his finger. It was a trick that had always brought great pleasure and profit to his young friends and some loss and discomfiture of wager to his older ones.

The boy picked up the coin: "There's a dip and a level crossing about a mile over yer,"—he pointed,—“but it's through the woods, and they're that high with thick bresh."

"With what?"

"Bresh," repeated the boy; "*that*,"—pointing to a few fronds of bracken growing in the shadow of the sycamore.

"Oh! underbrush?"

"Yes; I said 'bresh,'" returned the boy, doggedly. "*You* might get through, ef you war spry, but not your hoss. Where do you want to go, anyway?"

"Do you know, George," said Mr. Hamlin, lazily throwing his right leg over the horn of his saddle for greater ease and deliberation in replying, "it's very odd, but that's just what *I'd* like to know. Now, what would *you*, in your broad statesmanlike views of things generally, advise?"

Quite convinced of the stranger's mental unsoundness, the boy glanced again at his half-dollar, as if to make sure of its integrity, pocketed it doubtfully, and turned away.

"Where are you going?" said Hamlin, resuming his seat with the agility of a circus-rider, and spurring forward.

"To Green Springs,—where I live,—two miles over the ridge on the far slope,"—indicating the direction.

"Ah!" said Jack, with thoughtful gravity. "Well, kindly give my love to your sister, will you?"

"George Washington didn't have no sister," said the boy, cunningly.

"Can I have been mistaken?" said Hamlin, lifting his hand to his forehead, with grieved accents. "Then it seems *you* have. Kindly give her my love."

"Which one?" asked the boy, with a swift glance of mischief. "I've got four."

"The one that's like you," returned Hamlin, with prompt exactitude. "Now, where's the 'bresh' you spoke of?"

"Keep along the edge until you come to the log-slide. Foller that, and it'll lead you into the woods. But ye wun't go far, I tell ye. When you have to turn back, instead o' comin' back here, you kin take the trail that goes round the woods, and that'll bring ye out into the stage road ag'in near the post-office at the Green Springs crossin' and the new hotel. That'll be war ye'll turn up, I reckon," he added, reflectively. "Fellers that come yer gunnin' and fishin' gin'rally do," he concluded, with a half-inquisitive air.

"Ah!" said Mr. Hamlin, quietly shedding the inquiry. "Green Springs Hotel is where the stage stops, eh?"

"Yes, and at the post-office," said the boy. "She'll be along here soon," he added.

"If you mean the Santa Cruz stage," said Hamlin, "she's here already. I passed her on the ridge, half an hour ago."

The boy gave a sudden start, and a quick uneasy expression passed over his face. "Go 'long with ye!" he said, with a forced smile: "it ain't her time yet."

"But I *saw* her," repeated Hamlin, much amused. "Are you expecting company? Hullo! Where are you off to? Come back."

But his companion had already vanished in the thicket with the undeliberate and impulsive act of an animal. There was a momentary rustle in the alders fifty feet away, and then all was silent. The hidden brook took up its monotonous murmur, the tapping of a distant woodpecker became suddenly audible, and Mr. Hamlin was again alone.

"Wonder whether he's got parents in the stage, and has been playing truant here," he mused, lazily. "Looked as if he'd been up to some devilment,—or more like as if he was primed for it. If he'd been a little older I'd have bet he was in league with some road-agents to watch the coach. Just my luck to have him light out as I was beginning to get some talk out of him." He paused, looked at his watch, and straightened himself in his stirrups. "Four o'clock. I reckon I might as well try the woods and what that imp calls the 'bresh;' I may strike a shanty or a native by the way."

With this determination, Mr. Hamlin urged his horse along the faint trail by the brink of the watercourse which the boy had just indicated. He had no definite end in view beyond the one that had brought him the day before to that locality,—his quest of the unknown poetess. His clue would have seemed to ordinary humanity the faintest. He had merely noted the provincial name of a certain plant mentioned in the poem and learned that its habitat was limited to the southern local range; while its peculiar nomenclature was clearly of French Creole or Gulf State origin. This gave him a large though sparsely-populated area for locality, while it suggested a settlement of Louisianians or Mississippians near the Summit, of whom, through their native gambling proclivities, he was professionally cognizant. But he mainly trusted Fortune. Secure in his faith in the feminine character of that goddess, he relied a great deal on her well-known weakness for scamps of his quality.

It was not long before he came to the "slide,"—a lightly-cut or shallow ditch. It descended slightly in a course that was far from

straight, at times diverging to avoid the obstacles of trees or boulders, at times shaving them so closely as to leave smooth abrasions along their sides made by the grinding passage of long logs down the incline. The track itself was slippery from this, and preoccupied all Hamlin's skill as a horseman, even to the point of stopping his usual careless whistle. At the end of half an hour the track became level again, and he was confronted with a singular phenomenon.

He had entered the wood, and the trail seemed to cleave through a far-stretching, motionless sea of ferns that flowed on either side to the height of his horse's flanks. The straight shafts of the trees rose like columns from their hidden bases and were lost again in a roof of impenetrable leafage, leaving a clear space of fifty feet between, through which the surrounding horizon of sky was perfectly visible. All the light that entered this vast sylvan hall came from the sides; nothing permeated from above; nothing radiated from below; the height of the crest on which the wood was placed gave it this lateral illumination, but gave it also the profound isolation of some temple raised by long-forgotten hands. In spite of the height of these clear shafts, they seemed dwarfed by the expanse of the wood, and in the farthest perspective the base of ferns and the capital of foliage appeared almost to meet. As the boy had warned him, the slide had turned aside, skirting the wood to follow the incline, and presently the little trail he now followed vanished utterly, leaving him and his horse adrift breast-high in this green and yellow sea of fronds. But Mr. Hamlin, imperious of obstacles, and touched by some curiosity, continued to advance lazily, taking the bearings of a larger red-wood in the centre of the grove for his objective point. The elastic mass gave way before him, brushing his knees or combing his horse's flanks with wide-spread elfin fingers, and closing up behind him as he passed, as if to obliterate any track by which he might return. Yet his usual luck did not desert him here. Being on horseback, he found that he could detect what had been invisible to the boy and probably to all pedestrians,—namely, that the growth was not equally dense, that there were certain thinner and more open spaces that he could take advantage of by more circuitous progression, always, however, keeping the bearings of the central tree. This he at last reached, and halted his panting horse.

Here a new idea which had been haunting him since he entered the wood took fuller possession of him. He had seen or known all this before! There was a strange familiarity either in these objects or in the impression or spell they left upon him. He remembered the verses! Yes, this was the "underbrush" which the poetess had described: the gloom above and below, the light that seemed blown through it like the wind, the suggestion of hidden life beneath this tangled luxuriance, which she alone had penetrated,—all this was here. But, more than that, here was the atmosphere that she had breathed into the plaintive melody of her verse. It did not necessarily follow that Mr. Hamlin's translation of her sentiment was the correct one, or that the ideas her verses had provoked in his mind were at all what had been hers: in his easy susceptibility he was simply thrown into a corresponding mood of emotion and relieved himself with song. One of the verses he had already associated in his mind with the rhythm of an old plantation melody, and it struck his fancy to take advantage of the solitude to try its effect. Humming to himself, at first softly, he at last grew bolder, and let his voice drift away through the stark pillars of the sylvan colonnade till it seemed to suffuse and fill it with no more effort than the light which strayed in on either side. Sitting thus, his hat thrown a little back from his clustering curls, the white neck and shoulders of his horse uplifting him above the crested mass of fern, his red sash the one fleck of color in their olive depths, I am afraid he looked much more like the real minstrel of the grove than the unknown poetess who had transfigured it. But this, as has been already indicated, was Jack Hamlin's peculiar gift. Even as he had previously outshone the *vaquero* in his borrowed dress, he now silenced and supplanted a few fluttering blue-jays—rightful tenants of the wood—with a more graceful and airy presence and a far sweeter voice.

The open horizon towards the west had taken a warmer color from the already slanting sun when Mr. Hamlin, having rested his horse, turned to that direction. He had noticed that the wood was thinner there, and, pushing forward, he was presently rewarded by the sound of far-off wheels, and knew he must be near the high-road that the boy had spoken of. Having given up his previous intention of cross-

ing the stream, there seemed nothing better for him to do than to follow the truant's advice and take the road back to Green Springs. Yet he was loath to leave the wood, halting on its verge, and turning to look back into its charmed recesses. Once or twice—perhaps because he recalled the words of the poem—that yellowish sea of ferns had seemed instinct with hidden life, and he had even fancied, here and there, a swaying of its plumed crests. Howbeit, he still lingered long enough for the open sunlight into which he had obtruded to point out the bravery of his handsome figure. Then he wheeled his horse, the light glanced from polished double bit and bridle-fripperies, caught his red sash and bullion buttons, struck a parting flash from his silver spurs, and he was gone!

For a moment the light streamed unbrokenly through the wood. And then it could be seen that the yellow mass of undergrowth *had* moved with the passage of another figure than his own. For ever since he had entered the shade a woman shawled in a vague shapeless fashion had watched him wonderingly, eagerly, excitedly, gliding from tree to tree as he advanced, or else dropping breathlessly below the fronds of fern whence she gazed at him as between parted fingers. When he wheeled she had run openly to the west, albeit with hidden face and still clinging shawl, and taken a last look at his retreating figure. And then, with a faint but lingering sigh, she drew back into the shadow of the wood again and vanished also.

CHAPTER III.

AT the end of twenty minutes Mr. Hamlin reined in his mare. He had just observed in the distant shadows of a by-lane that intersected his road the vanishing flutter of two light print dresses. Without a moment's hesitation he lightly swerved out of the high-road and followed the retreating figures.

As he neared them, they seemed to be two slim young girls, evidently so preoccupied with the rustic amusement of edging each other off the grassy border into the dust of the track that they did not perceive his approach. Little shrieks, slight scufflings, and interjeo-

tions of "Cynthy ! you limb !" "Quit that, Eunice, now !" and "I just call that real mean !" apparently drowned the sound of his canter in the soft dust. Checking his speed to a gentle trot, and pressing his horse close beside the opposite fence, he passed them with gravely-uplifted hat and a serious preoccupied air. But in that single, seemingly conventional glance Mr. Hamlin had seen that they were both pretty and that one had the short upper lip of his errant little guide. A hundred yards farther on he halted, as if irresolutely, gazed doubtfully ahead of him, and then turned back. An expression of innocent—almost child-like—concern was clouding the rascal's face. It was well, as the two girls had drawn closely together, having been apparently surprised in the midst of a glowing eulogium of this glorious passing vision by its sudden return. At his nearer approach the one with the short upper lip hid that piquant feature and the rest of her rosy face behind the other's shoulder, which was suddenly and significantly opposed to the advance of this handsome intruder with a certain dignity, half real, half affected, but wholly charming. The protectress appeared—possibly from her defensive attitude—the superior of her companion.

Audacious as Jack was to his own sex, he had early learned that such rare but discomposing graces as he possessed required a certain apologetic attitude when presented to women, and that it was only a plain man who could be always complacently self-confident in their presence. There was, consequently, a hesitating lowering of this hypocrite's brown eyelashes as he said, in almost pained accents,—

"Excuse me, but I fear I've taken the wrong road. I'm going to Green Springs."

"I reckon you've taken the wrong road wherever you're going," returned the young lady, having apparently made up her mind to resent each of Jack's perfections as a separate impertinence: "this is a *private* road." She drew herself fairly up here, although gurgled at in the ear and pinched in the arm by her companion.

"I beg your pardon," said Jack, meekly. "I see I'm trespassing on your grounds. I'm very sorry. Thank you for telling me. I should have gone on a mile or two farther, I suppose, until I came to your house," he added, innocently.

"A mile or two! You'd have run chock ag'in' our gate in another minit," said the short-lipped one, eagerly. But a sharp nudge from her companion sent her back again into cover, where she waited expectantly for another crushing retort from her protector.

But, alas! it did not come. One cannot be always witty, and Jack looked distressed. Nevertheless he took advantage of the pause.

"It was so stupid in me, as I think your brother"—looking at Short-lip—"very carefully told me the road."

The two girls darted quick glances at each other. "Oh, Bawb!" said the first speaker, in wearied accents,—"*that* limb! *He* don' keer."

"But he *did* care," said Hamlin, quietly, "and gave me a good deal of information. Thanks to him, I was able to see that ferny wood that's so famous,—about two miles up the road. You know,—the one that there's a poem written about!"

The shot told! Short-lip burst into a display of dazzling little teeth and caught the other girl convulsively by the shoulders. The superior girl bent her pretty brows, and said, "Eunice, what's gone of ye? Quit that!" but, as Hamlin thought, paled slightly.

"Of course," said Hamlin, quickly, "you know,—the poem everybody's talking about. Dear me! let me see! how does it go?" The rascal knit his brows, said, "Ah, yes," and then murmured the verse he had lately sung quite as musically.

Short-lip was shamelessly exalted and excited. Really she could scarcely believe it! She already heard herself relating the whole occurrence. Here was the most beautiful young man she had ever seen—an entire stranger—talking to them in the most beautiful and natural way, right in the lane, and reciting poetry to her sister! It was like a novel,—only more so. She thought that Cynthia, on the other hand, looked distressed, and—she must say it—"silly."

All of which Jack noted, and was wise. He had got all he wanted—at present. He gathered up his reins.

"Thank you so much, and your brother too, Miss Cynthia," he said, without looking up. Then, adding, with a parting glance and smile, "But don't tell Bob how stupid I was," he swiftly departed.

In half an hour he was at the Green Springs Hotel. As he rode

into the stable yard he noticed that the coach had only just arrived, having been detained by a land-slip on the Summit road. With the recollection of Bob fresh in his mind, he glanced at the loungers at the stage office. The boy was not there, but a moment later Jack detected him among the waiting crowd at the post-office opposite. With a view of following up his inquiries, he crossed the road as the boy entered the vestibule of the post-office. He arrived in time to see him unlock one of a row of numbered letter-boxes rented by subscribers, which occupied a partition by the window, and take out a small package and a letter. But in that brief glance Mr. Hamlin detected the printed address of the *Excelsior Magazine* on the wrapper. It was enough. Luck was certainly with him.

He had time to get rid of the wicked sparkle that had lit his dark eyes and to lounge carelessly towards the boy as the latter broke open the package and then hurriedly concealed it in his jacket-pocket and started for the door. Mr. Hamlin quickly followed him, unperceived, and, as he stepped into the street, gently tapped him on the shoulder. The boy turned and faced him quickly. But Mr. Hamlin's eyes showed nothing but lazy good-humor.

"Hullo, Bob. Where are you going?"

The boy again looked up suspiciously at this revelation of his name.

"Home," he said, briefly.

"Oh, over yonder," said Hamlin, calmly. "I don't mind walking with you as far as the lane."

He saw the boy's eyes glance furtively towards an alley that ran beside the blacksmith's shop a few rods ahead, and was convinced that he intended to evade him there. Slipping his arm carelessly in the youth's, he concluded to open fire at once.

"Bob," he said, with irresistible gravity, "I did not know when I met you this morning that I had the honor of addressing a poet,—none other than the famous author of 'Underbrush.'"

The boy started back and endeavored to withdraw his arm, but Mr. Hamlin tightened his hold, without, however, changing his careless expression.

"You see," he continued, "the editor is a friend of mine, and,

being afraid this package might not get into the right hands,—as you didn't give your name,—he deputized me to come here and see that it was all square. As you're rather young, for all you're so gifted, I reckon I'd better go home with you and take a receipt from your parents. That's about square, I think?"

The consternation of the boy was so evident and so far beyond Mr. Hamlin's expectation that he instantly halted him, gazed into his shifting eyes, and gave a long whistle.

"Who said it was for *me*? Wot you talkin' about? Lemme go!" gasped the boy, with the short intermittent breath of mingled fear and passion.

"Bob," said Mr. Hamlin, in a singularly colorless voice which was very rare with him, and an expression quite unlike his own, "*what* is your little game?"

The boy looked down in dogged silence.

"Out with it! Who are you playing this on?"

"It's all among my own folks; it's nothin' to *you*," said the boy, suddenly beginning to struggle violently, as if inspired by this extenuating fact.

"Among your own folks, eh? White Violet and the rest, eh? But *she's* not in it?"

No reply.

"Hand me over that package. I'll give it back to you again."

The boy handed it to Mr. Hamlin. He read the letter, and found the enclosure contained a twenty-dollar gold-piece. A half-supercilious smile passed over his face at this revelation of the inadequate emoluments of literature and the trifling inducements to crime. Indeed, I fear the affair began to take a less serious moral complexion in his eyes.

"Then White Violet—your sister Cynthia, you know," continued Mr. Hamlin, in easy parenthesis,—"*wrote for this?*" holding the coin contemptively in his fingers, "*and you calculated to nab it yourself?*"

The quick searching glance with which Bob received the name of his sister, Mr. Hamlin attributed only to his natural surprise that this stranger should be on such familiar terms with her; but the boy responded immediately and bluntly,—

"No! *She* didn't write for it. She didn't want nobody to know who she was. Nobody wrote for it but me. Nobody *knew folks was paid for po'try but me*. I found it out from a feller. I wrote for it. I wasn't goin' to let that skunk of an editor have it himself!"

"And you thought *you* would take it," said Hamlin, his voice resuming its old tone. "Well, George—I mean Bob, your conduct was praiseworthy, although your intentions were bad. Still, twenty dollars is rather too much for your trouble. Suppose we say five and call it square?" He handed the astonished boy five dollars. "Now, George Washington," he continued, taking four other twenty-dollar pieces from his pocket and adding them to the enclosure, which he carefully refolded, "I'm going to give you another chance to live up to your reputation. You'll take that package and hand it to 'White Violet' and say you found it, just as it is, in the lock box. I'll keep the letter, for it would knock you endways if it was seen, and I'll make it all right with the editor. But, as I've got to tell him that I've seen White Violet myself and know she's got it, I expect *you* to manage in some way to have me see her. I'll manage the rest of it; and I won't blow on you, either. You'll come back to the hotel and tell me what you've done. And now, George," concluded Mr. Hamlin, succeeding at last in fixing the boy's evasive eye with a peculiar look, "it may be just as well for you to understand that I know every nook and corner of this place, that I've already been through that underbrush you spoke of once this morning, and that I've got a mare that can go wherever *you* can, and a d——d sight quicker!"

"I'll give the package to White Violet," said the boy, doggedly.

"And you'll come back to the hotel?"

The boy hesitated, and then said, "I'll come back."

"All right, then. *Adios*, general."

Bob disappeared around the corner of a cross-road at a rapid trot, and Mr. Hamlin turned into the hotel.

"Smart little chap that!" he said to the barkeeper.

"You bet!" returned the man, who, having recognized Mr. Hamlin, was delighted at the prospect of conversing with a gentleman of such decided dangerous reputation. "But he's been allowed to run a little wild since old man Delatour died, and the widder's got

enough to do, I reckon, lookin' arter her four gals and takin' keer of old Delatour's ranch over yonder. I guess it's pretty hard sleddin' for her sometimes to get clo'es and grub for the famerly, without follerin' Bob around."

"Sharp girls too, I reckon : one of them writes things for the magazines, doesn't she?—Cynthia, eh?" said Mr. Hamlin, carelessly.

Evidently this fact was not a notorious one to the barkeeper. He, however, said, "Dunno ; mabbee ; her father was eddicated, and the widder Delatour too, though she's sorter queer, I've heard tell. Lord ! Mr. Hamlin, *you* oughter remember old man Delatour ! From Opelousas, Louisiany, you know ! High old sport,—French style, frilled bosom,—open-handed, and us'ter buck ag'in' faro awful ! Why, he dropped a heap o' money to *you* over in San José two years ago at poker ! You must remember him !"

The slightest possible flush passed over Mr. Hamlin's brow under the shadow of his hat, but did not get lower than his eyes. He suddenly *had* recalled the spendthrift Delatour, perfectly, and as quickly regretted now that he had not doubled the honorarium he had just sent to his portionless daughter. But he only said, coolly, "No," and then, raising his pale face and audacious eyes, continued in his laziest and most insulting manner, "No : the fact is, my mind is just now preoccupied in wondering if the gas is leaking anywhere, and if anything is ever served over this bar except elegant conversation. When the gentleman who mixes drinks comes back, perhaps you'll be good enough to tell him to send a whiskey sour to Mr. Jack Hamlin in the parlor. Meantime, you can turn off your soda-fountain : I don't want any fizz in mine."

Having thus quite recovered himself, Mr. Hamlin lounged gracefully across the hall into the parlor. As he did so, a darkish young man, with a slim boyish figure, a thin face, and a discontented expression, rose from an arm-chair, held out his hand, and, with a saturnine smile, said,—

"Jack !"

"Fred !"

The two men remained gazing at each other with a half-amused, half-guarded expression. Mr. Hamlin was first to begin. "I didn't

think *you'd* be such a fool as to try on this kind of thing, Fred," he said, half seriously.

"Yes, but it was to keep you from being a much bigger one that I hunted you up," said the editor, mischievously. "Read that. I got it an hour after you left." And he placed a little triumphantly in Jack's hand the letter he had received from White Violet.

Mr. Hamlin read it with an unmoved face, and then laid his two hands on the editor's shoulder. "Yes, my young friend, and you sat down and wrote her a pretty letter and sent her twenty dollars,—which, permit me to say, was d——d poor pay! But that isn't your fault, I reckon: it's the meanness of your proprietors."

"But it isn't the question, either, just now, Jack, however you have been able to answer it. Do you mean to say seriously that you want to know anything more of a woman who could write such a letter?"

"I don't know," said Jack, cheerfully. "She might be a devilish sight funnier than if she hadn't written it,—which is the fact."

"You mean to say *she* didn't write it?"

"Yes."

"Who did, then?"

"Her brother Bob."

After a moment's scrutiny of his friend's bewildered face, Mr. Hamlin briefly related his adventures, from the moment of his meeting Bob at the mountain-stream to the barkeeper's gossiping comment and sequel. "Therefore," he concluded, "the author of 'Underbrush' is Miss Cynthia Delatour, one of four daughters of a widow who lives two miles from here at the crossing. I shall see her this evening and make sure; but to-morrow morning you will pay me the breakfast you owe me. She's good-looking, but I can't say I fancy the poetic style: it's a little too high-toned for me. However, I love my love with a C, because she is your Contributor; I hate her with a C, because of her Connections; I met her by Chance and treated her with Civility; her name is Cynthia, and she lives on a Cross-road."

"But you surely don't expect you will ever see Bob again?" said the editor, impatiently. "You have trusted him with enough to start him for the Sandwich Islands,—to say nothing of the ruinous

precedent you have established in his mind of the value of poetry. I am surprised that a man of your knowledge of the world would have faith in that imp the second time."

"My knowledge of the world," returned Mr. Hamlin, sententiously, "tells me that's the only way you can trust anybody. *Once* doesn't make a habit, nor show a character. I could see by his bungling that he had never tried this on before. Just now the temptation to wipe out his punishment by doing the square thing, and coming back a sort of hero, is stronger than any other. 'Tisn't everybody that gets that chance," he added, with an odd laugh.

Nevertheless, three hours passed without bringing Bob. The two men had gone to the billiard-room, when a waiter brought a note which he handed to Mr. Hamlin with some apologetic hesitation. It bore no superscription, but had been brought by a boy who described Mr. Hamlin perfectly and requested that the note should be handed to him with the remark that "Bob had come back."

"And is he there now?" asked Mr. Hamlin, holding the letter unopened in his hand.

"No, sir; he run right off."

The editor laughed, but Mr. Hamlin, having perused the note, put away his cue. "Come into my room," he said.

The editor followed, and Mr. Hamlin laid the note before him on the table. "Bob's all right," he said, "for I'll bet a thousand dollars that note is genuine."

It was delicately written, in a cultivated feminine hand, utterly unlike the scrawl that had first excited the editor's curiosity, and ran as follows :

"He who brought me the bounty of your friend—for I cannot call a recompense so far above my deserts by any other name—gives me also to understand that you wished for an interview. I cannot believe that this is mere idle curiosity, or that you have any motive that is not kindly and honorable, but I feel that I must beg and pray you not to seek to remove the veil behind which I have chosen to hide myself and my poor efforts from identification. I *think* I know you—I *know* I know myself—well enough to believe it would give neither of us any

happiness. You will say to your generous friend that he has already given the Unknown more comfort and hope than could come from any personal compliment or publicity, and you will yourself believe that you have all unconsciously brightened a sad woman's fancy with a Dream and a Vision that before to-day had been unknown to

“WHITE VIOLET.”

“Have you read it?” asked Mr. Hamlin.

“Yes.”

“Then you don't want to see it any more, or even remember you ever saw it,” said Mr. Hamlin, carefully tearing the note into small pieces and letting them drift from the windows like blown blossoms.

“But I say, Jack! look here; I don't understand! You say you have already seen this woman, and yet——”

“*I haven't seen her*,” said Jack, composedly, turning from the window.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that you and I, Fred, are going to drop this fooling right here and leave this place for Frisco by first stage to-morrow, and—that I owe you that dinner.”

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the stage for San Francisco rolled away the next morning with Mr. Hamlin and the editor, the latter might have recognized in the occupant of a dust-covered buggy that was coming leisurely towards them the tall figure, long beard, and straight duster of his late visitor, Mr. James Bowers. For Mr. Bowers was on the same quest that the others had just abandoned: like Mr. Hamlin, he had been left to his own resources, but Mr. Bowers's resources were a life-long experience and technical skill; he too had noted the topographical indications of the poem, and his knowledge of the sylvia of Upper California pointed as unerringly as Mr. Hamlin's luck to the cryptogamous haunts of the Summit. Such abnormal growths were indicative of certain localities only, but, as they were not remunerative from a pecuniary point of view, were to be avoided by the sagacious woodman. It was clear,

therefore, that Mr. Bowers's visit to Green Springs was not professional, and that he did not even figuratively accept the omen.

He baited and rested his horse at the hotel, where his bucolic exterior, however, did not elicit that attention which had been accorded to Mr. Hamlin's charming insolence or the editor's cultivated manner. But he glanced over a township map on the walls of the reading-room, and took note of the names of the owners of different lots, farms, and ranches, passing that of Delatour with the others. Then he drove leisurely in the direction of the woods, and, reaching them, tied his horse to a young sapling in the shade, and entered their domain with a shambling but familiar woodman's step.

It is not the purpose of this brief chronicle to follow Mr. Bowers in his professional diagnosis of the locality. He recognized Nature in one of her moods of wasteful extravagance,—a waste that his experienced eye could tell was also sapping the vitality of those outwardly robust shafts that rose around him. He knew, without testing them, that half of these fair-seeming columns were hollow and rotten at the core; he could detect the chill odor of decay through the hot balsamic spices stirred by the wind that streamed through their long aisles,—like incense mingling with the exhalations of a crypt. He stopped now and then to part the heavy fronds down to their roots in the dank moss, seeing again, as he had told the editor, the weird *second* twilight through their miniature stems, and the microcosm of life that filled it. But, even while paying this tribute to the accuracy of the unknown poetess, he was, like his predecessor, haunted more strongly by the atmosphere and melody of her verse. Its spell was upon him too. Unlike Mr. Hamlin, he did not sing. He only halted once or twice, silently combing his straight narrow beard with his three fingers, until the action seemed to draw down the lines of his face into limitless dejection, and an inscrutable melancholy filled his small gray eyes. The few birds who had hailed Mr. Hamlin as their successful rival fled away before the grotesque and angular half-length of Mr. Bowers, as if the wind had blown in a scarecrow from the distant farms.

Suddenly he observed the figure of a woman, with her back towards him, leaning motionless against a tree and apparently gazing intently in the direction of Green Springs. He had approached so near to her

that it was singular she had not heard him. Mr. Bowers was a bashful man in the presence of the other sex. He felt exceedingly embarrassed ; if he could have gone away without attracting her attention he would have done so. Neither could he remain silent a tacit spy of her meditation. He had recourse to a polite but singularly artificial cough.

To his surprise, she gave a faint cry, turned quickly towards him, and then shrank back and lapsed quite helpless against the tree. Her evident distress overcame his bashfulness. He ran towards her.

"I'm sorry I frightened ye, ma'am, but I was afraid I might skeer ye more if I lay low and said nothin'."

Even then, if she had been some fair young country girl, he would have relapsed after this speech into his former bashfulness. But the face and figure she turned towards him were neither young nor fair : a woman past forty, with gray threads and splashes in her brushed-back hair, which was turned over her ears in two curls like frayed strands of rope. Her forehead was rather high than broad, her nose large but well shaped, and her eyes full but so singularly light in color as to seem almost sightless. The short upper lip of her large mouth displayed her teeth in an habitual smile, which was in turn so flatly contradicted by every other line of her care-worn face that it seemed gratuitously artificial. Her figure was hidden by a shapeless garment that partook equally of the shawl, cloak, and wrapper.

"I am very foolish," she began, in a voice and accent that at once asserted a cultivated woman, "but I so seldom meet anybody here that a voice quite startled me. That, and the heat," she went on, wiping her face, into which the color was returning violently,—“for I seldom go out as early as this,—I suppose affected me.”

Mr. Bowers had that innate Far-Western reverence for womanhood which I fancy challenges the most polished politeness. He remained patient, undemonstrative, self-effacing, and respectful before her, his angular arm slightly but not obtrusively advanced, the offer of protection being in the act rather than in any spoken word, and requiring no response.

"Like as not, ma'am," he said, cheerfully, looking everywhere but in her burning face. "The sun is pow'ful hot at this time o' day ; I felt it myself comin' yer, and, though the damp of this timber kinder

sets it back, it's likely to come out ag'in. Ye can't check it no more than the sap in that choked limb thar,"—he pointed ostentatiously where a fallen pine had been caught in the bent and twisted arm of another, but which still put out a few green tassels beyond the point of impact. "Do you live far from here, ma'am?" he added.

"Only as far as the first turning below the hill."

"I've got my buggy here, and I'm goin' that way, and I can jist set ye down thar cool and comfortable. Ef," he continued, in the same assuring tone, without waiting for a reply, "ye'll jist take a good grip of my arm thar," curving his wrist and hand behind him like a shepherd's crook, "I'll go first, and break away the brush for ye."

She obeyed mechanically, and they fared on through the thick ferns in this fashion for some moments, he looking ahead, occasionally dropping a word of caution or encouragement, but never glancing at her face. When they reached the buggy he lifted her into it carefully, —and perpendicularly, it struck her afterwards, very much as if she had been a transplanted sapling with bared and sensitive roots,—and then gravely took his place beside her.

"Bein' in the timber trade myself, ma'am," he said, gathering up the reins, "I chanced to sight these woods, and took a look around. My name is Bowers, of Mendocino; I reckon there ain't much that grows in the way o' stannin' timber on the Pacific Slope that I don't know and can't locate, though I *do* say it. I've got ez big a mill, and ez big a run in my district, as there is anywhere. Ef you're ever up my way, you ask for Bowers,—Jim Bowers,—and that's *me*."

There is probably nothing more conducive to conversation between strangers than a wholesome and early recognition of each other's foibles. Mr. Bowers, believing his chance acquaintance a superior woman, naïvely spoke of himself in a way that he hoped would reassure her that she was not compromising herself in accepting his civility, and so satisfy what must be her inevitable pride. On the other hand, the woman regained her self-possession by this exhibition of Mr. Bowers's vanity, and, revived by the refreshing breeze caused by the rapid motion of the buggy along the road, thanked him graciously.

"I suppose there are many strangers at the Green Springs Hotel," she said, after a pause.

"I didn't get to see 'em, as I only put up my hoss there," he replied. "But I know the stage took some away this mornin': it seemed pretty well loaded up when I passed it."

The woman drew a deep sigh. The act struck Mr. Bowers as a possible return of her former nervous weakness. Her attention must at once be distracted at any cost,—even conversation.

"Perhaps," he began, with sudden and appalling lightness, "I'm a-talkin' to Mrs. McFadden?"

"No," said the woman, abstractedly.

"Then it must be Mrs. Delatour? There are only two township lots on that cross-road."

"My name is Delatour," she said, somewhat wearily.

Mr. Bowers was conversationally stranded. He was not at all anxious to know her name, yet, knowing it now, it seemed to suggest that there was nothing more to say. He would, of course, have preferred to ask her if she had read the poetry about the Underbrush, and if she knew the poetess, and what she thought of it; but the fact that she appeared to be an "edicated" woman made him sensitive of displaying technical ignorance in his manner of talking about it. She might ask him if it was "subjective" or "objective,"—two words he had heard used at the Debating Society at Mendocino on the question, "Is poetry morally beneficial?" For a few moments he was silent. But presently she took the initiative in conversation, at first slowly and abstractedly, and then, as if appreciating his sympathetic reticence, or mayhap finding some relief in monotonous expression, talked mechanically, deliberately but unostentatiously about herself. So colorless was her intonation that at times it did not seem as if she was talking to him, but repeating some conversation she had held with another.

She had lived there ever since she had been in California. Her husband had bought the Spanish title to the property when they first married. The property at his death was found to be greatly involved; she had been obliged to part with much of it to support her children,—four girls and a boy. She had been compelled to withdraw the

girls from the convent at Santa Clara to help about the house; the boy was too young—she feared, too shiftless—to do anything. The farm did not pay; the land was poor; she knew nothing about farming; she had been brought up in New Orleans, where her father had been a judge, and she didn't understand country life. Of course she had been married too young,—as all girls were. Lately she had thought of selling off and moving to San Francisco, where she would open a boarding-house or a school for young ladies. He could advise her, perhaps, of some good opportunity. Her own girls were far enough advanced to assist her in teaching: one particularly, Cynthia, was quite clever and spoke French and Spanish fluently.

As Mr. Bowers was familiar with many of these counts in the feminine American indictment of life generally, he was not perhaps greatly moved. But in the last sentence he thought he saw an opening to return to his main object, and, looking up cautiously, said,—

“And mebbe write po'try now and then?”

To his great discomfiture, the only effect of this suggestion was to check his companion's speech for some moments and apparently throw her back into her former abstraction. Yet, after a long pause, as they were turning into the lane she said, as if continuing the subject,—

“I only hope that, whatever my daughters may do, they won't marry young.”

The yawning breaches in the Delatour gates and fences presently came in view. They were supposed to be reinforced by half a dozen dogs, who, however, did their duty with what would seem to be the prevailing inefficiency, retiring after a single perfunctory yelp to shameless stretching, scratching, and slumber. Their places were taken on the veranda by two negro servants, two girls respectively of eight and eleven, and a boy of fourteen, who remained silently staring. As Mr. Bowers had accepted the widow's polite invitation to enter, she was compelled, albeit in an equally dazed and helpless way, to issue some preliminary orders:

“Now, Chloë,—I mean Aunt Dinah,—do take Eunice—I mean Victorine and Una—away, and—you know—tidy them; and you, Sarah—it's Sarah, isn't it?—lay some refreshment in the parlor for this gentleman. And, Bob, tell your sister Cynthia to come here with

Eunice." As Bob still remained staring at Mr. Bowers, she added, in weary explanation, "Mr. Bowers brought me over from the Summit woods in his buggy,—it was so hot. There,—shake hands and thank him, and run away,—do!"

They crossed a broad but scantily-furnished hall. Everywhere the same look of hopeless incompleteness, temporary utility, and premature decay; most of the furniture was mismatched and misplaced; many of the rooms had changed their original functions or doubled them; a smell of cooking came from the library, on whose shelves, mingled with books, were dresses and household linen, and through the door of a room into which Mrs. Delatour retired to remove her duster Mr. Bowers caught a glimpse of a bed, and of a table covered with books and papers, at which a tall, fair girl was writing. In a few moments Mrs. Delatour returned, accompanied by this girl, and Eunice, her short-lipped sister. Bob, who joined the party seated around Mr. Bowers and a table set with cake, a decanter, and glasses, completed the group. Emboldened by the presence of the tall Cynthia and his glimpse of her previous literary attitude, Mr. Bowers resolved to make one more attempt.

"I suppose these yer young ladies sometimes go to the wood, too?" As his eye rested on Cynthia, she replied,—

"Oh, yes."

"I reckon on account of the purty shadows down in the brush, and the soft light, eh? and all that?" he continued, with a playful manner but a serious accession of color.

"Why, the woods belong to us. It's Mar's property!" broke in Eunice, with a flash of teeth.

"Well, Lordy, I wanter know!" said Mr. Bowers, in some astonishment. "Why, that's right in my line, too! I've been sightin' timber all along here, and that's how I dropped in on yer mar." Then, seeing a look of eagerness light up the faces of Bob and Eunice, he was encouraged to make the most of his opportunity. "Why, ma'am," he went on, cheerfully, "I reckon you're holdin' that wood at a pretty stiff figger, now."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Delatour, simply.

Mr. Bowers delivered a wink at Bob and Eunice, who were still

watching him with anxiety. "Well, not on account of the actooal timber, for the best of it ain't sound," he said, "but on account of its bein' famous! Everybody that reads that pow'ful pretty poem about it in the *Excelsior Magazine* wants to see it. Why, it would pay the Green Springs hotel-keeper to buy it up for his customers. But I s'pose you reckon to keep it—along with the poetess—in your famerly?"

Although Mr. Bowers long considered this speech as the happiest and most brilliant effort of his life, its immediate effect was not perhaps all that could be desired. The widow turned upon him a restrained and darkening face. Cynthia half rose with an appealing "Oh, mar!" and Bob and Eunice, having apparently pinched each other to the last stage of endurance, retired precipitately from the room in a prolonged giggle.

"I have not yet thought of disposing of the Summit woods, Mr. Bowers," said Mrs. Delatour, coldly, "but if I should do so I will consult you. You must excuse the children, who see so little company they are quite unmanageable when strangers are present.—Cynthia, *will* you see if the servants have looked after Mr. Bowers's horse? You know Bob is not to be trusted."

There was clearly nothing else for Mr. Bowers to do but to take his leave, which he did respectfully, if not altogether hopefully. But when he had reached the lane his horse shied from the unwonted spectacle of Bob, swinging his hat, and apparently awaiting him, from the fork of a wayside sapling.

"Hol' up, mister. Look here!"

Mr. Bowers pulled up. Bob dropped into the road, and, after a backward glance over his shoulder, said,—

"Drive 'longside the fence in the shadder." As Mr. Bowers obeyed, Bob approached the wheels of the buggy in a manner half shy, half mysterious. "You wanter buy them Summit woods, mister?"

"Well, per'aps, sonny. Why?" smiled Mr. Bowers.

"Coz I'll tell ye suthin'. Don't you be fooled into allowin' that Cynthia wrote that po'try. She didn't,—no more'n Eunice nor me. Mar kinder let ye think it, 'coz she don't want folks to think *she* did it. But Mar wrote that po'try herself; wrote it out o' them thar woods,—all by herself. Thar's a heap more po'try thar, you bet, and

jist as good. And she's the one that kin write it,—you hear me? That's my mar, every time! You buy that thar wood and get Mar to run it for po'try, and you'll make your pile, sure! I ain't lyin'. You'd better look spy: thar's another feller snoopin' 'round yere,—only he barked up the wrong tree, and thought it was Cynthia, jist as you did."

"Another feller?" repeated the astonished Bowers.

"Yes; a rig'lar sport. He was orful keen on that po'try, too, you bet. So you'd better hump yourself afore somebody else cuts in. Mar got a hundred dollars for that pome, from that editor feller and his pardner. I reckon that's the rig'lar price, eh?" he added, with a sudden suspicious caution.

"I reckon so," replied Mr. Bowers, blankly. "But—look here, Bob! Do you mean to say it was your mother—your *mother*, Bob, who wrote that poem? Are you sure?"

"D'ye think I'm lyin'?" said Bob, scornfully. "Don't *I* know? Don't I copy 'em out plain for her, so as folks won't know her hand-write? Go 'way! you're loony!" Then, possibly doubting if this latter expression were strictly diplomatic with the business in hand, he added, in half-reproach, half-apology, "Don't ye see I don't want ye to be fooled into losin' yer chance o' buying up that Summit wood? It's the coid truth I'm tellin' ye."

Mr. Bowers no longer doubted it. Disappointed as he undoubtedly was at first,—and even self-deceived,—he recognized in a flash the grim fact that the boy had stated. He recalled the apparition of the sad-faced woman in the wood,—her distressed manner, that to his inexperienced mind now took upon itself the agitated trembling of disturbed mystic inspiration. A sense of sadness and remorse succeeded his first shock of disappointment.

"Well, are ye goin' to buy the woods?" said Bob, eying him grimly. "Ye'd better say."

Mr. Bowers started. "I shouldn't wonder, Bob," he said, with a smile, gathering up his reins. "Anyhow, I'm comin' back to see your mother this afternoon. And meantime, Bob, you keep the first chance for me."

He drove away, leaving the youthful diplomatist standing with

his bare feet in the dust. For a minute or two the young gentleman amused himself by a few light saltatory steps in the road. Then a smile of scornful superiority, mingled perhaps with a sense of previous slights and unappreciation, drew back his little upper lip and brightened his mottled cheek.

"I'd like ter know," he said, darkly, "what this yer God-forsaken famerly would do without *me*!"

CHAPTER V.

It is to be presumed that the editor and Mr. Hamlin mutually kept to their tacit agreement to respect the impersonality of the poetess, for during the next three months the subject was seldom alluded to by either. Yet in that period White Violet had sent two other contributions, and on each occasion Mr. Hamlin had insisted upon increasing the honorarium to the amount of his former gift. In vain the editor pointed out the danger of this form of munificence; Mr. Hamlin retorted by saying that if he refused he would appeal to the proprietor, who certainly would not object to taking the credit of this liberality. "As to the risks," concluded Jack, sententiously, "I'll take them; and as far as you're concerned, you certainly get the worth of your money."

Indeed, if popularity was an indication, this had become suddenly true. For the poetess's third contribution, without changing its strong local color and individuality, had been an unexpected outburst of human passion,—a love-song, that touched those to whom the subtler meditative graces of the poetess had been unknown. Many people had listened to this impassioned but despairing cry from some remote and charmed solitude, who had never read poetry before, who translated it into their own limited vocabulary and more limited experience, and were inexpressibly affected to find that they too understood it; it was caught up and echoed by the feverish, adventurous, and unsatisfied life that filled that day and time. Even the editor was surprised and frightened. Like most cultivated men, he distrusted popularity; like all men who believe in their own individual judgment, he doubted collective wisdom. Yet now that his *protégée* had been accepted by others he questioned that judgment and became her critic. It struck

him that her sudden outburst was strained ; it seemed to him that in this mere contortion of passion the sibyl's robe had become rudely disarranged. He spoke to Hamlin, and even approached the tabooed subject.

"Did you see anything that suggested this sort of business in—in—that woman—I mean in—your pilgrimage, Jack?"

"No," responded Jack, gravely. "But it's easy to see she's got hold of some hay-footed fellow up there in the mountains, with straws in his hair, and is playing him for all he's worth. You won't get much more poetry out of her, I reckon."

It was not long after this conversation that one afternoon, when the editor was alone, Mr. James Bowers entered the editorial room with much of the hesitation and irresolution of his previous visit. As the editor had not only forgotten him, but even dissociated him with the poetess, Mr. Bowers was fain to meet his unresponsive eye and manner with some explanation.

"Ye disremember my comin' here, Mr. Editor, to ask you the name o' the lady who called herself 'White Violet,' and how you allowed you couldn't give it, but would write and ask for it?"

Mr. Editor, leaning back in his chair, now remembered the occurrence, but was distressed to add that the situation remained unchanged, and that he had received no such permission.

"Never mind *that*, my lad," said Mr. Bowers, gravely, waving his hand. "I understand all that; but, ez I've known the lady ever since, and am now visitin' her at her house on the Summit, I reckon it don't make much matter."

It was quite characteristic of Mr. Bowers's smileless earnestness that he made no ostentation of this dramatic retort, nor of the undisguised stupefaction of the editor.

"Do you mean to say that you have met 'White Violet,' the author of these poems?" repeated the editor.

"Which her name is Delatour,—the widder Delatour,—ez she has herself give me permission to tell to you," continued Mr. Bowers, with a certain abstracted and automatic precision that dissipated any suggestion of malice in the reversed situation.

"Delatour!—a widow?" repeated the editor.

"With five children," continued Mr. Bowers. Then, with unalterable gravity, he briefly gave an outline of her condition and the circumstances of his acquaintance with her.

"But I reckoned *you* might have known suthin' o' this; though she never let on *you* did," he concluded, eying the editor with troubled curiosity.

The editor did not think it necessary to implicate Mr. Hamlin. He said, briefly, "I? Oh, no!"

"Of course *you* might not have seen her?" said Mr. Bowers, keeping the same grave troubled gaze on the editor.

"Of course not," said the editor, somewhat impatient under the singular scrutiny of Mr. Bowers; "and I'm very anxious to know how she looks. Tell me, what is she like?"

"She is a fine, pow'ful, eddicated woman," said Mr. Bowers, with slow deliberation. "Yes, sir,—a pow'ful woman, havin' grand ideas of her own, and holdin' to 'em." He had withdrawn his eyes from the editor, and apparently addressed the ceiling in confidence.

"But what does she look like, Mr. Bowers?" said the editor, smiling.

"Well, sir, she looks—*like—it!* Yes,"—with deliberate caution,—*"I should say, just like it."*

After a pause, apparently to allow the editor to materialize this ravishing description, he said, gently, "Are you busy just now?"

"Not very. What can I do for you?"

"Well, not much for *me*, I reckon," he returned, with a deeper respiration, that was his nearest approach to a sigh, "but suthin' perhaps for yourself and—another. Are you married?"

"No," said the editor, promptly.

"Nor engaged to any—young lady?"—with great politeness.

"No."

"Well, mebbe you think it a queer thing for me to say,—mebbe you reckon you *know* it ez well ez anybody,—but it's my opinion that White Violet is in love with you."

"With me?" ejaculated the editor, in a hopeless astonishment that at last gave way to an incredulous and irresistible laugh.

A slight touch of pain passed over Mr. Bowers's dejected face, but

left the deep outlines set with a rude dignity. "It's so," he said, slowly,—“though, as a young man and a gay feller, ye may think it's funny.”

“No, not funny, but a terrible blunder, Mr. Bowers, for I give you my word I know nothing of the lady and have never set eyes upon her.”

“No, but she has on *you*. I can't say,” continued Mr. Bowers, with sublime *naïveté*, “that I'd ever recognize you from her description, but a woman o' that kind don't see with her eyes like you and me, but with all her senses to onct, and a heap more that ain't senses as we know 'em. The same eyes that seed down through the brush and ferns in the Summit woods, the same ears that heerd the music of the wind trailin' through the pines, don't see you with my eyes or hear you with my ears. And when she paints you, it's nat'r'il for a woman with that pow'ful mind and grand idees to dip her brush into her heart's blood for warmth and color. Yer smilin', young man. Well, go on and smile at me, my lad, but not at her. For you don't know her. When you know her story as I do, when you know she was made a wife afore she ever knew what it was to be a young woman, when you know that the man she married never understood the kind o' critter he was tied to no more than ef he'd been a steer yoked to a Morgan colt, when ye know she had children growin' up around her afore she had given over bein' a sort of child herself, when ye know she worked and slaved for that man and those children about the house—her heart, her soul, and all her pow'ful mind bein' all the time in the woods along with the flickerin' leaves and the shadders,—when ye mind she couldn't get the small ways o' the ranch because she had the big ways o' Natur' that made it,—then you'll understand her.”

Impressed by the sincerity of his visitor's manner, touched by the unexpected poetry of his appeal, and yet keenly alive to the absurdity of an incomprehensible blunder somewhere committed, the editor gasped almost hysterically,—

“But why should all this make her in love with *me*?”

“Because ye are both gifted,” returned Mr. Bowers, with sad but unconquerable conviction; “because ye're both, so to speak, in a line o' idees and business that draws ye together,—to lean on each other

and trust each other ez pardners. Not that ye are ezakly her ekal," he went on, with a return to his previous exasperating *naïveté*, "though I've heerd promisin' things of ye, and ye're still young, but in matters o' this kind there is allers one ez hez to be looked up to by the other,—and gin'rally the wrong one. She looks up to you, Mr. Editor,—it's part of her po'try,—ez she looks down inter the brush and sees more than is plain to you and me. Not," he continued, with a courteously deprecating wave of the hand, "ez you hain't bin kind to her—mebbe too kind. For thar's the purty letter you writ her, thar's the perlite, easy, captivatin' way you had with her gals and that boy,—hold on!"—as the editor made a gesture of despairing renunciation,—"I ain't sayin' you ain't right in keepin' it to yourself,—and thar's the extry money you sent her every time. Stop! she knows it was *extry*, for she made a p'int o' gettin' me to find out the market price o' po'try in papers and magazines, and she reckons you've bin payin' her four hundred per cent. above them figgers—hold on! I ain't sayin' it ain't free and liberal in you, and I'd have done the same thing; yet *she* thinks——"

But the editor had risen hastily to his feet with flushing cheeks.

"One moment, Mr. Bowers," he said, hurriedly. "This is the most dreadful blunder of all. The gift is not mine. It was the spontaneous offering of another who really admired our friend's work,—a gentleman who——" He stopped suddenly.

The sound of a familiar voice, lightly humming, was borne along the passage; the light tread of a familiar foot was approaching. The editor turned quickly towards the open door,—so quickly that Mr. Bowers was fain to turn also.

For a charming instant the figure of Jack Hamlin, handsome, careless, graceful, and confident, was framed in the door-way. His dark eyes, with their habitual scorn of his average fellow-man, swept superciliously over Mr. Bowers and rested for an instant with caressing familiarity on the editor.

"Well, sonny, any news from the old girl at the Summit?"

"No-o," hastily stammered the editor, with a half-hysterical laugh.

"No, Jack. Excuse me a moment."

"All right; busy, I see. *Hasta mañana.*"

The picture vanished, the frame was empty.

"You see," continued the editor, turning to Mr. Bowers, "there has been a mistake. I——" but he stopped suddenly at the ashen face of Mr. Bowers, still fixed in the direction of the vanished figure.

"Are you ill?"

Mr. Bowers did not reply, but slowly withdrew his eyes and turned them heavily on the editor. Then, drawing a longer, deeper breath, he picked up his soft felt hat, and, moulding it into shape in his hands as if preparing to put it on, he moistened his dry grayish lips, and said, gently,—

"Friend o' yours?"

"Yes," said the editor,—"Jack Hamlin. Of course you know him?"

"Yea."

Mr. Bowers here put his hat on his head, and, after a pause, turned round slowly once or twice, as if he had forgotten it and was still seeking it. Finally he succeeded in finding the editor's hand, and shook it, albeit his own trembled slightly. Then he said,—

"I reckon you're right. There's bin a mistake. I see it now. Good-by. If you're ever up my way, drop in and see me." He then walked to the door-way, passed out, and seemed to melt into the afternoon shadows of the hall.

He never again entered the office of the *Excelsior Magazine*, neither was any further contribution ever received from White Violet. To a polite entreaty from the editor, addressed first to "White Violet" and then to Mrs. Delatour, there was no response. The thought of Mr. Hamlin's cynical prophecy disturbed him, but that gentleman, preoccupied in filling some professional engagements in Sacramento, gave him no chance to acquire further explanations as to the past or the future. The youthful editor was at first in despair and filled with a vague remorse of some unfulfilled duty. But, to his surprise, the readers of the magazine seemed to survive their talented contributor, and the feverish life that had been thrilled by her song in two months had apparently forgotten her. Nor was her voice lifted from any alien quarter; the domestic and foreign press that had echoed her lays seemed to respond no longer to her utterance.

It is possible that some readers of these pages may remember a previous chronicle by the same historian wherein it was recorded that the volatile spirit of Mr. Jack Hamlin, slightly assisted by circumstances, passed beyond these voices at the Ranch of the Blind Fisherman, some two years later. As the editor stood beside the body of his friend on the morning of the funeral, he noticed among the flowers laid upon his bier by loving hands a wreath of white violets. Touched and disturbed by a memory long since forgotten, he was further embarrassed, as the *cortège* dispersed in the Mission grave-yard, by the apparition of the tall figure of Mr. James Bowers from behind a monumental column. The editor turned to him quickly.

"I am glad to see you here," he said, awkwardly, and he knew not why; then, after a pause, "I trust you can give me some news of Mrs. Delatour. I wrote to her nearly two years ago, but had no response."

"Thar's bin no Mrs. Delatour for two years," said Mr. Bowers, contemplatively stroking his beard; "and mebbe that's why. She's bin for two years Mrs. Bowers."

"I congratulate you," said the editor; "but I hope there still remains a White Violet, and that, for the sake of literature, she has not given up——"

"Mrs. Bowers," interrupted Mr. Bowers, with singular deliberation, "found that makin' po'try and tendin' to the cares of a growin'-up famerly was irritatin' to the narves. They didn't jibe, so to speak. What Mrs. Bowers wanted—and what, po'try or no po'try, I've bin tryin' to give her—was Rest! She's bin havin' it cumfor'bly up at my ranch at Mendocino, with her children and me. Yes, sir,"—his eye wandered accidentally to the new-made grave,—“you'll excuse my sayin' it to a man in your profession, but it's what most folks will find is a heap better than readin' or writin' or actin' po'try,—and that's—Rest!"

THE END.

KARMA.*

I.

WITH all her exceptional mental training, there was an almost childish ingenuousness in her every word and act,—a simplicity and directness of manner that invited every worthy confidence: yet he had never presumed to praise her. Behind that radiant girlishness, natural to her life as azure to sky, he knew some settled power,—some forceful intelligence to which a compliment would seem a rudeness. And, coerced to plainest frankness by his very sense of her personality, he found that it needed no little courage to make his declaration. For weeks he had attempted in vain to devise some way of softening the difficulty by preliminaries,—of giving some turn to conversation that might help him to approach the matter by gentle degrees. But she remained always so invulnerable to suggestion,—so strangely impregnable in her maidenly self-possession! . . . To many lovers thus ill at ease, intuition tells the advantage of being alone with the adored girl somewhere beyond the shadow of walls,—in some solitude where Nature softens hearts with her silence and her loveliness and perpetual prompting of what is tender and true,—a park, a wood, an umbraged lane. But to her, Nature and silence seemed to give larger power to awe him;—the splendid light itself seemed to ally with her against him. He lived near enough to be often with her; and they walked much together on quiet beautiful country-roads; and he never could find courage to do more than admire her by stealth, while conversing on subjects totally foreign to his thoughts. But each time more and more her charm bewildered him: the secret of ideal grace seemed to live in her,—that something in every motion and poise which is like melody made visible,—which makes you think you hear music when you see it.

With the passing of time his embarrassment only grew. Sometimes he would even find it impossible to maintain a sensible conversation,—conscious of nothing but his idolatry; answering questions vaguely, or not at all. . . . And at such a moment of his confusion, one day,—as they were returning from a walk to her home,—she turned near the little gate, and, looking into his face with her archest smile, exclaimed:—

—“Well, what is it? Tell me all about it. . . .”

II.

Who does not know that luminous hour of Love's illusion, when the woman beloved seems not a woman,—never of earth, never shaped of the same gross substance forming man,—but a creature apart, unique, born of some finer, subtler, pearlier life? In her the lover no longer beholds the real: she has become to him so wonderful that he cannot

* Copyright, 1889, by LAFCADIO HEARN.

guard his secret,—that he must speak of her so as to betray himself,—that he feels anger when questioned friends declare their inability to see those marvels which he discerns in her. And then, with this exquisite delirium of the senses, mysterious above aught else in the all-circling mystery of life;—with this wondrous bewitchment, sung of since song found voice, yet ever uninterpretable save as the working magic of that Will wherefrom, as ether-dartings from a sunburning, are souls thrilled out;—with the astonishment of woman's charm thus made divine,—the miracle of her grace and purity of being,—there comes to the lover a cruel sense of his own unworthiness. . . . What are you, O man! poisoned with passions and knowledge of evil, that you should think to mingle the lucid stream of her life with the turbid current of your own? Were it less than sacrilege to dream of it? All limpid and fleckless the azure of her thought: would you make it gray?—darken it?—call into it the cloudings that scathe with fire? . . . What are you, that she should make you her chosen of all men,—accept her fate from you? . . . What are you, that she should ever caress you,—suffer you to touch her, to learn her thought, to seek the infinite in her eyes, to know the sweet warm soft shock of her kiss?

Yet the illusion of her in those hours of delicious madness when all the veins burn with thirst of sacrifice for her sake;—the illusion of her during all the tense, fiery, magnetic drawing of your life to hers with insensate longing to absorb it utterly and be therein impossibly absorbed,—to blend with it, to die for it: that illusion, however seeming-celestial, is less beautiful, infinitely less admirable, than the complex reality of her worth,—if she be indeed of the finer, rarer type of womanhood,—if she be indeed one of those marvellously-specialized human flowers that bloom only in the higher zones of aspirational being,—even at the verge of God's snow-line. . . . Have you ever thought what she truly is,—this perfumed chalice-blossom stored with all sweetness of humanity?—have you ever dreamed what she is worth?

. . . For all the myriads of the ages have wrought to the making of her. *Æons* of struggle and blood and tears are the price of her. And in that she is good,—because of the soul-sweetness of her,—is she not the utmost yet-possible expression of divinity working through man? . . . Think you what her sweetness means,—the free beauty of her mind,—the tenderness of her,—the sensitive exquisiteness of her being! It signifies so much more than she . . . ! It means the whole history of love striving against hate, aspiration against pain, truth against ignorance, sympathy against pitilessness. She,—the soul of her!—is the ripened passion-flower of the triumph. All the heroisms, the martyrdoms, the immolations of self,—all strong soarings of will through fire and blood to God since humanity began,—conspired to kindle the flame of her higher life.

And yet, perhaps, she is willing to be yours!

Viewlessly your being has become slowly interberbed with hers;—each life is secretly seeking union with the other through interweaving of wishes unconfessed. Within her charming head are thoughts and

dreams and beliefs about you. Something shadowy,—an emanation of you, an illusion,—has entered into that limpid life, and tinted all its thinking, as clearest water is tinted by one touch of eosin, and flushes through with rose-color of dawn. Her blood has learned of you in the blind sweet pink chambers of her life,—quicken its throbbing at the echo of your step, at the sound of your voice . . . even at the remembrance of your face. In sleep she speaks to you,—to your Eidolon,—to the shadow of you apotheosized by the wondrous mirroring of her girl's-love. Her wishes are of you; her plans are shapen for you: some thought you uttered has been utilized in that secret splendid architecture of faith being builded within her dainty brain. Was it real enough, strong enough, flawless enough to serve for so holy a use?—or was it sleazy and false,—ready to yield at the first unlooked-for pressure, and bring down with its breaking all the charming gracious fabric innocently confided to its support?

—“Have I the generous skill to make her happy? . . . Have I the methods of wealth to keep want far from her? . . . Have I the force to wrestle with the world for her,—and win? . . . Am I strong enough to protect her from all harm? . . . Shall I be able to provide for her and for her children in all things, should death come suddenly to take me away?” . . . Are these all the honest questions that you ask yourself? And having asked, and found the power to cry out *Yes* to every asking, do you think you have asked enough? . . . Nay! such questions are babble to other questions which selfishness or ignorance may have prevented you from asking, but which it remains your duty to demand: your duty to her,—your duty to the future,—your duty to mankind,—your duty to the Supreme Father of all life and love.

. . . For what purpose was she formed? . . . Surely to be loved. . . . But for what purpose loved? Ah! never for yours alone!

Only for the divine purpose came she into being,—this Love-Kindler,—foam-born out of life's sea-bitterness under the lashing of all the Winds of pain. And through her, as through each so-far-perfected form, the eternal Will is striving to bring souls out of Night into the splendor of that time when the veil between divine and human shall have been taken away.

In her beauty is the resurrection of the fairest past;—in her youth, the perfection of the present;—in her girl-dreams, the promise of the To-Be. . . . Million lives have been consumed that hers should be made admirable; countless minds have planned and toiled and agonized that thought might reach a higher and purer power in her delicate brain;—countless hearts have been burned out by suffering that hers might pulse for joy;—innumerable eyes have lost their light that hers might be filled with witchery;—innumerable lips have prayed for life that hers might be kissed. . . .

And can you dare to love her without ghostly fear?—without one thought of all the hopes, strivings, sacrifices, sufferings which created her?—without terror of your weird responsibility to the past and its dead pains,—to all those vanished who labored that she might see the

light? Numberless they may have been; yet how unspeakably vaster the multitude of possibilities involved by her single slender existence! Not to the sacrificial past alone are you responsible, but to the mysterious To-Come also and much more,—and to that Unknowable likewise, working within and beyond all time,—that Will which is Goodness. . . . Through her young heart throbs rosily the whole God-Future: its love, its faith, its hope are seeking there to quicken,—all flower-wise folded up in the bud of her exquisite life. . . .

III.

. . . She did not appear surprised when he uttered his wish: she only became a little serious,—and met his gaze without one sign of shyness, as she made answer:—

—“I do not yet know. . . . I am not sure you love me.”

—“Oh, could you but try me!—what would I not do! . . .”

Placid as sculpture her face remained, while her fine silky-shadowed eyes observed,—as with a curious doubting sympathy,—the passionate eagerness of his look.

—“But I do not approve of those words,” she said. “If I thought you meant all that is in them, I might not like you.”

—“Why?” he queried, in surprise.

—“Because there are so many things one should not do for anybody. . . . Would you do what you suspected or knew to be wrong for the purpose of pleasing me?”

He was afraid to answer at once;—but she read his thought in the quick hot blush that followed it,—and the blush pleased her more than his words.

—“I do not really know,” she resumed, after a moment’s silence, —moving, as she spoke, to pluck a flower from the neighboring hedge, —“I do not know yet whether I ought to allow myself to like you.”

. . . Her expression of doubt made him happy,—suddenly, wildly happy. His heart filled full almost to breaking with the delight of her words: yet he could imagine nothing to say or do. He feared this strange girl,—feared her as much as he loved her. . . . For fully a minute she played with the flower in silence,—and that minute seemed to him very long. The flower photographed itself upon his brain with a vividness that remained undiminished to the day of his death. It was a purple aster. . . .

—“Let me tell you,”—she continued at last, looking straight into his eyes with her clear keen sky-gray frankness,—“let me tell you what to do. . . . Go home now: then,—as soon as you feel able to do it properly,—write out for me a short history of your life;—just write down everything you feel you would not like me to know. Write it,—and send it. . . .”

—“And then?” he asked, as she paused a little.

—“And then I shall tell you whether I will marry you,”—she finished, resolutely. . . . “Now, good-by!”

—“But,” he persisted, clinging almost desperately to the slender hand extended,—“you will believe me . . . ?”

—"How believe you? . . . If I did not think I could believe you," she answered, surprised into sternness, and at once withdrawing her hand,—“I should already have told you very plainly, No!”

—"Only that I love you," he explained.

She only smiled, and repeated,—

—"Good-by!”

IV.

. . . *"Write out for me a short history of your life; . . . write down everything you feel you would not like me to know. . . ."*

So easy a task it seemed that he hurried homeward filled with the impulse to do it at once,—wondering at the length of the way in his impatience to begin. . . . *"Then I shall tell you whether I will marry you. . . ."* Something joyous filled his whole being with lightness and force,—the elixir of hope! He thought of the duty imposed on him as almost pleasurable,—without knowing why. . . . Perhaps because in reviewing our own faults we are wont to compassionate ourselves as victims of circumstances, and to betray our weaknesses to a friend is therefore to invite the consolation of sympathy with our own self-pity. . . .

But this eagerness was of the moment only,—the moment of nervous reaction succeeding suspense, before he had yet time to think. In a little while it passed away under the influence of a growing conviction that the undertaking was serious enough to decide his whole life. A single phrase might lose him incomparably more than he had gained,—might even condemn him irrevocably. And the indulgent manner of her own words recurred to him as a gentle caution against impulsiveness:—"As soon as you feel able to do it properly."

And ere reaching home he had ceased to feel at all confident. Unexpectedly,—one after another,—there had recurred to him certain incidents of his career as a young man which could not be written down with ease. The simple recollection of them came with a little sharp shock: a young man's follies, of course, but follies that could not be recorded without extreme care of expression. . . .

. . . *"Everything you feel you would not like me to know. . . ."* Surely she could not have understood the full possible significance of her command! Neither could she suppose, unless most strangely innocent, that men were good like women! . . . But what if she could and did suppose it? In that event, the faintest reference to certain passages of his life must cause her cruel surprise. . . . *"Everything you feel you would not like me to know. . . ."* All or nothing!

And he found himself almost startled by this first definite comprehension of the duty to be performed,—the problems to be solved,—the delicate subtle severity of that moral test he had so lightly welcomed as a relief from love's incertitude.

V.

To make a rough draft of all that ought to be written, and then amend, refine, compress, correct, and recopy,—had first appeared to him

the readiest way of obeying her wishes. But subsequent reflection led him to believe that such a method involved temptation to vanity of style, conceit of phrase,—general insincerity of expression. With his freshly-acquired right to the hope of winning her, there began to stir and expand within him a sense of gratitude unspeakable to the giver, and a new courage of trustfulness likewise, which momentarily conquered his doubts. No: it would be more loyal to write down each fact as it came to memory,—simply, bravely, candidly,—and send her the original record in its plain spontaneous sincerity. . . . For a little while he felt himself exalted with zeal of frankness,—with high resolve to master his sensitiveness,—to overrule any secret wish to appear better than he was.

. . . But after having remained more than an hour at his desk, he found this second courage of purpose also fail him. The record of his childhood and early youth,—even the detailed narrative of his first struggle in the world of adult effort, with a heart still fresh, timid, loving,—bewildered by the great stirring about and beyond it, like some cage-born creature loosed in a wood,—all this had not been difficult to write. There was nothing in it that he could not feel willing she should know. But thereafter the course of his duty seemed fraught with peril; and all his former doubts and fears came thronging back to haunt him. It was not going to prove so easy to make as he had for one foolish moment presumed to believe,—this confession of sins! . . .

And the dismay of difficulties unforeseen,—the fear of making known to her, even by intimation, matters which he had so often recounted to friends without a thought of shame,—began to excite within him an unfamiliar indefinable feeling of moral bewilderment. How strangely, how violently such incidents shifted their color when brought, even by fancy, into the atmosphere of luminous, passionless purity which enveloped her! Could it be possible that he had never before looked at them save in artificial light,—under the delusive glare of some factitious morality?

. . . "*Everything you feel you would not like me to know.* . . ." Yet why falter? Surely the sweet command itself implied the promise of all possible pardon! . . . And, after all, the only feasible way of obeying it would be that which he had thought of at the outset,—to set everything down bluntly, and then reshape the whole,—ameliorate the form.

. . . But even thus the task exacted more painful thinking than he had been able to foresee. So many impressions had become blurred or effaced in his remembrance!—there were links missing between incidents;—there were memories of acts without recollection of precedents and impulses,—without record of those circumstances which alone could mitigate their aspect of perversity. . . . Yes, it was true that he did not wish to appear any better than he was;—but, in her eyes, at least, he dare not suffer himself to seem worse. . . . Slowly and carefully—in the pauses of his nervous pacing up and down the room for hours,—he elaborated another page . . . a page and a half, of letter-paper. Then he read over all that he had written.

His face burned at the mere thought of those lines being seen by

her. "Never!" he cried out aloud to himself,—“never could I send her that!” . . . It would have to be modified—totally modified in some way. Yet to change it enough,—without insincerity,—without positive untruthfulness,—seemed almost impossible. And this was what he had thought himself able to do immediately! . . . Could she have divined that it would not be easy to do, when she had said,—so slowly and distinctly in that soft penetrating voice of hers,—“*As soon as you feel able*”? . . .

. . . Darkness found him still at his desk; and the task did not seem to him even fairly begun: all its difficulties appeared to multiply and to make more and more confusion in his mind the longer he thought about them. He lighted his lamp, and worked on, hour after hour,—struggling with the stony hardness of statements which no skill of honest verbal chemistry could soften,—trying to remodel sentences already rewritten a score of times. . . . It was long past midnight when he rose from his desk overweary, and resigned his writing to seek repose,—utterly astounded at the result of this strange obligation to testify against himself in the secret high court of honor,—to estimate the moral value of his life by the simple measure of one sweet girl's idea of goodness. . . .

VI.

He laid himself down to rest; but the cool peace of sleep would not come: his thought, heated to pain by all the emotions of the day, still burned on,—flaming and smouldering by turns. Sometimes he saw her eyes, her smile,—fancied he could hear her voice;—then his unfinished manuscript seemed always to rise up magnified between them,—like a great white written curtain wavering soundlessly, with ominous distortions of meaning in every undulation. Then he would try to review all that he had penned, only to remember involuntary errors or to detect insincerities compelled by the vain effort to make some compromise between absolute frankness and positive deceit,—until his thought would drift back, undirected by any purpose, into the past. But always, sooner or later, he would find himself sharply recalled as by a sudden fear to the remembrance of the present,—of her,—of her last words,—and the white nightmare of his unfinished confession.

. . . Repeatedly he strove to quell this mental agitation,—to win back internal calm by reasoning with that once more self-asserting conscience, now recognizably aggressive, which had been so long dumb that he believed it appeased when it was only sullen,—reduced to silence by some false and subtle casuistry, but never conciliated. He sought to find excuses, apologies, explanations for his faults,—marshalling in memory all mitigating circumstances of each yielding to guilty impulse,—endeavoring to convince himself of the insignificance of an act by optimistic judgment of its consequences. Inexperience was so blind;—youth could delude so cruelly! . . . And yet were not many men,—men like he,—made wiser and better by their early follies, stronger by their weaknesses?—souls tempered into self-mastery through error and regret, as steel through fire and water? . . . Was he not

of these? Might she not so absolve him,—suffer him to love her? Dare he not hope that she would pardon him all that he could fully forgive himself?—and surely there was nothing he could not forgive himself . . . except—

—*Except . . .* Ah! there he had been more than weak, more than foolish, worse than selfish! . . . In that instance at least, conscience had confuted all argument,—scorned all consolation. It was not an error: it was crime,—unmistakable wickedness. No studied elimination of details could make it otherwise appear in that which he had to write. He had known that fault so well for what it was that he had trained his mind never to dwell upon it,—disciplined his recollection to avoid it. . . . And with the burning memory of it, there suddenly revived other kindred remembrances of shame and pain: things before forgotten, because of his long effort to efface from the mental chart of his life, a whole zone of years. But now, every marking thus obliterated,—all the reefs and shoals and drifting wrecks of old storm-spaces,—had risen into visibility again. . . . Never, never could he tell her of these! . . .

Then he must lose her,—lose her irrevocably! And losing her, what could life be worth to him? To lose her would be to lose himself,—his higher self,—all the nobility of that new being into which his love for her had lifted him up. True it was that she had ever seemed placed by her loftier nature beyond his reach;—that he had entered into the pure repose about her, feeling as an intruder,—as one having wandered unbidden with raiment blood-besprinkled into some seraphic peace, and trembling for the moment of banishment, yet with unhallowed feet held fast by strangest spell of bliss. . . . And nevertheless was she not all in all his complement,—light to his shadowing, snow to his fire, strength to his weakness?—a nature evolved with marvellous appositeness for union with his own? Not that he could presume to deem himself thus worthy, but that she might render him so much more worthy by loving him! . . . To lose her? . . . All that his aspiration had ever imaged of ideal human goodness, all that his heart had ever hungered for, responded to her own dear name!—nay! before her he found himself dazzled as by divinity, so transcendently were all his dreams surpassed. . . . To lose her? He alone, out of the thousands destined to seek in vain,—the myriads deluded by hope of winning the Woman never to be known,—he only had been fated to find his ideal. Had he then found her only to lose her forever?

—“*Everything you feel you would not like me to know.*” . . . Did she—could she—suspect there were incidents of his life which he dared not write? Had she simply decided to checkmate his wooing by forcing him to accept a sort of moral chess-game of which she had foreseen every possible move from the beginning? . . . The pitiable suspicion perished in a moment; but there sprang up at once in the place of it his first impulse to positive insincerity. Could he not deceive her?—might he not dissemble? Over and over again he asked himself the question,—justifying and condemning his weakness by turns; and each time her words flashed back to him:—“*Would you do*

what you thought or felt to be wrong to please me?" . . . "Yes, I would!" he once passionately cried out in answer; and then felt himself blush again in the dark for the cowardice of the acknowledgment. . . . But even though he would, he knew that he could not. Even were he to write a lie, he could not meet her and maintain it, with her eyes upon his face: they had uttermost power over him—power as of life and death,—those fine gray sweet mesmeric eyes!

. . . Then what was he to do? Confess himself a criminal by praying her to forego the test after having begged her to prove him? . . . Ask her—ask Truth's own Soul!—to take him to herself with that black falsehood in his life? . . . Write her all,—and die? . . . Write nothing, and disappear forever from the world to which she belonged? . . .

VII.

Yet why this intensifying dread,—like the presage of a great pain? . . . Why had he always feared that slight girl even while loving her?—feared her unreasoningly, like a supernatural being,—measuring his every thought in the strange restraint of her presence? . . . How imperfect his love, if perfect love casteth out fear! Imperfect by so much as his own nature was imperfect; but he had loved less perfectly with never a thought of fear. . . . By what occult power could she make him thus afraid? Perhaps it was less her simple beauty, her totally artless grace, which made her unlike all other women, than the quiet settled consciousness of this secret force. Assuredly those fine gray eyes were never lowered before living gaze: she seemed as one who might look God in the face. . . . Men would qualify such sense of power as hers, "strength of character";—but the vague term signified nothing beyond the recognition of the power as a fact. Was the fact itself uninterpretable?—a mystery like the mystery of life?

VIII.

. . . But imperceptibly, all self-questioning weakened and ceased. Weariness began to flood his thought,—like some gray silent rising tide, spreading and drowning. Ideas slowly floated up, half-formed,—soft and cold. . . . Then darkness,—and a light in the darkness that illumined *her*,—and the sense of some strange interior unknown to him.

He saw her in that filmy light, imponderably poised, with ghostliest grace made visible through some white vapor of veils;—the glossiness of her arms uplifted for the braiding of her hair, seeming the radiance of some substance impossible,—like luminous ivory. And this soft light that orbbed and bathed her, held some odorous charm,—thin souls of flowers,—faint, faint perfume of dream-blossoms. And he knew that she was robbing for her wedding with him.

He stood beside her: the soft spherul light touched him. . . . All around them was a great pleasant whispering,—the whispering of many friends assembled. He looked into the penumbra beyond her, and saw smiling faces that he knew. Some were of the dead; but it seemed

right they should be there. Would they smile thus—would they whisper so kindly—*if they knew . . . ?*

And there arose within him a weird interior urging to tell all;—and that knowledge of self-unworthiness which had haunted him in other hours, suddenly returned upon him with the enormity of a nightmare,—irresistible, appalling,—like a sense of infinite crime. Then he knew that he must tell her all.

And he began to speak—to confess to her each hidden blemish of his life,—passionately watching her face,—feeling for her power to forgive,—fearfully seeking to learn if her pure hate of evil might exceed the measure of her sound sweet human love. . . . Yet now she seemed not human: all transfigured she had become! And those white shapes enfolding her were surely never bridal veils, but vapory wings that rose above her golden head, and swept down curving to her feet.

. . . Angel!—but with a woman's heart! . . . For she only smiled at his words, at his fears, with compassionate lovingness,—with tenderness as of maternal indulgence for the follies of a child. . . . Ah! but all his follies had not been trivial;—there were others she never could forgive. . . .

But still she listened,—smiling as one hearing nothing new, with sympathy of strange foreknowledge,—all the while with supplest slender arms uplifted, weaving her marvellous hair.

And he knew that all those there assembled heard his every syllable;—yet he could not but speak on,—charging himself with crimes he had never wrought,—calumniating his life, even as victims of inquisitorial torture shrieked out self-accusation of impossible sins. But always, always she laughed forgiveness,—and those in the circling shadow likewise;—and he heard them commending him,—commending his sacrifice, his sincerity, his love of her: infinitely indulgent for him.

Yet the more they praised him, the greater became his fear of making one last avowal,—of uttering that which was the simple truth. For a weird doubt seized upon him,—a doubt of their meaning; and with the growing of it, all seemed to treacherously change. . . . And the faces of the dead were sinister;—the murmuring hushed: even she no longer smiled. . . .

He would have whispered it to her alone; but ever as he sought to lower his voice, more piercing it seemed to sound,—cutting through the stillness with frightful audibility, like the sibilation of a possessing spirit. . . . And then, in mad despair, ceasing to hope for secrecy, he uttered it recklessly,—vociferated it,—reiterated it,—crashed it into their hearing with the violence of a blasphemy.

All vanished!—there was only darkness about him, the darkness of real night. . . . Still trembling with the terror of his dream he heard his own heart beat, and some slow distant steeple-bell strike out the hour of four.

IX.

Not through that restless night alone, but through many nights succeeding to weariest days of self-questioning and self-recording, conscience unrelentingly revenged every past repudiation of its counsel. Day after day, he would tear up a certain page and begin it afresh, but each time only to hear that vindictive inner voice make protest,—deny his right to any palliating word. And when everything else had been written, the inexorable Censor still maintained, still refused to attenuate, the self-proscription penned upon that page. Neither by finest analysis of motives and circumstances converging to the fault, nor by any possible deduction out of consequences, could the blackness of the fact be diminished: the great blot of it, spreading either way, strangely discolored the whole. . . . Without that page his manuscript could offer at the very worst only a record of follies hurtful to none so much as to himself;—with it,—read through the smirch of it,—no other error avowed could seem innocuous enough to demand her absolution.

And the days wheeled away, filing off by weeks;—and a new anxiety began to shape for him. The mere prolongation of his silence was betraying him. Already she might have divined his moral cowardice, and decided against him. Before this imminent menace of what he feared most, he found himself finally terrified to a resolve,—as one leaps into flood from fire. He turned one morning to his manuscript for the decisive time, re-read once more the ever-scored page, feverishly copied it, folded it up with the rest, enveloped and addressed the whole; and then, feeling the inevitable danger of another moment's hesitation, he hurried out and dropped the manuscript into the nearest letter-box.

X.

Then he became appalled at what he had done. . . . Seldom does the whole potential meaning of a doubtful act consent to reveal itself while the act is yet only contemplated; and that sudden expansion of significance which it assumes immediately upon accomplishment, may form the most painful astonishment of a lifetime. . . .

Oh! the subtle protean treachery of words on paper!—words that, only spoken, seemed so harmless;—that once embodied and coiled in writing, change nature and develop teeth to gnaw the brain that gave them visible form! The viewless fluttering spoken word is thrice plead for: by the tone which is the heart of it, and its best excuse for being,—by the look which accompanies it,—by the circumstance which evokes it. But incarnate it with a single quivering dash of the pen,—and lo! the soulless, voiceless, gelid impersonality of a reptile. Still, you are so far conscious only of its chilling ugliness;—you do not know its dumb cruelty: it is feigning innocuousness because its life is yet at your mercy,—because it has not ceased to be your slave. The price of its manumission is a postage-stamp. Release it, and it will writhe through all your soul to tear and to envenom. Then you will be powerless to prevail against it: freedom will have given it the invulnerability of air!

. . . And words that might have been spared in sentences that

should have been reconsidered,—with what multiformity of ghastliness they now swarmed back to madden him,—biting into memory! How had he failed to discern their whole evil capability,—to understand, while it was not yet too late, their sinister power of shifting color according to position, according even to the eye that looked upon them? Under what hue would they reveal themselves to her? . . . And not one could now, or ever again, be changed. He had flung his missive into the machinery of government; and already, doubtless, by steam and iron, it was being whirled to its destination!

Yes!—there was still a forlorn hope! What if he should telegraph to have the manuscript returned unopened? . . . But, again,—what would she infer from such a message? . . . A new confusion of doubts and fears and desperate conflicting impulses followed. But the dread of her inference yielded at last to the vividly terrible menace of lines that he had written,—ever becoming more frightfully visible in remembrance,—visions that left him soul-steeped in a fire-agony of shame! . . . He rushed out into the street,—hurried to the telegraph-office. As he entered it, he glanced almost instinctively at the mockingly placid face of the clock,—and started, with a sensation at his heart as of falling in dreams. . . . Time often passes with a rapidity that seems malevolent when the emotions are in turmoil. . . . It was too late to telegraph. The envelope had already, in all likelihood, been opened by her own hands!

XI.

It was done,—forever done! . . . He had cast the die of his own fate. And the absolute conviction of his further helplessness restored him to comparative calm,—subdued that passion of emotional pain which it had seemed to him that he could endure no longer and live. . . .

Could she forgive him? Might she not be merciful? Might she not have some such intuition of the nature of human weakness as would impel her to hold him pardonable in view of the contrition he had so earnestly expressed? And might he not place some hope in her strange capacity of independent judgment,—of estimating character and action by standards wholly at variance with common opinion?

Perhaps. . . . But in her sublime indifference to conventional beliefs, there was always manifest a moral confidence steady as the steel of a surgeon. . . . And there came to him the first vague perception of why he feared her,—of what he feared in her: a penetrative dynamic moral power that he felt without comprehending. . . . The idea of that power applied to the analysis of his confession, brought down his heart again.

There were three—only three fearful things she might do: simply condemn him by her silence; write him her refusal; or summon him to hear from her own lips that all was over. And the last possibility seemed the most to be dreaded. Why? . . . Was it because of an intuition that he might hear something more terrible than her “No”? . . . He remembered strange hours of his life when the reality of an occurrence feared had proven infinitely more painful than the imagining,

—though fancy had been forewarned and strained to prepare him for the very worst. The imagined worst had never been the worst: there were fathomless abysses of worse behind it.

And the simple word, "Come,"—solitary and imperative,—in a note received two days later, suddenly thickened and darkened within him this indefinite fear of an unimaginable worse. So feels the prisoner, long waiting for his doom,—when the hammering has ceased to echo in the night,—and the iron doors grate open to gray dawn,—and the Mask says, "Come!"

XII.

. . . As he opened the door of the apartment in which they had been wont to meet, and the faint familiar fragrance that seemed a part of her life, smote softly to his brain,—he saw her there, already risen, as one who knew his footstep, to take from some locked drawer an envelope he instantly recognized. The mere deliberate swift manner of the act prepared him, before he could see her face, for the absence of the sweet smile with which she had always greeted him. She neither asked him to be seated, nor approached to offer him her hand, but walked directly to the hearth where a bright wood fire was leaping.

—"Do you wish me to burn this?" she asked, with the missive in her hand, and her eyes flashing to his face. Her voice had the ring of steel!

—"Yes," he responded, almost in a whisper.

. . . Only one moment he saw her eyes,—for he turned away his own; but that single strong glance seemed to flame cold into his life like some divine lightning,—incinerating the uttermost atom of his hope,—consuming the last thin wrapping of his pride, like a garment of straw. For the first time he knew himself spiritually stripped before a human gaze;—and with that knowledge outvanishing in shame all the weakness of his passion,—all the sense-hunger that is love's superstition. He stood before her as before God,—morally naked as a soul in painted dreams of the Judgment Day. . . .

She tossed the written paper to the fire, and watched it light up with a little flapping sound; while he stood by,—fearing what her next word might be. As the flame sank, an air-current wafted and whirled the weightless ash up out of sight. . . . A moment passed, and it came crumbling down again, by flakes, that fluttered back like moths into the blaze.

—"You say the woman is dead?" she questioned at last, in a very quiet voice,—still looking in the fire.

He knew at once to which page of his confession she referred, and made answer:—

—"It is almost five years since she died."

—"And the child?"

—"The boy is well."

—"And . . . your . . . friend?" She uttered the words with a slow, strange emphasis,—as of resolve to master some repulsion.

—"He is still there,—in the same place."

Then turning to him suddenly, she exclaimed,—with a change of tone cold and keen as a knife :—

—"And when you wrote me *that*, you had really forced yourself to believe I might condone the infamy of it! . . ."

He attempted no response,—so terribly he felt himself judged. He turned his face away.

—"Assuredly you had some such hope," she resumed ;—"otherwise you could not have sent me that paper. . . . Then by what moral standard did you measure me?—was it by your own? . . . Certainly your imagination must have placed me somewhere below the level of honest humanity,—below the common moral water-mark! . . . Conceive yourself judged by the world—I mean the real world,—the world that works and suffers; the great moral mass of truthful, simple, earnest people making human society! Would you dare to ask their judgment of your sin? Try to imagine the result ;—for by even so easy a test you can immediately make some estimate of the character of what you confessed to me,—as a proof of your affection! . . ."

Under the scorn of her speech he writhed without reply. And kindled by it, as fire by a lens of ice, there began to burn within him a sense of shame to which all his previous pain was nothingness,—an anguish so incomparable that he wondered at his power to live. . . . For there are moments of weirdest agony possible in the history of natures that have not learned the highest lesson of existence,—strange lightning-glimpses of self-ability to suffer,—astonishments of moral perception suddenly expanded beyond all limit preconceived,—like immense awakenings from some old dreaming, some state of soul-sleep long mistaken for truth of life. . . . So sometimes, to unripened generous hearts, flash the first fearful certitudes of an ethical law stronger than doubt or dogma,—the supreme morality at once within and without all creeds, beyond and above all scepticisms. He was of those for whom its revelation comes never save through pain,—as certain tardy fruits are sweetened by frost ;—she was of those born into goodness, inheriting truth as a divine instinct. And by that instinct she knew him as it had not been given him to know himself. . . .

—"You think me cruel," she resumed, after a brief silence. "Oh, no !—I am not cruel ; I am not unjust. I have made allowances. I wished you to come and see me because in every line of your avowal I found evidence that you did not know the meaning of what you wrote,—that even your shame was merely instinctive,—that you had no manly sense of the exceptional nature of your sin. And I do not intend to leave you in the belief that so deadly a wrong can be dismissed,—least of all by yourself,—as a mere folly, something to be thought about as little as possible. For the intrinsic vileness of it is in no manner diminished, either by your cheap remorse or by your incapacity to understand it except as a painful error. My friend, there are errors which nature's God never fails to punish as crimes. Sometimes the criminal may escape the penalty ; but some one else must bear it. Much that is classed as sin by the different codes of different creeds, may not be sin at all. But transcendent sin,—sin that remains sin forever in all

human concepts of right and wrong,—sin that is a denial of all the social wisdom gained by human experience;—for such sin there is no pardon, but atonement only. And that sin is yours; and God will surely exact an expiation.”

—“Is it not enough to lose you?” he sobbed,—turning at last his gaze, all fevered by despair, to seek her face.

—“By no means!” she answered, with terrible composure. “That is no expiation! But what may prove at best a partial expiation, I now demand of you. I demand it in God’s name. I demand it in your own behalf. I demand it also as my right . . . My right!—*mine!*—for you have wronged me also by the consequences of that crime, O my friend!—and you owe me the reparation; and I demand it of you—yes!—to the last drop of the dregs of the bitterness of it! . . .”

Her merciless calm had passed: she now spoke with passion,—and the force of her passion appalled him. Never before had he seen her face flushed by anger.

—“You will go, my friend, to that man whom you wronged,—that man who still lives and loves under the delusion of your undying lie,—and you will tell him frankly, plainly, without reserve, what you have dared to confess to me. You will ask him for that child, that you may devote yourself to your own duty; and you will also ask how you may best make some reparation. Place your fortune, your abilities, your life, at that man’s disposal. Even should he wish to kill you, you will have no right to resist. But I would rather,—a thousand times rather you should find death at his hands, than to know that the man I might have loved could perpetrate so black a crime, and lack the moral courage to make expiation. . . . Oh! do not let me feel I have been totally deceived in you!—prove to me that you are only a criminal, and not a coward,—that you are only weak, not utterly base. . . . But do not flatter yourself with the belief that you have anything to gain:—I am not asking a favor;—I am simply demanding a right.”

For one moment he remained stunned by her sentence as by a thunder-bolt surpassing all possible expectation: the next, he blanched to the whiteness of a dead man. She saw him pale,—as though shocked by the sudden vision of a great peril,—and watched him fearfully, wondering, doubting. Would he refuse to right himself in her eyes,—in God’s eyes?—must she despise him utterly? But no!—his color came back with a strong flush that made her heart leap.

—“I will do it,” he made answer, in a voice of quiet resolve.

—“Then go!” she said, with no change of tone. Her face betrayed no gladness. . . . A moment more, and he had passed from her presence,—and she had not suffered herself to touch his vainly outstretched hand.

XIII.

And a year passed.

. . . She knew he had kept his word,—knew he had obeyed her in all things. None of her secret fears had been realized. He had totally changed his manner of life,—was living, self-exiled, in a distant city with his boy. He had written often to her,—pleading passionate letters

which were never answered. Was it that she doubted him still?—or only that she doubted her own heart? He could not guess the truth. He feared and hoped and waited;—and season followed season.

Then one day she received a letter from him, bearing a post-mark that startled her, because it revealed him so near,—a letter praying only to be allowed to see her, while passing through the suburb where she lived.

Another morning brought him the surprise of her reply. He kissed her name below the happy words: “*You may.*”

XIV.

... “I have brought him to you,” he said;—“I thought you might wish it. . . .”

She did not seem to hear,—so intently was she looking at the boy, whose black soft eyes, beautiful as a fawn’s, returned all timidly her clear, gray gaze. And from those shy dark orbs there seemed to look out upon her the soul of a dead woman, and a dead woman’s pleading, and a dead woman’s pain,—and the beauty and the frailty and the sorrow that had been,—until her own soul, luminous and pure and strong, made silent answer:—“Be never fearful, O thou poor lost one!—only by excess of love thy sin was: rest thou in thy peace!” . . . And something of heaven’s own light, like a softness of summer skies, made all divine her smile, as she knelt to put her arms about the boy and kiss him,—so that he wondered at the sweetness of her.

And the father, wondering more, hid his face as he sat there, and sobbing remained, until he knew her light hand upon his head, caressing him also, and heard her voice thrill to him with tenderness incomprehensible:—

—“Suffering is strength, my beloved!—suffering is knowledge, illumination, the flame that purifies! Suffer and be strong. Never can you be happy: the evil you have wrought must always bring its pain. But that pain, dearest, I will help you to bear,—and the burthen that is atonement I will aid you to endure;—I will shield your weakness;—I will love your boy. . . .”

For the first time their lips touched. . . . She had become again the Angel of his dream.

Lafadio Hearn.

A LIVE EMBER.

OVER the old worm-fence in the meadow across the road,
Just where the iris lifts its purple banners on high,
Was it a burning brand that fell from a smokeless sky,
Or but the crimson wings of a starling there that glowed?

Charles Henry Lüders.

ROBERT BROWNING.

(Written by request to be read before a meeting of a Massachusetts Browning Society which is to be held at Mosely Homestead, Westfield.)

A WRITER in *Scribner* says, "If I had a new Browning Society in view, it should be one to show—not, indeed, that the great poet just dead had touched human life and thought at more points, and more truly and deeply, than any writer in English since Shakespeare (for it may be years too early to preach that doctrine); but it should show that Browning is not a poet of schoolmen, and has no esoteric doctrine to teach, that he is, before all things, the poet of the red-blooded human being; of the vital, the active, and the vigorous in both feeling and intellect; and that he is lucid in the highest sense in which that much-abused word is ever likely to be applied. . . . His sane and strong genius is as sure to widen its influence as to keep it while the language lasts."

In selecting from the memories which I retain of Robert Browning, I shall choose such as will best tend to confirm the opinion of this writer,—that the great poet is "not a poet of schoolmen, but the poet of the vital, the active, and the vigorous in both feeling and intellect."

It has surprised me to hear that James Russell Lowell, who is himself so true a poet, does not consider Browning a great poet. I know it was said that Mr. Lowell asserted, when he first went as Minister of the United States to England, that Robert Browning was better known as a poet in Boston than he was in London. He told Mr. Browning of an incident in proof, which bespoke more frankness than tact in its narration to the subject of it. It was repeated to me, at the time, by Mr. Browning himself, who seemed to be quietly amused over it. Some well-known Englishman, hearing Mr. Lowell speak of Browning's poetry, had asked Lowell if Browning were an American poet. "I had the pleasure," said Lowell to Browning, "of sending him a copy of one of your volumes, and now he is as great an admirer of your poetry as I am myself."

Those who are intellectually and spiritually in harmony with Robert Browning's writings find even in the intricate style of "*Sordello*" ample recompense for its study. It has been truly said that only those who are familiar with "*Sordello's*" background of Italian history can fully understand its obscurities. And what a marvellous knowledge of everything in the world's history Browning possessed! He wrote a poem in Greek while still in his teens, and to the day of his death he kept his diary in that language. He possessed the gift of improvising at the piano. To listen was to be entranced as by the rapt strains of Beethoven's compositions or of Mendelssohn's glorious melodies, as the poet's hands swept the keys, passing from one theme to another; but you could listen only once to the same strains; the inspiration came and went; the poet could never repeat his melodies. Few there were

who knew of this divine gift; for only to those who were most intimate with him did he reveal himself in this way. He shunned everything like ostentation; and the American journalist was misinformed who wrote that when one of Browning's dramas was performed the poet could be seen "surrounded by all his satellites." So far as I know, Mr. Browning never attended a Browning meeting, nor witnessed the performance of one of his plays, nor appeared at the supper given after the play was over. When "A Blot in the Scutcheon" was given at St. George's Hall, in 1885, Dr. Furnivall, on the part of "The Browning Society," sent me tickets to fill one of the two proscenium-boxes, the other being occupied by those who were taking parts in the play. I had asked Mr. Browning to go with me, and it was then that he told me he never appeared upon such occasions. I saw Miss Browning with one of her friends in the stalls, and sent for them to join me and some relatives who were with me. So large was the *loge* that Mr. Browning might easily have witnessed the performance from behind the curtain without having been recognized by the audience. It will be understood that a man with so much humility of mind, when asked the explanation of an obscure passage in one of his poems, never could have given the answer, now going the rounds of American journals, that he "did not know what it meant, but it would repay the questioner to study it out for himself."

Miss Browning, who is sometimes spoken of in America as the daughter of the poet, is his sister; and a more devoted sister never lived. All their days were so interwoven, after the death of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, that I do not think they were ever separated for a day. I accompanied them to Oxford in 1882, by invitation of Mr. Browning, when the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him.

I will quote a few lines from a letter which I wrote then, descriptive of that never-to-be-forgotten "Commemoration Day": "Mr. Browning and his sister stopped with the Master of Balliol, Dr. Jowett; I stayed with a friend in her lovely old Queen Anne house near. About eleven o'clock on Commemoration Day I was set down at the gate, near the Ashmolean Museum, where the privileged few assembled who had tickets for the 'Semicircle.' I was joined there by Miss Browning and Dr. Jowett. As the clock struck, the gates were thrown open, and in an incredibly short space of time the theatre was filled, packed from the area (where all were standing) to the galleries, save where seats were reserved for those who were to participate in the ceremonies. The organist played selections from Handel, Weber, Bach, and Gounod; then 'God Save the Queen;' and the Vice-Chancellor, followed by the Doctors in their scarlet gowns, entered in procession and took their seats. Next came the candidates for an honorary degree, accompanied by the Regent Professor of Civil Law. These remained standing while the Vice-Chancellor read his address in Latin. . . . The fête which followed in Wadham Gardens, that afternoon, was as brilliant a scene as could be imagined. This is the 'warden's territory;' and never was a lovelier site chosen for a garden-party. Tents sprinkled the lawn, in which refreshments were served, with hot-house grapes, peaches, and

pineapples in lavish profusion. Groups of gayly-dressed ladies with their attendant cavaliers were seated under the spreading branches of the huge old trees, cedars of Lebanon and the red beech overshadowing the brighter hues of the moving throng beneath.

"Robert Browning in his earliest prime could never have looked handsomer than on this occasion, in his scarlet silk gown, and many were the eyes that followed this great poet as he walked amidst the crowd. At the close of this delightful afternoon he took me to that part of the grounds which Ruskin has pronounced to be the loveliest spot in Oxford. . . . The old gray walls of the chapel and of the warden's house close in the three sides, and not a sound broke the stillness of that exquisite spot, not even a sunbeam pierced the shade. It was as one might fancy primeval solitude to have been."

I am often asked where I first met Robert Browning, and how it was that we became such good friends. He called upon me in London when I was stopping at Claridge's Hotel in 1879,—before I had found time to deliver a letter of introduction given to me by a common friend who wished to make us known to each other. Our friendship dates from that first evening of our meeting; although I had not at that time fully awakened to his inspiration as a poet, my full appreciation having centred upon the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. From the publication of her first volume in America, her poems were next to my Bible; and there have been times when I have found more comfort in the utterances of her sorely-bruised spirit than in the Psalms of David. My worship of her genius, my gratitude for "helpfulness" that I found in her writings, were the foundation of my affection for all that belonged to her. On that corner-stone was built up the friendship which sweetened my life when all I most loved seemed to have been wrenched out of it, and a cup was given to me to drink which was full of bitterness. Our lamented American poet, Boker, had been the first to lead me into studying Browning's "obscurities," as they are called; but "*Men and Women*" was the only volume that I owned, up to the time that I first met Mr. Browning; while there was not one line that Elizabeth Barrett Browning had ever printed which I did not have in my possession, reading daily over and over my favorite poems until I knew them by heart. I regarded the two poets as representing in their works the two orders of poetic genius which Keble has classified as primary and secondary,—the wife's primary, the husband's secondary. It was not until deeper insight came to me that I recognized in Browning a genius who, in his hours of inspiration, revealed the unknown to his readers; as had Shakespeare, when before Harvey's birth he wrote of the circulation of the blood. "*Childe Roland*" is one of these inspired poems. Years after I first met Mr. Browning, we were walking in Hyde Park, one Sunday afternoon in June, and had seated ourselves, far away from "*The Row*," on a bench under the wide-spreading branches of a tree. I asked the poet what he had symbolized in the dark tower and *Childe Roland's* bugle-blast,—thinking that he had intended to represent, by the tower, the stronghold of scepticism, of unbelief, of materialism, which would be razed to the ground when Science comprehends that the law which develops sound develops

every natural law in the universe, and that at the first blast which she blows, with this knowledge, the dark tower must crumble, opening up such fields of research, beyond its walls, as the imagination of man has not yet conceived to be possible,—even to the understanding of the sympathetic attraction which holds the stars in their places and controls their advance and recession. Mr. Browning replied that Childe Roland was “only a *fantaisie*,” that he had written it “because it pleased his fancy.” As I interpreted to him its meaning, in the light of Keely’s discoveries, he listened with interest, and a smile of doubtful meaning played over his features; for Mr. Browning never expressed any faith in this “modern Prometheus,” as to his commercial success, which I so fully believe in. Keely’s success as a discoverer is already attained and insured to him by the acknowledgment of the leading scientist in America that Keely has partial control of some unknown force. The successful application of the discovery to mechanics is only a question of time; but, whether the dark tower of materialism falls in our day or stands until this generation has passed away, if “effort, not success, makes the man,” as Browning wrote, shapes his soul, forges his character, all glory to the discoverer who, in years upon years of “dead-work,” is paving the way for the triumph of spirit over matter.

One Christmas evening when we were amusing ourselves by giving Mr. Browning subjects and rhymes for sonnets, I gave the rhymes, and “Keely’s Discovery” as the subject. Much more expeditiously than I had written down the rhymes to which he was to confine himself in its composition, he wrote the sonnet. The time will come when the world will look upon this sonnet as an inspired prophecy, the closing lines of which are as follows:

All we can dream of loveliness within,—
All ever hoped for by a will intense,—
This shall one day be palpable to sense
And earth become to heaven akin.

Mr. Browning’s facility for verse-making was often the means of entertaining his most intimate friends. I once opened a letter from George Bancroft in Mr. Browning’s presence, in which the historian mentioned the near approach of his eighty-seventh birthday. I proposed to the poet that he should write a message from himself, which I would cable. Almost as quick as thought, he wrote,—

Bancroft, the message-bearing wire,
Which flashes my all hail to-day,
Moves slower than the heart’s desire
That what hand pens, tongue’s self might say.

My last letters from Robert Browning were dated November 9, November 18, and November 26,—the day before he fell ill, reaching me the very hour that he was dying, allowing for the difference in time between Venice and Philadelphia. The handwriting showed no trace of weakness, the characters as firm, in the closely-written lines, as ever, and no allusion made to illness. In the letter of November 9, Mr.

Browning alluded to a cablegram which I had received, before I left London, from Dr. Joseph Leidy, of the University of Pennsylvania, informing me that in his opinion "Keely has command of some unknown force of most wonderful mechanical power." Mr. Browning wrote, "Seeing must be believing in my case: still, for your sake I should be contented most cheerfully to pass with those who disbelieved in the steam-engine and electric telegraph. When Keely proves himself to be Vulcan I consent to be Momus."

When I was asked by Dr. Furnivall to select one of Browning's poems and write my explanation of its obscure passages in a paper to be read before "The Browning Society" in London, I declined; for I knew that the poet, like Auerbach the novelist, wished his readers to reach the kernel in the way best suited to their lines of thought or of belief. I once met Auerbach, and in conversation he was asked whether Irma, the heroine of his romance "On the Heights," had exiled herself from court on account of guilty remorse, or to make atonement for having violated her sense of duty in an innocent attachment, which she fled to escape from as soon as she knew that it was more than friendship on the part of the king, and dangerous for herself. Auerbach replied that he had purposely left it in doubt, in order that each reader might put his or her own construction upon Irma's course. To the pure in thought she was not the king's mistress; to the "carnal-minded" man or woman no other conclusion could be arrived at, in the sentence, "The gods were abroad that night." So with Browning, whose poems each reader deciphers to suit the requirements of his own nature. Hence the diversified constructions put upon the religious poems of Browning, interpreting God and His laws as best suits the already-formed belief of the reviewer, or critic, or journalist, who comments upon them. The modern definition of infidel—"a man who does not believe what I believe"—sustains the wisdom of Browning's course in not making clear what his own belief was, as far as any sect is concerned. All who are in full sympathy with the poet in his views find no obscurity in his religion,—feel no doubt that he expounds the gospel after the teachings of our Holy Master, rather than after the teachings of the Jewish high-priests, or the dogmas and creeds which Lecky compares to the clouds that intercept the light of the sun. "And this is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent,"—to know God as revealed to us by Jesus of Nazareth, who taught that "the Alpha and Omega of religion is love to God and to man," the entire surrender of our will to God's will, and that all that God wills must be for the best. Of such are the teachings that we find on every page of Browning's most profound poems; and the poet lived up to his teachings, in full measure of faith and of loyalty. In parting with him once he said to me, "Remember, wherever you are, if you need me send for me. I would go to the ends of the earth to serve you." There was an element of the godlike in the completeness and the tenderness of his love for those whom he held closest, which made him seem to them, at times, as if he were of "more than mortal mould,"—more than mere man: yet he made no such pretension. He gloried in being as God made him, saying of himself, I am

merest man, and nothing more.

I may put forth angel's plumage, once unmanned, but not before.

To one of his chosen friends who said to him in parting (when most unexpectedly called away from the place where with Miss Browning they were passing the season together), "Remember, I have loved you with the best and most enduring love—soul love," he wrote,

Not with my Soul, Love!—bid no soul like mine
Lap thee around nor leave the poor Sense room.

Robert Browning had more friends among noble-hearted women than fall to the share of many. One of these women, whom it was a privilege to hear in conversation with him, so brilliantly gifted is she, writes to me from London, January 5,—

"You have been so much in my mind and heart during these last sad weeks that even at the peril of being intrusive I feel that I must stretch out my hand to you across the Atlantic. How dear Browning loved and admired you I know better than most people. He spoke of you always enthusiastically and with true discrimination. He was not one to invest any friend, however dear, with ideal perfectness; he saw clearly; he had the true poetic insight which discriminated between the sham and the real; and what a heart he brought to love where he *did* love! His death has changed everything for me. Life can never be the same again; but one's own loss sinks into nothingness before the world's loss." . . .

Yes, "Browning's death has changed everything" in life for those upon whom he had bestowed love and sympathy, "proffered in largess such as great souls give." It was at his request that I made my home in London, in order, he said, that we might live near to each other to the end of our lives upon earth. Christmas Day I was always to dine with them; and even when I had relatives stopping with me at Christmas, they were invited to the Christmas dinner, and met with a warm welcome from him and his sister. Our plans to meet at San Moritz in the summer of 1888 were interfered with by all that happened to me that fateful year; but I returned to London in November, 1888, taking my last Christmas dinner at his house in De Vere Gardens, and planning for our summer together at San Moritz. But again, wave after wave of trouble swept me off my feet, and I was too much of an invalid to carry out my plans.

From every quarter of the globe letters come to me filled with sympathy, from those who knew of the strong ties which for ten years had drawn us closer and closer in the hallowed bonds of friendship. "Any one can love, but few have the capacity for friendship," wrote George Sand.

From Florence, "Ouida" writes, December 28, "I cannot let the year end without telling you how grieved I am at the loss of the great and gracious life so intermingled and associated in friendship with your own. It is an irreparable loss. I shall never forget that I owe to you the inestimable privilege of his personal acquaintance, and, I think, of his personal sympathy."

The learned author of "The Numerical Basis of the Solar System" writes to me under date of December 13, "While the death of Robert Browning is of course the world's loss, I am thinking of it more as yours. It must indeed be a deep personal grief to you to lose out of your life one who has been so true and so profound a friend. I am sorry beyond words for your sorrow. I shall always remember with warm satisfaction the pleasant Sunday afternoon I had in his company at your house in London."

No one knows better than these friends what consolation I found in my friendship with Robert Browning, and how he had helped me, with his never-failing sympathy, to bridge over torrents that else must have swept me away. While he lived, I felt, whatever afflictions befell me, whoever might misunderstand my motives of action, or misrepresent and censure me, that his trust in me would remain unshaken, that he would defend me to the end. "Friendship to natures large and comprehensive in sympathy means attachment as warm and strong as life itself, enthusiasm of personal interest, faithfulness unto death." The poem "On the Heights," in my last volume of verses, was written to Robert Browning on Easter Sunday, 1882.

The son of the poet (Robert Barrett Browning) is an artist of much talent, whose works in painting and sculpture are better known on the Continent than in England even, receiving honorable mention in the Paris and Brussels Salon exhibitions. I have always kept in remembrance Comte's axiom that "he who renders another a service merits some return," and, not having had the privilege of knowing Elizabeth Barrett Browning personally, it was never in my power to do anything to prove my appreciation of the benefits which, through her writings, she had bestowed upon me. When I heard that her son was an artist I determined to give him an order for some portraits that I wished to have painted; but, finding that some of his pictures remained unsold on account of their being too large for anything but public institutions, I proposed to buy one of them for the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, instead of having the portraits painted. I made my selection, and asked the price. His father at once gave me the picture, declining to name a price, on the ground that it would be of benefit to his son to have it placed in a gallery in America. I refused to accept the picture as a gift, and, remaining firm, Mr. Browning finally named the moderate sum which I paid for the picture. At a later date I purchased the two pictures that I gave to the New York and Boston Art Galleries, thus carrying out my desire to evince to the son my gratitude for the enjoyment and the help I had found in his mother's poems. I hope others have testified their gratitude in the same way to the artist son, among the many who have received fresh strength, from the writings of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, to fight the battle of life.

"Love cancels gratitude," it is said, and that it is so is part of my creed; but I like appreciation, though I do not like gratitude from those that I love. Mr. Browning on more than one occasion manifested his appreciation of my all but worship of his wife's genius. He remembered me on my birthday, and days that were not anniversaries are made

so now by the gifts which he brought to me upon them, and which will be held as sacred relics of the closest and dearest friendship of my life. Miss McMahon writes of such friendships, "The calm and disinterested affection of soul friends is reserved for men and women of the finest mould. Let not the world look askance upon a relation so true and holy that it glorifies even the common details of life and is the noblest form that friendship wears." Among the gifts which Robert Browning made me I value greatly the autograph letters written to him and to Mrs. Browning by men and women of genius,—among them one of Tennyson to himself, and one of George Sand to Mrs. Browning. As each volume of the last edition of his poems came out, he brought it to me, inscribing his name at my request. Scarabæi which Mr. Barrett, his brother-in-law, brought from Egypt, intaglios collected in Italy, quaint old books that he thought would interest me, daintily-bound commentaries on his works, which had been sent as gifts to him, exquisitely gotten-up "Bits from Browning," bottles of rare Tokay from Hungary, were shared with me in the generosity of his great heart; but my most precious possession is the Florentine brooch which belonged to Mrs. Browning. When her son was engaged I thought it should belong to his *fiancée*, and I took it to her. I think she saw tears in my eyes as I gave up my treasure, for she would not keep it, and it was returned to me.

Robert Browning was justly proud and very fond of his son's lovely American wife, Fanny Coddington, of New York. She was a devoted daughter to him. It was in her home in Venice, Palazzo Rezzonico, that the poet died. In a letter from her dated January 4 she writes some particulars of his illness and death, which she says was "a fitting close in every respect to such a noble life. . . . He had been so full of life and was so happy in our new home that when his illness came it was like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky. From the first the doctor told me that his heart was weak; he got better of the bronchitis, but day by day, without pain, he became weaker and more weak until the end. . . . He was glad that his illness had happened in Venice, and not in London; and he was touchingly grateful for all that we tried to do for him to have him once more well again: God knows it was our best. But his time to go had come; and we all feel grateful that it came as it did, that his falling asleep was so peaceful. The coincidence of 'Asolando' coming out the day he left this earth seemed most appropriate, with its prophetic epilogue! The ceremony at Westminster Abbey, last Tuesday, was beyond words impressive and as one would have desired it to be in every way. Pen was immensely touched by the fitting music to his mother's beautiful words. . . . Poor Aunt Sariana! Her loss has made a great change in her: she has felt it terribly. She has been very, very ill from the shock. She is better now, though she hardly leaves her room yet."

Robert Browning's son writes to me, from London, on the same date as his wife, "My father died without pain or suffering other than that of weakness or weariness. His death was what death ought to be, but rarely is—so said the doctor. My father was a very true friend of yours, and you were in his mind during his last hours. My loss is irreparable,

of course. It all seems a scene of ages past to me now! You know how I found it was impossible for his burial to be in my mother's tomb in Florence, and how at the last, after a public funeral in Venice, he has been laid by the dust of Chaucer, Dryden, Cowley, and other bearers of great names in our Abbey here. The ceremony was most impressive, and the manifestation of sympathy and sorrow which his death has evoked is very remarkable. I had no idea that his popularity was so extended. The rendering of my mother's lines was very grand in effect, and the absolute silence of that vast assembly showed how impressive it was. You may be interested in knowing that it would have been in my power to bring the remains of my mother to the Abbey. I was greatly tempted at one time, but after much consideration I decided not to do so. It would have been against my father's wishes, and would have displeased the Florentines. My father saw, in later years, that the cemetery in Florence was closed, and only recently had mentioned to my aunt that, if he died here, he wished to be buried in Norwood Cemetery, or if in Paris, with his father there."

Enough has been said of the private life of this great-hearted poet for you to know how impossible it would be for a man with such an exalted nature to answer inquiries made to him of the meaning of obscure passages in his works, that it would repay readers to study it out for themselves. There never lived a man who had so little of the egotist in him as Robert Browning. In the presence of a third person, with one exception, I never heard Mr. Browning speak of himself, nor of his poems. This exception was when Bishop Potter dined with him at my house: to him he spoke unreservedly, for each found in the other a kindred spirit. I remember the poet gave us the history of Pauline, and also that he said his early poems were so transparent in their meaning as to draw down upon him the ridicule of the critics, and that, boy as he was, this ridicule and censure stung him into quite another style of writing. Then the critics, who had not studied the esoteric meanings of his writings, pounced down upon him for his obscurity of phraseology. It is said of Rubens that when the critics assailed him he answered, "My maxim is to do well and you will make others envious; do better and you will master them." This seems to have been Browning's aim also. He never answered the critics; he never stooped to deny the fictions which "penny-a-liners" invented and printed about him. Like an eagle cleaving heaven's blue vault, this great poet soared beyond the reach of the earth-worms that attacked him, mastering all envy, all criticism, by the ever-growing appreciation of his writings which placed him, years since, "in the rank of the world's great poets, foremost with Dante and Shakespeare." His works will keep green the memory of

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong could triumph.

C. J. B-M.

"A THING ENSKYED."

EDWARD MACKENZIE, author, critic, and *littérateur*, sat down at his desk and drew towards him a package, with a smile of satisfaction. It was not often that he entered upon the reading of a manuscript with feelings of such pleasurable anticipation. A charming, cultivated woman, one whose society was a privilege and whose conversation a delight, had confessed to him that she had written a novel, and furthermore had requested of him a critical opinion. Nothing that a woman like Katharine Annan would write could fail to be interesting, and Mackenzie thought with pleasure of the eulogy he should take her as his detailed criticism on the morrow which he doubted not would be his "candid opinion," and saw in fancy the bright and grateful smile with which she would reward him.

The story was type-written, always a welcome sight to the manuscript-reader, and was called "A Bohemian in Silk," by Rose Desire. "A pretty *nom-de-plume*," thought Mackenzie; "but I shall advise her own name, which is prettier, to my thinking."

He went rapidly but carefully through the first chapter. As he began the second a puzzled look was in his face, which by degrees grew grave, and at the end of the third chapter it had settled into an expression of intense disappointment. It was some time past midnight when Mackenzie laid down the last page of the manuscript. He had read every line, in the hope of finding some stray passage he could commend,—some gleam of light suggestive of the woman herself in the waste of dull mediocrity. It was useless: the book was hopelessly bad.

"I would not have believed it possible," he muttered. He sat looking into the fire for another hour. "How can I ever tell her?" he groaned. "But tell her I must."

He had promised to return the manuscript to her with his opinion the following morning, and at the appointed hour he stood in Miss Annan's drawing-room, a somewhat woebegone-looking object, after a sleepless night. A pleasing contrast was the figure which entered to meet him, clad in a pretty morning gown, her face smiling in confident anticipation of his verdict, yet blushing with a charming modesty. The smile died on her lips as she advanced towards him. "You are not well," she said, in tones of kindest sympathy.

Mackenzie hastened to assure her he was in perfect health.

"Then you have sat up all night over that," she said, pointing to the box in his hand. "How inconsiderate in me to ask you to read it at once, when you have so many duties! It would serve me right if you should condemn it."

His eyes met hers in silence, and she knew the truth at once.

"You do not like it,—confess," she said, trying to laugh.

"No, I do not like it."

She still smiled bravely, but Mackenzie saw her cheeks pale, and the sight smote him with intolerable pain.

"I never had a task in my life which was so hard as this," he said. "The truth is as bitter for me to speak as for you to hear; yet I cannot lie to you, I cannot even palliate or conceal."

"I have brought it on myself," she replied, quietly. "Go on."

"The story is badly conceived and badly written," he continued, with lowered eyes. "Knowing you, as I do, to be gifted with a cultivated mind capable of originality and brilliancy of expression, I cannot understand how you have become so completely metamorphosed in putting your thoughts on paper. You seem to have gotten out of yourself entirely, and to be laboring with the ideas of some one else. Did I not know you so well, I should say that you lacked the courage of your own opinions. As it is, I am forced to believe that the power to write is strangely denied to some vigorous and capable intellects,—that it is something to be acquired, like making watches or cutting clothes."

"Do you find nothing worthy in the book?" she inquired, in a low voice.

"Nothing which you would write could fail to be of interest to me," said Mackenzie, in a kind of desperation. "It is because I know so well what would be the verdict of the public on the book you have written, that I would save you from greater pain by inflicting a lesser pang myself."

"A lesser pang?" thought Katharine. "Could anything be more terrible than this?" Her precious manuscript, over which she had worked with such loving care, into which she had put the best part of herself,—to know that she had failed, miserably failed, and, bitterest of all, to be told so by the man whose opinion she prized above that of all the world beside. It was shameful! The poor girl covered her face and turned away.

Mackenzie was touched to the depths of his soul. "Miss Annan," he cried,—*"Katharine! don't do that! I cannot bear it. Oh, do you not understand why I tell you this? To another I might possibly palter and avoid the painful truth, to you I must be loyal and true at whatever cost to us both, because—I love you. I have always loved you, Katharine, and you were never so dear to me as now, when——"*

"Stop, Mr. Mackenzie." She uncovered her pale face, and was mistress of herself in a moment. "I have been a foolish woman, and have had a foolish dream. It is over now. It is not your fault that yours was the hand which dispelled it. I asked your advice, and you gave it, bravely and manfully, I admit; but spare me your pity; I do not need it. I am not worth it."

"Pity?" he echoed, astonished.

"Yes; a woman who can write as I have done and imagine she was doing well—for I did think so—can inspire no other feeling in the mind of an intellectual man, unless it be contempt. Ah, it was cruel of me to say that," she added, as she saw in his face the pain she had inflicted. "Do not think that I am angry or offended with you; but it does hurt, and I would rather be alone now."

She extended her hand. Mackenzie took it in both of his, and said, "Forgive me that I opened my heart to you at this time. When I would give my life to save you from pain, it seemed cruel to inflict this suffering without telling you how much your sorrow is my own. What I have said of my feeling for you is the very truth, and is no sudden discovery. I believe in you as much as ever. Do not despair because of one failure. Everybody makes failures at some time. The trouble with you is, you have made a false start. If you will only try again and let me help you a little. I have served a long apprenticeship, and have made many failures myself, so I know the mechanical part of my trade pretty thoroughly. It is in that I think I can be of service to you."

She shook her head and smiled faintly: "You are very good, but after I have burned this foolish thing I would rather you helped me to forget that I ever wrote it."

Mackenzie pressed her hand gently; for an instant the pressure was returned. He felt that further words would avail nothing now, and with one last sympathetic look he turned and left her.

There was no further work possible for Mackenzie that day. He went down into the country and spent the afternoon in solitude, gloomily meditating under a leaden sky on the unlucky incidents of the past twenty-four hours, until a drizzling rain drove him back to the city. A few minutes before six he climbed the stairs to the office of the publishing-house of Burgess & Co.

The head of the establishment called to him: "Mr. Mackenzie, I read the manuscript of a very remarkable novel last night. I would like to have your opinion of it as soon as possible."

Mackenzie felt a savage rush of anger at the thought of his being called upon to read the manuscript of a successful author now. "Very well, Mr. Burgess. What is it?" he asked.

"It is called 'A Thing Enskyed,'—a really wonderful story. There was no name on it, and I am anxious to know who the author is. I found it on your desk there yesterday, and, having a spare hour or so, I took it in my room to examine it, and became so absorbed in it that I carried it home with me and finished it last night."

"I suppose there is a letter somewhere," said Mackenzie, indifferently. "I shall examine it to-night."

"It is a bad time for a struggling aspirant to fall into my hands," he said, grimly, as he seated himself two hours later and opened the package, just as he had opened Katharine's package the night before.

For an hour he shifted the pages, rapidly at first, then more slowly as he discovered he had before him a work of uncommon power and absorbing interest. Suddenly he paused: a passage in the book seemed strangely familiar: he had read that same thing before, in almost the same words. This brilliant author was a plagiarist, then. Where had he seen it? No, he had heard the words spoken—and by her, Katharine. Now he remembered the occasion perfectly: they had been talking of friendship between man and woman, an idea of hers had struck him as clever and original, and when he said so she told him she had seen it in a book she had recently read, and he remembered

that she laughed as she spoke. Could it have been this? He turned back to the first page: underneath the title was the line from "Measure for Measure"—

I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted,—

but no name, nor any sign to indicate who was the author. "Will they never learn to send in these things properly?" he growled. Then a suspicion darted through his mind so suddenly that his heart stopped beating for a moment, and then began to throb with a great hope. He looked at his watch, and, springing to his feet, tied up the precious package with trembling hands. "There is time yet," he murmured. "I will not let the night pass with this mystery unsolved. Dear Katharine, my poor girl!"

He jumped into a cab, and in fifteen minutes was at her door. A sharp north wind had driven away the rain-clouds, and the stars were shining brightly. Miss Annan was in the drawing-room with her mother, the maid told him, and there were other callers. Mackenzie walked into the room with the package under his arm. The guests, an elderly couple, had risen to go. "I must see you alone, at once," he whispered to Katharine, and, leaving her with her friends, he walked back into the library. In a few moments she joined him.

"Have you examined the manuscript I brought you this morning?" he asked, eagerly.

"No," she replied, a shadow crossing her face.

"What was the name of your story?"

"Mr. Mackenzie, I beg that you will not speak to me on that subject now or at any time."

"But tell me—the name!"

"You have read it: why should you ask me?" she said, coldly; then, seeing the suppressed excitement in his eyes, the twitching of his mouth, without knowing why she caught the infection of his emotion, and her heart beat rapidly.

Mackenzie quickly opened the box and held it up to her.

"Have you ever seen this before?" he asked.

"Why, it is mine! How did you——?"

"Yours! Do you mean you wrote it?"

"Certainly. It is the story I gave you yesterday, which I thought you brought back to me this morning. And now——"

"Then you are not Rose Desire, and you didn't write a story called 'A Bohemian in Silk'?"

"No," replied the wondering girl.

"Thank heaven!" he burst out. "Katharine, if you would like the head of the most stupid dolt that ever lived, on a charger, I will cheerfully give it to you. Listen while I tell you what I conjecture has happened before you spurn me from your sight and send me to the sacrifice. I ought never to have let my precious charge out of my sight for an instant; but I went direct to Burgess's after you gave me your story, and laid it on my desk there while I busied myself about some outside matters. Burgess came in, and, seeing it, took it into his room to examine it, supposing it to have come in in the regular way,

and, finding it to be a wonderful book, as he afterwards told me, carried it off. Then an unfortunate woman who calls herself Rose Desire must have brought in a story which was laid on my desk just where yours had been; it was in a box just as yours was, and so the great booby who sometimes reads manuscripts for Burgess & Co., when he ought to be mending shoes or shovelling coal, took it home, and read this feeble production for the work of a charming and brilliant woman whom he deserves never to see again after to-night. I began your story, never dreaming it was yours, and was fascinated by its beauty and power in spite of my miserable state of mind. I had not read half of it when I discovered yourself in it, and the hideous mistake I had made dawned upon me. Now you know the cause of my stupid, priggish words of this morning. I will not ask you to forgive me; I can never forgive myself the needless suffering I have caused you."

But Katharine did not look very angry. What a load was lifted from her heart by his words! It was almost worth while to have endured the pain to experience this sweet and blessed relief. She looked up at him and smiled as he stood before her with hand outstretched as in farewell.

"Before you vanish into outer darkness," she said, dreamily, "I should like you to fulfil your promise to read my manuscript."

"Katharine, do you really mean you would allow me to read it after this?"

"Certainly. I asked your opinion, and still want it. I think I may count safely on getting your true one," she added, mischievously.

As she gave him the manuscript he took her hands and held them.

"Katharine," he said, "who could have foreseen this ending to such a day? Three hours ago I thought the sun could never shine for me again; but the clouds have lifted, and the blessed light streams through and gives new life to a hope——"

The portières opened, and little Mrs. Annan bustled into the library.

"Ah, Mr. Mackenzie, good-evening. Did you ever know anything so sudden as the change in the weather to-night?"

"Never," said Mackenzie, fervently, and looking into Katharine's radiant eyes,—“nor so delightful.”

Francis M. Livingston.

STORM.

THE winds are up! the winds are up,
With clouds and tree-tops in their arms,
With blowing wheat about their feet,
And in their throats a hundred harms!

An upland's stormed, and riven wheat
Lies conquered in its loamy nest:
The winds laugh on o'er lake and lawn
To bastion clouds about the west.

Harrison S. Morris.

THE ICICLE.

A LITTLE COMEDY IN RHYME.

DON LORENZO.

DONA AMALIA.

ANITA, a duenna.

Seville: an open room, with veranda at back, and the Guadalquivir seen dimly. DONA AMALIA at embroidery-frame. DON LORENZO on a couch, with head and one limb in bandages.

AMALIA.

O TIRESOME roses, how your patterns linger
 Before my craft can shape them as I will!
 Poor gentleman, he sleeps! (I've pricked my finger!)
 Poor gentleman, he sleeps inertly still!

(She sees a slight movement in DON LORENZO, and droops head.)

LORENZO.

Cold girl, that all the gossips here in Seville
 Have called "the icicle," as well they might,
 How quickly you would send me to the devil
 If conscious of my true deceitful plight!

AMALIA *(with finger on lip)*.

How strange! He spoke! I'd swear to it—or nearly.
 Ah, he's but talking in his sleep, of course.
 Unhappy gentleman, you've paid severely
 For riding an unmanageable horse!

(ANITA enters, with sherbet.)

Less noise, Anita! What a step you tread with!

ANITA.

He sleeps?

AMALIA.

Well, not so soundly as I thought. . .
 But you've a foot-fall one could wake the dead with!

(Tastes sherbet.)

Ah, what a poor weak sherbet you have brought!

ANITA.

Nay, señorita, I was never skilful
 At tasks like these; their art I ne'er could learn.
 Go thou, dear child, and brew a better gill-ful; -
 I'll watch the gentleman till thou return.

AMALIA.

So be it, Anita. Are you quite decided
He needs no doctor?

ANITA.

Doctors all be . . . blest !
He'll soon get well and strong enough, provided
His bruises may secure sufficient rest.

AMALIA.

Well, well, I leave him in your charge, Anita ;
Do gently whatsoever he may bid. . .

ANITA.

You speak so of *a man* !—you, *favorita* !

AMALIA.

He's not a real man ; he's an . . . invalid !

(Exit AMALIA.)

LORENZO (*springing up from couch*).

Never till now, in sooth, did Spanish gentle
Light on duenna that was half so good !
Ah, your benevolence is monumental ;
I'd canonize you if I only could !

ANITA.

May the Saints pardon thy blaspheming twitter !
I've been most rashly wicked !

LORENZO.

Nay, you've not !

ANITA.

Oh, yes ! Her eyes have such a truthful glitter ;
They pierce me with repentance.

LORENZO.

And for what ?

Is it because this venturing spirit chooses
To seek thus boldly my affianced wife ?

ANITA.

Affianced, if you will ; but she refuses
All other future save a loveless life !

LORENZO.

Bah, dame! A stale fig for her freaks of fancy!
 I come from Cordova to claim my bride!

ANITA.

Then you must win her by a necromancy
 Whose magic shall work marvels with her pride.

LORENZO.

Fear not; I'll do it, nurse!

ANITA.

Poor orphan, truly
 Her fate is hard, with both dear parents dead!

LORENZO.

My fate is harder, that I've this unruly
 Andalusian maid to woo and wed.

ANITA.

Thou followest thine own reckless choice!

LORENZO.

How? Grumbling?
 Good nurse, your mood has turned most wry indeed!

ANITA.

Nor strange!—with thine imaginary tumbling
 To earth from that imaginary steed!

LORENZO.

Deception villanous—I grant it!

ANITA.

Waiting
 In ambush, I must aid thy sorry guile!—
 Assist thee past our threshold, hotly hating
 Such fraudulent behavior, all the while!

LORENZO (*drooping head*).

True—true!

ANITA.

And when my lady at length had seen us,
 I with untold hypocrisy must say,
 “Ah, señorita, shall we seek, between us,
 This gentleman's discomforts to allay?”

LORENZO.

And she! How beautiful was her compassion!
Shams though my bruises were, they ached, I'll swear!

ANITA.

You merit aching in a different fashion!

LORENZO.

Come, now, your spleen and not your heart spoke there!

(Takes out purse.)

Good nurse, that struggling son in Salamanca—
The barber with eight children . .

ANITA *(refusing purse)*.

Say no more!

LORENZO.

That daughter, then—the sailor's wife, Bianca,
Dwelling in Barcelona . .

ANITA.

Nay, señor!

LORENZO.

So of my proffered gold hast thou proved wary
Since first to win my way with thee I tried!
Who dares to call duennas mercenary?
Lope de Vega—Calderon—you have lied!

ANITA.

Your thoughts of me are sure one precious tangle,
Thus low my loyal services to rate!
I'm not the sort of fish, howe'er you angle,
That cares to nibble at a golden bait.
I want the lady I love to marry wisely
A nobleman of breeding, heart and head.

LORENZO.

Your sentiments consort with mine precisely;
I, too, in just that way would have her wed!

ANITA.

Here's impudence, forsooth!

LORENZO.

But you condone it!

ANITA.

All the world loves a lover, as they say. . .

LORENZO.

I'm hers!—in rapt allegiance, nurse, I own it,
And pant to have her name our nuptial day!

ANITA.

Then rashly has thine adoration reckoned! . . .
Still does her beauty feed its amorous glow?

LORENZO.

Saint Simeon Stylites, if she beckoned,
Would leave his pillar and play Romeo!

ANITA.

More blasphemy!

LORENZO.

On *Las Delicias* walking,
I first idealized her—*ay de mí!*
But now!—her lips would set a dumb man talking!
Her eyes have beams to make a blind man see!

ANITA.

Nay, but her proud young bosom cannot shelter
One gleam of answering passion, warm or chill!
She's a real icicle!

LORENZO.

But I can melt her!

ANITA.

Alas! impossible!

LORENZO.

I can—and will!

ANITA.

No, I defy thee!

LORENZO.

When I'm once defeated,
Sound forth at pleasure your victorious drums!

ANITA.

Pray heaven by false impressions I've been cheated!

LORENZO.

Amen, nurse!

ANITA.

Quick—be ill again! . . She comes!

(DONA AMALIA *re-enters with sherbet*. DON LORENZO *has resumed his place on couch, closing his eyes.*)

AMALIA.

Does he still sleep?

ANITA.

I think he does, *carina* . . .

AMALIA.

Let us not wake him, then, whate'er we do!

(*Puts sherbet on table beside couch.*)

It seems to me, nurse, I have seldom seen a
More healthful-looking sick man. . . Pray, have you?

ANITA.

Indeed, he *hath* more color, now I scan him,
Than most sick gentlemen I've seen before.
But then the accident that did unman him
Occurred so suddenly . . .

(DON LORENZO *snores.*)

AMALIA.

What's that?

ANITA.

A snore.

AMALIA.

'Twas most unmusical! Ah, saints preserve us!
It may perchance have been a groan of pain!

LORENZO (*feigning sleep*).

Oh, beautiful Amalia!

ANITA.

Don't be nervous.

AMALIA.

He's talking in his sleep?

ANITA.

'Tis more than plain.

AMALIA.

He called me beautiful !

ANITA.

Well, there's no fiction.

AMALIA.

Still, the impertinence acutely stings !

ANITA.

Child, when we sleep we pay no care to diction ;
We naturally say all sorts of things.

AMALIA.

Oh, you believe he meant it not ? Still, clearly
His words were spoke. They did not seem obscure.

LORENZO.

If she's an icicle, it must be merely
That while she's radiant she is also pure !

AMALIA.

He calls me ' icicle.' He must have known me
Ere now,—perchance even weeks, or months, or more !

LORENZO.

Would that unamiable brute had thrown me
A little nearer to my loved one's door !

AMALIA.

His loved one's door !

ANITA.

Quite strange !

AMALIA.

It makes me shiver !

I'll wake him, nurse ; I ——

ANITA.

Oh, tut, tut ! For shame !

THE ICICLE.

LORENZO.

How sweet to think the same sweet Guadalquivir
By Cordova and Seville winds the same !

AMALIA.

Just hear !

LORENZO.

Now mine has been the unbounded pleasure
To feel such beauty and grace my spirit stir,
That silvery stream henceforward I shall treasure
All the more fondly since it flows near her !

AMALIA.

Wake him, nurse, wake him !

ANITA.

Wake him thou, if willing !

LORENZO.

The right was mine to pass below her roof,
Yet, fearful that she would prove proudly chilling,
I, Count of Alvaredo, stood aloof.

AMALIA.

Lorenzo, Count of Alvaredo !

ANITA (*picking up a handkerchief*).

Look you . . .
This kerchief bears the Alvaredo crest !

AMALIA (*recolling*).

That man of all men !

(*Rushes impetuously toward couch.*)

ANITA.

Have your wits forsook you ?
The shock might kill him !

AMALIA (*calmer*).

Leave us, then ; 'tis best.
I, when he wakes, have something, nurse, to utter
That fittier would be told were we alone.
Go, therefore.

ANITA.

You appear in curious flutter ;
The voice you speak with has an alien tone.

AMALIA.

No matter ; go !

ANITA (*aside*).

Her eyes like fireflies glisten !
Pray heaven I shall not rue this day with tears !
I'm tempted at the key-hole now to listen ;
But, ah, time stuffs with cotton these old ears !

(Exit ANITA.)

AMALIA.

How strange ! The Count of Alvaredo lying
Hurt in *my* house, dependent on *my* aid,
And while he sleeps, preposterously sighing
Nonsense too silly for a masquerade !

LORENZO (*feigning to awake*).

I trust I've talked not in my sleep ?

AMALIA.

Well . . slightly.

LORENZO.

Then pray have I said aught to hurt or vex ?

AMALIA.

Naught of least moment, if I heard you rightly . . .
Only the usual babble of your sex.

LORENZO.

Ah, lady, and so you like not men ?

AMALIA.

I deem you
A race of monarchs—in your own conceit !
Gracious to women—who as gods esteem you !
Courteous to women—who will kiss your feet !
We are prized and petted—while our beauty lingers,
Respected, revered—while we chance to please,
Then tossed away, as with contemptuous fingers
You toss your cigarillos to the breeze !

Vol. XLV.—47

LORENZO.

Pray what stern cynic taught you that our dealings
With woman thus were flagrant past excuse?

AMALIA.

Flagrant? Oh, I've no words to phrase my feelings!

LORENZO.

No words? I thought them notably profuse.

AMALIA.

So, you're satirical!

LORENZO.

Nay, simply truthful.

AMALIA (*with scorn*).

You'd like more flippancy? I seem too grave?

LORENZO.

No, you're as picturesque as you are youthful;
Rave on; it so becomes you when you rave.

AMALIA.

Señor, I did not seek your admiration;
Detest me, if you wish, with eager zest.

LORENZO.

There's no use asking for my detestation;
You're far too entertaining to detest.

AMALIA.

I beg you, Don Lorenzo, not to squander
Flatteries on *me*!

LORENZO.

You've learned the name I bear!

AMALIA (*confused*).

My old duenna found your kerchief yonder,
And knew the crest of Alvaredo there.

LORENZO.

Alas, you are right! How vain the proud regalia
Of all my rank and caste!

AMALIA.

Why call it vain?

LORENZO.

Know you a lady of Seville named Amalia
Del Castro?—of the bluest blood in Spain?

AMALIA (*greatly embarrassed*).

Yes . . . I have seen the lady . . . At least I think so. . .
One knows a bevy of people here—by sight.

LORENZO.

I love her madly—intensely . . . Wherefore shrink so?
What have I said to cause you such affright?

AMALIA.

Affright, señor? I never felt serenest. . .
Does Doña Amalia to your suit consent?

LORENZO.

Ah, more's the pity! I've not yet even seen her;
I came from Cordova with this intent.

AMALIA.

And yet . . . you adore her, never having met her?

LORENZO.

Oft has her picture made these fond eyes glow!
Her father, Don Hilario, in a letter,
Sent it me ere he died, three years ago.

AMALIA.

Indeed? (He speaks the truth, if ever man did!)

LORENZO.

Our sires long since, while we were children, swore
That we should wed. . . But later, to be candid,
I turned my nose up at the whole affair.

AMALIA.

Quite sensible!

LORENZO.

My father, growing furious,
Packed me to Italy and bade me stay.
There, in a mood half scornful and half curious,
I drew Amalia's picture forth, one day . . .

AMALIA.

And closelier studied it?

LORENZO.

I did . . . Ah, presto !
The scales from off my vision fell at once.
I issued to myself a manifesto,
Calling myself an idiot, dolt, and dunce !

AMALIA.

I had believed you gentlemen were never
Half such unbiassed critics of yourselves.

LORENZO.

It seemed as if I'd been bewitched by clever
Contrivances of unpropitious elves !
But now the enchantment vanished. . . As I entered
Into rapt contemplation of her face,
The ideal of all rare womanhood was centred
There in that portrait's priceless little space !

AMALIA.

You found her so adorable a creature ?

LORENZO.

I found her, save mere wings, an angel quite !

AMALIA.

Perhaps her wings were, after all, a feature
The artist had omitted.

LORENZO (*suddenly agitated*).

Does my sight
Play tricks with me ?

AMALIA.

What means your agitation ?

LORENZO (*with long sigh*).

Ah, no ! I thought her picture was like you . . .
But now I realize the hallucination . . .

AMALIA.

You realize it ? I am glad you do !

LORENZO.

Oh, yes. 'Tis chance resemblance . . . nothing nearer,
As this, my closer gaze at you, avers.
Less feminine, sedater and austerer,
Your face, I'm sure, could never smile like hers!

AMALIA.

And yet I've heard Amalia is reputed
To be a damsel cold beyond her kind.

LORENZO.

Oh, that's because no man has ever suited
The moods of her superior soul and mind.

AMALIA.

You are then confident that you can win her?

LORENZO.

Yes, perfectly.

AMALIA.

How dexterous you must be!

LORENZO.

I hope to prove so . . . Well, as I'm a sinner,
You're wonderfully like her!—yet not she!

AMALIA.

Where lies our difference? Is it large or slender?

LORENZO.

Her tongue, like yours, could play no waspish part!
She'd not revile, like you, the whole male gender:
Amalia has a woman's loving heart!

AMALIA.

Are you so sure?

LORENZO.

Beyond all chance of error!
No fate would she more eagerly eschew—
None would she hold in more disgust and terror—
Than for an instant to be thought a shrew!

AMALIA.

A shrew? Then I'm one?

LORENZO.

By your own confession . . .
Ah, heaven! (*seems ill.*)

AMALIA.

You shudder; you're in pain, I know!

LORENZO.

Forgive my fleeting loss of self-possession;
That wretched fall of mine upset me so!

AMALIA.

The sherbet—let me not postpone it longer;
This drop of cordial—let me pour it in.
There . . . your restorative will now be stronger;
The sherbet by itself was far too thin.

LORENZO (*drinking*).

Thanks—many thanks!

AMALIA (*now very amiable*).

'Twill aid, though scarcely cure you;
Bruises like yours are not such light mishaps!

LORENZO.

Oh, I'm not bruised. It's only, I assure you,
A kind of neurological collapse.

AMALIA.

I see—exhaustion, faintness, general sinking . . .

LORENZO.

Just that! How well you comprehend my case! . . .
But you seem puzzled . . .

AMALIA.

I was merely thinking
You've not one sign of illness in your face.

LORENZO.

Ah, but my feelings!

AMALIA (*very sweetly*).

Are they still so painful?
I'll call a doctor, then, without delay . . .

LORENZO.

Please don't! A doctor would be simply baneful;
You're all the doctor I desire to-day.

AMALIA.

But I of medicine have no real knowledge.

LORENZO.

You've more, depend on it, than you suppose;
I'd stake its worth against a whole wise college
Of big-wigs, each with spectacles on nose.

AMALIA (*spreading her fan*).

Instruct me, then; I'll do whate'er I'm able . . .
It might perhaps relieve you to be fanned?

LORENZO (*weakly*).

No . . . but it would be strangely comfortable
If you'd consent to have me hold your hand.

AMALIA.

My hand! (*She gives it reluctantly*.)

LORENZO.

There . . . that way . . . Oh, how unexpected!
My sense of soft repose is actual bliss:
Often, when we are nervously affected,
We need a soothing tonic, such as this!

AMALIA.

(His hand's quite feverish!)

LORENZO.

You were merely fooling;
You *don't* hate men as fiercely as you said?

AMALIA.

Oh, yes; experience is a rigid schooling;
Three dear girl-friends of mine have all been wed.

LORENZO.

And all unhappily?

AMALIA.

Yes, all! . . . Though zealous
With peace and love their home-lives to anoint,
If they but wink their lords are madly jealous.

THE ICICLE.

LORENZO.

Whom do they wink at ? There's the dubious point.

AMALIA.

Poor Isabel ! poor Clara ! poor Dolores !
You three have shown me matrimony's hurts !

LORENZO.

Have they, indeed ? *O tempora ! O mores !*
I'll wager they're all three inveterate flirts !

AMALIA.

And why ?

LORENZO.

Because the wife who's always babbling
Of how her husband teems with jealous doubt,
Has usually known he does through dabbling
In such queer deeds herself she's been found out !

AMALIA.

Then do you mean that there are husbands tender,
Considerate, kind, unselfish ?

LORENZO (*half rising from couch*).

Thousands ! Yes !
Husbands whose joy and pride it is to render
Their wives more loyalty than words express !

AMALIA.

And dearly love them, too ?

LORENZO.

With adoration !

AMALIA.

Oh, what beatitude your answer paints !

LORENZO (*springing up*).

How's this ? You smile ! That smile is confirmation !
Amalia ! You are she, by all the Saints !

AMALIA.

Grant it. But wherefore stand you thus, inspecting
My face with looks that pierce me like a blade ?

LORENZO.

Oh, 'tis because I cannot help reflecting
How scandalously I've been duped—betrayed!

AMALIA.

You stare like one whom reason hath forsaken.

LORENZO.

'Tis my Amalia! No, I am *not* distraught!
Here, before consciousness could well awaken—
Here—here—to your abode have I been brought!

AMALIA.

And if you have! What then?

LORENZO.

What then? Delusion
Unmerciful as ever man befell!

AMALIA.

Nay, hear me, Don Lorenzo, I—

LORENZO.

Confusion!
Thus to be tricked! I'll go at once. Farewell.

AMALIA.

Why are you angered?

LORENZO.

Why? And can you ask it?
Have I not let you gaze on my heart's core?—
As one that shows within some sacred casket
Gems he has hid there and has gloated o'er!

AMALIA.

But stay! This love you speak of with contrition—
Was it not meant for me alone to prize?

LORENZO.

Yes—but on terms of honored recognition,
Not when I met you mantled in disguise!

AMALIA.

Disguise I sought not.

THE ICICLE.

LORENZO.

You that hate all men so,
An icicle, indeed !—farewell once more !

AMALIA.

You must not go yet . . you're too ill . . . Lorenzo !

LORENZO.

True, I am ill . . .

AMALIA.

Remain, then, I implore !

LORENZO.

And if I should remain ! What hope of guerdon
Exists for one that loves thee as do I ?
Thou'rt far too proud a maid beneath love's burden
Ever to stoop thyself ! . . .

AMALIA (*meekly*).

But I might try.

LORENZO.

' Might try ' ! Is Paradise its gates unclosing ?

AMALIA.

I *will* try !

LORENZO.

Oh, Amalia, this to *me* ?

AMALIA.

Thee only !

(*They embrace, as ANITA enters, peering about.*)

ANITA.

How's our patient ? Still reposing ?
Or has he awakened ? . . . Powers of mercy ! see !

LORENZO.

Well, good Anita ?

ANITA.

So . . your arm is belting
Her waist ! Ah, sight more welcome I ne'er saw !

LORENZO.

It means your icicle at last is melting.

AMALIA (*weeping*).

Oh, yes! These tell-tale drops announce its thaw.

ANITA.

Dear lady! And may no future frost re-weld it!

LORENZO.

Trust *me*. My sunshine will be far too warm!

AMALIA (*merrily*).

What icicle, when sunshine hath dispelled it,
Can ever freeze again to its old form?

SUBSIDIES AND SHIPPING.

THE introduction in the United States Senate, by Mr. Frye, of a resolution "for the encouragement of commerce, the protection of navigation, and the improvement of the merchant marine in the foreign trade," followed as it was by a bill to accomplish the same purpose presented by Senator Hale and preceded in the House of Representatives by one brought forward by a Southern member, quickly followed by Mr. Farquhar's measure, is certain to lead to a prolonged discussion before the final adoption of a policy that will build up our mercantile marine, encourage our now dormant ship-building interests, restore to our flag the supremacy on the sea justly belonging to so great a nation, give us our share of the ocean carrying-trade, and furnish our navy with the reserve fleet of swift cruisers absolutely essential to its proper development. This question is not a new one. It has been often argued in many different forms by us, but so far without any substantial results. Its importance at the present time is due to the revived interest in maritime matters that has been awakened throughout the United States, to the abandonment (partial, if not entire) of the opposition to government aid for the mercantile marine which has been so constantly manifested hitherto by the agricultural interests and by the South, to the certainty that some measure will be enacted into law, to the narrowing of the issue to what may be roughly characterized as free raw materials *versus* subsidies, and to the fact that members of both political parties, differing on other economic questions, find themselves in accord on one side or the other, on this important matter. The Fifty-Second Congress can win for itself the

thanks of the nation, if in a statesmanlike, practical, and thorough manner it shall make its investigations and conduct its discussions, and whatever policy it may decide to adopt will be entitled to and will receive a fair trial and be accepted as the best attainable solution of what differing conditions and circumstances must always render, to some degree, an unsolved problem and a matter of experiment.

The time seems opportune to restate some facts and figures, possibly overlooked or forgotten, which may aid us in forming our own judgment as to the merits of the controversy. The trite and much abused political dictum about the necessity of submitting every question to the ultimate arbitration of the people is a true one. Whatever the law may be, if in its application and enforcement it is found to work injustice or oppression, or if it fails to accomplish the purpose of its enactment, the common sense of the people will compel its repeal or modification. This is peculiarly true in our own country, and the importance of public education and enlightenment is, therefore, all the more essential and urgent. We ask, then :

Is now the time to undertake the work of building up our mercantile marine ?

What are the inducements offered us to compete for a share in the ocean carrying-trade ?

What has been the result of the policy which we have pursued hitherto ?

What has been the policy of other nations ?

What has their policy done for them ?

What does a study of the experience and practice of others point out as the best course for our own adoption ?

It is generally conceded (*negari non potest*) that we have practically lost our foreign carrying-trade. The President of the Marine Society recently stated that there were now only fifty American-built sailing-vessels in this country able to undertake long voyages. Not one steamer carrying the American flag is engaged in the trade with Europe, and but for Ward's Line and the Pacific Mail Steam-Ship Company this country would be unrepresented in the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean. In the decade ending forty years ago we built 10,289 sailing-vessels and 1662 steamers. The next ten years we increased these figures to 12,175 sailing-vessels and 2521 steamers ; and from 1861 to 1870, under the forced impetus created by the necessities of the war and the consequent certain market for all vessels, we reached the maximum of 13,484 sailing-vessels and 3054 steamers. Of this number 4059 were coasting schooners and 8079 small sailing-vessels, leaving 4400 as the number of large vessels constructed by our own people.

This contrast is a sufficient answer to the first query ; but there are other methods of arriving at the same conclusion.

In 1827, of the commerce of the United States, \$145,000,000 was carried on in American vessels and only \$14,000,000 in foreign vessels. It was in May of this year that the *London Times*—then even more than now the reflex of British opinion—uttered its oft-quoted lament :

“The shipping interest, the cradle of our navy, is half ruined.

Our commercial monopoly exists no longer, and thousands of our manufacturers are starving, or seeking redemption in distant lands."

In 1851 our progress in the carrying-trade had kept pace with our increased prosperity, and \$316,000,000 of our exports and imports were carried in American ships, against \$117,000,000 transported under foreign flags. We continued to add to our material wealth. The war temporarily put an end to our foreign commerce; but with the return of peace our manufactures sprang into renewed activity, our imports and exports increased with marvellous rapidity, our trade assumed proportions hitherto undreamed of; and yet in 1877, while American ships carried about the same amount of our foreign trade (which amounted to 97.8 per cent. of all our imports and 99.1 per cent. of our exports), viz., \$315,000,000, foreign ships carried \$858,000,000! We were going down-hill at a remarkable rate. In 1886 our imports had risen to \$712,609,000, and our exports to \$730,604,000, of which about 86 per cent. was carried under foreign flags and only 14 per cent. in our own vessels. The returns of our foreign trade for the twelve months ending January 31 (eleven months 1889, one month 1890), according to the *American*, show \$829,000,000 of exports, \$765,000,000 of imports; but we still transport only about 15 per cent. of this enormous amount. We are no longer a factor in the ocean carrying-trade! As a matter of fact we are practically unrepresented. National pride should be a sufficient incentive to lead us to heartily favor any method that promises to restore us to the rank we formerly held among maritime nations. Moreover, we have a business interest—a selfish interest, if the term seems more appropriate—in demanding a share in this profitable commercial enterprise. We are paying annually to other nations for the transportation of mails, passengers, and goods a sum estimated at from \$175,000,000 to \$200,000,000, and the greater proportion of this vast amount we have the right to claim for our own merchants, now practically prohibited from securing it owing to the adverse conditions under which they are required to compete.

The ship-building interest of any country is the benefactor of all trades,—helps all, brings prosperity to all, since it calls into activity over one hundred and fifty other trades employing large numbers of artisans. Over 80 per cent. of the cost of building ships goes to labor.

From 1789 to 1865 we find, with some fluctuations, a steady increase in our mercantile marine varying annually from 137 per cent. in 1790, 21 per cent. in 1793, 10 per cent. in 1805, 14 per cent. in 1831, to .85 per cent. in 1863. The annual decrease since then varies from 18 per cent. in 1866 to .65 per cent. in 1887. In 1857, which was one of the years of our greatest maritime prosperity, \$25,000,000 was expended in building new ships, and as much more in repairing old ones. This was with a population of 35,000,000 and a foreign trade less than one-third of what it is now, when with 65,000,000 population we spend less than half of this same sum. This gradual decay is particularly manifested in the building of steamers, which is the only true test, since steam is now the universal motor of the carrying-trade. In 1880 we built 444 steam-vessels; in 1883, 439; in

1884, 410; in 1886, 240; in 1887, 299. In the last-mentioned year we built also 545 sailing-vessels, of which number 258 were coasting schooners and 279 smaller craft, leaving 8 sailing-vessels capable of making foreign voyages as the total output of what was once one of our chief industries. In 1887 Great Britain had 4906 steam vessels of over 100 tons burden, and the United States 397. Our loss was the gain of others, whose prosperity was measured by the depth of our downfall.

In 1887 there were entered at our ports 10,660,799 tons of foreign shipping—of which 6,362,151 were steam—as against 2,870,936 tons of American shipping, of which 1,227,584 were steam. In the same year there entered the ports of the United Kingdom 23,646,444 tons of British shipping as against 8,530,937 of foreign,—a balance of nearly 33½ per cent. in favor of the English shipper.

The following table shows the growth of the steam marine in ten countries during the past decade :

	1877.	1880.	1883.	1886.	1887.
Russia	422	826	879	369	no returns.
Denmark	187	201	258	281	284
Germany	336	414	608	694	717
Italy	151	158	201	237	254
Holland	79	79	96	106	105
France	565	652	895	951	984
Spain		847	407		
Great Britain	4564	5247	6260	6658	6668
Norway	273	334	440	502	514
Sweden	691	752	823	903	949

[While accurate as to numbers, this table is misleading in one respect, in that it does not give the tonnage statistics. Some of the steamers are of under twenty tons and add nothing to the national prestige, while the huge vessels built in France and in England, of several thousand tons each, count only as one vessel each. The figures show, however, a steady progress in all countries receiving government aid.]

As the result of our examination so far,—necessarily somewhat superficial, to avoid presenting a mass of figures which it would be difficult to remember, but accurate as to facts,—we find a constantly increasing foreign trade, but one in which we are steadily losing our share; large mercantile profits, which we are giving away to other nations; an almost complete prostration of our own shipping interests (except in the building of government or of coasting vessels), and a vigorous and thrifty state of the shipping of other countries. There can be no question but that the conditions are in every way favorable for energetic measures to aid our ship-builders in competing with foreigners.

How can this best be done?

Just as every other maritime power has done and is doing,—by granting government assistance. Call it subsidies, subventions, or mail contracts, it means national aid; and it is to-day a matter of history that there is no prominent government in the world, except the United

States, which, while legislating directly in favor of native shipping, does not give it financial support. As Henry Hall said, in a pamphlet written by him some ten years ago on "American Navigation,"—

"The United States has never gained any recognition of the rights of its merchant vessels, or any extension of its navigation, except by retaliatory laws of the most stringent character and by downright hard fighting with powder and ball. It never will in the future gain anything worth having except by the same pushing policy."

Said President Harrison in his first message,—

"There is nothing more justly humiliating to the national pride, and nothing more hurtful to the national prosperity, than the inferiority of our merchant marine compared with that of other nations whose general resources, wealth, and sea-coast lines do not suggest any reason for their supremacy on the sea. It was not always so, and our people are agreed, I think, that it shall not continue to be so. . . . I recommend that such appropriations be made for ocean mail service in American steamships between our ports and those of Central and South America, China, Japan, and the important islands in both the great oceans, as will be liberally remunerative for the service rendered, and as will encourage the establishment and in some fair degree equalize the chances of American steamship lines in the competition which they must meet. . . . The enlarged participation of our people in the carrying-trade, the new and increased markets that will be opened for the products of our farms and factories, and the fuller and better employment of our mechanics, which will result from a liberal promotion of our foreign commerce, insure the widest possible diffusion of benefit to all the States and to all our people."

Let us examine the policy of other nations toward their shipping interests, and if we find that the policy of subsidies or mail contracts—i.e., government aid—has produced a steady growth in this branch of trade, with its concomitant commercial advantages, and that this growth has been to some extent commensurate with the liberality of the bounties paid when the policy was initiated, certainly we have good reason to infer that the same policy would be a good one for us; not as was tried with the Collins line before, when the aid given was unequal to that paid by our chief competitor, but on a generous scale, placing our merchants on equal terms, not handicapping them in the international contest for supremacy, or even equality, on the seas. Not only this, but we shall also acquire a fleet of swift cruisers, equal to any in the world, as an adjunct to our navy, which can be left to its proper field of building, providing, and maintaining fighting-ships. Let me quote once more from Henry Hall in this connection:

"If there were universal freedom of action throughout the world and everything were left to private intelligence and enterprise, a governmental policy would not be needed by an energetic and happily circumstanced people. But there is not now such freedom of action, and never has been. If one nation permits it, others do not and cannot be persuaded to permit it. The consequence is that the citizens of a nation like America often have to contend not only with the private enterprise of older lands,—itself a sufficient bar to their progress,—but with the

resources of wealthy foreign governments besides. In such cases private enterprise is powerless. Nothing can be done without a governmental policy to sustain the younger nation in the competition."

Let me add one single fact right here. We have ourselves no naval reserve. England has two hundred thousand merchant sailors with which to man her war-ships. Sailors are as essential for a navy as ships; and without a merchant marine where are we to get our sailors in time of war? As General Burnett said to the Ohio Society of New York, "Ours is the only case of a nation in modern times with a great commercial marine which has been allowed to fall into a state of decay for no perceptible reason beyond the fact that it has not been fostered by the government."

What, then, is the policy of other nations?

In the English Parliamentary Returns for 1888 we find an answer.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY pays no subsidies or bounties, but admits such materials, fittings, engines, etc., as are required for the construction of ships, free of duty. In a table published in *Le Yacht*, and based on the figures found in the French Bureau Veritas and the English Annual Register, Austria ranks (among the 15 leading maritime nations) 13 in sail tonnage, 10 in steam tonnage, and 11 in both combined! Such is the record of one nation that prefers free raw materials to government aid.

ITALY pays several different bounties. By the law of December 6, 1885, it is provided that for a term of ten years from the passing of the Act a bounty on the construction of the hulls of steam-ships and sailing-vessels of iron or steel, and of sailing-vessels of wood, shall be paid for such vessels when built in Italy. The bounty on the construction of steam-ships and sailing-vessels built of iron or steel is fixed at the rate of 60 lire (\$11.58) per ton of gross measurement. The bounty on the construction of sailing-vessels built of wood is fixed at the rate of 15 lire (\$2.89) per ton of gross measurement. Article 3 provides that for a term of ten years from the passing of the Act a bounty shall be paid for the construction, in Italy, of marine engines and boilers, and Article 4 provides that all these bounties shall be increased by from 10 to 20 per cent. in favor of steam-ships so constructed as to be adapted to military purposes. Article 5 suspends during the term of this Act certain provisions of former laws respecting the free importation of, and repayment of duties charged on, materials for ship-building, as well as premiums on naval construction established in 1866. Another chapter of this same law establishes premiums or bounties for the import of coal into Italy, and for the encouragement of merchant-vessels to undertake distant voyages. There is also a bounty on navigation of 13 cents per ton of gross measurement for every thousand miles run on certain routes. The Italian government also pays a subsidy of 8,000,000 francs (about \$1,500,000) annually to the Florio Rubbatino line of steamers for carrying the mails to ports in the Mediterranean and to India and China.

With such an impulse, granted after long deliberation, Italy has made great progress in this particular direction. Her percentage of increase in tonnage during the past four years amounts to 46,—greater

than that of any other maritime nation,—and she now ranks 5 in sail tonnage, 6 in steam tonnage, and 6 in both combined.

GERMANY, by the law of April 6, 1885, pays a subsidy which is earned by the “Norddeutsche Lloyd” and amounts to over \$1,000,000 annually, for lines of steamers to Eastern Asia and Australia, as well as to East Africa, also postal subventions to transatlantic lines. Government contracts are given to German ship-building firms; and the Berlin *Zeitung* lately announced that the German government would hereafter build its own war-ships instead of buying abroad. Germany has increased her tonnage, chiefly in steam, during the past four years 20 per cent., and now ranks 4 in sails, 3 in steam, and 3 in both combined.

BRAZIL until recently paid \$1,706,000 in subsidies. For a line of vessels to carry the American mails she pays \$88,000 annually. The American government pays \$5000 for the same service.

CHINA gives 1,000,000 taels (\$100,000) annually to the Chinese Merchant Steam-Ship Company, and a monopoly of the transportation of government grain on the rivers and along the coasts.

RUSSIA offers subsidies in aid of the running of ships, but none directly in aid of their construction. It is a fact, however, that several of the works engaged in ship-building have at different times received considerable indirect assistance in the form of loans from the government, and the advantageous placing with those establishments of important government orders. What is known as the “patriotic fleet” (vessels adapted for war-purposes and owned by the merchants of St. Petersburg and Moscow), composed of ten steamers, receives annually \$395,500 on condition that its vessels make a total of 141,000 knots between Pacific and Black Sea ports. Russia can hardly be called a formidable competitor for the ocean carrying-trade, and ranks 7 in sail tonnage, 12 in steam, and 10 in both combined.

SPAIN. By law a bounty of 40 pesetas (\$7.72) per measurement ton on the total tonnage of vessels built in Spain is granted to Spanish ship-builders. In March, 1887, the Spanish government approved a contract with the Spanish Transatlantic Steam-Ship Company, which provides that the company’s vessels are to carry the mails and perform whatever extra service may be required for war-purposes. The government agrees to pay a bounty of \$1.83 per mile run on an American line, and lesser amounts for service to the Philippines, Buenos Ayres, and Fernando Po. Spain shows an increase during the last four years of 10 per cent., and ranks 5 in steamers and 7 in steam and sail combined.

FRANCE. A construction bounty is paid upon the gross tonnage of vessels built in France. It amounts to 60 francs (\$11.58) per ton for iron or steel vessels, 40 francs (\$7.72) per ton for composite vessels, 20 francs (\$3.86) per ton for wooden vessels of 200 tons or over, and 10 francs (\$1.73) per ton for wooden vessels of less than 200 tons. For each 100 kilograms of machinery placed on board, 12 francs (\$2.32) is allowed, or a little more than one cent per pound. Repairs giving increased tonnage and additions to the machinery of any vessels are allowed bounties at the same rates. This system of bounties replaces

the drawbacks formerly allowed on foreign materials used for ship-building.

The navigation bounty is paid at the rate of 1.5 francs (29 cents) per ton for each thousand miles run in making a voyage in the foreign trade. It is reduced by 5 centimes (one cent) per ton for each year that the vessel has been afloat if built of iron, and by $7\frac{1}{2}$ centimes ($1\frac{1}{2}$ cents) if built of wood. All vessels built in France according to the plans of the Navy Department receive 15 per cent. additional bounty. All merchant-vessels can be requisitioned by the government in time of war.

The subsidy paid to the Messageries Maritimes Company amounts to \$2,463,355 per annum, and is awarded for the Mediterranean, Indo-China, Brazil, South American, and Australian postal service. All steamers having postal contracts are required to have special fittings for placing an armament on board, and a premium for speed is granted.

These subsidies are granted in accordance with the provisions of the law of 1881. Under its operation in 1888 France ranked 2 in steamers and 8 in sails. The editor of *Le Yacht* says that for the three years preceding the law France shows a decrease in tonnage. In 1880-1881 there was a revival, and from 1881 to 1886 a rapid growth. In steamers alone the increase was 120 per cent., and the total tonnage was doubled.

The NETHERLANDS pays subsidies of varying amounts to six steamship lines.

NORWAY pays no subsidies for construction, and ranks 3 in sails and 8 in steamers. That she maintains so high a rank in sails is due to the nature of her commerce, consisting principally in the exportation of her resinous woods, which are abundant and cheap, yet useful for many purposes, and therefore necessary to all European countries. High freights could not be borne, and quick transit is not demanded: so her sailing-fleet does not decrease.

SWEDEN admits any article used in the construction and equipment of Swedish-built ships duty-free, and remits to such vessels for the first year that they are built the export duties on goods charged to others. All such concessions must be made good by extra taxes on the people, and encourage the production of cheap and inferior vessels.

GREAT BRITAIN heads the list of nations in tonnage afloat, and has obtained and maintained this pre-eminence by most liberal subsidies and subventions of all kinds. Not only has it been the English policy to offer premiums to encourage ship-builders, but if the subsidy was found inadequate it has been promptly increased. Cunard built the first four steam-ships to run to American ports under an annual government subsidy of \$400,000. This was first increased to \$560,000, and six years later was advanced to \$700,000 for fifteen years. The Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company furnished 14 steamers to run 648,816 miles at an annual subsidy of £240,000 (\$1,200,000) for ten years. This was a large subsidy, but not large enough. The company's loss the first year was £79,790 (about \$398,950). The government then reduced the mileage to 392,976 miles, with the same subsidy, and the annual expenses were reduced to £235,000 instead of £360,000. The same thing was done for the English Pacific Company. It is said by

Mr. Lindsay in his great work on shipping that "the money so advanced is ultimately reimbursed by a saving in the expenses of a steady fleet to the extent of the number of vessels subsidized in the conveyance of the mails, while it encouraged commerce and the arts during a time of peace." From 1853 to 1886 England paid over \$150,000,000 as subsidies or mail contracts to her shipping. It is true that Great Britain in paying subsidies of later years has been especially intent on the creation of swift cruisers as a part of her naval establishment, as well as to encourage and foster the transportation of the mails under her own flag. But she offered a certain definite return for money invested to the ship-owner, and thereby gave the ship-building interest the stimulus it needed. The navy and the mercantile marine should be, and are, interdependent: the latter trains and develops sailors. As Mirabeau said in the French Assembly, "You cannot have a navy without sailors; and sailors are made through the dangers of the deep." Lord Brassey in his "Naval Annual" for 1888-9 says,—

"The bounty to merchant steamers in 1888-9 amounted to £26,000. The payment was made for six ships; nine others are at the disposal of the Admiralty. It was stated by Lord George Hamilton that no further payments are at present contemplated. It would be lamentable if the government were to abandon a plan which will give us cheap and for certain services most efficient cruisers at a cost incomparably less than would be incurred in building cruisers with equal speed and coal-endurance for the navy. . . . In France it is the accepted policy of the State to foster by the artificial method of subsidies and subventions the timid national enterprise in shipping. The great postal services across the ocean, conducted under the French flag, are maintained and have only been brought into existence by the payment of subsidies on a lavish scale."

The noble lord might have added that Venetian supremacy on the sea was developed and retained by the same policy which England adopted and persevered in until her keels were in every ocean, her flag in every harbor, and her tonnage in excess of that of any other nation. In his Mansion-House Address, February 1, 1889, Lord Brassey said,—

"All the leading maritime Powers have by liberal subsidies given encouragement to the building of steam-ships capable of conversion into cruisers. The present government have wisely adopted a similar policy. . . . It would always be advantageous for the Admiralty to come to terms with ship-owners in the early stage of the construction of ships, with a view to securing the best constructive arrangements at the cheapest cost."

Great Britain pays \$3.65 per ton of gross tonnage per annum to certain steam-ships built or to be built upon plans and specifications offered by the Admiralty. A special bounty of \$17,033 each per annum is paid for three steamers of the Peninsular & Oriental Line of 6300 tons. These bounties are additional to subventions paid for postal service. The Cunard Company receives at present 73 cents per pound for English letters and postal cards and 43 cents per pound for foreign letters and cards. Printed matter is fixed at a lower rate. Similar contracts are made with other companies, and the total cost of

carrying the mails to North America for 1889 was stated by Lieutenant Staunton, U.S.N., as \$450,000. The Peninsular & Oriental Company is now paid for carrying the mails to India and China \$1,289,263 per annum. A statistical return of receipts and expenditures gives the total amount paid by England for packet-service in 1887 as \$3,527,726.

In a communication of the Admiralty to the Treasury of February 2, 1887, the following statements are made :

"The Admiralty have had under their consideration proposals for the maintenance of a fleet of mercantile vessels suitable and available for use as armed cruisers. With a view to attain this object, my Lords have sought and obtained the co-operation of H. M. Postmaster-General. They pointed out that the vessels most likely to suit the purpose of the Admiralty were steamers of such high speed as would in all probability be used for carrying the mails under contract with this Department. . . . The experience derived from the events of 1885 has led them [the Admiralty] to believe that true economy and real efficiency would be best promoted by securing the use to the Admiralty in times of peace of the fastest and most serviceable mercantile vessels. It will be remembered that in 1885 a sum approximating to £600,000 [\$3,000,000] was expended in retaining the services of several fast merchant steamers, so as to prevent their being available for the service of any Power inimical to the interests of the United Kingdom. . . . Vessels constructed to meet the views of the Admiralty would be at a disadvantage in respect to their cargo-carrying powers, and therefore it would be a distinct advantage to the country if every reasonable encouragement were given to ship-owners to build and maintain this description of steamer in the trade that may be expected to support them. The retention of a fleet of Royal Naval Reserved Cruisers would be obviously of great national advantage. In a pecuniary sense they would serve to limit the necessity felt for the construction of fast war-vessels to protect the commerce of the country. Not only would the nation be a pecuniary gainer in respect to the first cost of such vessels, but their annual maintenance, which amounts to a large sum, would be saved, were such vessels maintained, whilst not required for Admiralty purposes, in mercantile trading."

Nor can it be said that Great Britain has abandoned this system of subsidies, since, in a contract with the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company, dated July 15, 1889, she offered a subsidy of £60,000 (\$300,000) for ten years for a line of steamers from Vancouver to Hong-Kong.

Such has been the policy of England ; and when we note what it has achieved we may well believe that it is worthy of imitation. As Mr. Thurber puts it,—

"This thorough work accomplished the end that was intended : it secured the trade of the East Indies and South and North America ; it made the nation so prosperous and rich that her wealth is overflowing and seeking for investment in every civilized country of the world."

I do not profess in any manner to have made an exhaustive presentation of the facts bearing upon this great question. It would be impossible to do so within the limits of a single article. The branches into which one is naturally led are almost illimitable, and many of

them have been fully and ably treated by special writers. No article better sums up the facts in regard to the subject on which it treats than the one on "The Effect upon American Commerce of an Anglo-Continental War," written by Professor Soley, in *Scribner* some months ago. Henry Hall discussed the subject of free raw material most thoroughly and succinctly in his pamphlet on "American Navigation." The report of the present Secretary of the Navy presents in a concise and admirable manner the argument as to the need of a new navy, and of what it should consist. Henry Lindsay's work on "The History of British Shipping" is exhaustive. And public sentiment throughout the country appears to be united as it never has been before in a willingness to build up our mercantile marine, and to appropriate enough money to give us a naval force consistent with the needs of a nation of 70,000,000 people.

I have simply presented facts intended to show the theory and practice of foreign countries as well as of our own, and to enforce, if any enforcement is needed, the maxim or truism that to successfully compete with others we must adopt their methods or those that are proved superior to them. We must fight fire with fire. The shipping interest of every nation pretending to be maritime is or has been built up, fostered, and sustained directly or indirectly by governmental aid, and we cannot compete with those who start so far ahead in the race unless under similar conditions. *Experientia omnia docet*. Surely the stake is worth trying for. Any measure that promises to increase our national prosperity is entitled to a fair trial. And it is a perfectly legitimate assumption that what has benefited others in so marked a degree would do as much for us. In any case it could not leave us in a worse condition.

Henry W. Raymond.

FATHER DAMIEN.

TO give one's life is better than one's alms;
 To spend, be spent, beyond the gift of gold:
 He who can live as well as sing his psalms
 Returns his talent many a hundred-fold!

A noble life, that turned aside from fame,
 To serve the leper held in such despise,
 To give a cup of water "In His Name,"
 At such a cost, and princely sacrifice!

A knight of Faith! whose courage was sublime,
 Who never faltered all the weary way,
 But bore his cross until the even-time,
 Then passed into the light of clearer day,
 To give into the keeping of his King
 The little flock he had been shepherding.

Arthur D. F. Randolph.

CHARACTERS OF SCOTT.

MOST novel-readers have taken up the novels of Sir Walter Scott more than once, to put them down with increased respect and admiration for his genius. With such opinions I have again read them, and added some observations which I believe no reader or critic has made. Certain idiosyncrasies constantly appear in his narrative, like the motive of an opera, or the swell of the ocean in calm or storm. A writer in the *Saturday Review* affirms that a want of the age is a want of pre-eminent men to give a motive to the intellect. The Pretender was still a hero in Scotland during Walter Scott's childhood, and perhaps determined his course of romantic thought. What a banyan-tree grew from this romantic seed, embracing in its stems and branches the atmosphere, color, and form of the times he pictured!

Whatever his inspiration was, his clear and sound understanding led him to incorporate with it every available material. With this skill, wisdom, and penetration in the portrayal of high and humble society, there is one omission in the lives of his men and women: they are created, shaped, and finished without the element generally considered useful and necessary,—the maternal: even the paternal is curiously lacking for the most part. It is the uncle, the aunt, the guardian, who keep in charge his heroes and heroines. Consequently, that side of family domesticity, the mother influence, is ignored except in cases where it is made terrible or feeble.

Scott's frequent, copious, and excellent introductions, which show his industry, his familiarity with every fashion of Scottish life, and explain his indebtedness to chap-books, legends, and biographies, shed no light upon this plan: of his own mother, Lockhart says that she lived to be old, and gave him more sympathy and encouragement than did his father,—who once said that Walter was born to be a peddler,—and that she was a woman of determined character, and, for the time, one of superior education. This mannerism of Scott is so positive, so continuous, that its summary is as bald as a sum in compound arithmetic. I begin with *Waverley*, whose early home with his parents is their only mention. Old Sir Everhard, his uncle, and his aunt Rachel, maintain and pet him; it is Aunt Rachel who discovers his budding sentiment for Sissly Stubbs, and obtains his military appointment in order to nip that sentiment in the bud. Aunt Rachel also, receiving his adieux, gives him a purse and a diamond ring. Arriving at the manor-house of Bradwardine in Scotland, *Waverley* is entertained by the widowed baron and his only child, the beautiful Rose. Leaving Bradwardine for the Highlands, he joins Fergus McIvor, who presents to him his sister, Flora McIvor, the ardent partisan who was bred in a French convent, and who ultimately returns to it to die.

The novel following, "*Guy Mannering*," has two heroines,—and Scott often gives two,—Julia Mannering and Lucy Bertram, daughters of the widowers of those names. *Monkbarns*, in "*The Antiquary*,"

while loudly professing contempt for womankind, and calling his maiden sister and their niece idle hussies both, nevertheless kindly shelters them, and when introducing them to the disguised Lovell, who is in the same want of a recognized family, names one as "most discreet," the other "most exquisite." Their friend and the heroine, Isabella Wardour, is a motherless girl, the daughter of Sir Arthur Wardour, whose interposition between him and his opponent Mr. Oldbuck prevented their quarrels from being lasting.

Frank Osbaldistone, the lay figure in "Rob Roy," of whom Scott might have said, as he did of Waverley, that he was "a piece of sneaking imbecility," was summoned from Bordeaux to join his uncle Sir Hildebrand, from whose house he writes a friend, "At the first meal, eight dogs rushed in, with the chaplain, the village doctor, and my six cousins. Presently a girl glided in, and Sir Hildebrand introduced her as 'My little Di, my wife's brother's daughter.'" Why the author considered it necessary that "little Di's" introduction and connection should be so complex it is not possible to guess. It is in "Rob Roy" that the first mother appears who gives any motive to the story, the masculine wife of Rob Roy,—a bloody-minded virago, feared by her sons even, and whose ambition is terrible. In "Old Mortality," Edith Bellenden, the heroine, is the ward of her grandmother, Lady Margaret, and Edith's unhappy lover is the charge of an uncle.

There is a combination of motherless young people in "The Black Dwarf," another in "The Legend of Montrose." The most loved perhaps of Scott's characters is Jeanie Deans, the daughter of David Deans, who was twice widowed; and, by the way, have we derived our not very old fashion of adding *ie* to every possible Christian name ending in *y*, from the Scotch? Lockhart says that Scott dictated "The Bride of Lammermoor" when in ill health. The mother there, Lady Ashton, might indeed be the spectre of fever. "It is my mother! it is my mother!" cries poor Lucy in the last interview with her lover in her father's presence. The constant and unrelenting persecution of this mother, sounding every depth and shallow of her daughter's soul, the proposing every species of dire machinery by which the human mind can be wrenched from its settled determination, broke Lucy's heart, and drove her mad. Lady Ashton is the most powerful of Scott's maternal creations, excepting Elspat MacTavish in "The Highland Widow."

The romantic novels of Scott are curiously lacking in the expression of romantic emotion. It is a mystery how his lovers ever arrive at the proper mutual understanding. The modern psychological analysis of *love-making*, or *love-being*, is absent in his writings. The self-tortures, the puerile, futile obstacles created by the lovelorn sufferers of the present novel, which will not permit them to be straightforward and comfortable, either with themselves or each other, and behave accordingly,—of which perhaps Mrs. Oliphant's tales are a strong example,—do not exist with him. In "Ivanhoe" there is little love-making between Rowena and Ivanhoe: they meet three times in the course of the narrative, himself twice disguised at that. But Scott has shown us what he might have done in that line, by the interviews between

Rebecca and Bois-Guilbert; and I am certain that nine readers out of ten feel a regret because *Ivanhoe* did not fall in love with Rebecca instead of marrying the placid Rowena.

The first pleasant shadow of a mother is in "*The Monastery*,"—the sweet and pious Lady Avenel, who takes her little Mary to her humble friend, the widow Glendinning, for protection. In all these novels there are no more charming scenes than in "*The Monastery*."

The mother of Douglas in "*The Abbot*," the mistress of James, a stern, implacable woman, should not be forgotten as the jailer of the Queen of Scots, who sympathized with the lovers in the story while they defied the age and authority of their respective aunts and grandmothers. Minna and Brenda Troil, in "*The Pirate*," have no recollection of a mother; and the father of Mordaunt conceals all knowledge from him of his mother and his childhood. The domestic life in "*The Fortunes of Nigel*" is represented by David Ramsay and his niece.

Scott allows in "*Peveril of the Peak*" a short glimpse of child-life; the baby Alice Bridgenorth, and the boy Julian Peveril, live in the ruined castle with the good Lady Peveril, but fate soon divides them, by his relentless rule of composition. The fortunes of Quentin Durward turn upon the position of the orphan of Croze, and no important character in "*Redgauntlet*" has the fortune of being brought up within the pale of ordinary family life; Darsie Latimer is ignorant of the name of his guardian, and Alan Fairford's life is cramped by the old widower Fairford, while Lillias is entirely isolated from all human interests except those of her mysterious father.

The three following novels, "*Woodstock*," "*The Fair Maid of Perth*," and "*Anne of Geierstein*," faithfully carry out Scott's principle.

For all this absence of what in real life is the habit of our social relations, it is true that for the most part Scott's female characters are superior to his male characters: these generally are melancholy, vacillating, waiting for Fortune to "turn up," and proclaiming themselves the victims of circumstance. The idiosyncrasies of Scott's genius are various and delicate: his eye for color is as fine as any modern colorist's. His favorite shade for dress was sea-green: Rowena's gown and kirtle was a sea-green silk, her robe of crimson wool, and Lillias flitted in a "green mantle." The costumes he describes are very beautiful,—Leicester's dress, for instance, when he entertained Elizabeth at Kenilworth. The "favorite" wore white; his shoes were white velvet embroidered in gold, his girdle and sword-sabbard the same, his doublet of silver, his jerkin of velvet and seed-pearls, and over all a robe of white satin gold-embroidered,—the "goodliest person" the company ever looked upon. Another is that of the Earl of Murray approaching on horseback with his retinue on one of his troubled marches, bearing the look of kings; he wore a buff coat embroidered with lace, his black velvet bonnet was decorated with large pearls and a tufted feather, and he rode the horse of which the country-side said it had not a single white hair and was as black as Satan. Notwithstanding his picturesque descriptions, Scott was a poor judge of the pictorial art: *Abbotsford* was decorated with pictures that were mere daubs.

Scott's prefaces and introductions show the sincerity of his chivalrous aims. "The spirit of chivalry," he says, "had in it this point of excellence, that, however strained and fantastic many of its doctrines appear to us, they were all founded on generosity and self-denial, of which if the earth were deprived it would be difficult to conceive the existence of virtue among the human race." Who can read the scene in "Redgauntlet" at the meeting of conspirators where the Pretender appears for the last time in Scotland, without an old-fashioned thrill of pride and delight in the Wizard of the North?

Old Maxwell (Pate-in-Peril) reads the scroll which Lillias had brought to Redgauntlet, and exclaims, "Black Colin Campbell, by G—d! I heard he had come post from London last night." In the confusion which followed, a gentleman plainly dressed in a riding-habit, a black cockade in his hat, no arms except a *couteau-de-chasse*, walked into the apartment without ceremony. He had passed through their guards without stop or question, and now stood among armed men, almost unarmed, who nevertheless gazed on him as on an angel of destruction.

"You look coldly on me, gentlemen," he said. "Sir Richard Glendale, my lord, we were not always such strangers. Ha, Pate-in-Peril, how is it with you? and you too, Ingoldsby?" This scene, with its conclusion, is one of the finest dramatic passages in the novels, though it is said that Scott wrote "Redgauntlet" in his decadence. He has been sufficiently criticised for his carelessness of style, and here and there are touches of the Laura Matilda school, as in the farewell to Minna Troil,—*"Be virtuous, and be happy,"* and when Rebecca answers Rowena, *"The bark that wafts us hence will be under way before we reach the port,"* or the speech of the Black Dwarf to Miss Vere,—*"Thou hast made me shed a tear, the first which has wet my eyelids for many a year. Receive this token of gratitude: it is but a common rose."*

A quotation he makes himself may be repeated here: "If my readers should at any time remark that I am particularly dull, they may be assured there is a design under it." The design of a pure common sense runs through all his work. I have not heard of a Walter Scott Birthday-Book or a Sir Walter Concordance, but such might be an improvement upon all that have been made, his witty sayings, his touches of pathos, his sense of the ludicrous, and his respect for all true feeling, examples for which I take from "Old Mortality," when Morton returns after a long absence: *"The little dogs and all! I am so changed that no breathing creature knows me."* When Jeanie Deans is before the Duke of Argyll, a few words show the whole situation: *"She had that good sense and tact which is called good breeding."* Describing that evil spirit, Louis XI., Scott says, *"Providence seems always to unite the existence of peculiar danger with some circumstance which may put those exposed to the peril upon their guard."*

"I am," said Whitaker, Lady Peveril's steward, "your ladyship's poor servant, and I know it does not become me to drink and swear like your ladyship,—that is, like his honor Sir Geoffrey, I would say.

But, I pray you, if I am not to drink and swear after my degree, how are men to know Peveril of the Peak's steward?"

We remember what Scott said to Lockhart on his death-bed: "Be a good man, my dear." The sincerity of his own pious spirit is beautifully expressed in a chapter of "The Black Dwarf,"—the meeting of Hobbie Elliot with his family after the burning of their habitation. "I see you, I count you—my grandmother, Liliass, Jean, Annot—but where is Grace? Surely this is not a time to hide herself frae me."—"Our poor Grace," was all the answer he could get, till his grandmother rose up and disengaged him from the weeping girls, led him to a seat, and, with the affecting serenity which sincere piety, like oil sprinkled on the waves, can throw over the most acute feelings, she said, "My bairn, when thy grandfather was killed in the wars, and left me with six orphans, with scarce bread to eat or a roof to cover us, I had strength—not of my own—given me to say, 'The Lord's will be done.' My son, our peaceful house was broken into by moss-troopers, armed and masked, last night: they have destroyed all and carried off our dear Grace. Pray for strength to say, 'His will be done.'"

"Mother, urge me not. I cannot. I am a sinful man, of a hardened race. Masked—armed—Grace carried off! Gie me my sword. I will have vengeance, if I should go to the pit of darkness to seek it."

"Oh, my bairn, be patient. Who knows when he may lift his hand off from us? I cried to let house and plenishing burn, and follow the reivers to recover Grace. Earnscliff and his men were ower the Fell within three hours after the deed, God bless him!"

"A true friend, God bless him!" exclaimed Hobbie. "Let us away."

"My child, let me but hear you say, before you run on danger, His will be done."

"Not now; urge me not." He was rushing away, when, looking back, he observed her make a mute attitude of affliction. He returned hastily, threw himself into her arms, and said,—

"Yes, mother, I *can* say, His will be done, since it will comfort you."

Earnest, simple, truthful writing like this does not tend to further admiration of the cataract and cascade family of fiction with which our land is at present afflicted.

As I have mentioned, Scott does not permit much acute love-making between his characters, and, in view of what we know of his own married life, his few dissertations give the idea that they were drawn from his own experience. In "The Pirate" he says, "What a world were it, if the wise were to unite with the wise, the learned with the learned, the handsome with the handsome! When we see the gentle joined to the rude, we may lament the fate of the individual, but we must not the less admire the mysterious dispensation of Providence, which thus balances the moral of good and evil." This passage, and the following quoted from "Redgauntlet," both written long after he had entered upon the experience of his own married life, long after he had lain crushed under the weight of an early disappointment, though somewhat didactic, certainly prove a capacity for a cheerful

philosophy: "Perhaps the lover's pleasure, like that of the hunter, is in the chase; there must be doubt, there must be difficulty, there must be danger. Let not those, however, who enter into a union for life without these embarrassments augur worse of their future happiness because their own alliance is formed under calmer auspices. Mutual esteem, an intimate knowledge of each other's character, a suitable proportion of parties in rank and fortune, are more frequently found in a marriage of reason than in a union of romantic attachment." This is "canny Scotch" language.

Nowadays, if it were necessary to carry our books with us when travelling, it would be pertinent to quote what Lord Byron said to Medwin: "I never travel without Scott's novels: they are a library in themselves,—a perfect literary treasure. I could read them once a year with perfect satisfaction." A criticism of Macaulay's may well be applied to Scott's novels: "A novel, as well as history, should elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. It should show us the court, the camp, the nation. No anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, should be too insignificant to illustrate the operation and progress of the mind. Thus men will not only be described, but known." Yet Macaulay never wrote a novel.

Many literary and personal biographies of Sir Walter Scott have been written, and thus the wheel of time will again and again turn and return him to the memory of every generation. All that is written of him proclaims him large-hearted, loving life in all its pleasurable aspects, and bearing its reverses with dignity and composure. Abbotsford is the obituary of his strength and his weakness.

Elizabeth Stoddard.

A CELTIC MYTH.

WHEN we contemplate the marvellous unity which prevails among the creations of the human mind, so far as these are embodied in the myths and legends which are the spontaneous growth of the popular faith and imagination, we feel how impossible it is to assert with any degree of confidence that a given myth is peculiar to any single race or indigenous in any one locality, or to be sure that its antitype may not be found at the other ends of the earth, or have already existed from the most remote antiquity. Nevertheless, we may frequently find, as might, indeed, have been reasonably expected, that certain classes of tradition have acquired an especial popularity among certain nations, owing to their having been peculiarly suited to the genius of the race in which they have arisen, or to special circumstances in the history of the people which have fostered their growth and diffusion.

Thus, the pensiveness which so deeply underlies the Celtic nature, in spite of all its brightness and vivacity, and the dreamy ideality in which, notwithstanding the energetic and strongly practical turn of the Celtic mind, it discovers so powerful a charm, have found utterance in

that class of legend, so dear to all nations of Celtic race, which gathers about the names of the old national heroes, or tells of lands and cities of the olden time, now vanished from the eyes of men. Nor are the popular superstitions less deeply tinged with this prevailing cast of thought; and the national legends love to dwell upon the exquisite fictions of the *Tír-n'an Oge*—the Country of the Young—and *Hy-Brasail*,—the Island of the Blest,—while the “airy tongues” that ring in the ears of the simple and credulous peasant are ever wont to syllable the names of the departed, and the very fairy-tales serve to establish, through the agency of the spirit-world, a communication between the dwellers on the earth and their long-lost friends.

Political reasons have, doubtless, contributed to produce this phenomenon. Though the pioneer of civilization in Western Europe, the harbor of refuge in which learning and culture found a shelter during the dark and stormy days of the early Middle Ages, the beacon-fire of religion, casting forth far and wide the rays which illumined the pagan darkness of surrounding lands, the Celtic race has ever been

As one who bears, upon his nightly way,
A lamp behind him, lighting not *his* steps,
But guiding those that follow with its ray.

“*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*” may the Celts well say; but, in spite of all the high qualities of the Celtic race, in spite of all the passionate feeling of nationality by which the race is characterized, it is many ages since any distinctly Celtic people has possessed an independent national existence. The brilliant trophies won by men of Celtic blood in the fields of arms, of arts, of letters, of politics, have all been gained under alien standards, and have added their lustre to the muster-rolls of Frankish and Saxon worthies. Hence it is no wonder that the Celtic imagination, turning from the barren present to the splendors of the past, should dwell with mingled feelings of pride and regret upon the memories of by-gone greatness,—

And, sighing, look through the waves of time
At the long-faded glories they cover.

The lines of Moore which we have just quoted relate to a legend of a class surpassed by hardly any in the favor which it enjoys among the various Celtic peoples. Tradition tells that where Lough Neagh now is there once stood a great and populous city, near which was a holy well, possessed of marvellous efficacy in healing all manner of diseases. An oracle of some kind strictly enjoined that the wicket-gate leading to the well should never be left unclosed at night, on pain of the direst consequences. One night, however, a woman visited the well, and, forgetful of the prohibition, omitted to shut the gate on leaving. Straightway the waters rushed forth from the well, and, spreading mile after mile in pursuit of the woman, who fled in terror from the mischievous chief she had caused, at length overtook and drowned her. But the furious waters, which had spread far and wide over the plain, completely submerged the city, which was never more beheld of mortal eye. Still, however,—

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear, calm eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the waves beneath him shining,

while strains of music of superhuman beauty rise from the depths of the lake and float across its bosom. According to one version of the legend, the vanished city belonged to the fairy race who once peopled the face of the country ere they were driven into the recesses of the hills and to the bottom of the lakes. This feature of the legend seems to connect it with the *Tuatha-De-Danann*, who are identified in popular tradition with the fairy-folk. Even to this day the *Daoine Mache* (good people) have often been seen passing to and from the lake, under the moonbeams, and have given many a token of their friendly disposition to such of the fishermen as have treated them with due respect.

A similar story is told of the Lake of Killarney. This, too, was once the site of an ancient city, of great wealth and splendor, where the king of the country used to hold his court. Here, too, was a magic well, which, like that of Lough Neagh, was never to be left open at night. One night, however, on the occasion of some high festival, both court and city were so completely given over to revelry that no one remembered to close the well at sunset. In the course of the night the furious waters burst forth, submerging the town and drowning its inhabitants. The Killarney legend, like most widely-diffused popular myths, has several variants.

This myth is not confined to the Celtic peoples. It exists in the East, where, possibly, the Arabian Nights story of the Young King of the Black Isles may have had a similar origin. Here, it will be remembered, an enchantress turned a city into a lake, and the inhabitants into four different kinds of fishes: the Mohammedans into white fishes, the Ghebers into red, the Christians into blue, and the Jews into yellow.

The legend is also found, I believe, in Mexico, related of one of the lakes in the plateau of Anahuac, through whose waters the roofs and walls of the vanished city may yet be discerned.

In Holland, too, it is said, in the basin of the Zuyder Zee there once stood several cities, which were submerged by the North Sea breaking its banks and overflowing the country. The remains of these cities are supposed to be sometimes visible beneath the waters. This tradition may have suggested to Heine his quaint poem "Seegespenst" ("Nordsee," *Erster Cyclus*, 10):

I lay leaning over the gunwale,
 And gazed with dreamy eyes
 Down into the water's mirror-like depths.
 Deeper my gaze sank, and deeper,
 Till, far down on the floor of the sea,—
 Darkling and dim, at first, as a cloud,
 But in hues growing momentarily clearer to view,—
 Steeples of churches and towers appeared;
 Till, clear as at noontide, a city was seen,
 A Netherlands city of by-gone days,
 Alive with throngs of indwellers.

The mediæval account of the enchanted palace of Morgan le Fay, sometimes to be perceived in the sea between Reggio and Messina, wherein, according to some of the romances of chivalry, King Arthur lies "till he be healed of his grievous wound," may have taken its rise from a similar tradition.

The story of the Fata Morgana's palace is probably of Celtic origin. To return, however, to more purely Celtic traditions, we find that the land of Lyonesse, the country of the ill-starred Tristan, was believed to have been swallowed up by the waves of the sea,—a fate also ascribed to another country off the Breton coast. These stories remind us of the classic myths relating to the island Atlantis, which was likewise said to have been submerged beneath the ocean.

Welsh tradition tells us how a large portion of what is now Cardigan Bay was once a flourishing territory, known as the Cantref y Gwaelod. This district, which is said to have been one of the most fertile and populous in Wales, and to have contained sixteen fortified cities, the most important in the country save Caerleon-upon-Usk, was protected from the sea by a great embankment. The charge of this embankment was intrusted to Prince Seiddynin,—good Cymry will please be lenient to the orthography,—who bears the unenviable distinction of having been one of the traditional Three Great Drunkards of Britain. One night the king of the Cantref, Gwyddno Garanhei, held a great feast in his palace. Seiddynin was invited, and, after his usual custom, got very drunk, so that he was unable to close the sluices at the proper time. In consequence of this neglect, the sea broke in that night and submerged the whole country, sweeping away the sixteen cities, and drowning all the inhabitants, except a few who escaped to the neighboring highlands. King Gwyddno was one of these, but his escape can hardly be called a piece of good fortune, for, from being the wealthiest monarch in Britain, he was reduced to the necessity of keeping a fishing-weir between Dyfi and Aberystwith, to maintain himself and his son. Three of the embankments of the Cantref are said to be still visible. The largest, the Tarn Badrig, or St. Patrick's Causeway, extends for about twenty-one miles southwest of Harlech, and at low water about nine miles of it is left bare by the tide.

Perhaps, however, the most elaborate and picturesque of these traditions is the Breton legend of the destruction of Keris. There are several variants of this story: that which follows is given by M. Emile Souvestre in his "Foyer Breton."

Once upon a time a mighty king reigned over Cornouailles, Grallon by name, as worthy a man as any son of Adam, and one who made all good men welcome at his court, were they nobles or were they peasants. One day that this good king went hunting in the forest, he and all his suite lost their way, and, after wandering about for a long time, reached the hermitage of St. Corentin. This was but a poor hut: the king, however, who had eaten nothing since early morning, and had become very hungry, thought he would throw himself upon the hospitality of the holy man, who, nothing loath, begged the king and his attendants to honor his repast. Upon the king's consent, the saint went to a little well beside his hut, filled a pitcher with water, caught a fish that

was swimming in the well, cut off a piece of him, and bade the king's cook and butler prepare the banquet. Hungry as they were, they could not help laughing at the uninviting fare set before them; but the saint bade them be easy, for God would provide for all. And, sure enough, the water in the pitcher was transformed into the choicest wine they had ever tasted, and the piece of fish so multiplied that there would have been enough and to spare for twice as many guests as were present, while, most marvellous circumstance of all, they beheld the fish that had furnished the supply swimming about in the well as whole and sound as ever. Struck by these convincing proofs of sanctity, the king persuaded St. Corentin to accept the bishopric of his capital city of Quimper, which he henceforth gave up to the saint, and, further, built an abbey for Corentin's disciples.

The king had now to get himself a new capital. For this purpose he called to his assistance his daughter, Dahut, a puissant enchantress. The sorceress chose for her site a place termed *Is*, in a spot now covered by the Bay of Douarnenez, and, summoning to her assistance all the *Korigans** in the country, erected, in an incredibly short time, the most magnificent city ever beheld, which she named *Keris*.† The dikes and gates which protected it from the sea were of iron, and the palace was covered with a metal which shone like burnished gold; nay, more, the princess had tamed for the use of each of the citizens a sea-dragon, which bore him over the waves like the dolphins of Arion. The citizens, too, were all so rich that they used none but silver vessels for measuring their corn and meal. But riches brought corruption in their train, as riches sometimes did in those days. Beggars were hunted from the city as though they were wild beasts; none were to be seen in the streets save such as were point-device in fine cloth and silks; Christ himself, so the chroniclers tell us, would have been sent about his business had he appeared in a canvas suit. The only church in the place was so neglected that the beadle had lost the key; nettles grew upon the door-step; spiders spun their webs over the missals and chant-books, and swallows nested in the porch. The inhabitants spent their whole time in taverns, dancing-saloons, and play-houses, and seemed altogether bent upon the destruction of their souls.

In all this life of riot and licentiousness the Princess Dahut—unworthy child of so good a father—led the way. The court was thronged with strangers from all parts, and those who were distinguished by their good looks and agreeable manners Dahut readily received into favor. To all such she gave a magic mask, which enabled them to reach her apartment at even without being seen, and there they abode until the sea-swallows began to flit past the castle windows, presaging the dawn. Then the princess, bidding her lover a hasty adieu, again put on him the magic mask, to enable him to escape unseen as he had come. This time, however, the mask, of its own accord, strangled the unhappy

* The *Korigans* are a kind of Breton sprite or gnome, dwarfish in form, and skilled in the working of metals. They greatly resemble the German *Kobolds* and the Scandinavian *Trolls*.

† *Ker-Is*,—i.e., the Palace or Citadel of *Is*. *Ker* = the Welsh *Caer*.

wretch, whose corpse was carried off by a negro and thrown down a ravine between Huelgoat and Poulauën, where, even to this day, the groans of the victims are sometimes to be heard on dark nights.

Corentin, scandalized by this state of things, was continually warning King Grallon that God's patience was rapidly becoming exhausted; but the king had let all his authority slip into the hands of Dahut, and lived in a remote corner of the palace, neglected by all the world, like a grandfather who has given up his property to his grandchildren. As for Dahut, she cared not a jot for the saint and his threats.

One evening, as the princess was holding a grand reception at the palace, the arrival was announced of a mighty prince who had come from the ends of the earth in order to visit her, attracted by the reports of her beauty. He was a man of great stature, clad all in red, and with so large a beard that little was to be seen of his face except his eyes, which shone like two stars. He made his compliments to the princess in verses so well turned that no minstrel in all Cornouailles could have equalled them; and then he began to talk so brilliantly that everybody was struck with amazement at his wit.

But what most surprised the princess and her friends was to find that the stranger was more profoundly versed in wickedness than all of them together. He not only knew all the mischief that human malice has invented since the creation of the world, but all that it will devise until the day when the dead shall rise from their graves to judgment. Dahut and her courtiers were aware that they had met their master, and determined to take lessons from the bearded prince. The prince consented to become their preceptor, and, to begin with, proposed to teach them a dance which was no other than the measure danced in hell by the Seven Deadly Sins.* To provide the music, he brought in a piper who had followed in his train,—a little dwarf, clad in the skin of a he-goat, and carrying a bagpipe under his arm.

Scarcely had he begun to play, when Dahut and her attendants were seized with a kind of frenzy, and began to spin about like whirlwinds.† The unknown seized this opportunity of snatching from the girdle of the princess the keys of the water-gates in the dike which formed the sole bulwark of Keris against the ocean, and with these he vanished.

All this time, King Grallon was sitting sad and lonely before a dying fire, whose embers failed to illumine the great gloomy hall in the deserted wing of the palace which formed his abode.‡ He felt the sadness of old age pressing upon his very heart, as he sat brooding over his solitary and neglected life, when of a sudden the folding doors of

* This was a favorite subject with mediæval writers. One of the best known of George Dunbar's poems is "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins through Hell." Marlowe represents this as the subject of one of the spectacles presented by Mephistopheles at the Imperial court; following the older versions of the Faust legend.

† This part of the story is akin to the classic myths of Orpheus and Arion, and the German tale of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. The German popular tales of magic fiddles which force their heroes to dance, and the Irish and Algonquin tales of fairy pipes possessed of the same property, also belong to this class, which, indeed, is of universal diffusion.

‡ The picture here drawn of King Grallon's deserted old age reminds us of the similar account given in the *Odyssey* concerning *Laertes*.

the hall were flung wide, and St. Corentin appeared upon the threshold, his brow surrounded by a fiery halo, his bishop's crosier in his hand, and wrapped in a cloud of incense.

"Up, great king!" he said to Grallon; "gather up all that is most precious of your belongings and fly, for God has given over this accursed city to the devil."

Grallon rose in terror, hastily summoned the few old servants who yet remained faithful to him, secured his treasure, and, mounting his black horse, followed after the saint, who floated upon the air like a feather.

Just as they were passing the dike, Grallon heard the waves roaring loudly, and observed the bearded stranger, who had resumed his proper demoniacal form, busily opening all the flood-gates and sluices with the silver keys which he had stolen from the princess. The sea was already rushing upon the city in foaming torrents, and the billows could be seen rearing their white crests above the house-tops. The very dragons, which were chained up in the harbor, foresaw the coming doom, and uttered hoarse bellowings of terror.

Grallon attempted to warn the people with his shouts, but Corentin again urged him to fly, and he broke into a gallop, making for the higher ground. His horse tore through streets and squares and suburbs, closely pursued by the roaring waves, which never ceased to wash the hind feet of the animal. As the king was passing Dahut's palace, the princess rushed out wildly, her hair scattered to the winds, and sprang up behind her father. The horse suddenly halted, and swerved, while the water rose to the king's knees.

"Help, St. Corentin, help!" he cried in terror.

"Shake off the sin you bear behind you," said the saint, "and with God's help you are saved."

Grallon, who, in spite of all, was yet a father, was at a loss what to do; but Corentin raised his crosier and touched the shoulder of the princess, who straightway slipped off the horse's back and was swallowed up by the raging sea. The horse, relieved of his burden, bounded forward, and gained the rock of Garrec, where the impress of his hoofs may be seen to this day.

The king fell on his knees, and returned thanks to heaven for his miraculous escape. Then he turned to look for Keris, but his eye sought in vain for the late Queen of the Ocean. On the spot where a few moments since were standing stately palaces, thronged with men and gorged with wealth, naught was to be seen but a great bay in whose depths the stars were reflected; while far away in the horizon, upon the last fragment of the buried dikes, stood the Red Man, brandishing the silver keys with a gesture of triumph.

Many fragments of masonry, in brick and granite, have been discovered on the Ile Tristan, in the Bay of Douarnenez, and buried in the dunes of the coast, while other ruins have been discerned beneath the waters of the bay. Stone tombs of the fourth century were formerly to be seen in the vicinity, and the remains of two paved roads were visible. These facts lead Souvestre and others to ascribe to the legend a foundation in fact. As he sensibly observes, "Fable has its starting-

point in fact. The incredible prodigies ascribed to Arthur and to Charlemagne, far from proving that they never lived, bear witness, on the contrary, to the important part they played in the history of their time. The reason assigned by the legend for the destruction of Grallon's capital may be imaginary, although the existence of the city need not be imaginary likewise."*

It is perhaps the tendency of modern criticism to regard with somewhat exaggerated scepticism the records of the early history of a people, embodied in the national traditions. The constant recurrence of the same legend in the most remote parts of the world is often urged as almost conclusive evidence against its deriving its origin from an historic occurrence; but if the similarity which pervades the workings of the human mind brings about that similarity which we so constantly observe in the myths and traditions of various nations, it is hard to see why the same result may not be brought about by the similarity which equally pervades human life and fortunes.

C. S. Bowtell.

CONTENTMENT.

A GIRL to love, a pipe to smoke,
 Enough to eat and drink,
 A friend with whom to crack a joke
 And one to make me think,
 A book or two of simple prose,
 A thousand more of rhyme:
 No matter then how fast Time goes,
 I take no heed of Time!

In youth these made my fondest wish,
 In manhood make it still:
 The little wife brings Cavendish
 And begs my pipe to fill;
 She pours the draught, she cooks the meat,
 And pardons verbal crime:
 No matter then Time's flying feet,
 I take no heed of Time!

The little wife inspires my thought
 With serious intent,
 And cheers me with her wisdom fraught
 With love and sentiment;
 Or prose to read, or rhyme to sing,
 She makes them both sublime:
 No matter then how Time takes wing,
 I take no heed of Time!

* *Le Foyer Breton*, i. 243, n. 3.

God grant me that, when grown so old
 Nor pipe nor glass I crave,
 The little wife and books may hold
 My heart unto the grave;
 There let me sleep in peace below
 The turf where ivies climb:
 No matter then how Time shall go,
 I take no heed of Time!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF FREDERICK S.
 COZZENS.

THIRTY-ODD years ago it was not uncommon for men engaged in commercial life to devote their leisure time to literature and enter the field of authorship. At present, however, competition in trade has become so sharp, or the desire to accumulate wealth so great, that it is the rare exception to find merchants giving their leisure to literature and letters. Authorship has become a business in itself, and those men who in years gone by made it a pastime are succeeded by those who make it a living.

It was to this former class that Mr. Cozzens belonged. All that he achieved in the way of literature was accomplished during the leisure hours of a very active, confining business life. He was wont to say, when asked how he found time to write as much as he did, that the secret lay in the fact that "he always put away business when he went home, and always put aside literature when he went to business."

It is scarcely necessary, much less important, to make a paper of this character biographical. The editor's principal object is to present the journal of Mr. Cozzens as indicative of literary gossip prevalent a quarter of a century ago, adding just enough of personal history to form a connecting link.

As one of the original hundred members of the "Century Club," Mr. Cozzens had advantages of meeting many literary men, some already famous, others young in their profession. He had the enviable gift of making friends wherever he went, and especially among that class who, like himself, had turned or were turning their attention to literature. While contributing frequently to many newspapers and magazines, his greatest achievement was the publication of the "Sparrowgrass Papers," the first chapters of which originally appeared as a serial in *Putnam's Magazine*, and which in 1856 was published by Derby in book form. The book won for him immediate recognition, the sale amounting to five thousand copies inside of a week of publication. This book is perhaps the truest index to the character of the author, abounding in humor, with occasional touches of pathos, and, underlying all, lessons which were not to be mistaken.

It was through Mr. Bryant that Mr. Cozzens first became ac-

quainted with Washington Irving. In the possession of the family is the following paper, which was read before the "Century" some years later, and which will go to prove how deep an interest he took in the Century Club's welfare:

"Mr. Webster having been invited to deliver an address before the Historical Society (February 23, 1852), and two evenings after (the 25th) invited to preside at the meeting to raise a memorial monument to James Fenimore Cooper, at which Bryant was to deliver the oration, it seemed a favorable opportunity to invite this distinguished statesman to the 'Century.' While the idea was revolving in my mind, I met Mr. Marberry and stated my views to him, upon which he advised me to call upon Mr. Leupp, who was a friend of Webster's; and, as it was but a few steps to Mr. Leupp's house in Amity Street, I at once went there. This was the evening after the historical lecture of Webster's, and the night before Bryant's oration on Cooper. Mr. Leupp proposed that we should form ourselves into a committee of two, call upon Mr. Webster, and invite him to the 'Century' after the Bryant oration.

"We did so the next morning, and a most chatty, agreeable old man we found him to be. We expected to spend five minutes only, but we stayed there a full hour. He seemed to like Leupp very much, and talked over the affairs of the Erie Railroad; then recently opened. He spoke of marching through the mud of Dunkirk with infinite glee, and altogether was in bright spirits. He accepted the invitation with pleasure.

"In the evening, just as I was going into Metropolitan Hall, into which the people were thronging, I met Leupp, who took me aside, said there were some ladies at his house,—Mrs. L. and others,—so I must keep Webster at bay after the oration, and then he would take the ladies home and return for him in the carriage. I asked the janitor to show me the way to the committee-room, and he took me to a small chamber back of the stage, in which was no one. In a few moments Bryant entered, manuscript in hand, and joined me. Not a soul in that solitary room but ourselves. Bryant became nervous, and finally met with a man who told him he would show him the way out, and thereupon opened a door, and there we were in full front of the audience. Bryant shut the door abruptly, and the man, finding he had made a mistake, took us through the labyrinthian paths under the stage that led to the committee-room.

"There we found a crowd of at least two hundred and fifty high dignitaries. Bryant introduced me to Irving. After inviting him to 'The Century,' which he declined,—'for,' said he, 'I have had one of my customary bilious attacks, and the temptation of oysters and champagne might lay me up,'—I went to find Webster. He was seated on a sofa, alone: one great arm was stretched over the back. He wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, a cassimere vest worked in flowers of silk embroidery; his pantaloons I don't know the color of, but suppose they were black; his neckcloth was spotless white; his hair was brushed up, and the hand that was not on the sofa-back was covered by a large white kid glove that was hidden in the ample bosom of his waistcoat. Dignitaries before whom I had often trembled stood in awe before him.

I slid into the vacant place beside him ; for, knowing that I had had a pleasant chat with him in the morning, and feeling that I had to bear the whole weight of 'The Century' upon me, I was by courtesy and diplomatic right entitled to that place ; for was not he our guest, after Bryant was done with him ?

" 'Mr. Webster,' said I, 'Mr. Leupp desires me to say that the carriage will be at the door to take you down to the "Century" when you are ready, and that I should be happy to invite any friends of yours from Washington to ride down with us.' Upon which Webster slowly unfolded his left-hand glove, gave it to me to shake, and, notwithstanding that our carriage could only hold four, and that there were at least two hundred and fifty in the room, said, with a slow, deliberate motion of his hand from the extreme corner of the left unto the farthest man on the right, 'We will all go with you, sir !'

"In the old 'Century,' the reading-room was below-stairs, the supper- and smoking-room above. When Webster came in, the members thought he would sit down to the papers while supper was prepared. Instead of that, he marched right into the rooms, never looked at the papers or table, and ensconced himself between the piers of the front room and then waited for some one to address him. Leupp came up and said, 'What under the canopy of heaven shall we do with him?' Imagine Webster, his hand in his breast, his senatorial aspect on, standing between piers of the windows in the reading-room of the 'Century' ! A blank dismay fell upon the features of all. There he stood, and nobody to utter a syllable. Presently a murmur arose, and finally became provocative : 'Will Mr. Webster step up-stairs and take some oysters and champagne?' 'Thank you, with great pleasure.' And so, supported by Leupp's arm, the great man passed up-stairs."

This introduction by Mr. Bryant of Washington Irving to Mr. Cozzens led in after-years to a very pleasant and intimate friendship, and is one of the most interesting incidents in the life of the author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers." It is to be regretted that in many places no date is given to the journal in which he so often gives accounts of his visits to Mr. Irving ; but, as Mr. Cozzens moved to Yonkers in 1852, it is to be presumed that he was from that period on a frequent and welcome visitor at Sunnyside. The following, bearing no date, is an account of one of his visits to Mr. Irving.

After an illness of several weeks, I was tempted to ride out one fine day as far as Sunnyside. Went to the door, and told the servant-girl, "If Mr. Irving is engaged, do not disturb him. I only came out for a ride." "Walk in ; walk in," said Irving. He was in his library. "I am very glad you came. I was just finishing the last sheet of the third volume of the 'Life of Washington,'—fagging away at it without making any progress ; and I am very glad you came to drag me away from it." "But I was afraid I interrupted you." "Not at all, not at all." So, swinging his slouched hat over one eye, he motioned me towards the garden. We walked up by the brookside, through the glen, beside the pond, up on the upper bank through the garden, he talking all the while with great spirit and cheerfulness. I told him that I had read part of the "Life of Washington" to my children and they understood it. "Ah," said Mr. Irving, his face lighting up, "that's it: that is what I write it for. I want it so clear that anybody can understand it. I want the action to shine through the style. No style, indeed ; no encumbrance of ornament ; but I had a great deal of trouble to

keep the different parts together, giving a little touch here and a little touch there, so that one part should not lag behind the other nor one part be more conspicuous than the other. I felt like old Lablache when he was performing in a rehearsal of his orchestra (in 'Il Fanatico per la Musica'), bringing out a violin here, a clarinet there, now suppressing the trombone, now calling upon the flutes, and every now and then bringing out the big bass drum. So I have to keep my different instruments in play, not too low in one passage nor too loud in another, and now and then bringing in the great bass drum." It was at this time he gave me a little pot of ivy. This was just before my visit to Nova Scotia.

In 1852, when Mr. Thackeray first visited this country, it was Mr. Cozzens's good fortune to meet him at the "Century," and in time he came to know him quite intimately. He had a profound admiration not only for the man himself, but also for his genius; and it is to be regretted that the correspondence which he kept up with him at long intervals after his return to England has passed out of the possession of the family. In November, 1852, Mr. Cozzens arranged with Mr. Thackeray to give his lecture on "Charity and Humor" at the Lyceum, Getty House, in Yonkers, under the auspices of the Yonkers Library Association, and at the same time prevailed upon him to be his guest overnight and part of the next day at his country home. As a matter of literary curiosity, a reduced fac-simile of the show-bill announcing the lecture is here given :

Yonkers Library Association.

EXTRA LECTURE.

The Managers have the pleasure to announce that

W. M. THACKERAY, ESQ.

The celebrated author of "VANITY FAIR," "PENDENNIS," "THE NEWCOMES" &c.

WILL DELIVER A LECTURE AT THE

LYCEUM, GETTY HOUSE,

OR

FRIDAY EVE'NG, NOVEMBER 30,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Subject-"CHARITY AND HUMOR."

Tickets, Fifty Cents each,

Can be had in Yonkers, at the

Getty House, *At Mr. Beckwell's,*

At the Post Office, and at *Mr. Post's,* under the Library,

Also of either Member of the Committee, or of

Mr. C. C. Merchant, Treasurer, 287 Broadway.

Mr. F. S. Cozzens, Warren Street, opposite Rail Road Depot.

NO SEASON TICKETS ARE SUSPENDED ON THIS OCCASION.

Signed,

E. P. GETTY,

G. P. PUTNAM,

GEO. MAC ADAM,

JOSIAH RICH,

LECTURE

COMMITTEE.

It was the afternoon before the lecture that Mr. Thackeray was taken up to "Sunnyside" to call upon Mr. Irving, an account of which is given in the journal as follows:

In November, 1852, visited Sunnyside with Thackeray. The day inexpressibly balmy and beautiful. As we rode by the Hudson, Thackeray kept exclaiming, "This is very jolly!" "How jolly!" as view after view appeared. Irving was in fine spirits. Thackeray said, looking around the room, "I must take an inventory or note of the furniture, etc., so that when I write my book on America I shall be able to put all this in." "Oh," said Irving, catching at the joke, "you must not forget my nieces,"—introducing them again, with mock courtesy. "This is the one that writes for me: all my stories are from her pen. This young lady is the poet of the family. She has a collection of sonnets that will astonish the world by and by. Another niece of mine is up-stairs. She is the musician and painter,—a great genius, only she has never come out. I suppose I must show you my curiosities. These Moorish coins? I was riding through a field in Granada when they were ploughed up. Gave a trifle for them. The poor fellow that found them preferred current money. This fringe is from the sword-hilt of poor Boabdil. Here is a pair of spectacles that belonged to General Washington, and here is another pair that belonged to John Jacob Astor. I thought with Washington's and Astor's spectacles I might be able to see my way pretty clearly through the world."

In the conversation Thackeray said, "Willis asked me why I did not take notes of my visit. I was about to answer what I thought of such a liberty, when I remembered that he had done such things himself, and was silent." . . . "This little anchor was presented to me by some officer of the navy. It was made of the staple in the wall to which Columbus was chained."

When we rode down to Yonkers, Irving was to drive with us. He asked me to go home by the saw-mill river road. We did so. He was delighted to see this old familiar ground,—had not seen it for many years. Pointed out places of interest. "Some day," said he, "the trains will run screaming through this valley, but those old rocks will remain; improvement cannot remove them; they will be the same hundreds of years hence." At dinner we had for game bear's meat. "I will take some," said Irving. "I had no idea that bear had such a flavor of wine sauce" (cooked in a chafing-dish *à la venison*).

It was before the lecture that Mr. Cozzens invited Mr. Irving to take dinner at his home together with a few mutual friends. There is no record in the journal of this dinner outside of the meagre account in the foregoing extract, and of those who were present but few are now living. One of them recently writing concerning it says,—

"Some of the incidents are just as fresh in my mind as if the dinner had been given last month. I was taken out by Thackeray, and was at the host's right hand and opposite Washington Irving. There are but few survivors of that gay feast. I think I never appeared to greater disadvantage than I did seated next to the grand man. He evidently saw how ill at ease I was, and endeavored to interest me."

It was at the breakfast-table the next morning that a little incident occurred which will at once show the fund of humor Thackeray always had at his command. Mr. Cozzens's youngest child, not more than three years of age, espied the grapes on the table, and, turning to her mother, said, "Please, ma, may I have some gapes?" whereupon Thackeray turned to her, and, patting her head, said, "Ah, my little girl, you should have been at the lecture last night, and you would have had plenty of 'gapes.'"

Although Mr. Cozzens knew Dr. Holmes well, there is but the following fragment concerning a trip he made with him to Sunnyside:

Visited Sunnyside with Dr. Holmes. Irving: "I do not wish to arouse your suspicions, but I am in love with your school-mistress."

The following accounts of his visits to Mr. Irving do not need prefacing, and will tell their own story:

[*Without date.*]"—Why have you not been to see me?" "I have several times been tempted to do so, but feared I might interrupt you." "If you feel such a temptation, give way to it. If you meet a friend on your way, snatch him up and bring him with you. I have given up set dinners, but will always be happy to have you drop in and take pot-luck with us. If I am not there my 'daughters' will entertain you."

"Who writes those letters in the *Home Journal* over the signature of Barry Gray?" "A Mr. Coffin." "What is his full name?" "R. B. Coffin." "I am glad you told me. I wanted to know the full name, so that I would make no mistake, and pour the full measure of my contempt upon the right person," said Irving, excitedly. "He has stolen your style. I hate such literary pilferers! Look at that!"—with a mock expression of grief. He pointed to a sheaf of little notes of various colors twisted up at one end and stuck in a candlestick like a fan. "What are they? Requests for autographs. Sometimes I have a whole boarding-school at once." "Do you answer them?" "Oh, yes, I endeavor to. It is a great tax; but, still, it gives young people pleasure to have their letters answered."

"The Union,—yes, it is in danger: unprincipled politicians for their own purposes would tear it to pieces." He advised me to read Tuckerman's Biographies,—a charming book. I sat up nearly all night to read it. Tuckerman is a capital fellow. No, I have not yet read 'The Virginians,' but I know it is good. Ah, Thackeray understands our character. He is a better judge of character than Dickens. It must be good. When I was in Paris I began French by reading first and learning afterwards. Went into the heart of the matter, and studied the grammar afterwards.

"Matio was very careful of me. Would not let me stir out of his sight. Often cautioned me not to go into Granada at night alone, for fear I might be assassinated. I could not get rid of him. He would dog me everywhere. I had become acquainted with a Polish officer who had a pretty daughter. She used to sing beautifully and play on the guitar. Did not want Matio to go with me then. He would accompany me everywhere whether I would or no, so I used to watch my opportunity and steal off when I could. Many a pleasant evening I spent with these friends. Matio did not know of them, and I felt secure against his interruption. But the poor fellow had been on the lookout. One evening the door opened, and in walked Matio. I could never get rid of him after that."

[*No date.*]"—Went to Sunnyside with Colonel C—— and daughter. After tea Irving sat at the feet of Annie, a beautiful girl, and heard her sing a little song she learned of Matio. She and her father had spent six months in Spain. Old Matio, who had married his fourth wife, was as gay and lively as a boy. He taught Annie to dance the bolero, and this song:

Por esta calle me voy,
Por la otra doy la vuelta.
A la niña que me quiere
Me tenga la puerta abierta.
Olá, olá, olá, etc.

Irving made her sing it over and over again. Seated at her feet upon the steps of his piazza in the beautiful tranquil night, there was a touch of chivalry and romance that recalled his own Spanish and Moorish legends. He was delighted to find they were familiar with his old Spanish pictures. . . .

"Paulding had intended to write a life of Washington. It was a later

thought with him; but I had been collecting material for twenty years. When I conceived the idea of writing the life of Washington, it seemed to be a sort of duty. Yet his character suggested the idea of a statue: however you might admire it, you could not embrace it. But as I became better acquainted with the real life of the man, his constant untiring benevolence, I loved him more and more. In every private act of his life he was always a true pattern of sincerity, goodness, and benevolence. Harry Lee (Light-Horse Harry) was the son of his old sweetheart. How much Washington loved him for his mother's sake! How he patted him on the back when he had achieved any gallant deed! Wrote with his own hand a letter commending him to the government after the Paulus Hook achievement. There you could see the true nature of the man." (Little did Irving imagine that I was thinking less of Washington's early love than of his own.)

It will be seen by the foregoing extracts from the journal that Mr. Cozzens came to know Mr. Irving intimately, and greatly valued his friendship. For his genius he had the most profound admiration and extravagant praise; and the following letter written after Irving's death will be of interest as showing how he revered his memory and was zealous in guarding his reputation and perpetuating his fame.

73 Warren Street, Thursday.

MY DEAR MRS. MAC,—I always supposed that Irving was the acknowledged chief of American literature, except by a small, a very small minority; such cavillers are to be found everywhere. As a historian he has won a distinguished position. You will, no doubt, recollect that for "The Life of Columbus" he was presented with one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals awarded by George IV. for pre-eminence in this kind of composition, the other being presented to Hallam for his "Constitutional History of England." You may be sure that in this award King George had the verdict of the ablest men of the time; and if you will please recollect what contemporary literature was in those days, how great it was, how jealous it was of its own, then you can estimate the value of such a gift, not to an Englishman, but to an American. At the same time the University of Oxford, with its thirty colleges, presented him with a degree, the highest it could bestow. Oxford, that declined to admit Everett as a student, gave Irving its highest honor. But these may have been mere acts of partiality. I confess that I do not see the reason for such partiality. Perhaps the donors may have imagined Irving deserved them. I have alluded to these facts merely to define Irving's position abroad as a historian, and I think he is quite as well appreciated here. That he was eminently qualified for the task he undertook in later years I believe has rarely been denied. The exceptions have been by those least qualified to judge. If I should cite those who are entitled to speak knowingly, I might begin with Bancroft, run through all authors of repute, and end with detractors whose opposition is a "kind of fame."

I have often read Praed's poemlets. They belong to a minor school, ingenious, but not elevated. The house in which Shakespeare was born in Henley Street was owned by his father, John Shakespeare. That is still standing. The house he built for himself in a garden called New Place was pulled down for reasons you will find in the "Lift for the Lazy," written by a very clever lawyer, Mr. Griffin, and also for the reason that this worthy gentleman was much troubled by visitors; for the same reason he cut down the celebrated mulberry-tree. When I visited Stratford-on Avon I found that everybody could tell me where Shakespeare's home was,—that is, the house in which he was born,—but when I inquired for New Place, although I traced it up to the very walls of his garden, yet I could find no one to tell me about his own house and the mulberry-tree. And in this connection I may as well say that I put up at the Red Horse Inn, and the landlady was very proud to show me the poker with which Irving stirred the fire. So Shakespeare was of less repute in Stratford than Irving, and Irving is of less repute here than many another man, among a certain class. A prophet, etc.,—you know the old quotation.

While Mr. Cozzens had great respect for Mr. Bryant and frequently had occasion to meet him in connection with business and literature, there was not that feeling of mutual friendship which existed between Mr. Irving and himself. There are but few extracts in his journal concerning Mr. Bryant, which are given below, and which may pass without comment:

February 11, 1868.—Bryant told me an anecdote of Halleck. When Lord Derby's translation of the *Iliad* appeared, Halleck read it. "Ah," said he, "Derby has made a good translation of the *Iliad*, but has forgotten one thing: he has left out the poetry." . . . Showed me an envelope containing three pieces of poetry written for the *Evening Post*. The writer wanted some pay for them. What would be about their value? "You have no idea," said Bryant, "how many of these poems I have sent to me. They are tolerably good; but I cannot pepper the *Evening Post* with poetry. Besides, I am in that line of business myself, and, if need be, can furnish poems for nothing."

April 6, 1868.—Met Bryant in the park this noon. Asked him if Cooper derived any benefit from international copyright. He thought not, but advised me to go to Mr. Ivison, of Ivison & Phinney. Ivison married Cooper's daughter. "What of your Halleck address before the Historical Society, Mr. Cozzens?" "I told Ticknor & Fields I would write a preface to Halleck's poems if they would allow me to use materials in a sketch I made of Halleck twenty years ago, and I intended to use that for the Historical Society. They agreed to that. But General Wilson has got possession of the copy placed in Ticknor & Fields's hands." "Well, what will you do with the Historical Society? They would like you to undertake it, for you have delivered orations on Cooper and Irving. Halleck had no interesting events in his private history." (I, F. S. C., do not think so.) "I have a few anecdotes of him, and I do not think I can do better than what you have done. I have read your sketch of him, and it is very well done,—very well." I bowed, and Bryant bowed. "I can give you some material, only get up the address for the Historical Society. I could not use all my anecdotes of Halleck for one obituary, but I can give them to you. Shall I send them?" "Thank you, I will be very glad to have them."

January 16, 1869.—Called upon Bryant, and told him I had finished a work on versification, a hand-book that I had submitted to no one, for I wanted to be sure that what I had suggested in it was correct, and if he would do me the favor to examine it. He said that he did not like to read manuscript more than he could help; that he wanted to preserve his eyes; that he never had used spectacles, and never intended to; finally said, "but I will read your book." In speaking to him of it, I said, "The theory is based upon the genius of the English language, or rather I should say I have gone upon the principle that—" Here he interrupted me by saying, "I am glad you changed that word: 'based' is a bad word; 'founded upon' is English. By the way, your work ought to sell. If every poet in the country bought a copy, you would sell enough to make a little fortune."

February 1, 1869.—Two weeks later, called upon Mr. Bryant, and he gave me a list of emendations. He told me I must not work too many hours a day. For himself, he always stripped himself in the morning and took a full hour's exercise with the dumb-bells and the rods, followed by a cold sponge-bath. He said that by stripping you had the advantage of an air-bath as well as the bare exercise. He believed it was the secret of retaining youth, or the feelings of youth in old age. "I always," he said, "feel cheerful after it, in good spirits and in good temper,—that is, when I can keep my temper it assists me to do so."

On the evening of January 7, 1868, Mr. Cozzens was requested by a special committee appointed by the Executive Committee of the New York Historical Society to prepare a suitable record for the minutes on the death of Fitz-Greene Halleck, and wrote a brief sketch of his life, which was read by the librarian, Mr. Moore.

The allusion to Halleck in the foregoing interviews with Mr. Bryant led Mr. Cozzens to search for material for this address, and in his journal under date of April 21, 1867, is the following account of a brief interview he had with Halleck just prior to his death :

I heard from Bixby that Halleck was sick. Called upon him, and found him at B.'s hotel, convalescent after an attack of congestion of the lungs; his eye bright, his complexion clear, dressed in a pair of woollen drawers and socks lead-color, blue frock-coat, red worsted scarf, and hat on his head, for which he apologized in the most gentlemanlike manner. Said Bryant had called on him twice; felt complimented by it. Charlotte Brontë the greatest of modern English female writers. I said, "I have not yet read Jane Eyre." "I thank God," he said, "that I have so much the advantage of you." He disliked Tennyson for being unmanly; Thackeray also, both for want of chivalric feeling. Said Bryant had praised one of my essays,—an imitation of Lamb ("The Oyster-Eater"). "My first publisher failed. This deterred me from venturing upon a literary life, and placed me in the counting-room of John Jacob Astor."

An intellectual lady of New Haven said to him once, "Oh, Mr. Halleck, you should have been here last evening, Mr. Curtis" (G. W.). "gave us such a delightful lecture." "What was the subject, madam?" "Why, Sydney Smith." "Which Sydney Smith? There were two famous men of that name,—the hero of St. Jean d'Acre, and the wit, the clergyman." "Why, Mr. Halleck, I really forget which it was, the lecture was so delightful." The title of the lecture was Sir Philip Sidney.

The following extracts from the journal are simply literary gossip, and may be passed without note :

Christmas, 1857.—Dr. E. C. Ludlow to dinner with us. Told the following of Lord Byron. Some American gentlemen called upon him at Genoa. While waiting for him in the reception-room they heard him come into the room, his footsteps on the tessellated pavement distinctly marked as those of a lame person. Lord Byron entered, saluted them courteously, asked if there were any present from Virginia. Mr. Greenough, a Virginian, answered in the affirmative for himself. Lord Byron then asked how Tom Jefferson was, and alluded in a jocular way to his red breeches. He also asked particularly if they had any new book of Mr. Irving's. They had none. Byron said, "Have you read 'Bracebridge Hall'?" They had not. After praising the book, Lord Byron said, "I have a copy," and the next day sent it to their lodgings. While talking, Greenough endeavored to get a glimpse of Byron's foot. But in vain. Byron's eye always met him, and he endeavored in vain to look at it without being caught in the act. At last Greenough chanced to ask Byron if he had ever visited the island of Lemnos. "I suppose," said Lord Byron, "you asked me that because I remind you of Vulcan." Of course the conversation was of brief duration after this reply. Dr. Ludlow visited Newstead Abbey. Byron's grave is in this church. A poor town, full of silk-weavers. Byron's monument the only one. The sexton told Dr. Ludlow that Lady Ada called, merely looked at her father's tomb, and said, "Which way does his head lie?" Not another word. In a year after this the sexton buried Ada beside her father. Halleck told me the same story. Halleck told me Lord Byron said of Mitford that he had two qualities eminently fitting him to be a historian, namely, wrath and partiality. Halleck says Byron has gilded refined gold, painted the lily, and added a perfume to the violet in the fourth Canto of "*Childe Harold*." His Italy is all the old with the addition of the new poetry of Byron.

Drake and Halleck wrote many of the Croakers together. Before the papers went to press one or the other would suggest alterations in the lines. Halleck had committed nearly the whole of Campbell's poetry, admired it immensely, especially "*Hohenlinden*." Said of Sydney Smith, his style is so perfect you cannot substitute one word in place of one of his own without damaging the

force of the sentence. Always spoke of the New Zealand attorney with great glee. Halleck used to repeat a story of Tom Campbell's toast, "Napoleon, the executioner of publishers," with great gusto. Often related a story of Dr. Johnson taking his dinner in a dark room back of a bookseller's,—“not,” said Halleck, “because he was too shabby to dine at the table with the pubs, but because Dr. Johnson was a gentleman and would not associate with such company at table.” Did you ever see Stratford, that loveliest spot of English scenery? Is it not the very place in all England where Shakespeare should lie? Was he not fortunate to have such a spot to repose in? What is his monument in Westminster Abbey compared to that? Shakespeare's grave at Stratford, and one other thing, touched me most in all England. That was the burial of Tom Campbell. He died at Boulogne and was buried in Westminster Abbey. I was at the funeral. His pall-bearers were the Duke of Argyle, Earl Aberdeen, Lord — (of the Plantagenet branch), Lord Dudley Stuart (of the Stuart branch), Lord Morpeth, and Sir Robert Peel, England's greatest Commoner. These men, the proudest in all England, felt themselves honored to bear the pall of Campbell. When Washington Irving was introduced to Dr. Cogswell at Astor's table, Halleck said, “What do you think of Campbell, Irving? He is very full, is he not?” (of information). “Yes,” said Irving, “but it drops from him like whiskey from a private still.”

September 9, 1864.—Visited the Cooperstown grave-yard. Found there an inner square, with a picket fence, set apart for the Cooper family. The tombs of Cooper and his wife side by side.

Called upon the Misses Cooper. Very pleasant ladies. They have a sister, Mrs. Ivison, living at Irvington.

Cooper did not like Irving at first,—said he was the greatest — in all London,—but afterwards grew intimate and admired him. Cooper attempted to publish on his own account. The publishers and the press arrayed against him; the latter does not publish favorable notices (so J. I. told H.). It ruined Cooper. Cooper was all open, spoke out all he felt and all he knew. Irving very close-mouthed. Halleck could never get him to talk of his acquaintances in England, although he knew the greatest and best of them intimately. Did Willis get anything out of him? Not one word.

The editor, in closing this paper, would apologize for its incompleteness. It is difficult, after so many years, to throw around the characters with which this journal has to do, that personality which at the time made it of interest. If this paper should fall into the hands of any of the veterans in literature, they will doubtless read between the lines, and it will at least serve the purpose of calling to mind those “golden days” when literature held the promise of a successful future, and was marked by a dignity of style and an individuality of character that in its continuance would have won permanence and consideration from other schools. With other readers it will simply pass as literary gossip of the olden time, and may serve to quicken a comparison which, while it may not prove flattering, will at least be entertaining.

Arthur D. F. Randolph.

PUTTING ONE'S FOOT INTO IT.

THE Irishman who never opened his mouth without putting his foot into it must have led a very unhappy life. Mr. Darwin himself has noted in one of the most serious chapters of his "Descent of Man" the utterly disproportionate remorse and shame with which we recall our social slips. The social slipper (is that the proper noun?) pains not only himself but others also. It is only the disinterested third party who looks on and laughs.

Our path through life is thickly strewn with temptations to social slips. You abuse the Jews or the Catholics in a mixed company, and you find your interlocutor is a member of the religion attacked. You speak slightly of some one as puny and insignificant, and suddenly remember that your interlocutor is an even smaller man. You condemn divorce as immoral, and find you are talking to a divorcee. You make a clever joke about the Papacy and the apacy, and, lo! by the indignant flush on the fair creature's cheek you learn you have exercised your humor upon one of the "Apeas." You quote a funny epitaph upon a man who had five wives, and you don't know why your companion winces, until you find out that he is living with Number Six. Or, quite innocently and inadvertently, you give away your true estimate of the guests around your table,—like poor Mr. Norton, who, when Diarseli praised a particular wine, purred out, complacently,—

"Why, I have wine twenty times as good in my cellar."

"No doubt," said Dizzy, looking round the table, "but this is quite good enough for such *canaille* as you have got to-day."

There is a story, varied a thousand ways, of which the reader himself or some one of his friends has no doubt at some time or other been the unlucky hero. In its simplest form it may run as follows. At a public rout or assembly the hero asks a neighbor, "Who is that ugly girl over there?" or, "Who is that very offensive young man?"—whereat the neighbor hotly replies, "That is my sister," or "brother," or what not. The story is sometimes improved by the embarrassed querist stammering out, "Oh, I beg your pardon: it was very stupid of me, I ought to have recognized the resemblance." Or it may take the following form. A certain German songstress asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced how he liked her duet. "You sang charmingly; but why did you select such a horrid piece of music?"—"Sir, that was written by my late husband."—"Ah, of course; I did not mean— But why did you select such a cow to sing with you?"—"A cow! that is my present husband."

Or, again, another of its kaleidoscopic changes may be as follows. "Do you see that handsome gentleman over there, twisting his moustache?" said one woman to another to whom she had just been introduced. "He has been making eyes at me all the evening. Do you know who he is?"—"Why, yes, my dear; that is my husband."

But still again it may assume some such form as the following. A party of visitors were being escorted by the superintendent through a penitentiary; they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Goodness!" whispered one of the visitors, "what vicious-looking creatures! What are they here for?"

"Because they have no other home. This is my sitting-room, and these are my wife and daughters," was the overwhelming reply of the superintendent.

Almost as numerous are the variations of the following story. A millionaire railway king, dining at a friend's house, sat between two young ladies who raised their voices to a high pitch whenever they addressed him. Finally one of them shouted a commonplace remark, and then, in an ordinary tone of voice, said to the other, "Did you ever see such a nose in your life?" A light suddenly broke upon the millionaire's mind. "Pardon me, ladies," he said, "it is my brother who is deaf."

Here are two stories that inadvertently make sad revelations of conjugal infelicity. "You are sitting on my hat, madam," cried a gentleman.—"Oh, I beg your pardon; I thought it was my husband's." In the other instance a wife says to her husband, "I saw Mrs. Becker this morning, and she complained that at your last visit you were so rude to her she thought she must have done something to offend you." "Not at all," was the answer. "I like her very much; but the room was rather dark, and when I entered I thought it was you."

A lady, overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, took refuge in a store, where she employed the time in making some purchases. "You seem very quiet to-day," she said to the obliging salesman. "Yes, madam," was the reply. "Just look at the weather! What respectable lady would venture out of doors on a day like this?"

Here is another wet-weather anecdote. "You cannot go home when it is raining like this," said the obliging hostess to her visitor. "You had better stay and have dinner with us." "Oh, it is not quite so bad as that," was the hasty reply.

"Why did you delay sending for me until your husband was out of his mind?" inquired a pompous physician. "Oh, doctor," replied the wife, "while he was in his right mind he would not let me send for you."

"How many deaths?" asks another doctor, in attendance at a hospital.—"Nine."—"Why, I ordered medicine for ten."—"Yes, but one would not take it."

A gentleman who was known to be of a religious turn of mind was dancing a waltz with a young girl. "I see you do not object to round dances," said his partner. "Well," was the reply, "I do not object to dancing them myself, but I would not let my sister do so."

"I am very sorry," said another girl at a ball, "I am already engaged. I hope you are not very disappointed." "Oh, no; quite the contrary," was the hasty reply.

"I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late," said a gentleman to his hostess. "My dear sir, no pardons are needed," replied the latter, graciously; "you can never come too late." Which may be paralleled by the other story of the well-meaning youth who took his leave with the words, "Allow me to have the pleasure of bidding you good-night."

An ambassador once asked Prince Bismarck how he managed to end an interview. "Very easily," was the answer. "My wife knows pretty accurately when people prolong their visit beyond the time, and then she sends me a message that I am wanted." He had barely finished speaking when a footman knocked at the door and informed his master that the princess wished to speak to him. Of course the ambassador beat a hasty retreat at once.

Sometimes the offender commits a slip at his own expense, like the editor

who called his rival an unmitigated ass, and continued, "We advise our brother journalist to reform his stupid ways;" or like the boarding-house keeper who, when her pies were objected to on account of their toughness, severely replied, "Sir, I made pies before you were born."

Servants are proverbial for slips of an embarrassing nature. "Is Mr. Jones in?" asks a visitor, and the servant replies, "I don't know. I will go up and ask him." An English nobleman was on his wedding-tour in this country, with a wife many years his junior. The nobleman cautioned his valet to give evasive answers to any questions that might be put to him. Having stopped overnight at one of the leading New York hotels, he inquired of his valet next morning if he had been asked any questions. "Yes. They all wanted to know whether you were married."—"And did you give an evasive answer?"—"Yes. I told them you were not married, but were going to be in two weeks."

L'enfant terrible is even worse than the servant. "I should like to live next door to you," said a young hopeful to a crusty old bachelor.—"And why?"—"Because mother says you are next door to a bear." Visions of a domestic zoological garden were evidently floating through that youngster's mind. A little fellow was dining with a friend of his mother. "Charlie," said the hostess, anxiously, "can you cut your own meat?" "Can't I?" said the youngster: "I've often cut up quite as tough meat as this at home." "Mamma," says another youngster, at his own table, after gazing long and earnestly at the two guests of the evening, "which of these ladies was it you said was so ugly she'd stop a clock?" At his own table, again, another youth remarks, with a chuckle, "Mother's got all her best things on the table to-night,—ain't you, ma? and you needn't kick me under the table, neither. I hain't told a word about borrowin' the napkins."

The social slip most often takes the form of a left-handed compliment. General McClellan's feelings must have been sadly mixed at hearing himself saluted with, "General, I have long desired to meet you. I have always believed that you managed the army as well as you knew how."

"Now, Herr Lieutenant," said a young lady to a gallant German officer, "if you don't at once cease your flatteries, I will have to hold both my ears shut." "My adorable Fräulein," answered the officer, "your pretty little hands are far too small for that."

The harmony of a wedding-breakfast at which the bride sat with four of her sisters was rather disturbed by the blundering gallantry of a young farmer who toasted the bridegroom with, "Well, you have got the pick of the batch."

"I don't like big women," said a heedless gentleman to the young lady at his side at dinner. The lady bit her lip, and the gentleman suddenly remembered that she was unusually tall. Wishing to repair his mistake, he added, hastily, "I mean when they are young."

"And how did you amuse yourself at the Art Exhibition?" asked a German artist of a lady friend.—"Oh, very much; I admired no picture but yours."—"Really!" said the flattered artist, with a smile of approbation.—"Yes. There were so many people standing before the other pictures that I gave my whole attention to yours, to avoid the crowd." A similar compliment was paid to a clergyman by an old woman among his parishioners: "Oh, sir, well do I like the day that you preach."—"My good woman, I am glad to hear it. And why do you like the day when I preach?"—"Because when you preach I always get a good seat."

The blind Marquis of Seneterre, being much pleased with the opera of "Eneland," which caused a furore at Paris in the reign of Louis XV., asked his attendant who wrote it. "Monsieur Poinciset," was the reply. "I should like to speak with him," said the marquis. So Monsieur Poinciset was introduced to the blind nobleman, who said, with effusion, "My dear sir, accept my warmest thanks for the pleasure which you have afforded me: your opera is full of beauty, the music is delicious. But what a misfortune that you had to set it to such trashy words!" Now, unfortunately it was the libretto, and not the music, of which poor Monsieur Poinciset was the author.

A clergyman who was asked to marry a young couple in a country place where he happened to be staying was duly called upon to propose the health of the bride and groom at the subsequent breakfast. "To sum up all our wishes for the happy pair whom I have seen united this morning," said the clergyman, in concluding a neat little speech, "we cannot, I am sure, do better than express a desire that the result of their union may prove strictly analogous to that of the parents of the fair bride." Then there was a scene. The bride went into hysterics; the groom's eyes flashed angrily; everybody else colored and looked down. The clergyman wisely sat down and held his peace, wondering at the consequences of his compliment; but he soon found some one to enlighten him. She was not the daughter of the house, but a niece who had come there to live when her own father and mother were divorced.

William Shepard.

SOME PHYSIOLOGICAL REVELATIONS.

MANY secrets escape guessing because they are too familiar to be recognized. In the old fairy-tales, the enchanters hide themselves by assuming the guise of every-day, matter-of-course objects. Only an intelligent and independent eye sees the complex mystery lurking beneath the simple surface. To use the most hackneyed example, Newton proved his genius by wondering why the apple fell. The fool—the man of orthodox mind—travels from Dan to Beersheba and finds all barren. For thousands of years human beings have gone on getting fatigued and out of breath, and have never asked themselves what was the cause of their breathlessness and fatigue. What makes your muscles tired? Why, exerting them, to be sure! And why does one become breathless? Why, by losing one's breath. What could be more obvious?

But why does exertion produce weariness, and why do we lose our breath? There is no apparent logical necessity in these consequences, although at the first glance it seems as if there were. For all we can establish to the contrary, a muscle might continue to contract as long as the shaft of an engine continues to revolve; and as to breathlessness, when one comes to think of it, why should a quick run or a vehement exertion accelerate respiration and at length make it difficult or impossible? To breathe, we know, is necessary to life; physicians tell us it is because it brings oxygen to the blood, and oxygen is an essential of life. But why should the blood of a man in motion require more oxygen than that of a man at rest? We find ourselves answering in a circle, and at length declaring that things are as they are because they are so; and we are no wiser, only more puzzled, than when we began.

The more we examine the phenomena of exercise, in fact, the more inex-

plicable do they appear; and the practised athlete knows quite as little about the solution of the mystery as his sister who never was aware that she had a muscle in her body. He knows that certain muscles can be hardened by certain exercises, and that the tendency to breathlessness can be lessened by constant practice in deep breathing. He knows that a muscle fatigued beyond its wont will be "stiff" next day; but he cannot tell you what stiffness is in itself, nor why training removes the liability to stiffness. In short, you can ask him more questions in five minutes than he can answer in fifty years. He thought he knew; but he discovers, to his surprise, that the solutions he has been contenting himself with were simply restatements of the problem in different words.

This is quite a singular state of things; and our ignorance as to the esoteric philosophy of exercise has led to numberless contradictory and often injurious theories as to how exercise should be conducted. It is surprising, indeed, that we have not more often blundered into mischief than we actually have. Experience of various methods and habits of exercise has led us to prefer those that are uniformly followed by the best effects; but it is certain that many a youth, in his ambition to be athletic, has seriously injured his constitution, for lack of such knowledge as the study of a few hours or days would have given him; and many an elderly or middle-aged man has been restrained from benefiting by physical training, because he supposed that there was some peculiarity about elderly muscles which rendered any attempt to exercise them either useless or deleterious. The sage, therefore, who should rectify these errors, and, by telling us exactly what exercise really is, show us how in all circumstances to apply it to the best advantage,—such a sage is worth listening to. He has arisen, in these latter days, in the person of Fernand Lagrange, a French physician, still a young man, and himself thoroughly skilled and practised in athletics. An excellent translation of his book is to be found in Appleton's "International Scientific Series," under the title "Physiology of Bodily Exercise." It is a book that ought to be read by every college student, not to speak of the "Professors of Gymnastics;" and the libraries of athletic clubs should never be without it. It has more practical value than thousands of dollars' worth of gymnastic apparatus; and it can enable any one who reads it intelligently to maintain himself (barring accidents) in health and vigor as long as he lives.

M. Lagrange, moreover, writes in anything but a dry and abstract style. Technical terms are employed sparingly, and ten minutes' research in a dictionary will give the reader mastery over all of them. His statements of scientific fact are largely illustrated by concrete examples, based upon experiments either on himself or on his friends. The gradual unfolding of the principles he has established is managed in such a manner as to lead the reader on somewhat as he would follow the plot of a novel; and the beautiful accuracy and finish of the analysis constantly give pleasure. M. Lagrange is as frank as he is acute; he often calls attention to aspects of his problems which are as yet unsolved, which, but for this, would not have been noticed by his reader; and the results which he is able to formulate are not only important and in the main original, but they can be depended on. Nothing nearly so sound and valuable on the physiological side of exercise has been published for many years.

I have already said enough to send any one who is interested in healthy physical development—and everybody had better be interested in it—to the book; and of course I shall make no attempt here to give even an abstract of its contents. I will only give notice of a few of the more generally useful

features of the essay, and so recommend it to the intelligent consideration of our people.

Heat is the condition of bodily movement, and is produced by the combustion of the body's own materials. A given degree of heat is (theoretically) the mechanical equivalent of a given amount of work; much heat is, however, lost to work, and would greatly increase the temperature of the body, but that physical exertion sends the blood to the surface of the body, where it is cooled by the air, and the evaporation of perspiration helps to abate the temperature: so that, as a matter of fact, the body-temperature of a man at work is only one or two degrees centigrade higher than that of a man at rest.

Work does not produce heat; but heat produces work. Muscles numb with cold are temporarily paralyzed: heat causes in muscular fibres the first stage of contraction, or stores in it latent force. But if the heat rises above 45° C. the vital combustions affect the muscular tissues so profoundly that the muscle dies, and the overheated blood poisons the nerve-centres.

Oxygen is of capital importance in the bodily combustions. The materials of the combustions are twofold,—the alimentary substances introduced into the blood by digestion, and organic substances which form part of our bodies. The body can therefore work without food, but only at the expense of its own working machinery. Before the latter are attacked, however, an intermediate class of substances is made use of. These are known as *reserves*, and are the result of a kind of tribute daily levied on the food, and stored up in various parts of the body as in a savings-bank, to be drawn on when needed. They are chiefly fat and nitrogenous substances. As long as they last and can be renewed, the essential bodily tissues are safe. The oxidized compounds formed during combustions are the products of complete and of incomplete oxidation. Carbonic acid and water are the final stages of complete oxidation of hydrocarbon substances, and urea is the last stage of complete oxidation of nitrogenous substances. Of the products of incomplete oxidation, on the other hand, one of the chief is uric acid.

Now, the system, after work, retains the products of combustion (or dissimulation, as they are technically termed), and they are all injurious to life. An excess of them produces acute disease; but when present in moderation they are quickly and harmlessly eliminated by the proper bodily organs, such as the lungs, the kidneys, the skin, etc. The lungs remove carbonic acid, the kidneys urea, the skin lactic acid. But the products of dissimulation developed in a muscle by work tend to abate and finally destroy the contractile force of the muscle-fibres. This is one of the causes of what is called fatigue. Another cause is the numerous small lesions and frictions mechanically induced; and a third is the disturbance of the gray matter of the brain, due to overstimulus of its cells by excessive exertion of the will. From this cerebral element of fatigue it follows that work performed without the co-operation of the brain produces fatigue much more slowly than under the contrary circumstances, and that the most exhausting physical work is that in which the brain most intensely participates. Organic muscular movements, such as the heart-beat and respiration, which are entirely independent of brain and will, never determine the sensation of fatigue at all; and athletic exercises such as those of the trapeze and of balancing are so rapidly fatiguing as to exhaust vitality and become positively detrimental,—at least, until such skill has been attained as to render the intervention of the brain inconsiderable.

Let us now take a glance at the phenomena of breathlessness.

In every muscular exercise, the intensity of breathlessness is in direct ratio to the quantity of force expended in a given time. It is a general effect, as distinguished from muscular fatigue, which is a local effect. Its fundamental characteristic is increase of the respiratory need, to aerate the blood, that is, to give to venous the quality of arterial blood, by replacing by atmospheric oxygen the excess of carbonic acid which exertion has created. Carbonic acid, as we have seen, is a product of dissimilation; it is a poison, but so long as the lungs can easily eliminate it, it is harmless. When, however, excessive exertion generates the acid in quantities beyond the lung-capacity to dispose of, the incipient suffocation known as breathlessness supervenes. In other words, the cause of breathlessness is a kind of poisoning of the system with one of its own products of dissimilation,—an *auto-intoxication* by carbonic acid. The exaggeration of the respiratory movements in a man rendered breathless by muscular exercise is due to the imminence of the danger of intoxication (poisoning), and to the effort made by the organism for the speedy elimination of the poison.

There is the gist of the secret in a nutshell. Those who have given most thought to the subject will be the first to recognize its importance.

Muscular fatigue is chiefly caused by a poisonous product of dissimilation, uric acid, gradually eliminated by the kidneys. Breathlessness is chiefly caused by a poisonous product of dissimilation (carbonic acid) eliminated rapidly by the lungs. These two facts form the nucleus of M. Lagrange's essay, and from them he develops his discussion of Overwork and Repose, of Habituation to Work, of the Different Exercises, of the Results of Exercise, and of the Office of the Brain in Exercise. I feel that a rapid and partial summary such as I have given is liable to give an unjust impression of a work especially marked by breadth of scope and careful accuracy of detail. But that will not matter, if I have stimulated the reader to correct his impression by going to the volume itself.

Julian Hawthorne.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

BEFORE the commencement of Queen Victoria's reign, Shakespeare's birthday was commemorated in a fashion perfectly Shakespearian and reminiscent of those merry Bidford days when the young poet was sowing his wild oats. These honors a cynic would divide into three parts,—dining, wining, and toasting; each one of which is an attribute firmly rooted in the English character.

When sixty years ago the goblets rose to the toast of "The King," Edmund Kean was the absolute regent of the British stage. In April, 1829, a Commemoration was held in the Shakespeare Hall at Stratford-on-Avon, at which this great tragedian was to have been present, to respond to the toast of "The Drama," the reputation of which he so worthily upheld. Mr. Kean, however, at that time was seriously indisposed, so he had to forego the pleasures of the table furnished by that historical personage, mine host of the Falcon. The toast of "Mr. Kean and the British Stage" was therefore replied to by Mr. Raymond, an actor of some note in those days, and manager of the Stratford-on-Avon Theatre for many years. When Edmund Kean had recovered, he visited Shakespeare's town in October, 1829, and was presented with a medal by his admirers there.

At the festival in question, two hundred and seventeen persons sat round the festive board, and thus in a measure anticipated the wish of Leigh Hunt, that Shakespeare's birthday should be made the subject of public rejoicing, that the regular feast should be served up in the tavern and dwelling-house, that the bust of Shakespeare should be crowned with laurel, and that the theatre should sparkle with illuminations.

For more than a century the festival programme has been cast in the same groove. No doubt Garrick's Jubilee festival of 1769 was the cause of this rigid adherence to one fixed rule. So great a representative of Shakespearian characters was entitled to the profound respect of the Stratford-on-Avon people, and thus on each birthday the same performance has been gone through. At an early hour the bells of the collegiate church rang a merry peal. Flags waved over the principal buildings. Pieces of cannon planted on the banks of the Avon shook the town with their thunders; though Shakespeare's connection with the military is not quite clear at first sight. A procession, headed by a band, paraded the streets; and last, but by no means least, came the "regular feast" of which Leigh Hunt spoke in such glowing terms.

In the year 1835 a theatre was erected on a portion of Shakespeare's Garden in Chapel Lane, at a cost of twelve hundred pounds. The play at the opening performance was "*As You Like It*," and the theatre was graced on that occasion by the presence of the celebrated Mrs. Nesbitt. A masquerade of Shakespearian characters, in which most of the leading theatrical and literary lights of the day took part, was one of the features of this year's birthday. Mr. George Jones, a well-known New York actor, also made the acquaintance of Stratfordians during that year.

It was usual in the thirties, forties, and fifties for persons of the highest standing to pay their tribute to the shrine of Shakespeare on his birthdays as they came round. The names of Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, J. Payne Collier, Cowden Clarke, William Howitt, J. Halliwell-Phillipps, Macready, and other Shakespearian idolaters are on record as being present at Commemorations; and the journey to Stratford in the thirties and forties was much longer and more tedious, by stage-coach, than it is now, by train,—and yet now, curious to relate, there is no such thing as a Shakespearian festival.

A unique Commemoration was, however, held in what Edmund Burke called "*The Toyshop of Europe*," in 1848. It consisted of a performance of "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," with the leading parts allotted as follows:

<i>Sir John Falstaff</i>	MR. MARK LEMON.
<i>Justice Shallow</i>	MR. CHARLES DICKENS.
<i>Slender</i>	MR. JOHN LEECH.
<i>Ford</i>	MR. JOHN FORSTER.
<i>Page</i>	MR. F. STONE.
<i>Dr. Caius</i>	MR. D. COSTELLO.
<i>Dame Quickly</i>	MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.
<i>Mrs. Ford</i>	MISS FORTESQUE.

Shakespeare indeed might feel himself not forgotten with a play of his interpreted by such a cast.

From that date till the Tercentenary in 1864 the Commemorations were of no especial merit. It is true that the Kembles, Charles Kean, and Macready did from time to time visit Stratford-on-Avon in honor of the playwright whom

they interpreted; but the actual birthday festivals were neither so brilliant nor so well honored as they deserved to be. It was simply the regular feast, presided over by the mayor of the day, followed by orations in praise of the genius of Shakespeare, more or less graceful and worthy of the occasion. Once or twice during that period an attempt was made to revive an interest in the event by adding the pageant element to it, in imitation of Garrick's design, but the result was not so satisfactory as could be wished.

In recent years perhaps the most successful and brilliant Shakespearian Commemoration was that given on the poet's birthday, in 1879. On that day the present Memorial Theatre was opened with much pomp and circumstance. Strictly observing the time-honored rule, "the regular feast" was served up, not at the Falcon, but at the less poetic town hall. The guests were numerous, a bright particular star among them being Lady Theodore Martin, the Helen Faucit of Macready's days. After the dining and the wining and the toasting came the true commemoration of Shakespeare's genius; and it is impossible to commemorate a genius like his better than by a praiseworthy representation of his works.

Birthday festivals should be unassociated with tragedy and its attendant gloom: that is doubtless why the play chosen was "Much Ado about Nothing," in which the humor is so many-sided. Renouncing for a moment the dramatic periods of Colley Cibber, Barry Sullivan brought out the many humorous traits in the character of Benedick; and the exquisite sarcasm, disdain, and delicacy of Beatrice were excellently limned by Helen Faucit, whose by-gone histrionic charm seemed to be revived. The gentle Hero was beautifully played by Miss Wallis.

An original epilogue, full of quiet and graceful allusions to the genius of Shakespeare, was written by the late Dr. Westland Marston, and spoken by Miss Kate Field. The closing lines ran,—

Therefore to Avon's banks, where oft he fared
In boyhood, where his willing steps repaired,—
Life's glorious toil fulfilled,—to-day we come,
In the man's birthplace raise the Poet's home,
And give him here (though wide as earth his fame)
A local habitation and a name.

The searcher of records would find that the Commemoration of 1879 was the last attempt to make a public observance of Shakespeare's birthday. It is true that each year the event is remembered by the giving of a series of performances—more or less Shakespearian, and generally less—in the Memorial Theatre; but the regular feast, the bands, flags, processions, and cannons, are all things of the past, and Leigh Hunt's hopes are now no longer realized.

Shakespeare's birthday is a day that should undoubtedly be remembered, not merely by the good burghers of Stratford-on-Avon, who, to do them justice, are desperately loyal to their townsman, though rather somnolent, but by the wearers of the rock and buskin in London. If Mr. Irving and the lesser stars of the stage would once a year on the poet's birthday adjourn to Stratford for the purpose of performing there, they would not only be doing honor to Shakespeare, but would also be honoring the British theatre. Shakespeare-lovers in America—and their name is legion—would welcome this as the occasion for a special visit to his shrine at Stratford-on-Avon.

George Morley.

"DOES COLLEGE TRAINING PAY?"

ONE can scarcely avoid the feeling that an apology is due the public for bringing forward a question so long in debate. Just when it was first asked, it is impossible to tell; but we may safely assume that its appearance was not long subsequent to the birth of the first institution which claimed, in early ages, the relative position of the college of to-day. Nor does the future promise its speedy settlement. It will be asked, and it must be answered, until the time shall come, if it *does* come, when college training shall be as much a matter of course among intelligent people as common-school education is at present.

It is not the purpose of this paper to consider the matter exhaustively, but to review briefly some of the objections urged by a contributor to the November issue of this magazine. If the arguments there presented be valid, one would certainly be warranted in concluding that the training given by the average college is superficial, unpractical, and suited to impede, rather than aid, its recipient. But are the arguments valid?

We are told, in the first place, that a series of questions addressed to men engaged in the work of prominent railroad corporations and other lines of business and commerce brought out the fact "that the college-bred man is, in business, an exception to his fellows," and that many leading business-men prefer to employ those who have grown up in business rather than those who have been educated in college. "This," says the writer, "is a surprising exhibit, and seems to indicate that the value of college training is not appreciated by men actually engaged in those lines of occupation which make the business interests of the country what they are."

Now, so far from being a surprising exhibit, is not this just what any one should be prepared for by a comprehensive view of the situation? The number of college graduates is so small in comparison with the whole population that it is a physical impossibility for the college-bred man to be anything else than an exception in the lines of business indicated. The college does not, as yet, claim to impart the faculty of omnipresence. That there are, however, highly honorable occupations in which he is not an exception, we shall show further on. It is not strange, either, that many business-men can be found who choose not to employ college graduates. We find in all lines of industry men who neglect or refuse to do various other things generally accepted by intelligent people as reasonable and profitable. Many have had no occasion to test the capability of college men and are naturally slow to try what is, to them, an experiment. Others, perchance, have employed a graduate deficient in industry or honesty or unsuited to the special work in hand, and have come to the very natural, but very illogical, conclusion that the fault was in the college training. It ought to be understood, once for all, that no college can furnish any absolute guarantee that it will make an honest man of a knave, an industrious man of a sluggard, or a successful business-man of one whose tastes and aptitudes are firmly set in some other direction. There can be no doubt that these very things are accomplished in a great many cases, but it is no discredit to the college that it is not always done.

On the other hand, it is very easy to find men, in all important lines of

business, who will uniformly give the preference to college graduates, other things being equal. One of the great flour-men of the Northwest, when seeking a college graduate for his service, expressed to the president of the school an emphatic preference for "men who have done good work in Latin and Greek," knowing from experience that the general mental discipline imparted by the careful study of these languages will render the mind easily adaptable to the special lines of duty required. Any college president can cite instances of this kind, and the testimony of one such man is more weighty than that of dozens who have not had sufficient experience with college men to warrant a safe conclusion. It is not necessary to deny that college men sometimes go into business with "too much to forget." It is not the least of the advantages of college training, however, that it does much toward teaching one how to forget. The man who never knows how and what to forget is generally found in the ranks of those who have never learned. An examination, too, will show that that which an occasional graduate must forget, in order to succeed in business, was not acquired in the class-room. Ten chances to one it will be something which he brought to college when he first entered and which his teachers have urged him again and again to discard.

To a college man, the perennial worry over the fate of the poor helpless student turned adrift in the cold world with a crushing weight of Latin and Greek upon his shoulders is a source of considerable amusement. The question what becomes of him would have given the writer less trouble if he had turned to the alumni records of some of our leading colleges, or to statistics which may be found in almost any large library. Before giving a *positive* answer, however, it is well to note the significant *negative* fact that you can almost never find one who is a tramp or an inmate of a poor-house. If their education renders them unfit for practical business life, their absence from such situations is not easily explained. True, one "occasionally turns up on the front platform of a street-car;" but even then we should not lose sight of the fact that he is a *driver*, and not a "hanger-on." The occasion is so rare, however, that the daily newspapers, those inveterate scoffers at college education, devote about as much space to its consideration as is thought adequate for the appearance of a comet or an eclipse. What is this but the strongest kind of evidence that the vast majority of college men find employment on a higher level? Verily the wrath of their enemies shall be made to praise them.

There lies before the writer a general catalogue containing a brief account of all the men who have graduated from a certain college since its foundation. This school has devoted much attention to the education of students for the ministry. As a consequence, about one-third of its graduates are engaged in that profession; and their average standing in moral character, ability, and usefulness is such as to reflect credit upon the institution at whose hands their training was received. About one-sixth of the whole number are engaged in mercantile pursuits, one-sixth in legal, and one-sixth in teaching. Of the remaining sixth, the majority are farmers. Medicine, journalism, civil engineering, and a number of other pursuits are represented. The number not positively known to be engaged in some useful and honorable calling can be counted upon the fingers of a single hand. The relative number of farmers is small, because the farming-classes are not yet awake to the value of a trained mind in their own line of work. Whenever they shall become so, the average production of American farms will cease to fall so far short of its possibility.

The graduates of the school mentioned are surely not in need of pity, and no college with a record of this character will be discomfited when questioned as to the fate of its alumni. But it may be objected that this is an exceptional case. Let us consider some facts more general in their bearing.

Professor Fellows, of Iowa, found by a careful study of statistics that about one-half of one per cent. of our adult male population are college graduates. He then ascertained that of the President, Vice-President, Cabinet officers, Senators, and Representatives of the United States *fifty-eight* per cent. have been college graduates. His investigations also proved that in many other vocations in which success is regarded as especially honorable college men have enjoyed a similar advantage. And yet we are continually asked to believe that college training unfits a man for the practical affairs of life!

Mr. McAnally has certainly erred in his statement that the Report of the Commissioners of Education for 1884 and 1885 gives the number of graduates from collegiate departments in 1884 as only 869. Turning to page 670 of the Report quoted, we find in Part I. of Table XV. a statement of degrees conferred by universities and colleges, excluding professional schools and schools for the higher education of women. By footing up the columns there given it will be seen that the schools from which information was obtained conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon 2665 candidates, and the degree of Bachelor of Science upon 884, making a total of 3549 graduates in these two courses. These footings include no degrees given for post-graduate work, and the cases in which the degree of Bachelor of Science was given for commercial, normal, and similar courses have been deducted. So the statement that "over seven thousand five hundred dollars are expended to graduate a student" needs considerable modification. But suppose the total expense divided by the number of graduates *were* seven thousand five hundred dollars, is it fair to say that this amount is spent "to graduate a student"? Shall no account be taken of the many who complete only a portion of the course? Shall we ignore the fact that the laboratories of our colleges furnish to instructors in science material for original research which again and again leads to discoveries of incalculable benefit to society? Is the value of the college library to the poet, the historian, the economist, the preacher, of no moment to the outside world? Shall we overlook the work done in post-graduate courses? Does the college deserve no credit for elevating the moral and intellectual tone of the whole community in which it is situated? Let us render to *Cæsar* the things that are *Cæsar's*.

The mathematical calculation by which Mr. McAnally attempts to show that a certain school requires its students to master an average of sixty pages per day rests upon suppositions which will not bear examination. In the first place, some of the subjects mentioned require no text-book work at all; in some cases more than one subject is included in one book, and in a large majority of the studies only a portion of the book is assigned. If there is any school in which these modifications are not true, it is so utterly at variance with the general rule as to be worthless in an argument. Thus it will be seen that the attempted *reductio ad absurdum* has located the absurdity in a spot manifestly not intended by its author. It may be freely admitted, however, that the curriculum is often overcrowded. This is, in part, a result of the rapid development of the physical sciences during the present century. New and useful branches of learning are continually knocking at the college doors, and it is hard to refuse admission. It is not strange that a reasonable limit should occasionally be passed. Improved

methods of teaching will make room, to a certain extent, for necessary additions; but the work of mapping out a college course will never again be so simple as it has been in the past.

The suggestion that college graduates "imagine that the sum total of human knowledge is theirs, and that the world is at their feet," is a fair sample of a style of criticism much indulged in by a certain class of newspapers, but we are sorry to see it employed by any one who writes seriously. It is perfectly true that no college will refuse a diploma because the applicant is conceited; but it is very doubtful whether any effect of college education is more uniform than the impression which it leaves in the mind of the student of the vastness of that which is still unknown in comparison with the knowledge which he has been able to attain.

The charge that "most of our colleges are from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty years behind the times" is based upon a very common misconception of the true function of a college. If it were true that the mere accumulation of facts is of more importance to the student when he enters the work of life than a mind trained to use facts, a thorough revision of the ordinary college course would be necessary. Considered simply as a fact, the knowledge that "all Gaul was divided into three parts" in the time of Cæsar, or that Cyrus was slain at Cunaxa, is of little use in making a good bargain or in managing an electric railroad. But there is another side to the question, which our colleges will hardly ignore, merely to avoid the charge of being behind the times. The belief that a disciplined mind is the greatest benefit which any system of education can hope to bestow has so far triumphantly held its own in all our best colleges. The value of Latin and Greek as instruments of discipline is attested by centuries of experience, and these languages will maintain their ground until something else can show a better title. Any scheme of education which rejects disciplinary studies as "useless luggage" will be very apt to fall into the evil which Mr. McAnally charges against the present system. It will leave the mind of the student "in the condition of the old-fashioned attic lumber-room, full enough of all sorts of things, but piled in so hurriedly that it is impossible to find any needed article without overhauling the whole."

There is an open field for various classes of schools entirely different in character and purpose from the ordinary college. Special lines of study are desirable for many who lack the opportunity or the inclination to secure a liberal education. No college man will deny that the training which they do receive is very much better than no training at all; but when the choice lies between that and six or seven years of study in a well-equipped academy and college, there will ever be a large number who will not hesitate to choose the latter. It is the substantially universal testimony of those who have made this choice in the past that college training pays. If this were not true, we should scarcely see so many millions of dollars invested in college endowments. The keen business instinct which pervades American life will abolish the college whenever it ceases to be useful.

W. H. Johnson.

BOOK-TALK.

SOME LECTURES ON EVOLUTION.

There are few subjects of thought talked of more familiarly at the present day than evolution, and probably none more ignorantly. In fact, the theory of evolution, as ordinarily administered by its advocates, is given in heroic doses, beyond the digestive capacity of most readers, and with little of sugar-coating to render the pill palatable. It is not surprising, therefore, that the ideas entertained concerning it are somewhat cloudy, and the discussions upon evolution which may be heard upon every side are more amusing than edifying to those familiar with the subject. It is only within recent years that an effort has been made to popularize this notable doctrine of modern science. Spencer has been boiled down to a ten-per-cent. decoction by one of his disciples, and the pith of his ponderous tomes bound within a single volume; Darwin has similarly been brought within reach of the every-day intellect; and now there comes before us a volume ("Evolution: Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Society") in which the whole subject is treated by capable writers in a distinctly popular vein, and the scope, purpose, and proof of the theory of evolution made clear and easy of apprehension. This work embraces a series of popular lectures, dealing with the various applications of the evolutionary hypothesis, necessarily with great brevity, for the child is already too big to be comfortably cradled in a single volume, yet with sufficient detail to give a fair general idea of the subject to readers who lack the time and the taste for a plunge into its deeper mysteries.

The lecture method is not the best for the treatment of such a topic. This method has its virtues, to be sure, but it has its faults as well, and these in the present case are accentuated by the fact that there are thirteen separate authors, some of them very well, some of them rather poorly, fitted by nature for the treatment of such a theme. The work in question, therefore, has numerous breaks in style, handling, and fulness of treatment, and, while it may be just the thing for those who dislike monotony, it is not so well suited for those who desire the fullest and best presentation of the evolution theory. It has, however, the merit of covering the whole subject, which few works pretend to do. Evolution is considered with reference to the development of astronomical conditions, of geological relations, of the mysteries and miseries of plant and animal life, of the "descent of man" (or rather the ascent of man from the lower life kingdom), and the several topics of mental, social, theological, and moral unfoldment, ending with lectures on the proof and the philosophy of evolution, and its promise for the future of man and the universe.

An ambitious scheme, truly, yet one that is as fully handled as it could well be in a volume of four hundred pages. The theory of evolution, indeed, is not, in its underlying principle, the mystery which much debate has made it appear. It is a simple and comprehensive philosophy of the universe, based on the assumption that everything has grown, nothing has been made, that there has been a gradual unfoldment from form to form, from germ to maturity, and that in the primal state of diffused matter lay the seed of cause which the existing universe has developed as a necessary effect. The opposite view to this is that

of special creation, of the direct production by God of new forms and conditions as nature seemed to be ripe for them. Between these two theories all must choose, though indeed there is a harmonizing intermediate view maintained by some of the writers of this volume. This is that God has not played the rôle of an occasional creator,—the watch-maker of Paley,—but has been the constant and essential influencing cause of all evolution, the soul of the universe, the inherent Will and Intelligence to whose wisdom and power all things are due. This is pantheism, perhaps, but it is the view of Deity which many seem inclined to take as the sole common ground on which theology and science can meet. On the whole, this work may be recommended as a compact and interesting exposition of the general subject of evolution, and as a useful preliminary aid to those who may desire to pursue the subject further.

Charles Morris.

OUR CHRISTIAN HERITAGE.

People who imagine that Cardinal Gibbons's new book, "Our Christian Heritage,"—very inadequately published by John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore,—is controversial in character, and who expect to find it a kind of Pandora's box full of polemical fireworks, will be disappointed. It is an *apologia* for Christianity,—a statement of the reasonableness of Christianity. Cardinal Gibbons holds that the teaching of Christ cannot conflict with the truths of pure reason. He teaches that the appearance of contradiction between reason and religion is due to the dogmas of Christianity not having been clearly explained, or to the taking of mere opinions as if they were the final dictum of reason. Unlike most theologians, the cardinal neither speculates nor disguises his meaning in technical words. He speaks to the great modern world, not to any sect; he speaks as St. Paul might have spoken to a world in doubt,—to a world which is rapidly losing sight of those fundamental teachings of Christianity that, sixty years ago, most men in our world accepted as a matter of course.

The cardinal, with admirable insight, takes nothing for granted: he is not afraid to admit facts and to make assertions that, to some, may seem almost audacious. In the chapter on the divinity of Christ, one of the strongest in the book, he says that agnostics, positivists, unbelievers, and semi-believers all admit the moral perfection of Christ. Nevertheless, consistency and a little consideration would bring them to see that they must accept Christ as God or admit that he was not even an honest man. "His words evidently left the impression on the minds of the multitude that He claimed to be God. He was conscious of this impression, yet He said naught to remove it. On the contrary, He accepted the homage of their adoration. If Christ therefore were not a divine being, He would be guilty of an unpardonable assumption and impiety." Christ was divine, the cardinal reasons, or he was a monster of hypocrisy. The cardinal leaves his reader no escape from one conclusion or the other, and presses him very hard.

It is refreshing to find so many urgent questions frankly answered by a man whose position gives his dicta full authority, and also to hear Christianity preached with no uncertain voice, at a time when its defenders have less unity than they ever had. The cardinal does not minimize any doctrine held by Christians who have not departed from the fundamental beliefs of Christianity. "No good prayer ever goes unanswered," he says. "If a single drop of water

is never annihilated, still less is the faintest aspiration of prayer uttered in vain."

The cardinal's *apologia* is straightforward, manly, gentle, and permeated with a spirit of "sweet reasonableness." Goethe's testimony in favor of Christianity does not count for much, but if the cardinal's illustrations do not always strengthen his argument, it is perhaps because his argument is strong enough without them.

Maurice F. Egan.

PEN DRAWING.

It is so seldom that art books are of literary importance that one accords a signally hearty welcome to Mr. Joseph Pennell's "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen" (Macmillans). The exceeding elegance of the mechanical finish of this book is in no way a whitewashing of its contents. It is only fitting that a subject of such supreme artistic and such significant literary interest should have a setting so sumptuous. Again, it is fortunate that the work should have been written by one so admirably equipped for the task as Mr. Pennell. All that he says in his introductory remarks concerning the worthlessness of the art criticisms which commonly emanate from laymen, is felt to be wholly just. Here, however, we have the judgment of an artist upon a branch of art in which he has himself attained to the degree of mastership. It is not so long ago that the successful painter scoffed at pen drawing, or ignored it. Now there is no one so blind or perverse as to disregard the art of illustration with pen and ink. By many artists, indeed, it is even held to be a test of the quality of drawing that one can, if he will, excel as a pen draughtsman. To be sure, the handsome reward for the work of the illustrator, with the consequent large and increasing demand for it, keeping pace with the expansion of illustrated journalism and the competition in the issue of "gift-books," has been the potential factor in the development of the art. The cheapness and comparative perfection of the mechanical processes of reproduction have had also much to do with the professional cultivation and popular appreciation of pen drawing.

Mr. Pennell's volume is very comprehensive. It is at once a history of the art and an estimate of the work of each distinguished artist. No familiar name is missed, albeit the natural modesty of the author has led him to slur his own claims. But Parsons, Abbey, Railton, Sandys, Frost, Eaton, Mars, Scott, Casanova, Fenn, and all the goodly company of draughtsmen at home and abroad, whose skilful sketches have charmed us, are adequately represented. We repeat that the volume is in workmanship superb, in literary interest unique, and of singular authority and artistic import.

Melville Philips.

"Marooned." By W. Clark Russell. London, Macmillan & Co.

It is strange that Mr. Clark Russell never grows tiresome, though his method of writing has every element of tiresomeness. He is bold, honest, commonplace, and he is conscious of the last quality. His hero and heroine are always the same people with different names. She is one of those ineffable creatures who used to go through damp dungeons and thorny woods in a white satin gown; in fact, she is the British tar's idea of a perfect lady,—abnormally delicate, yet capable of helping to make plum-duff on the usual desert island. The sea, with the adventures with which Marryat made us familiar, is Mr. Clark Russell's theme. He loves it so well and he writes in such good spirits that we shall continue to read over and over again about his stereotyped hero and heroine. As

the *London Times* said of Anthony Trollope's first novel, "*Marooned*" is, in a literary sense, "substantial and a trifle coarse." But who does not turn with a relish from *entrées* to comfortable roast beef at times?

"*Sant' Ilario.*" By F. Marion Crawford. London, Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Crawford has imitated Thackeray's example and those experiments which caused Trollope so much grief when he had in the course of them to kill a favorite character: he has put the old Prince Saracinesca, his son, and the Diana-like Corona into a new book, with some of their old acquaintances. To people who find very unscientific philosophical novels somewhat wearisome, there is no better relief than the work of W. E. Norris or Mr. Crawford. It is delightful to read the novels of men who seem to have made up their minds on some important questions. Tolstol and the other Russians, the new god Ibsen, and even our own Henry James, are too loose-ended for comfort. They are always vaguely showing us that most things that are not wrong are very unsettled. As for George Meredith, great as he is, there is no comfort in holding on to the side of his Irish jaunting-car and being jolted over the stones of his style. In "*Sant' Ilario*" the conservative reader will find much ease of mind; he will find, too, enough plot to keep his interest alive, and a scene or two, like that between Faustina and her father, which will stir his blood. Unfortunately, he will learn to despise Giovanni a little for doubting Corona, who, like nearly all Mr. Crawford's leading women, has that quality which novelists seldom picture well,—perfect distinction. Moreover, the conservative reader will find Rome and the Romans pictured as they are, and Mr. Crawford's sympathy with men and women of a noble and old-fashioned type—which some day may become again the fashion—gives him a unique place among modern makers of fiction. It is a bold thing to say of Crawford, for the reason that no English critic has yet said it, what has been often said of Norris; and yet "*Saracinesca*" and "*Sant' Ilario*" deserve to be put on the same shelf with "*The Virginians*," and not more than one shelf below "*The Newcomes*" and "*Vanity Fair*."

"*Nero. A Romance.*" By Ernst Eckstein, author of "*Quintus Claudius*." New York, W. S. Gottsberger & Co.

Eckstein has not the power of his compatriot Ebers, although he is of the same school, and, like Ebers, he fails in elevation. No matter how heroic, how noble an act may be, or how low or malicious, it is invariably inspired by what the writers of the last century call "the tender passion."

Nero, according to Eckstein, became a monster through disappointed love: if his mother had permitted him to divorce Octavia and to marry Acté, who seems to have professed a very plastic kind of Christianity, the cruel Nero would have become a clement Augustus. If Suetonius's stories of the divine Nero be true, and not bits of gossip taken from the "society" paragraphs of old Rome, Nero's disappointment in love was more potent for evil than such disappointments generally are. Eckstein connects, on competent authority, the philosopher Seneca with one, at least, of the leaders of the early Christians; he takes the usual dramatic licenses, and manages to keep up an intense interest in the evolution of his principal character. Nero and Acté die together in the end, and we are made to feel that, even if he did burn a few hundred fellow-creatures for his amusement, his constant love for the amiable Acté condoned the doings of this gentle and misguided emperor. Clara Bell's interpretation is in good English.

NEW BOOKS.

[The readers of LIPPINCOTT's will find in this department, from month to month, such concise and critical notice of all noteworthy publications, of which extended reviews are not given elsewhere in the magazine, as will enable them to keep in touch with the world of new books.]

History and Biography.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, by John Bigelow (American Men of Letters Series, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Mr. Bigelow was associated with Bryant for many years in the conduct of the *New York Evening Post*, and his compendious sketch derives from this fact an obvious interest and added value. It is designed for readers who have not the time or stomach for Mr. Godwin's elaborate biography.—THE LIFE AND WORK OF JOHN WILLIAMSON NEVIN, D.D., LL.D., by Theodore Appel, D.D. (Reformed Church Publication House).—A portly volume, but none too big. In his day Dr. Nevin was admittedly the ablest expounder of the system of theology to which he consistently and conscientiously adhered. The present work is a praiseworthy record of his long and distinguished career as teacher and polemic.—DR. MUHLENBERG, by W. Wilberforce Newton, D.D. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).—This third volume in the new series of American Religious Leaders invites a comparison, both of subject and of treatment, with its predecessors, the monographs on Jonathan Edwards and Wilbur Fisk. But a comparison is hardly possible. Muhlenberg might be said to occupy a rank as a theologian considerably below that conceded to Jonathan Edwards and considerably above that held by Wilbur Fisk. But he wrote better hymns than theology, and his services as a practical Christian in extending the sphere of usefulness of the Church deserve the exaltation they get at the hands of Dr. Newton.—HISTORY OF UTAH, by Hubert Howe Bancroft (The History Company, San Francisco). To those who are acquainted with the monumental literary work building by Mr. Bancroft, it is only necessary to say that the present volume is written in Mr. Bancroft's customary peculiar style. Those who do not know what that is should make haste to inform themselves concerning one of the most remarkable undertakings of the age. This history of Utah is virtually a story of Mormonism; not *the* story of Mormonism that we should commend as adequate or trustworthy. Mr. Bancroft is partial towards polygamy.—COURT LIFE UNDER THE PLANTAGENETS, by Hubert Hall, F.S.A. (Macmillans). An interesting picture of the guilds, games, and life of London, and of the *entourage* of the court of Henry II. Quaintly illustrated in colors.—PETERBOROUGH, by William Stebbing (Macmillans). The latest issue in the English Men of Action Series.—JOURNAL OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF (Rand, McNally & Co.). A very comely "unabridged" edition.—RECOLLECTIONS, by George W. Childs (Lippincotts). These chatty papers have appeared in part in this magazine. Mr. Childs writes delightfully in simplest language of his early life and successful career, of his travels and books, of his friends and myriad guests. The book is published in exceptionally attractive form.—THE BOYHOOD AND YOUTH OF GOETHE, translated from the German by John Oxenford (Putnams).

Fiction.—Schopenhauer somewhere says that just as music has but two leading chords, from which all others are derived, the tonic chord and the dominant seventh (the first a chord of rest and calmness, the other a cord of unrest, of longing and striving), so we really know but two states while in the body,—the state of want and the state of gratification. This clever simile is used by Kate Elizabeth Clark as motto and title for her noticeable novel "The Dominant Seventh" (Appletons). It is a "musical" story, and quite a good one. A tame episode at the end, however, hurts it.—**RUBY DANA**, by Mary Marsh Baker (John B. Alden). An amateurish story, with an unpleasant young woman in it.—**JACK GORDON, KNIGHT ERRANT, GOTHAM, 1883**, by W. C. Hudson ("Barclay North") (Cassell Publishing Company).—**A LAST LOVE**, by Georges Ohnet (Lippincott). A capital rendering of a charming romance.—**THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER**, by Sophie F. F. Veitch (Appletons). This is a tranquil tale of English life, full of merit.—**A LITTLE RADICAL**, by Jeannette H. Walworth (Belford Company). The heroine is one of a familiar type, happily to be met with in fiction only.—**LADY BABY**, by Dorothea Gerard (Harpers).—**PRINCE FORTUNATUS**, by William Black (P. F. Collier).—**CHILDREN OF TO-MORROW**, by William Sharp; **A VERY STRANGE FAMILY**, by F. W. Robinson; **PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS**, by Rudyard Kipling (F. F. Lovell & Co.). The short stories of Anglo-Indian life by Mr. Kipling are wholly welcome. They are a fresh breeze from a new quarter. So good are they that *Lippincott's Magazine* has arranged with the author for the writing of a novel presently to appear in these pages.—**MY SISTER'S HUSBAND**, by Patience Stapleton (John W. Lovell Co.).—**COSETTE**, by Katherine S. Macquoid (F. F. Lovell & Co.). A rather thin story, but well told, and containing some good character sketching.—**WAS EVER WOMAN IN THIS HUMOR WOODED?** by Charles Gibbon (John W. Lovell Co.). A novel evidently written in haste, over which readers may repent at leisure.

Travel.—**RAMBLES OF A PHYSICIAN**, by Dr. Matthew Wood. Here is a middle-aged man who went the grand tour with a well-stocked mind and a cultivated curiosity. Everything he sees is text for an entertaining literary chat.—**HAND-BOOK OF FLORIDA**, by Charles Ledyard Norton (Longmans, Green & Co.). The first volume of a carefully-prepared and useful guide-book.—**TO EUROPE ON A STRETCHER**, by Mrs. Clarkson N. Potter (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Invalids in comfortable circumstances may find it to their advantage to consult this little volume.

Miscellaneous.—**CONVERSATIONS IN A STUDIO**, by William Wetmore Story (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The skilful exhibit, in dialogue, of the fruits of a broad and cultured scholarship. The talks are chiefly on art and literary subjects, and they will be found instructive and entertaining to a degree.—**LITERATURE AND POETRY**, by Philip Schaff (Scribners). A series of luminous studies of the English language, the poetry of the Bible, the *Dies Iræ*, the *Stabat Mater Dolorosa* and *Stabat Mater Speciosa*, of St. Bernard as a hymnist, and of Dante, with an entertaining sketch of the development of the modern university. Dr. Schaff is always worthy of audience, and this time he has much to say worth listening to.—**THE EVOLUTION OF MAN AND CHRISTIANITY**, by Howard MacQueary (Appletons). A popular exposition in the nature of an apology, after the meritorious manner of Le Conte.—**AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES**

(Westminster Publishing Company). The third bound volume of a prosperous and admirably edited periodical.—**MIGDOL LAPHIM (THE WATCH-TOWER)**, by Moses Klein. A review of the condition of the Jewish race in certain parts of Europe and Asia, with an account of Jewish agricultural colonies and a consideration of their future development as a solution of the racial problem.—**EGGS, FACTS AND FANCIES**, by Anna Barrows (D. Lothrop Co.). An interesting compilation, full of curious information.—**EMIGRATION AND IMMIGRATION**, by Prof. Richmond M. Smith (Scribners). Here is a fair and full statement of one of the most serious problems in social science.—**MYTHS AND FOLK-LORE OF IRELAND**, by Jeremiah Curtin (Little, Brown & Co.). A noteworthy contribution to Irish folk-lore. The myth-tales were collected personally by Mr. Curtin.—**HYGIENE OF CHILDHOOD**, by Francis H. Rankin, M.D. (Appletons). Helpful suggestions for the care of children after the period of infancy to the completion of puberty.—**MAGIC, WHITE AND BLACK**, by Franz Hartmann, M.D. (John W. Lovell Co.).—**HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH**, by Louis Barkan, M.D. (New York Exchange Printing Co.).—**LOGIC TAUGHT BY LOVE**, by Mary Boole (Alfred Mudge & Son, Boston). A curious medley.—**PRACTICAL TYPEWRITING**, by Bates Torrey (Fowler & Wells Co.).—**SONGS OF HELP AND INSPIRATION**, by Brewer Mattocks (American News Co.). We question the truth of the title.—**THE TARTUFFIAN AGE**, by Paul Mantegazza, translated from the Italian by W. A. Nettleton and Prof. L. D. Ventura (Lee & Shepard). A vigorous impeachment of the multifarious hypocrisies of the world. "Sixteen walking lies" of a woman are given; and the list is held to be incomplete.—**THE LAW OF HUSBAND AND WIFE**, by Lelia Josephine Robinson (Lee & Shepard). A convenient digest of the statutory enactments in the various States.—**THE SWEDISH SYSTEM OF EDUCATIONAL GYMNAS- TICS**, by Baron Nils Posse (Lee & Shepard).—**IN A CLUB CORNER**, by A. P. Russell (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The charm of these chatty papers is very fresh and effective. Mr. Russell reads with the laudable purpose of remembering.—**JOYFUL YEARS**, translated from the Latin of Lohner by the author of "Charles Lowder" (E. P. Dutton).—**ONE LITTLE MUSTARD-SEED**, by Beth Linn (E. P. Dutton).—**RUY BLAS, OR THE KING'S RIVAL**, by H. L. Williams (Frederick Warne). A clever adaptation of Hugo's drama.—**TIN- TYPES TAKEN IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK**, by Lemuel Ely Quigg, illustrated by Harry Beard (Cassell Publishing Company). The spirit of Dickens is pleasantly apparent in these character sketches.—**THE POETS AND POETRY OF CHESTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA**, collected and edited by George Johnston (Lippincotts). Chester County has reason to be proud of her poets, or at least of some of them, for she can number among them such singers as Bayard Taylor and Thomas Buchanan Read. Another bard from Chester County whose songs are widely known is Charles McIlvaine ("Tobe Hodge"). Biographical sketches are given of all the Chester County bards, most of whom enjoy only a local reputation. Chester County people will undoubtedly be interested in the book.—**FANCIES**, by Ardennes Jones Foster (Charles T. Dillingham). A collection of poems and sketches, neatly bound in pamphlet form.



A TEXAS JOURNALIST AND HIS NORTHERN BRIDE.

A young lady doctor who had just graduated at a Northern college took up her residence in the small Texas town of Possum Hollow, and hung out her shingle. By her amiability and kindness to the sick and suffering she soon overcame the prejudice against female physicians, and became quite popular with all classes. Unlike regular doctors, she advertised in the local papers, and thus she made the acquaintance of Major Jim Edwards, the editor of the *Possum Hollow Bugle*. He was an energetic, pleasant sort of a fellow, and he took an immediate liking to the lady physician, who, while not very handsome, was intelligent and entertaining, although somewhat devoid of sentiment. Jim's visits to her boarding-house became quite frequent, and it was plain to the most obtuse that he was very much in love. Dr. Jennie Sawyer,—for that was the name of the new arrival,—while polite and entertaining, did not give the Texas journalist any reason to suppose that his affection was reciprocated. Major Edwards, far from being discouraged, determined to have the question settled at once. He invited Miss Sawyer to take a walk, and as soon as he had an opportunity to do so unobserved he promptly blurted out,—

"Miss Jennie, I love you with all my whole heart."

She did not seem to be surprised or excited, for she merely replied,—

"I think you are mistaken, James."

"No, I'm not! Indeed, I'm not! My heart has been aglow with love for you ever since I first saw you," replied Major Edwards, excitedly.

"I am aware that it is generally taken for granted that the heart is the seat of emotion, but I know that the functions of the heart are purely mechanical and muscular."

"But, Miss Jennie, I—"

"All that the heart does is to pump the blood through the veins and arteries of the human body. I have dissected too many not to know."

"Well, then, Miss Jennie, since you persist in giving this conversation an anatomical turn, what organ is responsible for the emotions?"

"I agree with the celebrated Dr. Virchow, of Berlin, that the liver has much more to do with the emotions than the heart."

"But I can't well say that I love you with all my liver; although I believe there are affections of the liver," said Major Edwards, drawing a long breath and casting a despairing glance at the young lady. Presently he broke out again,—

"Miss Jennie, I dream of you every night."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that. It shows that your case is more complicated than I supposed. But I think I can be of assistance to you."

"Eh?"

"What do you eat for supper?"

"At all events, do not ridicule me."

"I'm not mocking you, James. You must eat light suppers, and take more



exercise. Let me look at your eyes." And taking his head in her hands she gazed in his eyes, and said, shaking her head, "As I expected. You are bilious. Have you a bad taste in your mouth when you get up, and a dull pain in your side?"

"Confound my liver! I want——"

"You want to take better care of yourself; you want to take three pills to-night, and a Seidlitz powder in the morning. Oh, I know what you want!" she replied, laughingly.

"No, you don't know what I want. I want to tell you that I love you to distraction, that your image is ever before my eyes."

"Is that so? I'll have to make a more careful diagnosis of your case," she remarked, thoughtfully.

"I tell you, now, I see your image always before my eyes, no matter where I go!" he replied, excitedly.

"Poor fellow! Your intellect is falling. You should have come to me before."

"I would have come to you before, but, Miss Jennie, you gave me no encouragement. May I hope——"

"Certainly you may."

"Thank Heaven! Am I to understand that you take——"

"Of course I'll take your case. I want to report it to the *Medical Journal*. Those hallucinations show that your liver trouble is complicated with malaria. Your heart irregularities are purely functional, and will disappear in time, if you follow my dictation."

"Confound it, Miss——"

"You must avoid everything like excitement. Let me feel your pulse. Dear me! your circulation is completely run down."

"My circulation run down? I guess not."

"Oh, yes, it is. It is not over sixty right now."

"Not over sixty!" howled the journalist. "Why, Miss Jennie, I am sending out three thousand copies of the *Bugle* every week to *bona fide* subscribers, and six hundred more to deadheads. Is that what you call having no circulation? Why, my circulation is increasing at the rate of over one hundred copies a week. Didn't you read the sworn statement in last week's *Bugle* about our circulation, in which I state our books are open to the inspection of the public? The advertising patronage is keeping pace with the circulation. Just think of it! a column and a half live, paying, new ads in last week's *Bugle*! and that's not all,—I am solid with the sheriff and the county clerk, and will get all the county printing. Why, Miss Jennie, the success of the *Bugle* has been truly phenomenal."

"Are you sure?" she asked, demurely. "And you are not deceived in regard to the circulation by hallucinations, owing to your liver complications?"

"I swear I'm not. I am abundantly able to support a wife in style. Your every wish shall be complied with."

"I certainly think, James, that your liver complications and the functional irregularity of your heart need the care of somebody who has had experience in such matters, and if, as you say, the *Bugle* is in such a flourishing condition, I might——"

* * * * *

In the last issue of the *Bugle* appears the notice of the marriage of Dr. Jennie Sawyer and Major Edwards, the handsome and talented editor of that journal.

Alex. E. Sweet.



TIED OF IT.

Customer (to clerk at post-office).—"These are the new stamps, ain't they?"

Clerk.—"Won't you please write that on a piece of paper? I might forget it."

NEVER FORGAVE HIM.

Mrs. Brown.—"Our sex is advancing every day. They are beginning to appoint women in the small post-offices. They should have done that years ago."

Brown.—"Not at all. They had to wait till the postal card went out of fashion."

A DISCOURAGING ADDITION.

Cora.—"Doesn't it make you feel nice for people to remark how well you are getting on?"

Merritt.—"Yes, unless they add 'they can't understand it.'"



A LESSON IN LANGUAGE.

"What are we waiting on, conductor?" asked a passenger from Chicago, when the train came to a stand-still.

"We are waiting on the track," replied the conductor, who was a Boston man.

THAT'S NICE OF IT.

Mrs. Larkin.—"I see that there is an organization in this town called 'The Tough Club.'"

Larkin.—"Yes, but it always tenders its invitations."

OUT FOR KEEPS.

Mrs. Rambo.—"Is your mother at home, Thomas?"

Tommy Dodd.—"No, ma'am; she's out."

Mrs. Rambo.—"How unfortunate! Tell her I shall call again to-morrow, will you?"

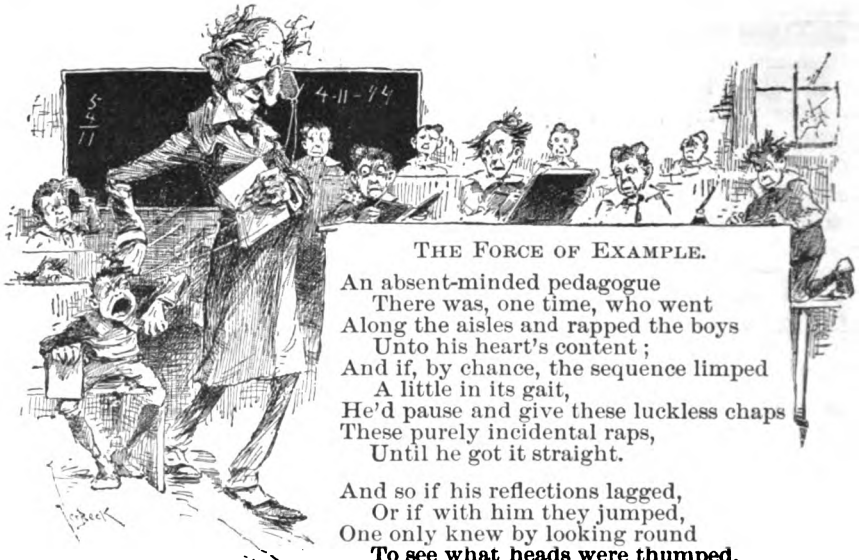
Tommy Dodd.—"Yes'm, I'll tell her; but it won't do any good. I heard her say that she was always out when you called."

A CORRECTION.

Young Mr. Dolley (as sounds of a feline mis-understanding float on the air).—"There seems to be an insurrection among the cats to-night."

Miss Amy.—"Or a mew-tiny."





THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

An absent-minded pedagogue
 There was, one time, who went
 Along the aisles and rapped the boys
 Unto his heart's content ;
 And if, by chance, the sequence limped
 A little in its gait,
 He'd pause and give these luckless chaps
 These purely incidental raps,
 Until he got it straight.

And so if his reflections lagged,
 Or if with him they jumped,
 One only knew by looking round
 To see what heads were thumped,
 Until this furtive paradox

A waggish youngster wrought :
 "It's getting to be very plain
 Our master cannot work his brain
 Save we are 'rapped in thought."

Portentous words ! They saw the point,
 For these ill-fated elves
 Made up their minds that they would try
 Some striking thought themselves.
 And thus, when next the master's hand
 Fell, 'twas a signal swift,
 And all the boys commenced to think
 With rulers, grammars, slates, and iuk,
 Until he caught their drift.

"Hold ! hold !" exclaimed the pedagogue ;
 "You force me to admit
 From the impressions you have made
 That you have scored a hit.
 This concentrated thought and aim
 Show due regard for art ;
 And I must own,—though it annoys,—
 Instead of making smart my boys,
 My boys have made me smart."

Charles M. Snyder.



ONE WAY OF REASONING.

"Ma, I've an idea that some of the folks in this graveyard haven't gone to heaven."

"You don't say! What makes you think they haven't?"

"Because I read it on the tombstones."

"No!"

"Yes, I did, though. It was carved on ever so many,—'Peace to his ashes.' Now, there ain't any ashes 'cept where it's very hot, is there, ma?"

THEY DO TARNISH OCCASIONALLY.

"Confidentially, Smith,—young Dudely wants to marry my daughter. What's his character?"

"Well,—he has been a gilded youth for several seasons, and I'm inclined to think he is a little tarnished."

"You look sad, Mamie."

"Yes; I found about fourteen dough-nuts in the pantry, and I ate them."

"Didn't they agree with you?"

(Dolefully).—"Tisn't that: we had three kinds of pie and ice-cream for dinner, and I hadn't any room for them."

A COMPREHENSIVE QUESTION.

Tubbs.—"I've just received one dollar for a poem."

Merritt.—"Soap or medicine?"

PUTTING ON THE SHOE.

Visitors (*apropos* of everything).—"Pace too rapid,—manners uncouth,—loud, and all that. The most striking feature is the everlasting bustle—"

Bizarre lady pedestrian (with spasm of guilty consciousness).—"Oh, the horrid—ill-mannered—bear—ugh!" (Passes on.)

COMING TO TERMS.—The school year.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Palmistry.

A POUND OF FLESH.—Pugilism.



A TALE OF LEAVEN.





STRONG EVIDENCE.

"I say, Punster, old man, Judge Dunderby either drinks too much or he can stand very little."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, there's strong evidence: we had a friendly glass together, and I told him one of your jokes,—the Judge actually laughed!"

BROUGHT TO TERMS.

Mrs. Brown.—"Johnnie wouldn't say anything when I accused him of breaking the window, so I gave him a good whipping."

Brown.—"What effect did it have on him?"

Mrs. Brown.—"A telling effect."

DEPENDENT ON THE RESULT.

Passer-by (to Tommy, who has just been fighting).—"Wouldn't your father whip you if he knew you had been fighting?"

Tommy.—"Well, that depends. If the other boy whipped me, pop would whip me too; but if I licked the other boy, pop would just say, 'I wouldn't fight, if I were you, Tommy.'"

HOW HE PROVED IT.

"Do you love me as much as ever, dear?" asked Mrs. Gazzam, anxiously.

"I should think I did," replied Gazzam. "Didn't I eat two whole biscuits, at breakfast, that you made yourself?"

A HEART WANTED.

"Give you my word," a lover said,

"You make my pulses leap!"

"Oh!" said the maid, "you're very kind;

But I prefer, if you don't mind,

That you would give what you don't find

So very hard to keep.

IT LOOKED TRUSTWORTHY.

Cumso (taking out his watch).—"What time have you, Fangle? I can't trust my watch."

Fangle.—"That's queer: it has an open face."



JUST DIDN'T WORK.

Cheeky Bill.—“Pardon me, sir, but you have matches in your pocket, haven't you?”

Gentleman.—“Yes; plenty of them.”

Cheeky Bill.—“I knew you had.”

Gentleman.—“How did you know?”

Cheeky Bill.—“Because I haven't a cigar.”

HE KNEW ABOUT MOTHERS.

Billy Bumpus.—“What's the matter, Jim? Foot hurt?”

Jim Brindle.—“Naw; thinking. Ma sent me to the grocery for something, and I've forgot and daresn't go home.”

Billy Bumpus.—“Take her three pounds of sugar: she's sure to want it, and you can make her believe that's what she said.”

HOW TO DISTINGUISH HIM.

Larkin.—“I tell you, sir, you can always form an accurate judgment of a man by studying his head.”

Gilroy.—“That's so; you can tell a man who drinks to excess by his dissipated.”

A PRESCRIPTION.

“My baby doll's been awful sick,”
Said little Grace one day;
“She ate veal culverts late last night,
And now she cannot play.
But the doctor's awful wise, I think,
For this is what he wrote:
'Give her something hot to drink,
To act as a nanny-goat.'”



THEY ALL DO IT.

Young Brindle.—“Pa, can't I have a flannel shirt like yours?”

Mr. Brindle (speaking from experience).—“My son, you may have this after it's washed.”



AN INOPPORTUNE CALL.

Pompano (making a friendly call).—“Ah, Pongee, old man, how d'ye do? How's Mrs.—”

Pongee.—“Wait a bit. Mrs. Pongee is about to drive a nail in the kitchen door. Come around again in about an hour, and I dare say it will be blown over by that time.”

HAD LEARNED THE MOTTO.

Teacher (in spelling-class).—“Johnny, spell fail.”

Johnny.—“I can't.”

Teacher.—“You can't spell that simple word? Why not?”

Johnny.—“'Cause there's no such word as fail.”

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. .

A NOVEL.

BY
MARY E. STICKNEY.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

Copyright, 1890, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1890.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

I.

ORODELPHIA was very much like any other town of its size in Colorado. With Western enterprise, it had been an incorporated city before it could boast five hundred souls; and it was quite as much a matter of course that the ambitious young community should, with all possible haste, treat itself to every advantage within its reach,—the best available system of water-works, fine school-buildings, a handsomely-equipped fire department to be proudly exhibited in glittering procession on all public occasions, and a fair-ground where neighboring communities might annually be invited to contribute to the glory of Orodelfhia. Nor had there been any narrow-minded hesitation as to assuming a burden of bonded indebtedness heavier than any before, when at length the opportunity came to obtain railroad connection with the outside world; and nobody dreamed of murmuring that their public-spirited enterprise had saddled them with taxes of corresponding excess. They liked to do things on a large scale, and quite took umbrage to their souls in the fact that they handled no change smaller than a nickel.

The place was now mostly one long street of uneven and much-varied architecture, interspersed here and there with a vacant lot. Weather-beaten wooden buildings of the early day elbowed handsome brick blocks of conspicuous newness, the banks and saloons even attaining the splendor of plate-glass fronts. The smelter near the mouth of the cañon at one end of the town, and the flour-mill on the creek a mile below, together told the business of the place, which had grown up as a distributing-point and dépôt of supplies for the rich mining districts of the mountains on one hand, as well as for the ranches spread out over the rolling plains at the east. Scattered along the creek above the smelter were many bare, unpainted wooden structures, deserted,

and more or less fallen to decay. These had been concentrating- and reduction-works, put up for treating refractory ores after original and secret methods. The ores, however, having proved refractory to a degree that had never been contemplated, the processes had, one by one, been abandoned for the time, and the inventors were now generally gone East, looking for capital to push their schemes to success. When they came back, it was confidently predicted of each by his friends, Orodelfia was going to have a boom. Meanwhile, it might have been observed that the town got along in considerable comfort and prosperity without them. It had the electric light and the telephone; two weekly newspapers, each largely devoted to amazingly plain-spoken vituperation of the other; a couple of banks smoothing off the rough edge of rivalry in their common cause of keeping discount-rates up to fifteen per cent.; half a dozen saloons exuberantly flourishing; and, fittingly, as pitted against them, as many church organizations, all fervent in every good work save the one of paying their pastors promptly. There was the usual glorious Colorado climate, of which the people were as proud as if a monopoly of it had been granted them; and there prevailed the usual superb confidence in the future, when the embryo city, now only halting for capital to develop its remarkable resources, should rival Denver in size and importance. In anticipation of these metropolitan prospects, there had even sprung up, of late years, a spasmodic discussion at election-times as to the propriety of barring cows from the public streets, and closing the saloons on Sundays; but these extreme measures were generally regarded as a too servile imitation of the effete East, and had so far been uncompromisingly frowned down by the independent voter.

They were wise in their generation, the pioneers who chose the site of the place, which, dependent upon the mines as it was, was yet a little removed from them all, in the narrow valley walled in by *mesas*, just without the one natural outlet to that section of the mountains, Piñon Cañon. It was an anomaly among mining towns in that it had been encouraged to grow as beautiful as nature, aided by all the arts of cultivation, could make it. The most sanguine prospector had never thought to "strike it" in the precipitous foot-hills rising from the town at the west. No ugly excrescence of crumbling dump-pile marred the rugged brown slopes; and the scant drapery of pines and dotting spear-heads of spruce were left alone, since no gaping shaft nor tunnel was opened to swallow up the timber. One of the first moves of the early settlers had been to bring water from the mountains in generous irrigating-ditches to water the cottonwood-trees, that, with homesick memories of Eastern elms, they planted all over their bare town; and now the tall trees nodded to each other across the broad streets, and luxuriant lawns and gardens surrounded the comfortable homes, lavishly doing all that nature might to condone the redundancy of scroll-saw decoration and the glare of white paint and green blinds. With all its jostling eagerness to keep abreast of the times, Orodelfia still hung back in respect to that style of architecture known as Queen Anne, with all its vagaries of paint, the few specimens they had to show in that line being generally regarded in the light of curios

obligingly provided by eccentric individuals for the diversifying of the landscape and the entertainment of their fellows, the popular taste still fondly clinging to the style of home most common at the East when the "fifty-niners" crossed the plains. But nothing could appear really common or ugly in that fair setting of greenery, against that grand mountain-background which was the richest possession of the place. For countless miles the eye might follow the folds of the foot-hills, cleft here and there with gulch or cañon, here and there, standing on tiptoe, as it seemed, to look over their rugged shoulders, a big brother in snowy draperies tattered and torn, all masquerading in new forms and colors with every passing cloud, a fresh vision of beauty and grandeur every hour of the day.

It was a sight to thrill the dullest soul, the blaze of glowing color in which one August day was sinking to its close, the snowy peaks flushed with softened reflections of the sky, fair as the rose of maiden's cheek blooming under love's first kiss; the hills below turning dull blue-gray, as starved of color as the shadows that fall over the heart when love's sun has set, and joy has burned itself out, like that sunset sky, in ashes of roses. Colder and more grim the foot-hills grew as the roseate lights faded slowly out, and twilight fell upon the heated valley like a cool hand laid on a fevered brow. The work of the day was over, and the dissipations of night were not yet begun.

Donald Bartels, screened from observation by thick vines and shrubs, which yet afforded a glimpse of what little might take place in the quiet street beyond the lawn, his feet disposed on the piazza balustrade, his chair tipped back to a luxurious angle, comfortably surveyed the world through the haze of his after-dinner cigar. His wife, slowly swaying in a rocking-chair near by, was anxiously regarding him.

"If you would only be reasonable, Don," she urged, deprecatingly.

"But, my dear Nita, how could I be more so?" he good-humoredly retorted. "It is the most reasonable thing in the world for us to wire your amiable aunt that it is not convenient for us to receive her now, and ask her to see us later."

"But she is not my amiable aunt; that is the trouble," with a perplexed laugh. "She is capable of being very unamiable if we were to send her such a telegram. She would conclude at once—and quite naturally, too—that we didn't want her at all."

"Well, we don't, do we?" imperturbably blowing smoke-rings into the air. "We should not yearn for her under any circumstances; but now, when we have been planning this trip to the mountains for months, when, as things are at the office, I must go now or not at all, to have her come dropping down upon us like this is a little too much like the last straw that finished the unlucky camel."

"A straw! it is as bad as a whole stack at once!" cried Anita, with a miserable little groan. "But then," brightening somewhat, "she says, you know, that these friends are getting up a party to cross the continent, and she *may* come with them; but she is not altogether decided about it. If she comes, she will be here soon; but we may still cherish a small hope of escape."

"But that is the worst of it," exclaimed Donald, hotly. "The

idea of changing all our plans for an uncertainty like that! God save us from our friends, say I. In the long run they make us twice as much trouble as our enemies."

"But you must remember how much I owe her,—that my home was with her for ten years," urged Anita, extenuatingly. "And the trial I was to them,—Aunt Martha and Aunt Jane,—those prim, properly-minded old maids. Think of that, Don," with a ripple of laughter at the memories aroused. "They never could get over it, you know, that my mother was a Mexican, and that my dark face advertised the awful fact that I too was *mejicana*. And my temper,—oh, I was a scourge to them, I can tell you."

The ghost of a smile flickered under the tawny moustache which Donald was abstractedly stroking. The impulsive temper of his wife was to him a natural phenomenon, a sort of spiritual geyser whose ebullitions were governed by no law comprehensible to his easy-going temperament. That what were to him the baldest trifles,—a careless word, the forgetting of a good-by kiss when he was hurried, an unmeaning compliment idly tossed to a pretty woman,—that small things like these should be so large in power to stir up a tempest had been to him an amazing revelation of married life. Being a man of some discretion, however, and devotedly loving his handsome wife as well, he had found it expedient to cultivate a thoughtfulness respecting the small things that seemed to her of moment quite foreign to the comfortable spirit of selfishness in which his meek mother had reared him, and thus kept clear, for the most part, of troubled waters; but he was no less impressed with the fact that Anita's dark eyes, whose glances fell with such melting tenderness upon those whom she loved, could flash even brighter with stormy wrath; and he had no doubt whatever but that she had made life exceedingly interesting to those women to whom had been given the discipline of her early years.

"I hope you made their lives a burden to them, if only as anticipatory revenge for this disappointment," he diplomatically returned.

"But I don't want you to be disappointed, dear," the shade of anxiety returning to her face. "As I said before, I want you to go just the same. It will be enough if I am here to entertain Aunt Martha."

"Go without you?" with extreme disapproval,—“when I had planned the trip almost wholly on your account.”

"And with never a thought of trout?" regarding him with smiling mockery.

"Well, quite incidentally, of course I remembered that there were trout waiting to be caught," he laughingly admitted. "But I want you with me all the same. All the trout in the creeks could not console me for going without you. And you need a change too, Nita. You have not been away all this summer; and in this altitude it won't do," regarding her with fond solicitude.

"And do I look a physical wreck?" standing, tall and lithe, before him, laughingly challenging his glance. That his eyes found her well worth their looking she could not but read in his lingering gaze. Blooming health was evident in every line of her grandly-developed form, in her glowing eyes, and in the smiling red-lipped mouth.

"What a splendid woman you are, Anita!" he exclaimed, with unwonted passion, taking her hand and pressing it gently against his cheek. Her dark face flushed with delight at the caressing touch. She was full of that tropical passion that must always be seeking expression, while he, having comfortably subsided into the placid content of the married man, was more prone to hold up the cheek than to press the kiss. He had an impression that they indulged in a great deal of philandering for a couple to whom had been given time to outlive their honey-moon, but only the jealous heart of the wife noted on which side fell the balance of caressing.

"And you will go, Don, *querido*?" she murmured, insistently, her fingers tightening tenderly around his.

"Out of the question," he carelessly returned, releasing his hand as he peered through the vines to see who opened the gate.

"The Rogerses," muttered Anita, impatiently. These were people whom she never cared to welcome.

"The Rogerses," echoed Donald, in a very different tone, not at all sympathizing with his wife's prejudice in this particular.

"Love among the roses,—how delightful!" cried Mrs. Rogers, as she tripped up the walk, followed by her husband, her soft, small voice affecting Mrs. Bartels's nerves as sulphuric acid does chalk. "Good-evening, both of you. Don't move, Mr. Bartels, you look so comfortable. Why should you disturb yourself for a couple of old cronies like Joe and me? If I were smoking, with my heels up, and you came, I would not budge, I can tell you," with a pretty rippling sound in her throat that was more like bird-song than like laughter.

"I think I must come and see," laughed her host, with the easy familiarity all men assumed toward her, as he offered a chair.

"Well, I won't promise positively as to the heels," with a little oblique glance into his eyes from the shade of her broad-brimmed hat, as she nestled back in the chair, rocking with childish *abandon*; "but if you will come soon, with your pockets full of cigarettes, we'll see about it."

She was a dainty little creature, scarce five feet high, her girlishness considerably increased in appearance by a pretty school-girl sort of gown, considerably shorter than the fashionable length of the time. She seemed like a spoiled child, a creature meant only for petting, with her innocent yellowish-brown eyes, and the carelessly smiling mouth showing her small white teeth. It seemed as if she could never be held half accountable for whatever audacious word she might utter.

"You may expect me," laughed Donald, with a furtive glance at his wife. That Anita heard and disapproved was plain to him in a certain tightening about the lines of her mouth. If only she could acquire the comfortable, *laissez-faire* spirit that he enjoyed!

"Do you smoke, Mrs. Bartels?" asked Mrs. Rogers, matter-of-factly, turning to her. The glance of Anita's black eyes might have been as bad as a cuff on the ear to a more sensitive person, but Mrs. Rogers cared not a whit for what she termed that lady's airs. Donald, after the first shock of incredulous amazement, burst out laughing, exquisitely tickled with the incongruity of the idea. Dr. Rogers

leaned toward his wife with an expostulatory "Why, Dot?" and Anita smiled faintly, as if courteously disposed to treat the question as a joke, but finding it hard to do so.

"What a remarkably singular idea you must have of me!" she said, slowly.

"Oh, not at all. I had an idea that all Mexican ladies smoked."

"But my father was an *Americano*, you know, and naturally I inherited a few American prejudices. And then I was transplanted when I was so very young: you can hardly count me a Mexican."

"One could never think you anything else, with your complexion, and those magnificent eyes," with the brusque *naïveté* of a child.

"*Mil gracias, signora*," with smiling irony.

"To paraphrase somebody else," interpolated the doctor, in amiable effort to change the subject, "if I were to be talked to death, I would certainly choose Spanish for the tongue. It is the music of language."

"But, of course, if you had remained in Mexico you would have smoked," persisted the small lady, who would harp on whatever string pleased her. "When one is at Rome one does as Romans do. After all, Mr. Bartels, propriety is all a mere question of latitude and longitude, is it not? Whatever may be one's pet wickedness, if he travels far enough around the world he is pretty sure to find a place where it will count as a virtue."

"Aren't you a wee bit heterodox?"

"I suppose you think one need only stay at home and employ a lawyer, to whitewash his sins anywhere."

Donald laughed, a good deal amused with this hit at his profession.

"And do you propose to offer me a retainer?" he gayly demanded.

"That would be a case of the blind leading the blind, wouldn't it? I think I would do better to go looking for that appreciative community where my particular peccadilloes would place me on a pedestal in popular esteem."

"Ah, you will go to heaven," sighed Donald.

"Don't be sacrilegious, my boy," drawing a long face. "And, by the way, when do you start for over the range, in a terrestrial way, yourselves?"

"Our aunt Martha is coming, and our plans are all spilt into *consummé*, so to speak," with a rueful face. His disappointment was very real.

"And Mr. Bartels is going without me," supplemented Anita, smilingly.

"What! going by himself?" with most frank surprise. "I did not know that you ever trusted him out of your sight." Even Donald moved restlessly under this characteristic candor.

"Oh, you are quite mistaken," he lightly protested. "Mrs. Bartels has such extravagant confidence in my capacity for taking care of myself that she is continually devising schemes to be rid of me. She has a fresh one on the *tapis* now, but I do not propose to humor her in it."

"But I shall enlist the doctor on my side in this case, and he will tell you that you must go: will you not, Dr. Rogers?"

"Certainly I will, to oblige you."

"We will even make up the prescription ourselves, and force the dose down his throat if necessary," laughed Mrs. Rogers, an audacious light in the eyes coquettishly lifted to meet the glance of her host. "We will see that he goes, even if it compels us to go and take him ourselves."

"Ah, if you only would!" murmured Donald, with his sweet, almost effeminate smile. Just so he had smiled Anita's heart away upon a time, when she had thought the rare tenderness of it only roused into life at her glance. She had grown wiser since, discovering that all these smiles of such sunny softness were as impartial as heaven's own sunshine upon whom they fell, meaning no more than the ugliest grin of another man. But, although she knew how little it implied, she could not restrain a quick impulse toward jealous anger when she saw that caressing glance falling upon another woman.

"Don't you think, Anita, that you are a little—well, just a little paralyzing in your manner to that poor little woman?" hazarded Donald, when their guests were gone.

"I think that I make a very painful effort to be nice to her," coldly, moving to go in-doors. "I don't admire your friend, you know, Don."

"And why should you not?" with good-humored reasoning. "I have told you how awfully kind she was to me when I had mountain fever. If she did not exactly save my life, she at least did all that she could to make life worth the living through that miserable time. I am under an immense obligation to her on that score, and I can neither forget nor ignore it. I wish you would think of that, Nita, and to please me, if for no other reason, try to see the good there is in her."

"I would need Diogenes's lantern," interpolated his wife.

"She is one of the best-hearted little women on earth. There is not an atom of harm in her," added Donald, warmly.

"Then why does she force upon people such a different impression of her?" demanded Anita, sharply, leaning back against the door with an air of scornful weariness of the subject. "Why must she have some man besides her husband forever dangling after her?"

"For the same reason that Alcibiades cut the dogs' tails off, perhaps,—to give people something to talk about," unwonted irritation in his voice. "Your allegation is a little intemperate all the same, my dear. The men whom you charge with dangling after Mrs. Rogers are her husband's friends, who are more particularly dangling after him, if you want to use that word. They are jolly, hospitable people, who entertain delightfully, in a free and easy way, and their house is naturally popular with all the boys; and that is the sum and substance of Mrs. Rogers's crimes. Other women, whose evil imaginations prove them not a tithe as pure as she, are full of spiteful jealousies, and you listen to all their idle tattle because—well," slipping his arm around her as they passed into the dimly-lighted hall, "of course I can guess the main ground of your prejudice against her. You cannot forgive the poor little woman because a few vulgar gossips once counted me among her satellites. But that was such a long time ago, dear,—a mere myth

of a by-gone age. And," with a light laugh, bending to kiss her, "surely you can afford to forget it, sweetheart; because it never can be said again."

II.

Let no man delude himself with the thought that controlling passion may ever purge from a woman's heart all memory of his offences against her. Forgive she may in exceeding tenderness, but never will she forget. In all that pertains to the man she loves, the passing years will but give her time to remember.

That Mrs. Rogers should have been talked about, in the full meaning of that pregnant phrase, would have sufficiently damned her in the eyes of Mrs. Bartels, who had been educated in most wholesome awe of Mrs. Grundy. To her the voice of the people was as the voice of God indeed. But that this unconscionable little coquette should have drawn Donald Bartels with her into the maelstrom of vulgar gossip was, to the wife, an offence never to be condoned.

Nowhere does the scandal-monger so flourish, and nowhere is he so merciless in his condemnations, as in those frontier communities where the untrammelled condition of society in its early days has served up so much highly-spiced scandal as to have developed a morbid insatiate appetite for that sort of pabulum. Insensibly, as he listens, the purest-minded grows to regard his neighbor with sceptical eyes, feeling that to give to anybody the benefit of a doubt is the part of charity rather than sound sense. People will have something to talk about; nor, so long as they are amused, are they disposed to trouble themselves with any too painstaking discrimination between facts and fiction. *Cui bono?* A lie may be but the truth disguised; and surely people would be driven to sore extremity for talk if every black imp of scandal must be stripped of its domino of ingenious fabrication. And thus, with all the fertility of unclean imaginations, Orodelfia gossiped of Mrs. Rogers, while still opening their doors to her for her husband's sake; for, just as cordially as they disapproved his wife, everybody liked the doctor, perhaps partly in unconscious effort to atone for the neglect they accorded him in their ailments. For the old school of medicine had as firm a hold upon popular prejudice as orthodoxy in religion. They liked their physical as well as spiritual healing in doses large and strong. Dr. Rogers was a homœopath, with quite radical theories as to high dilution; and, if this were not enough, he looked, moreover, young, and, inferentially, inexperienced. It is an unwritten law that the successful physician must never appear young.

Donald Bartels was not given to confidences regarding his antenuptial amours, which tradition said had been many,—not alone from a sense of honor toward those who had accorded him favor, but that, in his utter absorption in the one great passion of his life, all that came before it seemed sunk into utter nothingness. In a prudent impulse to forestall the gossips, however, he had told his wife all the story of his friendship with Mrs. Rogers. It was a bald little tale, only worth the telling because of the mountain of talk that had been built up from the mole-hill of fact. The Rogerses had simply made him welcome to their

house, in the unaffected hospitality they extended to all mankind. In his bachelor loneliness he had found it remarkably pleasant to be invited to tea, to play croquet in the summer twilight, and take a hand at whist on a winter night. And when, one day, the doctor had found him tossing in the misery of mountain fever, Mrs. Rogers had promptly come to his dreary boarding-place, bringing delicacies to tempt back his appetite, and books to amuse, her visits bringing more life and cheer into the darkened room than all her husband's pellets and powders. That the world had afterward called him her lover was to Donald Bartels always a sufficient refutation of all other gossip about her: the calumny was so absolutely unfounded in the one instance, it proved how easily the poor little woman might be maligned under other circumstances.

"Yet at that very time you were engaged to me!" exclaimed Anita, in a voice of eloquent reproach, when she had listened to the tale.

"But what of that?" cried Donald, honestly puzzled. "I have told you there was nothing in it,—not the ghost of a flirtation. Why," as one who would offer confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ, "I never kissed the woman,—never even pressed her hand beyond the limit of an ordinary how-do-you-do."

Anita stared at him with wide-eyed horror. "As if I could hint at such a thing!" reddening angrily. "As if I could think it possible that you should!"

"Well, you seemed to think there must have been some awful developments about it," laughing inconsequentially. "And that sort of thing is supposed to be rather commonly done, I believe. I did not know but your imagination was running on some such line."

"Of you, Don?" a little choke in her voice. "I would not imagine such things of you; I would not give myself the torment of such thoughts, until I was compelled. But your suggestion seems to prove that such things were possible,—that you might have enjoyed these little familiarities, *so commonly done*," with a scornful quiver of the nostrils, regarding him keenly, "had you but cared to make the most of your opportunities. Your tone implies that it was no unreasonable prudery on her part that hindered."

Donald laughed rather confusedly. If he had sometimes fancied that Mrs. Rogers perhaps cared more for him than strict duty to her lord allowed, he had never thought of blaming himself in the matter, and, flattered in his heart, neither had he any idea of condemnation for her. He was rather disposed to regard it as highly creditable to both that nothing more had come of it. And Anita's jealous, exclusive love, grudging that even his name should have been associated with that of another woman, was beyond his comprehension.

"How you do jump at conclusions, child!" he testily retorted. "Can't you give the poor woman the benefit of a doubt even when she is proved innocent?"

But the proof was by no means clear to Mrs. Bartels's mind, although she made an effort to veneer her manner with a certain cold cordiality when circumstances threw her into the society of Mrs. Rogers; for the Argus-eyed world must not see in her attitude any hint of jealousy

or dislike, to prop up the old tales and set the tongues wagging again.

Donald came home late to dinner on the day after the Rogerses' evening call.

"I am willing to be forgiven," he exclaimed, in laughing apology, as he unfolded his napkin. Anita, like most good housekeepers, was never pleased when a nice dinner was spoiled by waiting. "Dr. Rogers came around to the office and detained me. He has taken you at your word, and wants me to go up to Lake Park with him."

"Yes?" listlessly, seemingly absorbed in counting the peas she was serving.

"I must say I was tempted," he carelessly continued. "Rogers is such a jolly good fellow. I don't know of anybody I would rather go with on such a trip,—barring yourself, Donna Anita. If I had not hoped you would change your mind, and go after all, I think I would have come very near saying 'yes' to him."

"But I shall not change my mind," shaking her head, with a slow smile. She was not pleased with this new plan. Perhaps she had never seriously expected him to take her at her word and go without her: it is so easy to feel magnanimous when it may cost nothing but words. Certainly she had never thought to see the Rogers family represented in her place.

"Carlton"—this was his partner, who had been ailing for a day or two—"will be around to-morrow all right, he told me this morning; and there is nothing to do at the office just now, anyway. I could get away for a week or two as well as not. It seems like flying in the face of Providence to let such an opportunity go by, indeed. I say," brightening with his thought, but still regarding her doubtfully, "I might go with Rogers, and then, if your interesting aunt fails to show up, you might come up the last of the week and join us."

"And Mrs. Rogers,—is she going?" with a sudden flush on her cheeks.

"Of course I should have known better than to have considered the plan for a moment if she were," with a sharp tinge of sarcasm in his voice. "She is going to visit some friends on a ranch, a few miles east of here, for a couple of weeks, and then meet Rogers at the Park, he told me. They have hired a cabin there for September."

"Oh!" with an evident accession of interest. "And when did you plan to go?"

"We did not plan to go at all," good-humoredly smiling, but with an obvious shadow of disappointment on his face. "Rogers proposed that we should start to-morrow morning early, go on horseback, get up to Lost Creek about noon, fish there through the afternoon, put up at Longman's ranch for the night, and on to the Park the next morning. But of course I did not seriously think of going."

Anita knew what this trip meant to him, who loved the freedom of the woods with the ardor of a school-boy, to whom trout-fishing was the only pursuit worthy the name of sport. And why should he be denied this pleasure, which might yield him such rich returns in healthfulness as well? Donald's fair, blond face looked pallid where he sat

in shadow; surely he needed the tonic of the woods. Anita's heart smote her with swift compunction for her ungenerous hesitancy.

"But why should you not go?" she asked, with quick kindness.

"Because, from your face, I don't believe you want me to," with his sunny laugh. "It is very flattering. And, besides, I don't care anything about going without you, anyway." Anita's glance fell upon him like a caress. For but a cloud on her face he would throw aside this pleasure without a second thought. How tender he was of her!—how unselfish! But could she not, on her side, be as generous?

"But you are quite wrong," she eagerly protested. "You do not know my face yet, dear, if it can deceive you like that. Of course I want you to go; and I am delighted at this opportunity for you. As you say, you could not have a more desirable companion than Dr. Rogers for such an outing, and I shall insist upon your going with him."

"If I could only have you with me!" regarding her wistfully.

"But you will have the grand mountain-scenery, the cool, gurgling trout-brooks, and the breath of the pines,—ample compensation for so small a loss."

"It would spoil it all to think of you here alone."

Anita came around the table, and, drawing his head back, pressed a kiss on the cheek, where the flesh was soft and fair as that of a girl. "Do you know," she said, with a tender little laugh, "you remind me of one Cnæus Pompey, about whom I was reading this morning, who was, according to Froude, so good and beautiful, and so delightful to women withal, that they all longed to bite him?"

"Oh, thanks awfully," laughingly feeling in his pocket as though to settle the score. "What do you want for it?"

"I want you to listen to reason, *muy amado*. I want you to accept the mountain plan as a settled thing, without further argument. And I shall not be alone if you go. Auntie is likely to be here in a day or two, you know; or, if she does not come, I could go up the last of the week, and join you at the Park, as you suggested."

"And will you?—you dear girl!" tenderly drawing her to him. "And you will not get blue and lonely through the long days, if she does not come? You will not be sorry that you sent me away?"

"Sorry!" her face glowing with the unconscious eloquence of strong passion: "how could I grudge you any pleasure, when I love you so? How could I be lonely, knowing you happy in good company? Ah, no, sweetheart," rubbing her cheek softly against his, "never, for a moment, let me seem to be a drag upon your pleasure. Your happiness must always be reflected in my heart; and whatever enjoyment may come to you can only make me unselfishly glad."

And she thought she meant it, every word. It would seem that the recording angel should have smiles in turn, as well as tears, for the foibles of human nature.

III.

Two-thirds of the warm summer day Anita had spent in the hot kitchen, "doing up" wild plums; and now, her weariness sustained by a comforting sense of duty done, she was prepared to enjoy a well-

earned rest, in the large hammock that was swung across the shaded sitting-room.

The innovation of this hammock in the house, with its suggestion of tropical indolence, would be a thing to stir up Aunt Martha's most outspoken disapproval, the niece reflected, as she slowly swayed herself back and forth with the toe of one slippered foot. Ah, well, she was now Mrs. Bartels, and this was her own home, thank heaven!—with a thrill of exultation at the thought. It was for her to say how her house should be arranged,—luxury unspeakable, after the repression of her girlhood.

Notwithstanding her brave face to Donald, Anita was by no means well pleased at the prospect of entertaining this kinswoman, whose goodness, not at all uncommon in its type, carried a lash for all whose ideas or methods differed from her own. She would have her nose in every crack, seeking an outlet for her restless fussiness, and a finger in every pie, with frankest and most pungent criticism upon the composition of the pasty.

The Van Zandt family, of whom Miss Martha complacently counted herself chief, had never quite outgrown the habit of regarding Anita as a brand snatched from the burning. Her father had been the black sheep of the flock, who had capped the climax of his erratic career by marrying and settling in Mexico. There he had lived happily enough, on the great *hacienda* of his father-in-law, until Anita was ten years old, when he had been thrown from his horse and died in an hour, while his adoring wife, who since her beautiful eyes had first rested upon him had never been content with him out of her sight, soon found in a fever a path to follow him. It was at this point that her New York relatives came forward and rescued the unwilling little Anita from the ignorant bliss of supposing that life was simply given to live and love and be happy. Each Van Zandt woman—and there were five sisters, married and single—heroically resolved to be a mother to the unhappy child, who narrowly escaped the proverbial fate of the broth concocted by too many cooks. It was tacitly accepted that all the sins of the father had descended upon the child, together with awful possibilities of others, more to be dreaded because but half imagined, from that dark mixture of Spanish blood that glowed in her tawny face; and five moral strait-jackets, of different cut, were determinedly devised to fit the case. The sweet, dreamy religion of her mother, half superstition but wholly devout, was a field over which all the Van Zandt missionary zeal felt bound to ride roughshod; and the bewildered child was converted to orthodoxy as relentlessly as one race of her forefathers had been driven to accept the religion of the cross and yield up their golden idols at the zealous sword-point of the other. Five busy brains were continually at work contriving schemes to combat the old Adam of indolence which was assumed to have special dominion over the Mexican temperament; and the old saw as to the provision of Satan for idle hands was tirelessly dinned in her ears as reason for the wearying treadmill of duties in which she was always driven. And, altogether, they labored for her good so unceasingly, and to such purpose, that when Anita was eighteen years old, when she

graduated from school with many honors, and her education was assumed to be finished, even the Van Zandt ladies began to regard their work with gratulatory complacency. Anita was a most accomplished young woman, and conceded to be a credit to her father's tribe despite her despised foreign blood. She had grown fairer, too, her warm, creamy skin just touched with pink, like the flush on a half-opened tea-rose, glowing warmer and brighter when her face kindled into beauty in the fire of interest or excitement. But it never entered the head of the matter-of-fact five, who quarrelled among themselves as to her well-being, and who were proud of her in their way, to think of loving the dark-faced girl, with her stormy, tropical temper.

And Anita, looking back to the summer-land of her childhood, where the slow-moving folk always had time for sweet courtesy and tender words, and women seemed to live but to be loved, felt her life dry and starved, a troubled, colorless dream, until Donald had come, like the prince of the fairy-tale, to bid her wake to love and life. That had been two years ago; and now for a year and a half they had been married, until this time never separated for more than a day. But it was best now, by far, Anita repeated to herself, with a little sigh: Donald, with all his sunny good nature, would be driven mad by Aunt Martha. If only she would come at once, and get the visit, in part at least, well over before Donald came home!

A ring at the door-bell brought her eagerly to her feet. It might be a telegram from the dreaded guest. She had not thought of hearing from Donald this first day, when he had not been ten hours gone, but a ranchman had brought her a note from him.

"Oh, where did you see Mr. Bartels? What was he doing? Had he caught any trout?" breathlessly hurling the questions at the astonished man, her face aglow with delight.

The man stared and grinned. His woman—as, after the bucolic style of the West, he denominated the faded, spiritless creature whom an inscrutable Providence had permitted him to wear out with work and child-bearing—was not given to any such unreasoning ebullitions of excitement. He thought it quite childish and feeble-minded, indeed, but, so long as it did not emanate from his woman, amusing withal. In the different codes which men devise for the proper conduct of their own and their neighbors' wives, the latter will generally be found the more elastic and liberal.

"Wall, I met 'm up nigh Longman's, long about noon, 'n' they hedn't done no fishin' yet. They was moseyin' on to Longman's for grub. They say the fishin's 'way up this year," he added, meditatively, turning to go; "but I ain't keepin' cases on trout myself. Dried herrin' is good enough for me, and lots easier to ketch," with a parting grin, as he ambled off.

The note proved to be no mere after-thought of tenderness on Donald's part. It was altogether practical and to the point:

"DEAR NITA,—

"I forgot my field-glass. Please send it over to Mrs. Rogers, who will see that I get it. Hastily, DON."

But of course there had been no time for philandering, Anita disappointedly reflected. He had scrawled his request on the back of an old letter while the ranchman, no doubt, impatiently waited. Naturally, he could not fill the page with love-making.

She decided that she would do Donald's errand herself, partly because at the moment there was nobody available to send, but more to satisfy an unacknowledged curiosity to know what especial means of communication Mrs. Rogers, who was to visit on a ranch in another direction, might enjoy with these ramblers in the mountains. In the subtle distinctions of the feminine mind a certain degree of friendly intimacy is suggested in "just running in, without stopping to dress," as one friend says to another, in half-apology for the call in cotton gown. Mrs. Rogers, in her easy way, might visit Mrs. Bartels in this wise; but Mrs. Bartels was stately and unapproachable in her elegant toilet when she went to see Mrs. Rogers.

Dr. Rogers's residence was in rooms adjoining his office, on the main street of the town, although somewhat removed from the business centre. Mrs. Bartels found the small woman coolly ensconced on the door-steps, lazily waving a palm-leaf fan.

"Have you come to mingle your tears with mine?" she called out, as soon as Mrs. Bartels was within sound of her voice. "It is smothering in the house; but I suppose you would not care to have me invite you to spread your black lace on the door-step. How did you ever get courage to put it on, such a day as this?" indolently scrambling to her feet and holding open the screen door. Mrs. Bartels shuddered at the tone of familiar good-fellowship.

"I won't consign you to asphyxia," she said, with a chill smile. "I have only come on an errand, and I cannot stay. I have a small package for Mr. Bartels, which he said you would see that he received."

"Oh, then he told you how they persuaded me to change my plans at the last moment and tag after them? Doc. found that he could have the cabin right now, and nothing would do but I must pack up and go. He never can be persuaded to go anywhere without me. I tell him it would be a good deal better if he would be as sensible as your husband."

"Unless Mr. Bartels went without me now, it would have been impossible for him to have gone at all," his wife explained, her manner a degree more chill. "I am expecting a visit from an aunt; and it was impossible for me to go with him."

"Certainly,—I understand," with her brilliant smile. "And I tell the doctor that a sensible man should be glad to escape from his wife sometimes: it breaks up the monotony."

Mrs. Bartels moved restlessly, turning as if to go. "And are you going soon?"

"To-morrow. I am going to drive up with Christine,—my girl,—the cart loaded up with boxes and budgets like an emigrant outfit. The boys will fish in the morning, and wait for us at Sunset Gulch, where we are going to cook our trout over a camp-fire and have a jolly picnic dinner. So awfully sorry you can't be with us."

"Thanks," with a shadowy smile. "But, since Mr. Bartels will

be there, can't I add to your load a luncheon for him?" Unspeakably hateful the thought that Donald must partake of this woman's salt.

"No, indeed; don't think of it. I have prepared an abundance of everything; and I have tried to remember the things that Mr. Bartels used to like. We once thought ourselves quite well informed as to his tastes, you know," with her careless, child-like smile, "and I suppose it is safe to assume that he has not outgrown all his old likings," a faint emphasis on the "all."

If the visitor winced under this reminiscence, it was not apparent. "It is very kind of you to recall his tastes," she said, simply, "but, indeed, I would prefer to relieve you of this trouble."

"But I don't want to be relieved,—thanks," with a little wilful laugh. "I am glad to do so much, don't you know, for the sake of 'auld lang syne.' It will not be the first pionic dinner that Mr. Bartels has eaten with us."

"You are quite too kind," said Mrs. Bartels, stiffly, turning to go. "Good-evening, and thanks for your care of the package."

"And no message for Mr. Bartels?" in a tone of innocent raillery. "I know he will accuse me of cheating him out of it, if you do not give me one."

"Give him my love, please," turning back slowly, "and tell him that he must enjoy himself enough to counterbalance my loss and loneliness without him."

"Oh, don't you worry about that," with a significant little nod, her red lips, moist like a child's, curling in laughter. "He will have a good time. Of course," she added, with a sweet air of innocent cordiality, "we shall keep him with us at the Park."

"By no means!" cried Mrs. Bartels, sharply. "He must not think of imposing on you to such an extent as that."

"Imposing!—an old chum like him! Nonsense, Mrs. Bartels! We could enjoy nothing more than having him with us; and as to any trouble on his account, nobody knows anything about trouble at the Park. We all rough it, and have a good time. Indeed, we shall insist on his staying with us."

Mrs. Bartels's pale lips parted as if for further protest, but suddenly she turned away without a word. "Good-by," she called back over her shoulder, with an after-thought of courtesy, "and a pleasant trip to you."

Back again in her own darkened home, she felt her way slowly to the nearest chair, sinking down heavily, her elbows on her knees, her chin resting on her upturned palms; and the little clock on the mantel had struck the hour, the half-hour, and ticked its way round to the point of ringing out the time again, while she sat there motionless in the shadows, hat and gloves still on, moodily lost in thought.

So this was the outcome of her devotion and self-sacrifice,—to give Mrs. Rogers opportunity to complete a half-won conquest. And had Donald stooped to such contemptible planning as this? Mrs. Rogers was to visit on a ranch, he had said: had he deliberately lied? Had he, bent on going with these people whom he liked, thought it the

easiest and smoothest course to deceive the jealous wife into complacent consent?

She rose at last, wearily moving from room to room, lighting the lamps and drawing the curtains. How pretty it all was under the warm, rose-shaded lights! What boyish delight Donald had shown in gratifying all her modest whims in the matter of furnishing! Not another home in all the place was half so artistic and charming. And how happy they had been together, all those blessed months in the new nest! How tenderly kind Donald had been to her always! Ah, it was impossible: he could not poison their happy love-life with such puerile deception as this. And suddenly she broke into a happy laugh. Why, surely: Mrs. Rogers had said that her going had not been arranged until the last moment. Naturally, Donald had known nothing about it when he rode away from the house that morning. He had been innocent of any thought of concealment. If that odious woman had not worried her into such a temper she must have understood and exonerated him at once.

But the fact remained that he would lunch with Mrs. Rogers on the morrow, that he would journey on to Lake Park in her company, and that for the next week or two he would be thrown more or less continually in the society of that too fascinating little coquette. Anita could not have dreamt that her impulsive generosity was to cost her so dear as this.

But Donald must not be trapped into staying with these people; and she seated herself at her desk. It was a long letter she wrote, designed with tender art to appeal to all his love for her; and, finally, in an inconsequential little postscript came the real gist of the matter: "Mrs. Rogers told me that she should insist upon your staying with them at the Park. Apparently she is indifferent to the possibility—indeed, in that event, the certainty—of reviving the silly old gossip that bracketed your name with hers once on a time. It is a comfort inexpressible to me to know that you, dearest, have more discretion,—that you will not let yourself be drawn into any foolishness of that sort, for my sake, if for no other reason. I know that I need not beg you not to; for when have I ever had to ask you to be thoughtful and considerate of me?"

IV.

Four days had passed away. Four times over again had a weary old world buttoned and unbuttoned, wakened and slept.

In the hope of finding a letter from Donald, Anita had walked down to his office in the afternoon. There had come but a note from him, another hurried scrawl, to say that he had joined a party which was going over the range, for a few days, to hunt bear. For Anita there was a grain of comfort in the reflection that Mrs. Rogers was not likely to go hunting bears, although, indeed, she could believe her capable of even that.

It was a close, hot afternoon, when the flies stuck maddeningly to perspiring humanity. Mr. Carlton, who had been enjoying his pipe

and a magazine in his shirt-sleeves, was scrambling into his coat, with an expression of mild martyrdom, as he came forward to offer Mrs. Bartels a chair and a fan.

"And so Don has really had an adventure?" he began, with a lazy chuckle. He was a most excellent man, full of charitable kindness toward all the world, but he dearly loved a good dish of gossip. It was his one redeeming vice, Donald used laughingly to declare. "What! have you not heard?" as Anita looked up in mute surprise. "No, I suppose he has not had time to write yet; or perhaps he means to keep it under cover: if so, don't tell him that I gave it away,—but really it is too good to keep."

"Well, don't keep it for a moment, then," smiling perplexedly, in sympathy with his evident enjoyment. "Do tell me at once."

"Well, what do you think of Bartels—who went away for rest and recreation, mind—getting lost on Ute Peak, and wandering around above timber-line all night?"

"But it is quite impossible!" cried Anita, pale at the idea. "Donald is over the range, hunting bear."

Carlton laughed with cheerful incredulity. "Hunting his grandmother!" he cried, grown quite reckless of his speech in the excitement of his news. "I had it from a fellow who was one of the party, and who 'saw him when he done it,'—as the small boy averred in support of his story of Jonah's swallowing the whale. This fellow stopped over for the night, on his way to Denver, and I had the luck to run across him just in time to hear the story. It appears the Rogerses got up a party to ascend the Peak, and Bartels, who is staying with them, this fellow told me, was one of the crowd. It was rather late when the party started to make the descent, and Mrs. Rogers, who was rather used up, hung back, while Bartels was gallant enough to keep her company. Somewhere among the boulder-fields the rest of the outfit got out of sight, and, in trying a short cut to overtake them, Bartels and Mrs. Rogers lost the trail, and did not succeed in getting themselves found till five o'clock the next morning. A new version of the babes in the wood," with a callous laugh at their plight, "only there were no birds above timber-line to cover them with leaves, worse luck for them."

"You are sure there is no mistake about this?" Anita's face was ghastly. "This man who told you was really one of the party?"

"Yes; although he did not really belong to the Rogers outfit. He had engaged a guide to go up the Peak by himself, when Dr. Rogers, wanting the same man for the same day, compromised by inviting this fellow to go with them. But you need not look so frightened, Mrs. Bartels. Don is all right. He did not even take cold. I asked after him particularly. And all's well that ends well."

"Yes, all's well that ends well," repeated Anita, dully. It seemed to her that the end of all things had come, that chaos was staring her in the face. She had a strange sense of faintness and oppression; a dull blur seemed dancing before her eyes; and the fingers nervously tracing the pattern of the wrought gold of her sun-umbrella top were weakly trembling. Her face felt as if it had petrified. She had a

vague conviction that if she once relaxed her hold on the little conventional smile fixed on her stiff lips, she could never recover it again,—that she would go on unsmiling for evermore. “I thought perhaps there might be a letter for me here,” she listlessly added, moving to go.

“No; you could hardly expect him to spare time for letters,” with another jolly laugh. “Really, it is too good! Perhaps I ought not to have given him away; but, upon my word, it seemed too bad that you should not enjoy the joke too.”

She enjoy the joke! Was the man cracked? “Yes, it would have been a pity for me to have missed it,” with a white-lipped smile.

Carlton stared meditatively at the open door after his visitor had passed out. “Unless the signs fail, there is a bad quarter of an hour ahead for Bartels,” he muttered, lazily amused, “and serves him right,—the ass! A man must be saved from drowning, even if one is obliged to pull his hair in doing it; and a good, clean drown is nothing, compared with a dip in the dirty puddles of Orodolphian gossip. One would hardly have reckoned Bartels *non compos*, either,” he thoughtfully added, knocking the ashes from his pipe; “but that little Rogers wretch,” expressively pausing, while he impatiently twitched a match across his trousers and lighted his pipe again,—“she! oh, Lord!”

With a quick, nervous tread Anita blindly hurried down the street, a dull sensation of unreality possessing her, as if, she thought, she had died, and this was her ghost. So this was the end of it!—of all that happiness which it had seemed they would take with them into eternity! Donald had tired of her. Who could say when the subtle change had taken place, or for how long he had been deceiving her with sweet, plausible words? But “It is vain to attempt to keep a secret from one that has a right to know it,” said Emerson. “It will tell itself.” It was her right to know this; and his secret had been revealed to her. She seemed to awake with a sort of stupid surprise, to find herself mechanically exchanging smiling greetings with some passing friends; and presently, where a little child was crying, she stopped and spoiled a glove fishing a lost toy out of the irrigating-ditch, noting curiously how her hand still trembled. On she went, in a sort of breathless haste that quickly took her away from the town; and at length she turned aside from the road, across a piece of dry ground bristling with cactus and soap-weed, and aimlessly wandered on to the railroad-track, almost hidden between its borders of rank sunflowers.

“I must get away by myself, and think,” she muttered. Nobody would meet her here. A little way, and the track crossed the creek, here rushing in a myriad of foaming water-falls far below its high banks. Midway across the open trestle-work, Anita stopped, gazing thoughtfully down at the murky torrent below, a dirty white from the gulch-mining that was torturing the stream from its bed up the cañon. What if one should trip and fall? It would be easy,—poking one foot between the ties and catching her boot-heel experimentally,—an accident which might happen to anybody. The water was not deep, but the current was strong; and surely such a fall would kill at once. One would be carried on down the stream as lightly and indifferently as that bit of chip dancing along there,—dead to all pain of earth.

How shocked people would be should such an accident befall her ! And how they would hurry to snatch Donald from his jolly time with Mrs. Rogers, to look his last upon the poor dead face which once had been the loveliest of all on earth to him !—for he had loved her,—nothing could rob her of the sweetness of believing that ; and in the last sad moment, when he came to press his farewell upon the stiff lips that never again would tremble with the joy of his touch, if only in pity for her, the old feeling must spring remorsefully to life again for the time. But stay !—she would be bruised by the fall, perhaps blotched and stained beyond recognition ; and Donald liked women to look sweet and fair. It would not do to have his last look at her like that. But there was a strange fascination in this thought of death. What other escape did earth offer from its burdens of pain ?

Beyond the bridge, she climbed the steep gravelly bank of the railroad to look across at the small bare cemetery on the southern *mesa*. The poorest land had been given to God's acre, its scanty crop of buffalo-grass sere and brown from insufficient irrigation, a white picket fence dividing it from the road in front, its remaining sides defined with barbed wire. A few cows had stolen into the enclosure and were complacently nipping at the scantily-clothed sod. And what was that small shape, scarce distinguishable from the hue of the ground, lithely slipping under the fence, and scurrying up the steep hill-side ? Anita watched the shifting blot with horror-stricken eyes. She had heard of the coyotes that sometimes came ravenously burrowing down into new-made graves. Yet what did it matter ? Those who slept over on the *mesa* yonder would not be troubled however the ground were scratched above their heads. This was Nirvana,—

Nameless quiet, nameless joy,
Blessed Nirvana,—sinless, stirless rest,—
The change that never changes.

Suddenly she started back with a gesture of despair, her hand instinctively moving in the sign of the cross that had been her childhood's charm against evil. All the training of her life had been inexorable as to the duty of living. Her mother's creed had made it mortal sin but to wish for death ; and however little the orthodoxy of her aunts had to make life the more joyous in the living, it at least did what it might to inspire a wholesome patience under life's ills, with the awful alternative of its hell. God forgive and help her ! wildly stretching out imploring hands toward the grim old mountains, as it seemed to her, like prison-walls to which she was helplessly chained. Must she live on and on in this environment which seemed pressing her down, on and on, while the long colorless days rolled themselves away in years, till her fair hands had grown as brown and shrivelled with age as the dried leaf she idly picked up ?—the poor little hands,—stretching them out and studying them with whimsical sadness,—that must be empty of happiness always, when once it seemed they had more than they could hold. A great wave of homesickness swept over her,—a passionate longing for escape,—to go back again to the old

home that, in the softened haze of memory, seemed always as another world of heavenly peace and joy. In that flower-scented air the weary soul should be wrapped in lulling repose, and trouble fall away like a worn-out garment. Ah, the sweetness of going home like a tired child, if but to lie down on the bosom of old mother earth and rest! She felt so worn,—so deadly tired; and surely one's rest must always be sweetest at home.

V.

It was growing dark when Anita came laggingly back into the town, and the church bells were clamoring their invitations to the weekly prayer-meetings. Anita laughed bitterly as she heard them. Let the fools go and pray if they would,—and wake one day to find all their cries and petitions of no more avail to move God's mercy than a puff of wind. How many times had she prayed, tears of passionate earnest in her eyes, that she might be given the sweet power to hold forever Donald's love, the only good of life she had feared to lose,—and now, at last, she had God's answer!

There was a sweet, dewy freshness about the place that fell soothingly on her fevered spirit, although she scarce perceived it. A local ordinance, designed to economize the water-supply, restricted the sprinkling of lawns to this part of the day; and the cool dripping of water was everywhere promising new life to the dusty gardens, and every clean-washed tree and shrub seemed tremulous with joy from its refreshing douche. Orodelfia nursed its greenery with a fond solicitude only appreciable in a country naturally scanty of vegetation, and, with the instinctive unreason of humankind, enjoyed Nature's rich gifts the more in proportion to the price she demanded.

At a certain corner, where a somewhat pretentious modern house stood well back beyond a velvety swell of lawn, Anita hesitated, glancing at a little man who, with an air of grave importance, was absorbed in watching the eccentric gyrations of a new kind of sprinkling-attachment on his garden-hose. This was the cashier of the bank where Donald kept his account. He recognized Mrs. Bartels, as she irresolutely paused, and started to open the gate for her, his rubber overshoes pompously pattering on the stone walk.

"You find me having a good time, like a school-boy," he exclaimed, his tone implying how gravely apology might be demanded when a man of his dignity was discovered bending himself to anything so small as the sprinkling of a lawn. If Nature had meant to put the stamp of insignificance upon him, he had never acquiesced in her caprice, and he could not have done more to banish such a thought from other minds than by his complacent air of rating himself a giant among men. The world, in its hurry, is generally disposed to accept a man at his own valuation, particularly if his opinion is blessed with a rich financial backing. Mrs. Bartels might have counted the little holes pierced in the crown of his felt hat, as he opened the gate for her, but, even had she been less preoccupied, it would not have entered her mind to feel otherwise than small beside him.

"Have you observed how men never outgrow the weakness for playing with fire and water?" he went on,—“how we all enjoy a fire, and what fun we can get out of a garden-hose? But surely you are coming in?” surprised as she stood still. “Mrs. Ingalls will be delighted to see you.”

“Not to-night, thanks. I came to see you, Mr. Ingalls,” with a dazzling smile. Anita’s face had the Mexican quality of alternating between an apathetic repose that was almost dull and lifeless, and an excessive animation the more brilliantly dazzling by contrast, when excitement roused the slumbering fire of her eyes and called out the soft rose-flush on her creamy cheeks. Mr. Ingalls found himself marveling that he had never before observed what a beautiful woman Mrs. Bartels was; but he was none the less warily mindful that ladies who called to see him generally carried subscription-papers in their pockets, and his admiration did not prevent a certain stiffening of his features, a subtle hint of his capacity to say, “No,” while he waited to hear her errand. “But won’t you come in, just the same?” he courteously suggested.

“No,—thanks. I merely want to know if you could possibly cash a check for me to-night.”

The banker, relieved of his first apprehension, smiled benignantly, lifting his eyebrows with a slightly quizzical expression. He regarded women as properly classified with children and idiots in matters of business. “To-night? Why, Mrs. Bartels, it would be a pleasure to oblige you, but you know that banking-hours ended at three o’clock; and the cash was in the safe, and the time-lock on, before five.”

“Of course I knew that this was not the proper time for business,” sweetly apologetic, her smile seductively winning; “but I thought perhaps you might manage it for me some way; and I felt sure you would if you could.”

“Why, certainly, of course,” cried the little man, with an eagerness that surprised himself. While beautiful eyes were beaming with such tender confidence upon him, it was not in human nature to wilfully spoil a good impression. “And if fifteen or twenty dollars will do you any good,—I never carry much money about me; pay all my bills with checks,—most sensible way in the world, for then you always have your voucher for a receipt if you happen to lose the other,—but if so much will answer your purpose, I can let you have it with pleasure. Otherwise I am afraid you will have to wait until the bank opens in the morning.”

“But I wanted to take the early train,” dejectedly turning away.

“And twenty dollars won’t do?”

“I am afraid not,—thanks. You will excuse my troubling you, Mr. Ingalls; and—good-night.” Her great disappointment was very evident.

“Why, now I think of it,” exclaimed the other, detaining her, “a man just down from the mountains came into the bank with a deposit after we were about closed up to-night, and——”

“And banking-hours only end at three for those who would take money away, not for those who have it to leave,” playfully interrupting,

her smile dazzling, her eyes brightening again. Mr. Ingalls's keen-eyed wife would have detected at a glance that all Mrs. Bartels's unusual sprightliness and charm of manner was but acting, hysterically strained and overdone; but Mr. Ingalls had never assumed to understand women since he was married.

"Precisely," accepting her little railery with utmost seriousness. His was that order of mind that generally works at cross-purposes in matters of humor. He habitually missed the point of other people's jokes; and when he essayed to be funny himself it was like a small boy struggling to whistle,—nobody could ever comprehend that the result attained was at all commensurate to the effort involved. "And that money is lying loose in the vault,—something like three hundred dollars, I believe. I wonder I did not think of it before. But now, if you would not mind walking down to the bank, I could cash your check with pleasure,—provided you did not want more than that amount."

"Ah, how delightfully kind of you!" with an hysterical little laugh, like a child over-excited. "Do you know," with a charming air of confidence, as she turned back with him down the street, "you could hardly have imagined that I had left my fate in your hands, as it were. I came to you just as small boys toss up pennies to decide what they shall do. I said to myself, 'If I get the money I will go; if not, I will stay. Mr. Ingalls shall decide it for me.'"

"And I am very glad to settle it to please you," pausing abstractedly. "But if you will excuse me for a moment, Mrs. Bartels, I think I will just run back and leave my gum shoes."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Ingalls. There is plenty of time before the morning train goes. Leave them *sub rosa*, by all means," with another mirthless laugh that left a rankling suspicion in Mr. Ingalls's mind, as he searched out a cache for his property under the rose-bushes. Mrs. Bartels was a charming woman,—surprisingly jolly; but if she were disposed to poke fun at his gum shoes, he must regard such levity as bad taste, to say the least.

There was a close, stuffy smell about the large, shadowy banking-room, as the heavy door was opened.

"'Darkness there, and nothing more,'" quoted Anita, who, it seemed, must continually be talking. "It seems like a church on a week-day; does it not?"

"Yes?—do you think so? Well, you shall pass a contribution-plate, and make it seem more like a Sunday," beaming with consciousness of his wit. "How much will you have? I think if you will sit at this desk by the window you will have light enough to fill out your check," methodically dating the paper for her with a rubber stamp, and pushing forward pens, ink, and a blotter.

"Did you say that I could have three hundred dollars? I would like about that, please."

"What! the whole of it?" with amiable facetiousness, as he lighted a lamp. "I think you must be going into real estate, Mrs. Bartels."

"I might, perhaps, to the extent of a few feet," laughing at the grim humor of her thought.

"Perhaps you had better not put in the figure until I see how much we have."

His lamp held in one hand, the cashier slowly worked the combination of the vault door in the far corner. Anita nervously thrummed on the desk, fidgeting in the large, leather-covered chair, impatiently oppressed with the stillness which seemed an inherent quality of the heavy, vitiated atmosphere. A fly that had been languidly rubbing its hind legs together on the window roused itself to come buzzing teasingly around her head; and a man who was passing in the street slackened his pace to peer curiously at her through the window. She felt an insane longing to scream and bid the man, now inside the vault, to hasten.

"And when are you expecting your husband back?" he carelessly asked, when presently he emerged, a bunch of bills in his hand.

"I don't know," listlessly watching while he stood counting the bills at a high desk.

"Yes, I think we can make it three hundred, Mrs. Bartels," finishing his count, and beginning anew.

"Thank you."

"I presume he is having a large time, but all the same I would hurry him home were I you," with the comfortably complacent air he wore when feeling that he was about to get off a good thing. "There is nothing more demoralizing than a trout-stream, Mrs. Bartels. It seems as if a man could not go fishing and practise prohibition or tell the truth. Oh, the Lorelei was nowhere compared with the sirens that haunt our Rocky Mountain trout-streams, to lure men's moral natures to wreck and ruin. Indeed I would hurry him away from such dangerous environment, Mrs. Bartels."

Anita's face flushed scarlet, her biased perception comprehending a deeper meaning behind the carelessly-uttered words, while she burned with indignation. Even a comparative stranger like this might feel free to cast his stone of advice at her in her humiliation. And yet, softening, no doubt he meant his hint kindly.

"I think I shall leave him to work out his own salvation," with a sort of sullen constraint that struck the unconscious Ingalls with astonishment and discomfiture. His complimentary opinion was modified with the proviso that a joke was wasted upon her.

"Well, perhaps he may save his soul alive, but I wouldn't be too sure of it," laughingly letting himself down to business again. "I think you will find this all right, Mrs. Bartels." He briskly stamped the check with a sharp click of the little instrument, pushed the heavy vault door shut, and blew out the light. "I believe that is all," he added, as he joined her at the door.

"Yes, that is all," drearily. She had a feeling that this was the last page of her life at Orodelfia, as if she were bidding it an eternal farewell; and she felt a childish longing to take some hand in friendly clasp and say good-by. "I want to thank you," she said, gently. "It was more than kind to give yourself so much trouble, and the favor to me was greater than you could readily understand. Thanks, and—*adios!*"

The bewildered banker, who had scarce before met the lady with greeting more familiar than the lifting of his hat, was fairly overcome with embarrassment at the warmth of her hand-clasp, the inscrutable expression of her lingering glance. He had never been known as a ladies' man, even at the apex of his youthful gallantries. That is a rôle liable to prove expensive, at the ruling rates of flowers and bon-bons, and the thrifty man had been ever minded to invest his courtesies as well as capital where most tangible returns might be expected. He was not to be tempted into foolishness by the wiles of any woman; but none the less, while his pulses pleasantly quickened, he was reminded that he had once been rather a taking fellow. He wondered if it would not have been the proper thing for him to escort Mrs. Bartels home,—it was certainly growing very dark,—irresolutely glancing back at her graceful form already almost lost in the dense shadows of the trees. And, abstractedly walking along, gazing over his shoulder, he had run against a man, and well-nigh knocked him down, before he observed him.

"I beg pardon, Wells," he said, gruffly, recognizing the victim of his unconscious charge. There had been a little unpleasantness at the bank that day, relative to an over-due note, when this man Wells had made himself particularly disagreeable. "Hope you are not hurt?" the banker carelessly added, as he moved on. "I did not see you."

"I s'pose not," with an ugly grin, significantly leering up the street, where Mrs. Bartels had passed. The man had evidently been drinking, and his manners were not improved. "Banking-hours for ladies after dark, eh? Oh, well, when the cat's away the mice will play."

Ingalls wheeled around furiously, his rosy face flaming crimson, each hair of his sandy moustache seeming separately aquiver with wrath. "I have a good mind to come back and knock you down!" he exclaimed, contemptuously measuring the boozily grinning ranch-man.

"Oh, no, you hain't: you ain't built that way," with a taunting laugh. "You can charge a man two per cent. a month, an' ten per cent. fur 'torney's fees, when a note happens to run a little over time,—you ain't here fur your health!—but that is the worst you can do. When it comes to standing up before a full-grown man—bah! you look like one o' them fancy china salt-bottles they get up nowadays,—little toy men an' women. Durned if I don't half believe you be one," with a drunken laugh. "I've a good mind to pick you up an' turn you over anyway, jest to see if I can't sprinkle salt out of your head."

If he had really entertained the notion of undertaking any such experiment, the whim was promptly extinguished by a couple of well-planted blows that left him sprawling, half strangled, his head in the irrigating-ditch. "Ought to call him a pepper-bottle," he spluttered, with boozy reasoning, as he ruefully blew the mud out of his nose. "Might 'a' known he had a red-headed temper. But this ain't the end on't, old two-per-cent.-a-month!" he bawled after his retiring enemy. "I'll jest ask Don Bartels for a bit of legal advice about 'sault and battery; 'n' mebbe he'll thank me for a hint about your banking-hours for ladies."

VI.

Down its narrow, rock-hewn pathway, to the reverent soul as an aisle of one of the grandest of earth's cathedrals, a Denver & Rio Grande train was tortuously twisting its way, following the curves of the Arkansas, while the old stone Titans keeping watch on either side gossiped of the event in hoarse, whispering echoes. It was a frowning, gray day, when the wind was rioting in the shadowy cañon like a thoughtless child mocking at the dignity of age, whistling weird harmonies as it heavily hurled its might from one rock wall to the other, buffeting the bristling pines and spruces as though to compel the bare roots to loose their grip on the repelling rocks, blowing the foam-crested waves of the river into madder hurry, every little while, in a wilder frenzy of *diablerie*, throwing itself crazily into the spinning of whirlwinds of dust that veiled the landscape like a fog.

Once or twice, above the echoing roar and rattle of the train, sounded the boom of distant thunder, and people turned for the moment from their papers or idle talk to glance up at the narrow strip of sky, like a twist of ragged gray ribbon, showing far away above the mighty rock walls that hedged them in, speculating, with the comfortable indifference of people well housed, as to the chances of a storm. It was a local train, and most of those who looked, dulled by familiarity to even this grandeur, saw nothing of the rich harmony of color, the ineffable beauty of the vast walls piled block upon block, thousands upon thousands of feet, until, like castles of a race of giants, their towers and pinnacles seemed touching the swirling clouds of the sky, whose frowning mood seemed so perfectly attuned to this rugged grandeur,—looked at it all but barometer-wise, seeing only that the storm might blow over. Well for man that the dull eyes of the flesh may one day be cast to earth, else even the glories of heaven would presently pall upon the sluggish souls made free.

More indifferent than any, Anita lay back in her chair, well-nigh pale and still as the dead. She was physically exhausted to a degree that her superb strength had never known before, spent and beaten by the storm of passion goading her on to feverish activity through all the long night. She had not thought of sleeping, going about the preparations for her journey with a care for small details as punctilious as though there had been weeks to spare for the planning. All alone in the still night, her one servant sleeping undisturbed, she had gone about putting her house in order as though to grace the coming of some favored guest, pushing a chair in place here, adjusting the fold of a curtain there, emptying the withered flowers from the vases, even threading fresh ribbon in the ends of a bureau-scarf, and, with new knots of ribbon, pinning the clean cover on a pin-cushion. Each garment in the basket of clothes fresh from the laundry had been carefully laid in its place; and, though her fingers had trembled over their task, they had yet never faltered nor bungled over all the dainty stitchery she was accustomed to lavish on the weekly mending. And when her feverish fancy could devise nothing more to occupy her restless hands, when her one trunk was packed, and her curt note of explanation to Donald had

been written, out on the piazza, in the cool gray preceding the dawn, she had gone, pacing back and forth in the same mad hurry, until the glowing lights of the eastern sky were beckoning a sleep-drugged world to up and make the most of another day of life.

She was not a woman to whom the relief of tears came readily. It seemed rather as if her passion spent its force inwardly, until her heart felt full to bursting with the intruding torrent of pain. Dry-eyed, and outwardly so quiet, with all her cool thoughtfulness and housewifely painstaking, that long night's vigil had been a rack of torture unspeakable, leaving her spent and worn as from long illness; and there was a sensation of passionate relief in lying restfully back in the luxurious car, feeling that those dark hours were left behind, that her feet were fairly across the Rubicon of hesitation. For in all her mad hurrying she had not been able to stifle the wifely instinct that would bid her pause and measure well this step, to weigh more carefully this punishment she was meting out to Donald. Octopus-like, duty seemed clinging, striving to hold her back, but her mad passion but strove the more to wrench her free from that insistent grip. She knew that inspired devilry could have devised no revenge more cruel to Donald; and the demon that possessed her but laughed the more hideously in triumph at the thought.

And now the fateful step was taken. Of no avail to question the consequences now, to measure the right and wrong. It only remained to keep her glance from wandering backward,—to look only to the goal ahead. It seemed so clear before her staring eyes, the stretch of warm-toned gray walls, the old weather-stained chapel at one side, rising, isolate as a ship at sea, from the vast stretch of hot, cacti-blotched plains. She could even fancy the quivering radiations of heat in the air, and see the lizards sunning themselves by the wall. But within that old enclosure, grim as a fortress, would be brightness and welcome, and, best of all, cool, refreshing rest. It was always cool in the dim *sala* where her mother's hammock used to swing, the great silken hammock with its fringes of parti-colored tassels at which Anita had pulled as a child, calling them flowers. Time would have forgotten that quiet *sala*; nothing ever changed in that fair dream-land, where life slumbered on in eternal summer. The old hammock was hanging there to-day, in the lulling half-lights, and the perfume of heliotrope and jasmine was stealing in among the shadows, as fresh and sweet as a dozen years ago. Before the wide arched door-way the same old diminishing triangle of sunshine would be spread on the worn red tiles; and, as one lay in the hammock, he would look out into the *patio*, where the palms were grudgingly sifting the sunbeams through their lithe fingers, and purpling figs were bursting with sweetness among their scalloped leaves. One would catch the red flash of the pomegranate-blossoms, like bunches of crumpled silk; roses would be crowding their red cheeks together, wantonly begging the hot kisses of the sun; and all the warm air would seem sensuously aquiver with the flower-bells ringing out their sweet summons to the heart of man to rejoice and be glad.

Yet even into this dream the thought of Donald must intrude.

They had so often talked of taking this trip together, in some happy holiday time! Would he guess at once where she had gone, and follow, she wondered, a cold disgust creeping over her at the thought of looking upon his face again. Her heart seemed numb and cold, only dead ashes there in place of the love that had but yesterday burned so fiercely. Anything but the one thing he had done, she bitterly told herself for the hundredth time, she might have forgiven him. Had he but come to her in the masterful spirit of a man, and said, "I like these people, and I will have nothing to do with your whims and prejudices; I shall go with them and amuse myself;" had he but been bravely honest about it, however her jealous heart might have protested, she could still have looked up to him with the dog-like love of woman. But when he had driven her to despise him, with his puerile, cajoling lies, it was as if that part of her nature that had thrilled in response to his had been suddenly stricken with paralysis.

What would he say, what new lie would he invent, when he came and found her?—for she was perfectly sure that some day he would come and find her, with clumsy, masculine endeavor to smooth it over. He would say that the hunting-expedition had disappointingly fallen through, and the Rogerses had been so pressing in their kindly hospitality that he had not been able to escape them; or he had merely stopped with them for the night, in order to make an early start for the ascent of the Peak,—a trip he had always been longing to make, and which he could scarce be expected to resist when at last the opportunity came; or perhaps he would deny the whole story. For the first time, as she imagined his excuses, Anita faltered for a moment in her vengeful purpose, wishing she had but waited a day to read the letter which even now probably was waiting for her in the office. She felt a bitter curiosity to know what he would say for himself. It might have been more just, more kind, to have halted to hear his side; and yet—with a fierce clinching of her hands—what had she to do with kindness? Had he been kind when he had schemed to circumvent her wishes,—when he had callously thrust aside her tenderly-written request?

A pale twilight fell suddenly upon the car from the overhanging rocks of the Royal Gorge,—pathway meet for the King of kings, in its grand stillness and repose, shadows old as the world lingering in the deep recesses, where the quivering touch of a sunbeam finger has never penetrated, to wake to sensuous joy the pallid plant-life cloistered there. Anita looked up almost startled as the dark shadow fell across her dreamily-staring eyes like an impalpable veil, glancing out of the window with the instinctive recollection of Donald's joy in these grand scenes. Nature had never a more joyous worshipper than he, to whom had been given the gods' best gift to man, the happy faculty of interesting himself in whatever offered, with eyes to see all that time and chance might be holding out as he journeyed, never missing the smallest pleasure that came within his reach. In a flash, while instinctively her hand was pressed against her heart, in futile effort to still its sharp pain, her thoughts had gone back to her bridal journey through this wonder-land, when to her happy fancy it had seemed but

the fitting portal to the rich new life before her. It had been then, she remembered, that, amazedly staring up from the observation-car at the awful masses of overhanging rock, as it seemed just ready to drop and crush to nothingness the poor little train crawling along in the shadow like a presumptuous worm, Anita, stealing her hand into his, half fearfully, half glad of the fear that made excuse for the tender touch, had asked Donald if he feared death. "Only because it might divide us, darling," he had whispered back, the shadow of a deep earnestness fallen upon his sunny face. It was such a little while ago,—less than a score of months; and now they were divided by a black gulf of lies of his making, and she lived to see that life might be more cruel than death.

The wind was sighing sullenly, almost stilled, and the cloud-masses were fringed with glowing brightness where the sunlight was feeling its way to earth. Out and away from the shadow of the rocks sped the train, past gentle, sparsely-wooded hills, on through the green garden of Cañon City and its outlying fertile fields, by desolate ranch houses where a weary wraith of a woman, apex of a clutter of unkempt children, was always staring at the passing train, hungrily snatching a Barmecide taste of the outside world,—on and away, each change of scene to Anita but as a mile-post marking another unit of space put between her and Donald.

All but the smallest cobwebs had been swept from the sky when Pueblo was reached, and the sun was pouring down with a blazing persistency which seems especially reserved for that bustling burgh, which flourishes as if finding occult favor in the heavens' hot partiality. Here Anita was to change cars for the south; perhaps she would be compelled to wait: she did not know. Would it be a clever scheme, she pondered, to baffle Donald on her track, to purchase a ticket but for another little piece of the way? or should she boldly name her destination at the ticket-office and get the tiresome details of ticket and trunk-check off her mind for good and all? Irresolutely she threaded her way among the motley crowd on the hot, unshaded platform of the station, pausing, because it seemed to bar her way, before the section of Pueblo's king of cottonwoods, which advertising ingenuity has erected there,—fit monument, Donald had once said, for a city's crime of *arboricide*. Ever the thought of Donald in everything!—impatiently frowning while she read the black-lettered legend of the tree, the surprising figures of its girth and size, what celebrities had camped under its shade, and how many unfortunates had been hung from its branches,—idly read with her eyes, while her mind, not grasping a word, still wrestled with the problem of the ticket. Ah, why should she make herself petty trouble seeking to mislead him, when, soon or late, he was sure to find her?—a sudden hot shame burning all over her with a sneaking consciousness that she *wanted* him to find her soon. Great heaven! was she then so weak in spirit that she could run away, but hoping to be followed? And could it be—with bitter self-contempt—that already she was nursing a fancy of one day taking him to her heart again, when he came pleading? Let her go buy her ticket and away! And yet she hesitated to take this final step, realizing, with fierce im-

potent anger, what her hesitation meant. In the enforced quiet of her journey, somewhere, somehow, in those hours of brooding thought, the hot flame of her fury had gone out, and now the reaction was come. She had not grown tender or forgiving; she was sore and sullen, feeling how weak she was, how helpless to keep her heart from turning back to him; her anger burning but the more furiously in the consciousness that, however she despised him, she yet could not break free from the love of him. But at least she would not yield herself to the despicable weakness; she would go on,—setting her teeth hard and resolutely turning back toward the ticket-office.

A step had faltered beside her unheeded, and now a hand was suddenly put out to detain her.

"Nita,—Cousin Nita, what luck to meet you here!" exclaimed a young man, eagerly, yet with a certain diffidence, as if not quite sure of his welcome.

"Gray Van Zandt!—you?" in breathless surprise, staring at him with wide-eyed incredulity. "It is not possible? I thought you were in Paris."

"*Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas*," he gayly retorted, seizing the hand she surprisedly held out in a close, caressing pressure. "I was in Paris; but now I am here. It is not my ghost, I can assure you. And how do you happen here? Is your husband with you?"

The surprise was the one touch of nature needed upon her overwrought nerves. "Oh, how glad—how glad I am!" she exclaimed, in a tone that left no doubt of her sincerity, even though as she spoke she covered her face and burst into passionate weeping.

Gray Van Zandt, who had been fond of her from his boyhood, who had once, indeed, thought his life ruined through hopeless love of her, was as distressed as amazed. "Nita, for heaven's sake—what on earth is the matter? Don't, dear,—please don't," he begged, while, with great presence of mind, he caught her sun-umbrella and held it to shield her from curious eyes.

"It is nothing but the surprise. You came upon me so suddenly. And—of course you know that people sometimes cry for joy," smiling tremulously up at him.

"Well, it never happened to come under my observation before," regarding her dubiously; "and if it is all the same to you, Nita, I must say I would rather be greeted with smiles."

"Well, so you shall," with a little contradictory sob. "And is Aunt Martha with you?"

"With me! Heaven forbid! But if that was your idea I can understand your tears," he returned, lightly, but searching her face with earnest, anxious eyes. "And is Donald with you?"

"It would hardly do for *me* to say, 'Heaven forbid!' would it?" with an effort at playfulness that sat but lamely upon her. "But he isn't."

"And how do I happen to find you in this out-of-the-way place? Where are you bound?"

"'Out-of-the-way place'!—*this*—'the Pittsburg of the West'! Pueblo would hang you in effigy, if your blasphemy were overheard."

Gray shrugged his shoulders with a comprehensive glance of con-

tempt at the visible town. "But would you mind saying whether you are travelling toward home, or away?"

"I am going home; and, of course, you are going with me," having gained time to make up her mind.

"Thanks. Then if we are going by this train we would better get on board. The porter said only twenty minutes for refreshments, and," looking at his watch, "seventeen of them are gone."

"And you have had nothing to eat!" in consternation, with a woman's instinctive concern for the material comfort of those belonging to her.

"I will have the porter rustle a lunch and bring it to us on board. Are these all the traps you have?" taking her hand-bag and sun-umbrella.

"Are not those enough for a reasonable woman?" lightly. It might be embarrassing to explain the presence of the trunk. She could telegraph back for it.

"*'Speak of angels,' et cætera,*" exclaimed Gray, by and by, when the train was on its way, almost incredulously regarding Anita across the narrow car table, while she sipped a glass of claret and played with a sandwich. "It seems incredible, even now. I had just started to wire you at Orodelfia that I was coming, when, as if I had rubbed Aladdin's lamp, there you stood before me. You have not explained yet how you happened to be there."

"No," hesitating a little. "Well, you know that Aunt Martha wrote that she was probably coming——"

"And then she exercised her woman's prerogative, and changed her mind."

"Something that a man never does," with a mocking smile, grown almost light of heart for the moment, in the pleasure of seeing him.

"Never, Cousin Nita," a glance she might interpret as she chose flashing from his bold black eyes.

"And, not conceiving that she could be so fickle," she deliberately continued, "I calculated that she ought to reach Pueblo to-day; and, being alone at home, with nothing to hinder——"

"Alone?" interpolated Gray, quickly. "Where is Donald?"

"Away on a fishing-trip," staring hard at a bunch of cattle that, scared from the track by the infernal screeching of the locomotive-whistle, were wildly tearing across the country.

"All by himself?" surprisedly.

"Oh, no: he is with a party."

"I mean without you," persisted Gray, regarding her keenly.

"Obviously, since I am here," reddening a little, while she laughed rather constrainedly. "I could not go with him because I was expecting Aunt Martha,—don't you see? And so, as I said, being alone, it occurred to me that there was nothing to prevent my going down to Pueblo to meet her."

"To meet Aunt Martha!" staring at her aghast, forgetting, in his surprise, to bite the pear he had lifted to his mouth.

"And why not?" coolly staring back at him. "Why should you doubt it?"

"Oh, I don't, of course, if you say so: only," a quizzical smile lifting the ends of his heavy black moustache, "it just strikes me, Nita, how abominably homesick you must have been, in this wild and woolly West, to be ready to rush a hundred miles or so for the pleasure of embracing Aunt Martha."

"Your penetration does you credit," smiling lightly, but with the sadness returning to her eyes. "I think I have been abominably homesick, Gray."

VII.

When the child Anita had been brought to the home of the Van Zandts she had found her first friend in her cousin Gray. They had played, quarrelled, and been punished together, times without number. And when later Gray had developed a capacity for mischief that made him the despair of his family and the scourge of his school-masters, the little girl, with the instinct of motherhood that belongs to the woman heart, divining that she most of all had power over the wayward lad, had forgotten her dolls in her care to keep Gray in the way he should go. He was her senior by a few months, yet her mental attitude might have befitted his grandmother; and so, when at last Gray proposed to marry her, the girl simply laughed in his face. But his need of her pleaded for him. In a certain way she had felt herself necessary to him for years, innocently exaggerating the importance of her influence. How little could she guess how small was the sweep of her moral broom in the wide radius of his life! And so she might, after all, have married him, had not Donald Bartels, in an evil hour for Gray, come and won her.

There had been no moiety of love's real passion in Anita's feeling toward her cousin; but she had been very fond of him, in a tender, care-taking way, and she had missed him out of her life. And now she was overjoyed to see him again,—so happy that once, when a pause came in the conversation, she caught herself vaguely wondering why her heart felt so strangely heavy. Joy for the moment had utterly routed trouble from her mind.

"But you are looking thin and pale," she anxiously exclaimed, when there had been time to study his face clearly. "Surely you have not—I hope you have not been ill?"

"Oh, no," with a little cough that struck terror to her heart. They grow keen to recognize the weapons of the grim enemy, they who live in that dry air where doctors send men to make their fight with death. "I caught a little cold last spring,—a mere nothing, but it seems to stick in my throat. Paris was a little too much for me, I'm afraid; and then, you know, it is never easy to get rid of a cold in warm weather."

"I know that you never would half take care of yourself," retorted Anita, her eyes luminous with exceeding kindness.

"And nobody else ever seemed to feel called to undertake the job," with a rueful grimace.

"Ah, who could?" laughing.

"Who could, wouldn't," retorted Gray, enigmatically, with his careless laugh.

It was inexpressibly pleasant, with her sore and fretted heart, to have this old comrade beside her, to feel that his resentful wrath at her had been swept away, that she might lean again upon his steadfast affection. There was no time for gloomy thought in their lively conversation, continually starting anew with, "Of course you remember this," or, "You cannot have forgotten that." And Anita discovered that she had room for two distinct trains of reflection in her mind at once,—the one full of reminiscent jollity and laughter, the other full of bitterness unspeakable. With Gray beside her, dipping into the past, laughing at his jokes and odd slang, trouble must be kept in abeyance; but it was with her none the less, to share her pillow when at last she was at home again, mocking her in the darkness until it seemed she must cover her head with the sheet to stifle her moans.

Another day had come, laughing in the joy of Colorado's lavish sunshine. Gray was lazily rocking in the sitting-room hammock, while Anita, near by, sat working at a bit of embroidery. The strong morning light fell tryingly on her pale, weary face.

"Do you know, *niña mia*," he said, "I think I must emulate your delightful frankness, and remark that you look just a wee bit the worse for wear? You too are thin and pale."

"But you must remember that I am always well," hastily, with her brightest smile. "It has its disadvantages too, you must know, to be so monotonously sound in health in a country where the evenness of the temperature leaves so little to be said about the weather. One suffers from such a paucity of conversational matter."

"Yes?" smiling perfunctorily, while still with keen eyes studying her face.

"I hope there is no powder on my nose!" she irrelevantly exclaimed, quizzically meeting his searching glance.

"Worse than that, Nita," he said, gravely. "Something is wrong with you. I know you too well to be deceived. I wish you would tell me all about it."

"Well, if you insist upon it,—though I am afraid you will only make light of my sufferings when I tell you," drawing a long face,— "the fact is that my new bonnet—and I sent to New York for it—is a perfect failure. I am racking my brains as to whether I shall send it back and have a row about it, or give my vanity the discipline of wearing it as it is."

"*Vanitas vanitatum*," with a queer smile. Did she think to take him in with any such stuff as this?

"I have to make the most of my opportunities to indulge in vanities, don't you know? I have to make up for such a lot of lost time. Do you remember my chronic condition of nothing to wear, in the days of old? It was pitiful."

"Nobody ever looked so well dressed as you, always," protested Gray, warmly.

"And the worry and trouble I used to have to appear even decent!" she went on, musingly. "The ripping up of old dresses,—the braid around the bottom is the worst of an old dress: you can have no conception of the nastiness and dust it can hold."

"I suppose not," with languid amusement.

"And the plotting and contriving to make old look new,—to induce skimpy draperies to seem abundant,—and withal to be grateful. Aunt Martha thought if she gave me a home it was but fair that the rest should contribute my clothes; and each was continually hinting to the others that the burden of my expenses was not fairly distributed. 'Isabel,' Aunt Annie would say, 'why don't you give that old brown silk to Anita? It is the most hideous shade imaginable, and you have worn it nearly to tatters. It does seem about time that you did a little something to help the rest of us out with the child.' There never was the slightest delicacy about allowing me to hear what a load they regarded me."

"What a set of old cats they are!" frankly commented the nephew of the house. "But I had no idea it was so bad as all that. You never told me."

"Why should I? But it was almost unbearable. One good purpose it accomplished, though. I shall always be spared the usual sentimental yearnings for my lost youth. Bad as the present may be, I still would not go back."

Gray looked up with swift intelligence. Anita's strange emotion at sight of him the day before, her pallor and lassitude, the little constraint that fell upon her when her husband's name was mentioned, all together had filled his mind with vague theories as to which this seemed the tacit admission.

"Whatever bad times may come, I would say. Of course my dark days are all in the future," corrected Anita, with a faint blush, as she went to take a letter from the servant at the door. "You will excuse me if I read this?"

It was from Donald. There had been some little delay at the Park in getting off, but at last the hunting-party was delightfully established in a little park on the other side of the range. One of their number was all broken up with the altitude, and was returning to the Park,—hence the chance to get a word to the dear little woman at home. Their larder was already stocked with venison, but individually he had had hard luck and shot nothing except an owl, which, however, he would bring home in case she might like to have it stuffed. The fishing was simply immense, and he was having as good a time as he possibly could without his precious girl. He half hoped to find her waiting for him at the Park when they went down the last of the week. It seemed as if the Fates must relent, and see to it that the troublesome Martha was kept at home in innocuous desuetude. His saddle made a poor writing-desk, and his stylographic appeared to be possessed of the devil, so she must excuse that scrawl, and believe him ever devotedly hers.

Anita tore the letter into little strips when she had read it, throwing them from her with an angry haste that scattered a white shower over the side of the waste-basket. So this was all he proposed to tell about that "little delay at the Park." He did not mean to mention the episode of that night on Ute Peak, even to "smooth it over," or refer to his staying with the Rogerses.

"Is it from my lord?" asked Gray, idly, watching her with curious eyes. "When is he coming home?"

"He did not say; but some time next week, I suppose," listlessly reaching for a fan.

"He is with a jolly party, I presume."

"Oh, pre-eminently jolly," a hint of sarcasm in her voice. He must have been blind not to have seen the cloud that had fallen upon her face.

"All men, of course?"

"I don't know why of course," retorted Anita, sharply. "There was one woman with them at the Park who was quite capable of going on with them to camp out over the range, if she was at all encouraged to do so. I dare say she is with them."

"Oh!" comprehensively. "Is that it?"

It was partly the reserve of pride that held her back at this moment, in her reawakened wrath, from telling all to her old-time confidant. She could not confess to him, who had been so bent on making her happy in his own way, that the ordering of her life as she chose it had not been a success. Moreover, her woman's instinct had warned her that the embers of his old passion were still there, ready to be kindled into flame at a touch. He was again her knight if she would, ready to fight her cause against all the world—except himself.

"Is that what?" with a cold stare. "I don't understand you."

"Oh, nothing. You cannot expect me to make remarks and explain them too, such warm weather as this," sleepily regarding her. "It was rather a pity, though, that Aunt Martha did you out of going yourself."

"In which case I should have missed your visit," smiling at him affectionately. It was so pleasant to have him there. And then, in an instant, a thought had birth so full of evil selfishness as almost to take her breath away.

It was a handsome face lying there against the red silk hammock-pillow, no less winning for the hint of wickedness in the soft dark eyes, and the passion betrayed in the lines of the full-lipped sensual mouth, with the deep dimple cleaving the square-cut chin below. A man whom a jealous husband might well regard with suspicion was Gray Van Zandt, the story of his lawless, pleasure-loving life written on his face in signs which he who ran might read. And he had been her lover once. If only Donald might see him as her lover still,—to suffer, if but for a moment, the merciless pain of jealousy as she had felt it! Her eyes sparkled exultantly at the idea.

"It is not too late to go now," she said, slowly. "Why should we not, you and I? We could drive up to-morrow."

"*Et puis,—après?*" indifferently.

"*Après*, we would surprise Don," the lines of her mouth tightening, a cruel fire in her eyes.

"But we are so comfortable here," Gray sleepily protested. "And Don,—is he suffering for us, do you think?" lifting his heavy-lidded eyes with swift scrutiny.

"*Quien sabe?*" laughing nervously, while she flashed a little coax-

ing glance whose power upon him she knew but too well. "As to that, I must confess that my motives were entirely selfish. I thought we might enjoy the trip."

Gray flushed with pleasure at that careless "we." "I don't know what I would not enjoy—with you," he said, quickly. "And where is this place?"

"Ah, it is forty long miles away, and the mountain-roads are simply abominable," with a teasing laugh. "And now will you let me take you?"

"Nothing could be bad with you, *chérie*. '*Il n'est jamais de mal-en bonne compagnie*,'—Voltaire and I are perfectly agreed in that. And is this a watering-place?"

"Lake Park? Oh, after a fashion,—a very frontier fashion. It was formerly only a watering-place for cattle; that is, it belonged to a great cattle-company,—as it does now, for that matter. But there is splendid fishing all about there, and plenty of hunting, which, of course, used to be better,—deer, mountain-sheep, elk, and bear; and so men began going there, and, finding the ranchman's wife a good cook, and the supplies of chickens, cream, and mountain-raspberries practically inexhaustible, having gone there once they went again, and took their friends with them, until finally the ranchman was driven into adding to his house and putting up other cabins for their accommodation. Now the place is one of our most popular resorts. The scenery is simply grand: I am sure you would think it worth the trip."

"But I am so well satisfied with the present outlook," protested Gray, with a reluctant sigh, his glance roving appreciatively around the pretty room. "I enjoy this so much. Why can we not let well enough alone?"

Anita, standing by the window, looking out in a wide-eyed revery, did not hear. "It seems strange that you should have happened to come just now," she musingly remarked.

"Yes? Is that complimentary?" with a sleepy laugh. "All the same, do you know, I have a feeling that I have been wasting time not to have come before?"

VIII.

Another day had come, striving to outdo yesterday, spending like a prodigal its wealth of golden sunshine.

The horses were stopped to rest on the brow of a mighty hill, while, awe-struck, Gray and Anita were staring at the changing glory of the sunset.

Anita was weary and dispirited, cramped and tired with the long day's ride, tired above all of Gray. His easy familiarity, with its undertone of laughing tenderness, while it seemed natural enough after their long years of childish comradeship, yet chafed on her nerves; the joking small-talk with which he continually interrupted her brooding thoughts filled her with smothered irritation. She was beginning to see the expedition but as an impulse of childish folly. What if she did succeed in this scheme of retaliation?—*cui bono?* Would all the jealous anger his heart could hold give her husband back to her so that

her faith in him could be made whole again? and what availed anything else?

"Do you know," said Gray, dreamily watching the dying sunlight that seemed sifting itself through gold-dust in one brilliant spot behind the range, "I think that slang phrase you have here for death—'going over the range'—was born in a poet's brain? Don't it seem as if that range yonder might bound the world?—as if, beyond, the full flood of sunlight might be pouring down upon a celestial city? Ah, well, I'm afraid we shall find it all about as much of a take-in when we go climbing up the golden stairs."

"Don't, Gray!" a little choke in her voice. To think that but a moment since she had been calling him tiresome in her thoughts, when one could not but guess, seeing his thin, drawn face and too brilliant eyes, how strong the chances were that before very long he might be proving himself whatever might be in "the great perhaps,"—gone "over the range."

"And why not?" his light laugh broken off by his hollow cough. "Because I have a sore throat do you think it behooves me to assume a good-boy attitude? It seems to me that about half the show of piety of the world is built up on this basis,—the instinctive thrift that would blindly provide against a possible rainy day,—half admitting that the enterprise may turn out a lottery drawing nothing but blanks, yet taking the gamble, since it seems to cost nothing but a little lip-service."

"How can you be so cynical,—so unjust?" in shocked expostulation. "And life is so wretchedly short!"

"You mean we ought to make hay while the sun shines, so to speak, and swallow orthodoxy while we have time. I can't, Nita. I think a man must be happy to be religious,—to feel that he has something to thank God for. But for me, I am not happy. Are you, Nita?"

"Ah, who is?" returned Anita, sententiously. "It is not necessary."

"No, but very desirable. And when some of us can see so clearly just what is lacking to give us perfect happiness,—when it seems as if one might almost reach out his hand and take it,—it seems a little rough, don't you think?"

"None of us know what is good for us," returned Anita, sagely, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"But we suffer just as much from baffled desire if we only think we know," persisted Gray, touching up the horses. "And, in that connection, I have often wondered, and now I want to know," turning to her determinedly: "if you had been left to make up your mind alone, would you have married me?"

"Oh, Gray," in distressful embarrassment, "what is the use of raking up that old affair?"

"And what is the harm, since it is an old affair, past and done with? Call it an idle curiosity if you like; I don't see why you should mind telling me now."

"I wish you would put on your overcoat, Gray. It is growing cold," nervously buttoning her jacket.

"That is not answering my question."

"Which you have no right to ask."

"I know that," humbly, "but I have so longed to know. One thing," searching her face eagerly, "you do not say you would not."

"No; because——" stopping with a swift blush as she saw whither her words tended.

"You would?" cried Gray, his face aglow.

"Not at all. I did not say so," sharply, but relenting a little as she met his reproachful glance. "There was only the smallest possibility, the merest scrap of a chance, that if Uncle John had not been so opposed to it, and Aunt Annie had not preached in its favor so continually, that—well, perhaps I might."

"Oh, Nita, you dear, dear girl!" with passionate joy. "If you could understand what this small admission is to me, you could not regret it. To think that you really cared enough for me——"

"But I did not," she quickly protested, frightened at the passion in his eyes. "I never cared for you as much as you did for me. I could not have pretended it for a moment."

"If you cared a quarter as much it was enough," he doggedly retorted. "You cared enough to marry me; you have owned that, Nita, and you can never take it back. Nothing on earth can rob me of that crumb of comfort now. You would have been mine,—mine, Nita," with a sharp-drawn breath, his fingers closing on the reins as if he were holding himself back from catching her in his arms, "and you would have been, but for that pack of meddlers,—damn them!"

"Don't, Gray. Can't you see that it was all for the best?" in cool, dispassionate reasoning. "I would have married you for your money,—to have had a handsome home of my own,—that is the truth of the matter; and that sort of marriage is always a failure. It would have been a cat-and-dog life we would have led together."

"It would have been heaven," he passionately retorted. "You would not have married me if you had not been a little fond of me, money or no money. I know you better."

"I wish you would put on your overcoat," she abruptly interposed.

"Bother the overcoat!" with an unsteady laugh; "but of course you must have your way."

"We are almost there," she remarked, thinking to bring the conversation to safer ground, as he stopped the team to find the garment and put it on. "From the top of this hill we shall look down directly upon the Park; and, do you know, I am beginning to think it is rather a poor place, after all? I am almost sorry we came."

"Well, my anticipations were coppered to start with," he coolly returned, lifting the reins as if to turn the horses around. "Let's go back."

"Go back now?" cried Anita, sharply, laying a remonstrant hand upon his arm. "What an idea!"

"The time to go back is when you discover that you don't want to go ahead, wherever you are, or whatever the enterprise. Life is too short to fool it away going one way, when inclination pulls you another." There was a world of meaning in his tones, freighted with

passionate tenderness, his eyes glowing into hers. "Come, Nita, can't we go back?"

"Of course not," brusquely, reaching for the whip in her impatience, to touch the horses herself. "Don't be a goose, Gray."

"Would you like to drive?" with sulky courtesy offering the reins.

Opportunely at that moment, from a bridle-trail emerging upon the road ahead, appeared three horseback-riders,—Mrs. Rogers, her husband, and a clerical-looking stranger. The lady and the doctor, after a glance of recognition, stopped to let the carriage overtake them.

"Can it be actually you?" cried the vivacious little lady, all smiles and dimples, reining up beside them. Anita was glad for even this interruption, greeting her with unwonted cordiality.

"And did you meet Don?"

"Donald!—has he gone?" faltered Anita, dismayed.

"Actually done gone,—could not live without you for another day," in her tone of laughing raillery. "And here you are!—what a joke on him!"

"But when did he go? I don't understand," looking puzzled.

"He started this morning; but he said he should take the blazed trail over the hills, so of course you would not have met him," explained the doctor.

"He must take the shortest cut in his uncontrollable impatience, you see. Ah, nobody could doubt that 'His heart was true to Poll,'—you know the song," showing all her pretty white teeth in a laughing side-glance at Gray, who was appreciatively regarding her. "I presume you will be obliged to curb your impatience to turn around and follow him until to-morrow at least: so we will see you again," with a laughing nod as she rode on ahead. And as she swiftly passed from sight beyond the brow of the hill they could hear her singing, her little lilting voice as full of joyous *abandon* as a child's,—

"His 'art was true to Poll,
His 'art was true to Poll.
No matter what you do,
If your 'art be true.
And his 'art was true to Poll."

"And who is her ladyship?" queried Gray, when his fixed gaze had lost sight of the dainty figure in its trim-fitting habit. Anita did not hear him.

"She called him Don!—to my face!—my husband!" she exclaimed, in a white heat of anger. "What a vulgar, ill-bred little wretch she is! To think of being compelled to know such a person!"

There was a wicked light of laughter in Gray's discreetly-averted eyes. He had made a discovery. "Awfully pretty, though, Nita,—give the what's-his-name his due," he said, demurely. "Just the kind of woman, I should say, to raise the devil with some men. Who is she? Tell me about her."

"There is nothing to tell," with cold disgust, "except that——"

"My diagnosis was correct?—she does raise the devil?"

"Precisely."

IX.

A man who has been always favored of women, though he may have been given the best of reasons to know that the heart is no clock-work mechanism, to be wound up by marriage into a perpetual regularity of action, even though for his sake seeming angels may have fallen, is yet, on his own account, rarely minded to feel the poisoned barbs of jealousy. A flattering experience has contributed to an armor of self-confidence too nearly invulnerable. And thus Anita's vengeful plans fell flat at the outset. That her cousin had once loved her, Donald knew well; but she had not loved her cousin,—poor devil!—and that settled the matter so far as Donald Bartels was concerned.

It was disappointing to come into the oppressive loneliness of the silent house, but the explanation of the servant seemed perfectly simple and satisfactory. It was quite to be expected that Anita should have gone on to the Park to meet him according to his plan; and he was amiably pleased that the opportune visit of her cousin had arranged the trip so agreeably for her.

Not to miss a mail, he roused himself at daybreak the next morning, to scratch a hasty letter, bidding her stay at the Park, and—this was Saturday—the next week he would ride up to spend Sunday with her, and, if she liked, bring her home. He was afraid that, finding him gone, she might be disposed to return; and he wanted her to enjoy an untroubled holiday.

Anita's first impulse had been, indeed, to return at once, but Gray said decidedly that the horses must rest for a day, and when Donald's letter came she indifferently acquiesced in his plan. It was but a choice of evils at best, she told herself. She dreaded to meet her husband, anger still burning at her heart, as much as she feared Gray's re-awakened passion. And Gray did his utmost to keep her fear of him in abeyance. His attitude was simply that of a kindly kinship, his attentions only such as common courtesy demanded. As if unconsciously, he seconded all her efforts that they should not be left alone together, devoting himself, with his fine talent for flirtation, to every woman who smiled him a welcome.

And Anita, indignant at first for the indiscreet admission into which he had led her, reassured by his indifferent attitude, grew to regard him more kindly as the days wore on. If the fear that lurked in her heart tended to make his presence irksome, there was always his weakness to plead for him. Gray was undeniably seriously ill. Everybody observed it. Pitying glances were continually reading the story of the fever-flushed cheeks and the too brilliant eyes, and strangers, with blundering kindness, went out of their way to scrape acquaintance and suggest their remedies for his cough. But it was growing better, Gray each day brightly declared, with that strange self-deception that seems a part of pulmonary disease, each day seeming a little thinner, a little weaker; while Anita's heart, as it grew heavier for him, yet turned to him the more in pitying tenderness.

We are never so oppressed with the cruel inexorability of nature's laws as when we see our friend, glowing with the full joy of life, blindly hurrying on to the vast unknown whence no one may come back

to tell us it is well with him ; when we know that the hand warm in our clasp is already chilling with the creeping clutch of death ; when we must see that, were our love as wide as the world, it could not hold him back for a moment against that invisible grasp that is drawing him down, as in a quicksand, before our eyes.

And this was Gray,—dear old joyous-hearted Gray, who had played with her, and loved her, and shouldered the blame of many of her small sins, when they had been children together ; when death had seemed an intangible something that belonged to age, that never by any chance would touch their happy youth. And now presently the air would be meeting together in the little space filled with his happy life, as if he had never been ; and she would be living on, to see how little the world had need of him, or of any one of us. She did not need to love to feel the pitifulness of it.

For two days it had rained, a merciless, steady down-pouring that mocked at every tradition of Colorado's fair climate ; two days of confinement in the bare ranch parlor, where, among all the cane-seated abominations, were but two chairs really comfortable to tempt the selfishness of a dozen unhappy people,—where every game invented by man failed to offset the torture diabolic impulses were continually evoking from the decrepit piano. For Anita there was a bit of silver lining showing through the clouds, in that Mrs. Rogers was kept shut up within her cabin, a quarter of a mile away. That vivacious little person rather haunted the ranch hostelry, where she came for her mail, for milk, butter, and other necessities,—most of all, it was whispered by the observers, to carry on a sort of æsthetic flirtation with a consumptive young clergyman, with a side-glance to spare for Gray Van Zandt's *blasé* beauty. Had there been a hundred men in Eden, would Eve ever have rested until she had beguiled every last one of them into a bite of her fatal apple ?

In Gray, however, the little coquette had found one who was fully alive to the flavor of the fruit she had to offer. Nothing he could have done would have won him more favor in Anita's jealous heart than the cold shoulder he turned upon this woman whom she counted her rival. By no means as guileless as the dove was this young man ; but in the ways of women he was as wise as the serpent that won the first weak one to evil.

He had come with no thought of bringing about the fall of another man's paradise. He had thought the old love for his cousin well-nigh forgotten. For a year, in his busy pleasure-seeking life, he had scarce given her a thought. But the heart is as a palimpsest, on which an impression once made can never be wholly erased. However the old lines may be lost with time, or replaced by others, when once the proper influences are brought to bear what came first is restored in all its pristine freshness. Finding his cousin, as it seemed, unhappy, the lost love was revived in his pity, passionately insistent. It seemed to Gray his right as her kinsman to shield her from trouble, to do all that he might for her happiness. And when he was persuaded that she might have been his but for conditions outside her own impulses, it was but a step for his lawless fancy to dream that all obstacles might

yet be overcome,—that it was for him to chase the sadness from her eyes and bring back the bright glow of happiness.

Another Saturday had come, in smiles and tears, like a mockery of April weather. All the morning the sun had been coquetting through the meshes of storm-clouds; and now, in the late afternoon, the sky had cleared, and the world seemed steaming itself dry in the flood of mellow sunshine. The common luxury of fair weather was for the time valued at its worth, and everybody had come out of doors to enjoy it to the utmost.

Anita, with a small party, was climbing a trail, smooth and clean from the beating of the rain as if it had just been swept, winding up a brook-traversed gulch. A warm, brooding silence held the place; not a whisper among the pine tops nor among the gray-green fringes of the spruces bending heavily down from their precarious footing; no faintest rustling among the seed-plumes of the grasses, all with their heads bowed down together overweighted with jewelled drops; no chirp of gossiping grasshopper, nor droning chant of the bee. Delicious it was, after two days of confinement in that stuffy ranch house, to drink in that pure air that went to the lungs like a tonic.

Her cheeks softly flushed, her eyes sparkling, her lips parted in a half-smile as she panted with the exercise in the rare air, Anita led the way, stopping sometimes to caress the petals of a late flower, sometimes to look back at the valley below to estimate the height they had attained while she recovered her spent breath. Turning at length, it seemed as if the earth had suddenly opened to swallow up the little band, leaving only Gray and her.

"Why, where is everybody?" she cried, staring blankly down the deserted trail.

"The antique young lady discovered that the ground was damp, quite a way back, and went down after her rubbers. The elderly gentleman gallantly went along, and thus, of course, her mother had to go too, to chaperon her. She is such a tender little thing," explained Gray, placidly.

"Well," impatiently, "that does not account for all of them."

"Do I have to?" with languid amusement at her discomfiture. "Mrs. Rogers—she said she was going around home this way, you know—branched off a little piece back, perhaps to take a short cut home, perhaps to—botanize. Of course the parson branched off with her."

"Of course," gazing wrathfully down the path. "Well, I suppose we would better go back too."

"I can't possibly imagine why," retorted Gray, quickly. "If you really feel that you must have a crowd at your heels, those young people are down there behind the rocks, pulling daisies or something of the like, to see if the girl's lover loves her, while he looks on, prepared to prove whether the posy tells the truth or not. I can call to them to defer their spooning and hurry up."

"Preposterous! Have you no fellow-feeling?" gazing uncertainly up at the towering cliffs ahead, the goal of their walk. It was disappointing to turn back now.

"Fellow-feeling?—dead loads of it,—so much that I would not interrupt them on my own account for the world; but I could sacrifice them for you."

"Well, I don't require it. I was young once myself."

"I am glad you remember it so pertinently. And shall we go on?"

Anita pushed rapidly ahead, in silent acquiescence. Gray put out his hand to help her as the way grew steeper, but she impatiently drew herself away from him. She was unreasonably vexed with him for the desertion of the others.

"I suppose they will overtake us," she said, glancing anxiously back as they sank down on the rocks at the summit, exhausted with the hard climb, Gray coughing a little.

"So much the worse for them if they don't," breathlessly exclaimed Gray, appreciatively taking in the grandeur of the landscape.

High against the western horizon lay the range, its gray bones protruding through many a rent in its snowy blankets, the pale pink and blue-gray of the rocks merging into the deeper tones of the dense pine forests at the evenly-defined timber-line, while nearer rose and fell the massive outlines of the foot-hills, vast billows of solid earth. Towering above them all rose the grim, snow-capped head of Ute Peak. Anita's eyes ranged curiously up and down its rugged height. Of a sudden it struck her as rather odd that in this week at the Park, with the too ample opportunity provided by the rain to compel people into intimate acquaintance, nobody had mentioned to her Donald's adventure on the mountain yonder. Was it in tender consideration for the wife's feelings? Her cheeks burned hotly at the thought.

"Do you know, Don was lost on the Peak yonder a fortnight ago," she said, with a sudden impulse, pointing it out, "and had to wander about above timber-line all night?"

"No! you don't mean it? How exceedingly unpleasant!" considerably surprised. "Was he alone?"

"No," with evident reluctance, an uncomfortable red staining her cheeks. "Mrs. Rogers was with him."

"Oh!" with a comprehensive smile, looking away.

"What you can see in the matter to grin at is beyond my comprehension," she ejaculated, with childish petulance.

"Did I grin? It was an involuntary contortion of the facial muscles, I assure you. I was merely thinking that if I had somebody with me who was very charming,—Mrs. Rogers would hardly fill the bill in my case, but tastes differ,—if I might choose my company, though, I would not particularly mind being lost myself."

"I think you are simply hateful, with your hints and innuendoes!" cried Anita, sharply. However she might accuse Donald herself, the wifely instinct would still defend him against the attacks of all others. "I don't know what you mean to imply."

"My dear Nita," expostulated Gray, gently, "aren't you a little hasty? Did I necessarily imply anything beyond what I said?"

Anita looked away in offended silence. It had grown colder of a sudden. The sun had hidden behind clouds, and the breeze that

fanned their faces seemed to blow a greeting straight from the eternal snows. Another storm had crept up in the west, throwing a misty veil over the range until the stern outlines were almost lost. Out toward the north it was hurrying now, a dense smoky cloud, throwing down weird slanting pencils of gray to paint all the serried hills its dull monochrome. On it came, creeping nearer as they watched, fading and softening one after another the shades of the wooded valleys, blurring all the outlines, fair and lovely as the hazy picture of a dream.

"Come, *chérie*, have I not been punished enough?" urged Gray, insinuatingly, at length, bending forward to force her to meet the glance of his laughing eyes. "If you keep up this iceberginess much longer I know it will give me my death of cold."

"It seems to me that your linguistic attainments are pretty nearly as circumscribed as the *répertoire* of a cuckoo clock," regarding him in a mood of fairly quarrellous ill humor. "Of all foreign tongues you seem to have picked up only the words adapted to spooning."

"I always went in for that which was least useful to me, you know," with a faint tinge of bitterness in his tone.

"Least useful?" with a scathing glance. "Well, if anybody could crowd in more endearing terms than you in his talk, I would just like to look at him. He would be the champion flirt of the age. Your little stock of honeyed words seems simply worn threadbare with constant use."

"Only with you, Nita," imperturbably splitting a grass-blade to strings.

"As if I didn't know better than that?" with scorn unmeasured. "And I wish you would not—with me. Can't you see that pet names to me now are altogether out of place? You must remember that I am a married woman."

"You need not remind me of it," sulkily biting his grass-shreds.

"I must remind you that we are going to get a wetting if we stay here any longer," suddenly starting up. "It is going to rain before we can get back to the house."

"Nonsense!" incredulously, sitting still. "There is enough blue sky overhead to make breeches for a regiment of Dutchmen." But, even as he spoke, the rain came pelting down upon them, and Anita was hurrying down the hill.

They had reached the trail when Gray discovered, a little at one side, a cluster of pines and spruces whose thick interlaced boughs, flanked by a high wall of rock, left a small spot of ground comparatively sheltered.

"Stop here, Nita. We shall be drenched if we go on. This is almost dry, and the shower will soon pass over." She stopped obediently beside him. "Lean against me, and shelter yourself as much as possible," he urged, racked with cruel coughing as he moved to bring himself between the wind and her.

"But it is you who should shelter yourself," laying her hand on his arm with anxious kindness to draw him back. "I am afraid you have taken more cold already, Gray." He quickly covered the little bare hand in a passionate clasp.

"It seems appropriate that, in our last hour together, the heavens should fall to weeping," he murmured, sentimentally, pressing closer against her. Anita shrank back hastily from his touch, the sudden kindness fading from her face.

"Our last hour! do you think the crack of doom has come?" she retorted, impatiently. "For my part, I count very confidently on to-morrow."

"But it will not be the same, Nita. Donald will be here. All this happy week it has seemed as if we had gone back five years in our lives, and were boy and girl together again; but now I must wake to reality and—Mrs. Bartels. Say good-by to me, Nita, before I have to let you go," he exclaimed, passionately clasping her in his arms.

"Oh, Gray, let me go!" frightened at his sudden fierce tenderness, writhing away from his bending lips.

"Nonsense, child! You have kissed me a hundred times: what can one more or less matter now?" he cried, roughly clasping her closer. "Who is ever to know but you and I?—kisses leave no marks: if they did," laughing recklessly, "you would have been branded with mine before any other man's. Why will you struggle so, darling?" his tone changing to coaxing tenderness. "It is not much I ask. A kiss can cost you nothing. Give me a dozen, and you will have plenty left for that husband of yours,—if it happens that he does not prefer Mrs. Rogers's."

"How cruel you are!—how brutal!" her face flaming with anger. "Let me go this instant, or I shall scream!"

"What would be the use?" with an unsteady laugh. "There is nobody to hear; and if there were, why should you raise a scandal? Don't you know that the world regards these little episodes like the Spartan boy's thefts,—all right so long as they are kept decently under cover, but never to be forgiven when they are flaunted before its discreetly-averted eyes? Can it be possible that you are trying to kick, Nita? Aunt Martha would tell you that that is unpardonably vulgar. Ah, be reasonable, deary, and be honest, just for this one time. You know in your heart you don't mind having my arms around you,—do you, sweet? Why need you let a little quibble of conscience keep us apart now, when we have such a few minutes left? You remember the old Horatian maxim,—*carpe diem*,—ah, the sense there is in it! And our little day is so nearly over, darling. Let us seize the good there is in it."

"Gray, how dare you? Let me go this instant!" pulling furiously to free herself from the arms that held her like a vice. "Oh, Gray, please let me go!" entreatingly. "I hear footsteps,—I do, indeed. Somebody is coming."

"It is only the rain on the rocks, pet," softly kissing her averted cheek. "Oh, darling, I love you!—love you!—love you!" his voice broken with passion.

"Oh, do let me go!" whispered Anita, in anguished entreaty. "Somebody is coming!" There certainly was a sound of approaching steps.

"Kiss me, then, or I will hold you fast, whoever it may be," he whispered back, a maniacal gleam in his passionate eyes.

Anita knew him too well to doubt that he would be as good as his word. Anything to win release from such extremity. She lifted her lips and paid the price.

"I hate you!" she muttered, with a lurid glance of anger, as she sprang from his releasing arms.

"I don't believe it," he retorted, a mad triumph illumining his face. "And some day you will tell me yourself what a lie it is. Some day you will own that my love is worth something to you, after all. Oh, my darling, how can you make me wait any longer?" moving insistently toward her again.

Is there such a thing as chance in this world? At that moment the footsteps they had heard brought a horse and rider into view, and the horseman was Donald Bartels.

"He could not have seen anything: it was impossible," whispered Gray, confidently, seeing Anita's changing face. "We were completely hidden by the trees."

X.

But the trees had betrayed their trust. For one moment, as he rode down the steep trail, Donald had caught sight, through the bending boughs, of a woman closely clasped in a lover's arms, had seen the meeting lips, and had laughed at the foolish pair that would choose their tryst in a pouring rain. Another moment, and he felt as if he could never laugh again, for he had seen that this woman was his wife.

Yet it must be all right, he passionately told his sickened heart. They were cousins, Anita and Gray Van Zandt, had been brought up together, and Anita was full of caressing ways. It *must* be all right. And yet that had not looked like mere cousinly affection. Great heavens! could it be that his wife was lost to him? And was the world going on just the same,—day after day in humdrum regularity, showers and sunshine, summer and winter, everything just the same, and Anita loving another? And all the time he was saying, with dull mechanical imitation of his ordinary manner,—

"Ah, Van Zandt, how do you do? Hardly expected me so soon, did you, Anita?" coolly shaking her hand. He could not bring himself to meet the lips she half offered him, the lips still warm with the caress of another. And had she just the same false face as other women, after all?—for she was actually *looking* glad to see him. Could it be all a lie,—that pretty flush of pleasure, the sparkling eyes, the tender, smiling lips?

For Anita, in the sudden joy of seeing him, had forgotten utterly her jealous anger; and when she remembered it, it was with a rush of tenderness that condoned every offence. Whatever he had done, it seemed that she must forgive him now in the exquisite gladness of looking on his bonny face again.

"So you were caught in the shower," he was indifferently remarking. "Well, it is about over now, and I think you had better get on

my horse, Anita, and we will hurry on as fast as possible." And so they proceeded down the steep trail, saying little, Donald leading the horse, Anita timorously holding herself on the slippery Mexican saddle, while Gray plodded along behind.

"It is reassuring to see you looking so well," said Donald after a little, looking back with a glance that dully considered her glowing cheeks. "I did not know until last night that you had not written. I had to run down to Denver Tuesday, and I was detained until yesterday. But when I found no letters from you I began tormenting myself with the idea that you must be sick; and this morning I could hardly get started early enough. I judge that my fears were altogether misplaced."

"Oh, yes; I have been perfectly well," a shade of confusion on her face. "I did not write because—oh, well, there were several reasons."

"I presume you understood that I would be anxious if you did not," lifelessly as a school-boy repeating a lesson.

"I am afraid that view of the case did not impress me very clearly," with a little uncomfortable laugh.

She had not dreamed that merely to have him beside her could stir such a tumult of gladness in her heart again. She knew, and was strangely glad in the knowing, that with one caressing touch he could put to rout utterly the demon of anger that had swayed her; knew that with the glance of his blue eyes upon her, tenderly compelling, she could deny him nothing. But they must have a full explanation. Donald must know what he had made her suffer, and how nearly serious the consequences had been. He must offer what reasons and excuses he might to soften the memory of it, and give her promises that would remove all her lurking fears. Her joy could not be perfect until they had come to a perfect understanding. But—a sudden chill falling upon her—must she, on her side, be wholly frank? Must she tell the whole story of Gray's miserable infatuation? In all the novels she had read, the good wife in similar circumstances always told her husband all, thereby generally involving all concerned in no end of troublesome complications, which, however useful to promote the novelist's plot, must be remarkably unpleasant in real life. And in the present instance, Anita anxiously reasoned, what good end would be served? Donald might blame her,—and, indeed, would he be wholly wrong, when, knowing Gray her lover still, she had brought him on that forty-mile drive alone?—when, even after his open avowal, she had not sent him away? There was no getting around the fact that she had behaved with childish imprudence, to use no harsher term. And the shame of confessing it! And then the indignation Gray's course must excite! Donald was not easily moved to anger; but his temper once roused was fierce as the summer thunder-storm, all the more startling from contrast with the warm smiling sunshine of the hour before. There might be a terrible scene between these men; and to what purpose? Donald could have no suspicion now,—rapidly reviewing the situation under the trees, while her wrath at Gray flamed up afresh. No; the boughs had hung too low,—the shameful scene

was hidden. And why should she drag it forth? A vulgar paraphrase of the old adage came into her mind: Honesty may be the best policy, but to give one's self away is always the worst. The pithy sentence seemed to her replete with good common sense. It seemed in every way reasonable and best that she should not "give herself away."

The rain had ceased before they reached the ranch. Donald lifted his wife down upon the piazza, and then sprang upon the saddle himself again. "I have a small package for Dr. Rogers," he said, listlessly, "and I think I'll ride over right now, between the showers. My horse is quite fresh."

"What! *now*?" exclaimed Anita, in a high, displeased tone. "You are all wet and tired out. You can send the package perfectly well."

"No; I have some messages for him too. I must see him myself, and I may as well go now and get the thing done with." He was longing to get away by himself, to gain time to look this strange new trouble in the face and measure its meaning. "I won't be gone long," he added, lifelessly.

"Oh, don't think of hurrying on my account," her eyes flashing angrily, the tell-tale red flaming on her cheeks. "Gray won't mind trying to keep my spirits up,—will you?" laying her hand familiarly on his sleeve, smiling brightly as she met his eyes with a coquettish glance. "He has made a wonderful success of it this week, I can assure you," with a careless nod at Donald, as, without another word, he rode away.

The brilliant smile was gone, leaving a hard white face, with anger burning like coals in her eyes. Gray looked at her compassionately as he silently walked beside her, following her quick nervous march up and down the deserted piazza.

"Everybody seems to be having supper," he remarked, with studied carelessness, presently. "Had we not better get into dry clothes and have ours?—or will you wait for Donald?"

She laughed,—a hard, mirthless sound. "Well, if we want any supper at all, I think we would better not leave it to any such remote contingency as that."

"And yet—you have not had enough of it," murmured Gray, with quiet significance. Her lip quivered pitifully. Enough!—was it not enough that her heart was aching with a distinct physical pain, as clearly defined as a toothache? And then, with a swift change of feeling, she was filled with fury at Gray. With all the tender pity that spoke in his eyes, she knew that in his heart he was exulting that, in this first hour of their meeting, her husband had left her to seek another woman; that he was even glad of her pain, hoping it would turn her the more to him.

"Look here, Gray," she said, abruptly, standing still, "I want you to go away at once. Go to California,—Alaska,—anywhere, so long as you go."

"My doctor told me to stay in Colorado," he coolly retorted. As he had cleverly calculated, she was immediately softened somewhat by this allusion to his weakness. To drive him away,—perhaps to die

among strangers,—there did seem a certain cruelty about it. Yet there was no alternative.

"But there are other places," she suggested, gently. "There is Colorado Springs,—a lovely place. So many people go there."

"I know," sarcastically; "a regular consumptives' home. I stopped over there a day and saw the procession,—each specimen about as cheerful to look upon as the traditional Job's turkey, that was so poor it had to lean against a fence to gobble. That's a nice, exhilarating place to go to."

"But there are plenty of other places," impatiently. "Many people prefer California."

"Well, I don't," doggedly. "All the same," his voice softening tenderly, "of course I'll go if you say so, Nita."

Her heart, in its heaviness seeming starved for tenderness, was somewhat touched by the tone: her own pain had made her pitiful. In his selfish, sensual fashion, as much as was in him to care for anybody, Gray loved her; and this now seemed the only love on earth she could really count her own. It might be wrong, but for the instant there was a certain comfort in feeling that this, at least, would never fail her.

"You can see that it is best," she said, almost tenderly.

"Yes, best for us both that I should go—and take you with me, Nita," with a quiet that belied the excited glitter in his eyes. "Stop!—don't speak! listen to me, dear. You are not happy, Nita: I saw it the moment I set eyes on you; and now I know the reason. And why should you suffer with it any longer? Let me take you away. Why must all your life be spoiled for one mistake? Do you know what percentage of all marriages nowadays end in divorce? Other people correct their blunders; and why should not you? Get a divorce,—it will be easy enough,—and be free to enjoy your life in your own way. Don't look at me like that, Nita! Why will you not be sensible? I don't ask you to marry me,—I ask nothing for myself. Only let me take you away, let me provide for you, and you may live wherever you like,—as far from me as you please."

"Why should you trouble to lie about it like that?" demanded Anita, brusquely, eying him with fiery scorn. "As if I did not know that you are only hoping to marry me when once that convenient divorce is obtained! I wonder you are so ready to scheme to get hold of second-hand goods."

"Yes, I hope: why should I be ashamed to own it?" retorted Gray, boldly. "Yet, on my soul, dear, I swear that if you will but leave this man,—whom you don't love, and who don't love you,"—she drew back as if she had been struck,—"if you will but go with me now, I will never ask so much as a touch of your fingers that you do not of your own accord offer me."

"That is so likely!" her eyes blazing like stars with her scorn,— "when I am fairly black and blue now from your compelling embraces,—when it is not an hour since you were brutally forcing me to endure caresses that were an insult to my womanhood!"

Gray paled before her accusation, his eyes shamefacedly falling. "I

lost control of myself for once, Nita ; but you ought to understand, and not be too hard on me," he said, humbly. "Can't you believe me if I promise that it shall never occur again?"

"Oh, yes ; I can well believe it will never happen again," significantly, eying him with ineffable contempt.

"If you cared for me ever so little, you might twist me around your little finger," murmured Gray, tentatively.

"Bah ! I *don't* care enough for you to touch you with a pair of tongs !" she exclaimed, furiously. "To me you are absolutely repulsive."

Gray's velvety black eyes were for an instant brilliant with passion.

"What possible good can it do you to try to hurt me like that?" he demanded, turning upon her in sharp reproach. "You don't mean it,—don't I know your temper ? But because you are in a fury at your husband, who deserves it, why should you want to be cruel to me, whose only fault is loving you too well,—who would give my life to make you happy?"

"I suppose you would, Gray," she said, slowly, with a pitiful, subdued air of sadness. "But nothing you could do would make me happy :—you must see that. All you can do is to go away now, as I ask you."

"Well, I will go, then," quietly, a curious light in his eyes. "I will leave you to the mercies of that man for a little while longer, until he shall teach you to know the worth of a love like mine. I think I can trust him to do it for me,—with Mrs. Rogers's kind assistance," with a sardonic smile. "And when you have learned the lesson, Nita, remember that the old love is waiting for you, always the same."

XI.

The evening was well advanced when Donald came back to eat his supper in the bare dining-room, where ghosts of departed dinners walked in sundry greasy smells. The landlady, passing through the room, explained with severe significance that, his supper having been kept waiting so long, it was all as dry as chips. Donald thought it might as well have been chips indeed, so far as he was concerned.

The guests of the establishment were all gathered in the parlor, some sanguine spirits having arranged a musical and literary entertainment for the evening. Promising squeaks of a violin told the audience that the instrument was being tuned for their pleasure, and presently the performer made them a neat little speech, in which he said that he very much regretted that the piano upon which he must depend for his accompaniment was three tones below concert pitch, but on an occasion like that he thought it behooved each one to do his part, regardless of small drawbacks. He did his manfully, and plunged the company into the deepest gloom with the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore." When the applause had subsided, which was somewhat unduly extended, owing to a tendency on the part of a few good-natured people to encourage an *encore*, which weakness had to be sternly frowned down by those who had their wits about them, the manager announced that Miss Rose would favor them with a ballad. Miss Rose was a pretty little maid

just emerging from the school-girl chrysalis, who sang in a pretty little voice a pretty little waltz song that delighted everybody. There was no question about the *encore* this time; and next they were informed that Miss Berry would favor them with a recitation.

This was she whom Gray had dubbed the antique young lady. She had never permitted herself to outgrow the coy, bashful manner of extreme youth. She was sweetly coy now. She *could* not recite before so many,—she *never* could. The audience in her vicinity did their duty like men, and protested that they *could* not excuse her,—she *must* give them just one little recitation. And, thus persuaded, she assumed a tragically lean and hungry look, and, somewhat disjunctly by reason of sundry lapses of recollection, gave them “Locksley Hall.”

“And Mrs. Jones will now favor us with a ballad,” the beaming manager announced, unctuously rubbing his hands.

The lady referred to leaned farther back in her chair, slowly unfurling her fan, while she said, with a languid scorn that called a hot flush to the cheek of the little maid who had lately sung, “I *never* sing ballads, Mr. White.”

“But, really,” protested the discomfited man, fairly upset by this rebuff, “I thought you said you would sing *something*.”

“Run right along, dear. We are all so fond of ballads,” chimed in an old lady, who, being somewhat deaf, had missed the drift of the talk, and imagined herself called to encourage bashful timidity.

“Mrs. Jones was educated wholly in the Italian school,” her husband explained, proudly glancing around the company.

“Well, then, Mrs. Jones, would you sing something in Italian?” begged the manager, resignedly.

“Just give them a bit of opera, dearest,” urged the fond husband. The lady rose condescendingly. “That is her forte,—opera,” he continued, in a loud whisper, to his nearest neighbor. “Would you believe it?—at a private concert lately, she sang sixteen pages of *Norma* without her notes.”

“Is it possible?” ejaculated the other, apprehensively eying the lady, who was vigorously screwing up the piano-stool.

“Sixteen pages!—Mighty Scott!” muttered Gray. “I think I am going to have the nose-bleed.”

“Often, when I get her to sing for me in hotel parlors, she is taken for a professional singer,” went on the complacent confidence.

“I suppose her style of dress——” murmured the embarrassed confidante, feeling called to say something, but opportunely stopping there. Mrs. Jones’s style of dress was regarded by feminine judges as daringly loud and theatrical.

“Yes; you would suppose her style and manner—so quiet and retiring—would contradict such ideas. There is nothing professional about her appearance; but it is her voice,” with blissful complacency. “I think her voice will astonish you.”

There could be no question but that everybody was astonished at the voice, and, incidentally, before they had done with it, at their own powers of endurance.

“Bravo, bravo, my dear!” cried the happy partner of the voice,

when at last the performance came to an end, and people had leave to breathe again.

"But what was the song all about?" sharply demanded the old lady of her neighbor.

"Why, we don't exactly know, you know," uncomfortably responded the youth addressed. "It was Italian, you know."

"Um!" contemptuously retorted the aged cynic, in a loud whisper, disappointed about the ballad. "I reckon it's just as well we don't know. When folks sing in a foreign tongue it generally looks to me like a pretty sure sign that it is some nasty stuff they wouldn't dare speak out if anybody could understand it."

Mrs. Jones would respond to no *encore*. "It is too much for her in this altitude," said her husband, decidedly, while everybody blessed him for the saving solicitude. And then the gentleman of the violin, who dearly loved the sound of his own voice, came forward and said that his friends had insisted upon his giving them a recitation. He had been taken wholly by surprise. Had he known in time, he would have been glad to prepare something especially for the occasion. Under the circumstances, however, he had simply been forced to draw upon his memory; and he trusted to the kindness of his friends to remember that any little faults which might mar his efforts should be charged against him, rather than to his selection, which, in his estimation, was no less good because it was old. He then plunged into "Catiline's Defiance" with a vigor that so scared a little child that she had to be summarily hustled away to bed.

Donald, having finished his supper, and further solaced himself with a smoke on the piazza, now stood in the door-way, absently looking on, in his abstraction quite unaware that Dr. and Mrs. Rogers had entered the hall and were standing close behind him. But how was Anita to know that the trio had not just walked over from the cabin together? With a brilliant smile she turned to Gray, who sat on a low stool beside her, carelessly laying her hand on his shoulder while she whispered in his ear. As to what people might think of this easy familiarity, she did not for an instant consider. When one is impelled by the egoism of an absorbing passion it is as though he looked at the world through the larger end of a telescope, seeing society reduced to pygmy insignificance. Anita saw only Donald.

"Who was it," she whispered, "who said that life would be tolerable but for its amusements?"

"I am glad to say that I never knew the cynic," flashing a grateful glance at her. All this evening she had not vouchsafed him a word before. "But he could never have meant this sort of thing. I am enjoying this immensely: aren't you?"

"On the same principle that a friend of mine enjoys her cold shower-baths,—she finds it such a delightful relief when one is over and she is safely out of it."

Donald abruptly made his way across the room. "Excuse me, Anita, but I have had a long, hard day, and I feel completely used up," his looks lending emphasis to the words. "I am sorry to disturb you, but really I think I must turn in."

"What! so soon?" staring up at him with smiling indifference. "Well, don't let me detain you."

It had seemed to Donald simply a matter of course that she would go with him; but, like Byron's Jack Buntline, "He knew not what to say, and so he swore," in his heart, as many an oath is uttered, while he retreated with what grace he might.

When Anita entered her room, a couple of hours later, she found him still sitting in the small, comfortless bedroom rocking-chair, moodily tinting the air of the room blue with cigar-smoke.

"What! not gone to bed yet? I thought you would have been asleep an hour ago," she carelessly remarked, sniffing the air with a dainty show of scorn.

"I waited for you," he said, simply. "But I'm afraid this smoke is too much for you. I had not realized that it was quite so bad."

"Oh, it is so kind of you to *speak* of it!" a subacid of sarcasm in her voice. In fact, she did not dislike cigar-smoke in the least, but it suited her mood to make a grievance of the matter.

"You mean that I ought to have considered the consequences sooner: indeed, you are right," with genuine contrition. "I will open the window as soon as the light is out. I am awfully sorry."

"Oh, don't speak of it," with perfunctory politeness. She was slipping briskly out of her clothes. Donald watched her for a few moments in silence.

"And so you have been putting in your time flirting with your cousin?" A dozen beginnings he had framed in his mind for what he had to say, yet when he came to speak he bitterly hurled his thought at her, with no picking of words.

"Did Mrs. Rogers tell you that?" looking up at him with a nonchalant smile, as she sat deliberately brushing her long hair. "If she did, it was a somewhat curious coincidence, don't you think, that Gray should have hinted to me, only this evening, that you seemed to be putting in your time flirting with Mrs. Rogers?"

"That is not answering my question," with stern insistence. "I want to know."

"Want to know what?" her lips curling in a slow, amused smile. Only she could know what the effort cost her.

"I want to know if you have been letting your cousin make love to you?"

"Oh!" with a soft laugh, mocking, exasperating. "And don't you think—all things considered—that such a question from you is rather—well, peculiar, to say the least?"

"Peculiar enough; but I insist upon an answer all the same."

"And suppose—to be equally peculiar—I should turn about and ask if you have been making love to Mrs. Rogers?"

"Then I should most emphatically answer, 'No.'"

"Ah! 'I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.'" Again that low, mocking laugh. "Then I too answer, 'No.'"

"It is a lie!" he retorted, roughly. "There is no use beating about the bush, Nita. I saw you before you saw me, over there in the woods this afternoon, and—it seems impossible even now!—but with my own

eyes I saw your cousin's arms around you, saw him kissing you, and—you kiss him."

For an instant she seemed startled out of her angry composure, but only for an instant.

"Oh, did you?" she nonchalantly answered. "Well, as you once pithily remarked, when we were discussing your friend Mrs. Rogers, that sort of thing is very commonly done, you know."

"And is that all you have to say?" a hard, steely glitter in his eyes.

"Nothing else seems to occur to me just now," coolly dividing her hair into parts for braiding.

She was one of those women who unadorned are most seductively fair. Now, leaning lazily back in the low rocking-chair, her tapering form softly outlined under the scant folds of her long white gown, the hair she had been brushing touching the floor, as with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes she looked up at him, the man must have been blind who would not have been moved by her beauty.

"See here, Nita," he said, gently, even pleadingly, "I don't want to be hard or unjust. I thought you different from other women; but we are all human. I could not for a moment think you guilty of anything really wrong, and I can find excuses for you if you have been a little foolish. Your cousin was in love with you once, and I, of all men, ought not to be surprised if he has not gotten over it. And he is sick; the poor wretch has a leg in the grave, one may see at a glance; naturally you would pity him, and be perhaps tempted to a warmer show of tenderness than you really mean. I know I have seen the worst of it; but—*do* make what excuses you can for yourself! Tell me how it happened! Tell me,—oh, my God! to think of my asking such a thing, Nita! I know it is not so,—you have only been amusing yourself, or you have been drawn into it through pity for him,—but tell me that you have not been regretting that you did not marry him,—that you have not been fancying yourself in love with him after all. I know that you can explain it some way so that it will not seem so horrible; and I am ready to believe anything you say." He was wringing his hands like a woman in his pain. Anita watched him curiously, a slow smile of triumph curving her lips.

"I think I told you that I had nothing further to say," she answered, icily calm. Surely whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.

XII.

Only those who have taken upon themselves vows of silence can comprehend how little talk is really required in the exigencies of ordinary, every-day life. To Anita it was a curious revelation, when they had settled back again in the old home life,—the old life, but now so changed and new,—that Donald and she, who had been once, for very light-heartedness and joy in life, so full of idle talk and laughter, could now get on with such chary use of words.

Donald was little at the house. He was never there when rational excuse could be framed for being anywhere else; and when the in-

exorable routine of eating and sleeping called him home, he simply met his wife with a grave politeness as taciturn as her own. Each felt sullenly constrained to be silent, waiting for the other to speak, each finding a puerile point of pride in the impregnable good breeding that could maintain an unbroken courtesy under circumstances so exasperating; for Anita would rather have been struck than be forced to meet that chill, courteous indifference day after day, while Donald was sometimes frightened at the mad impulse that came upon him to seize her in his arms and savagely shake her out of her cool, passionless calm.

A slow, maddening fortnight had rolled away, when one day, as he rose from the table after luncheon, Donald stopped, a determined expression hardening his pale face. Anita's nerves thrilled with a consciousness that a climax was come, while, with a cold pretence of not seeing, she turned toward the kitchen, as if called by some housewifely duty.

"I wish to have a few minutes' talk with you, Anita," he said, with a glance that commanded her to stop.

"Yes?" arching her eyebrows with an affectation of extreme surprise, while a sensation of passionate relief swept over her. She felt they were coming to some sort of an understanding, to what end she did not care: anything would be better than this sullen waiting, this intolerable calm.

"Will you come into the parlor?" courteously as she might have invited a stranger, leading the way.

"I want to ask you," began Donald, when they were seated, taking a bank-book from his pocket and selecting from it a slip of paper, "is this all right?"

It was her cancelled check for three hundred dollars. Anita regarded it curiously, a slight smile on her lips. "Why, yes," she said, slowly: "it seems to be just as I wrote it."

"And there is no mistake about it?" perplexedly studying the paper.

"Not the slightest, that I can see," her smile broadening a little, as if enjoying his discomfiture.

"I thought when I went away that you had money enough—more than enough—for all ordinary requirements. I made arrangements at the bank for you to have all you might need in case of any unforeseen emergency; but I can't understand now what possible emergency could have arisen to demand this," regarding her with grave questioning.

"No? can you not?" nonchalantly smiling up at him. "Well, it is possible that the emergency simply arose and then—sat down again, so to speak. If you will look in your bank-book, I presume you will discover that I deposited the full amount two days later."

"Yes; but that does not make the matter any clearer."

"I should suppose it would be sufficient to be assured that I did not use any of it," with a sneer she knew would sting him like a lash.

"As if I ever grudged you a dollar, or questioned how you used it!" he retorted, warmly, flushing under her insulting tone. "When have I ever hinted that you could use too much money?"

"Never,—unless now," more humbly, her eyes falling a little under his indignant glance.

"And not now. It only seems to me that here is something that I should know about, and I ask you to tell me. If you had used the three hundred dollars three times over it would not have troubled me like your curious reticence about it."

"Another thing," he went on, after he had waited a moment in vain for her to speak. "A fellow came up to my office a day or two ago with a curious charge of assault and battery against Fred Ingalls. Do you know anything about that?"

"I?" with a look of frankest astonishment. "No, indeed; how should I?"

"Well," in a somewhat relieved tone, "it did not seem very likely, —the tale he told. He had been drinking, and I scarcely gave his wandering yarn another thought until I got my pass-book and cancelled vouchers from the bank this morning, when, in a wholly unreasoning way, it struck me that there might be some connection between the two circumstances."

"And what was his story?" her face curiously changing, her eyes steadily fixed on the minute plaits she was folding in her handkerchief.

"Simply that you were down in the bank alone with Ingalls one evening, and that after you had come out together, and you had turned and gone toward home, this fellow, passing by, made a joking remark to Ingalls about his banking-hours for ladies, when he found himself knocked into the ditch."

"Oh!" comprehensively, not looking at him.

"Of course I told the chump that he had no case, and, incidentally, that he was mistaken as to the identity of the lady, and that if I ever heard of his repeating the mistake he would promptly have occasion to bring action for assault and battery against me."

"All the same," meeting his eyes unflinchingly, "it was I."

Donald did not seem surprised, although his face grew graver.

"And may I ask what you were doing at the bank?"

"Certainly. I went there to get the check cashed."

"In the *evening*?"

"Yes. The bank was closed when I decided that I wanted the money; and, as a kindness, Mr. Ingalls went and got it for me in the evening when I went around to his house and asked him."

Donald rubbed his forehead in a bewildered way. "And why could you not have waited until the bank opened next day?"

"Because I wanted to take the early train next morning."

"And did you?"

"Yes."

"And where did you go?" breathing hard.

"To Pueblo," with an inscrutable smile.

"To Pueblo; and you took money enough to take you to Paris!" suddenly growing pale, as a light seemed to break upon his mind. "And did your cousin go with you?" he demanded, slowly.

"Oh, no," with that little, cool, teasing smile, "but he came back with me."

"In other words, you went to meet him," hoarsely, his eyes flashing blue fire. "Well, do you intend to tell me the rest of it?"

"Ah, why should I?" with a careless shrug of her shoulders, smiling always. "You are so keen at surmising."

"Do you know that you are leading me to surmise very strange things?"

"Yes?" indifferently.

"To think of my being tricked out of the way with that little cock-and-bull story of your aunt's coming!" he exclaimed, his voice shaken with anger. "How you must have laughed in your sleeve to see me led away by the nose like an ass!"

"Well, no, not exactly. If anybody laughed, it must have been Mrs. Rogers, who did the leading, and whom, to all appearances, you were only too ready to follow."

"How like a woman that is," regarding her with scorn ineffable, "to try to whitewash yourself by throwing mud at another! I could not have imagined that you would stoop to anything so small; but," frowningly considering the check he was twisting through his fingers, "it seems you are capable of anything."

"Yes?" growing very white. "Do you think so?"

"What I don't understand," he went on, slowly, cruelly, still studying the check, "is how you happened to come back at all. Evidently you did not plan to."

"Well, do you know, I rather wonder at that myself now," white to the lips; "but it is a mistake most easily rectified. I can go again."

"Don't be idiotic," he roughly retorted. "Be satisfied with what you have already done to disgrace yourself and me. Don't imagine that you are going on to have me pointed at as a deserted husband,—to have the history of your shame hawked through all the papers in the land. If you hankered for the excitement of an elopement you should have embraced the opportunity when you had it; rest assured you will not get another."

"No?" with an insolent smile. "Will Mrs. Rogers never take you away again?"

He opened his lips, but then, as if fearing to trust himself to speak, turned and rushed from the room. Anita buried her head in the soft pillow and lay still, making no moan, although every nerve was aquiver under the stinging humiliation of Donald's tone and her own impotent anger. A moment later she lifted her white face, dully staring. Donald had come back.

"I want to take it all back, Nita," he said, humbly, even pleadingly, "all the hateful things I have been saying. I have tormented myself into a temper over this thing, and I have said more than I meant,—a good deal more than I ought. It does look queer, and you won't explain it. And the queerest thing about it is your reticence. All the same I believe you could explain it if you chose, so as to put an altogether different aspect upon the matter; and I think you are keeping your lips closed in some foolish whim of shielding your cousin somehow. I know he is at the bottom of the whole business; that—

why, great heavens, Nita, if an angel came to tell me any evil about you I could not really believe it!" moving a little toward her. "I believe nothing,—*nothing*, Nita, except what I saw; and somehow, somehow, I believe in you in spite of that."

Anita had buried her face again in the sofa pillow for shame of the tears that were welling from her eyes, so unused to the weakness of tears.

"If you would only be frank with me, Nita!" he murmured, wistfully regarding her, but moving no nearer.

Anita said nothing. Woman-like, even in her weeping she had her wits well about her, and, seeing Donald ready for reconciliation, she was full of obstinate resolve to move no step toward meeting him half-way. His had been the first wrong-doing; legitimately his was the humiliation of confession and pleading. Seeing her in tears for his harshness, she subtly planned, he, already disposed to tenderness, must be moved to take her in his arms with comforting and caressing; and when he had come to that she knew he would be completely at her mercy. She would not yield to him at once: his punishment must be prolonged while the last remnant of her cold-heartedness could endure; and her tardy forgiveness must impress him once for all with the fact that her feelings were not to be lightly disregarded.

"Won't you tell me, dear?" more tenderly still. Anita's head was shaken with sudden sobbing. He took it for a gesture of refusal, and, without another word, turned and left her.

After a moment, surprised at the silence, she looked up, chagrined to find him gone, and, forgetting her resolve of cold quiescence, ran eagerly after him to the hall door; but he was already far down the street, hurrying on with a quick, nervous stride, already beyond reach of her voice if she called.

But there was a rare light of happiness on her face as she came back, sitting down in the chair where he had been, softly caressing with her cheek the cushion against which his head had rested. After all, he still loved her in his large, passionless, unselfish way, that would think no evil even though his own eyes had seen her in the arms of another, guilty kisses showered upon her face. Even after that, if an angel came to tell him evil of her he would not believe,—eagerly repeating his words. And she,—her face grew graver as she reverted to her own feelings, conscious that all his magnanimity had been powerless to kill that pain of jealous distrust. Full of longing to meet his tender confidence with a trust no less perfect than his own, it seemed still impossible that her heart should soar beyond her understanding. Convicted of evil in her mind, she could not through blind love force herself to believe him guiltless; but she could be even more generous than he,—the glory of transcendent love lighting her wet eyes,—for with even a doubt of his truth still shadowing her heart she could take him back to her love, overlooking, condoning everything.

She could not wait through all the slow dragging hours of the afternoon for the happiness she felt so near her lips: she would follow him to the office,—hurrying to make a fresh toilet. It was a chill day for the embroidered white lawn, but Donald liked that best, and so it

must go on, smiling a little at the small vanity while, with the finical care of a school-girl, she lingered over the tying of the soft silk sash, and the arrangement of the great bunch of yellow chrysanthemums she pinned at her belt.

She fancied herself stealing unannounced into his private office, as she had often done before, of quietly going up behind him as he sat at his desk, surprising him with the light touch of her hand upon his shoulder. She could see his swift flush of surprise and pleasure as he read her errand in her eyes before she spoke, his joy and thankfulness ineffable to see the end of this time of wretchedness,—their first real quarrel, and, please heaven, their last.

XIII.

It seemed an especial exhibition of the total depravity of inanimate things that as Anita stepped out of doors she should find the wind rioting in the street, the air clouded with rushing whirlwinds of dust tossed up by the lively little "Colorado zephyr" that at certain seasons seems especially aimed to try the souls of good housewives. She stood still for a moment, disappointedly hesitating; but still she could not bring herself to renounce the cherished plan. It was but a short walk to the office at most; and she felt strong enough in her eagerness to combat any obstacle.

But never did those three blocks seem so long a journey. She was obliged to face a driving column of yellow dust mottled with crumpled papers and rags, dead leaves and twigs, the unsightly litter of ill-kept back yards, in which a nucleus in the form of a small boy seemed presently evolved, his bare feet scarce touching the ground as he chased his hat, which was ever bowled away just beyond reach of the clutching fingers. Here and there in the quiet street, under the cottonwoods upon which the yellow leaves were already stealing, as pathetic in their beauty as gray hairs on the head of youth, in groups of two or three, cows were sordidly bunched together, their backs to the wind; and a little girl with a basket, apparently profiting by the example of the kine, was cautiously shuffling along backward, curiously blinking through the yellow haze at the lady who, but for this unnatural reversal of gait, would have been just behind her. Anita, holding on to her hat with both hands, the wind wrapping her skirts about her limbs until each step was a new difficulty, found herself curiously embarrassed by the gaze of those childish eyes, small and black and bright as a couple of shoe-buttons sewed in the little dust-grimed face. It seemed a confession of mental weakness to be seen on the street in a dust-storm like that by anybody, to say nothing of appearing blown and dishevelled, stripped of all the graceful dignity which Mrs. Bartels regarded as her indispensable adjunct.

Her impulsive spleen was quickly lost, however, in kindly concern as the heedless little experimenter came to grief on the uneven pavement. Anita stooped to help the child upon her feet again and restore the scattered contents to the basket, while, as if it had been mischievously watching for the opportunity, the wind at this moment seized upon her own hat and sent it spinning away through the dust. The

child, not to be outdone in kindness, darted after it, and presently returned triumphant, but not until the wind had made havoc with the arrangement of Anita's hair, while the story of its adventure was grimly marked upon the hat. Again Anita hesitated, as she shook the dusty plumes, glancing uncertainly back; but now it was farther to go home than to press on to her first goal; and, after all, hurrying on, what would it matter to Donald in what guise she came to him?

Alone in the long hall outside the office she stopped, with swift feminine touches striving to improve her dishevelled appearance; and when she had brushed her hat, and, with sundry little pats helpless to improve, had assured herself how far her hair was awry, when she had shaken her skirts and smoothed up the long wrists of her gloves, still she lingered, her heart tumultuously beating. She would not go in through the large outer office, but went on to the door more seldom used opening into Donald's private room, halting with the door-knob in her hand, swallowing a lump that had risen in her throat, while in incoherent thought she tried to frame what she first would say; but in the chaos of her mind only rose the vision of Donald as he would look, the glowing love that would be in his eyes as he rose to clasp her in his arms.

Softly she turned the knob, a tender smile curving her lips, her eyes luminous with anticipation, softly pushed open the door, and entered the room.

Donald was sitting at his desk as she had anticipated, but there the picture of her fancy ended. She did not cross the room to lay her hand upon his shoulder, because in the way, very close to Donald, and pushing back her chair with a little start of confusion as if she had been still closer, sat Mrs. Rogers.

"Well, upon my word!" she laughingly exclaimed, first to recover her voice in the surprise of the rencontre: "did you blow down?"

"I should suppose it would seem sufficiently evident," with a faint sardonic smile, angrily conscious of her battered hat and the dusty untidiness of her dress, while her glance took in the exquisite neatness of the other's toilet, the smooth hair and the dainty dustless gown. Evidently Mrs. Rogers had come in before the storm began, Anita shrewdly inferred, measuring the time in her mind, at the same time noting that the door to the outer office was closed.

Donald had hurried forward, flushing a little with surprise or embarrassment, to give her a chair. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," he said, with that little mockery of his old manner he had come to assume before others. "It is pleasant that you let yourself be blown this way; but I must say I approve your taste rather more than your judgment. I should hardly have supposed you would care to venture out such a day as this."

"Oh, I am sure you could not have expected me," a little sneer in her tone his trained ear could not miss.

"I believe most women like to go beating their way through a storm," chimed in Mrs. Rogers, in her vivacious way. "It seems somehow to satisfy that craving for antagonism that appears to be inherent in the female heart."

"Do you think so?" returned Donald, with a smile of careless courtesy, a tiny frown furrowed between his eyes. "And do you enjoy this peculiar craving?"

"Oh, yes; we all do. And most of us wear our lives out beating against the wind,—that is, contriving imaginary troubles to fight: don't you think so, Mrs. Bartels?"

"We are not always driven to taxing our imaginations, I think: Providence spares us the effort," sharply glancing from under her long-lashed, insolently-drooping eyelids. She had become persuaded that Mrs. Rogers held something in her hand which she was concealing in a fold of her gown.

"Providence!—ah?" with a shrug of her shoulders. "Better call it the devil, and spell it as it should always be spelled, without the *d*. It is the evil in people's own minds that leads them to look for trouble and find it, nine times out of ten, Mrs. Bartels. If women never hated until there was reason for hate, if they were never jealous until they had cause, if they never went mad in any of the thousand-and-one phases of feminine madness, there would be lots less trouble, Mrs. Bartels, and," with a careless, inconsequential little smile, "Orodelphia would be a good deal pleasanter."

"Do you think so?" indifferently, her eyes fixed with the sharp scrutiny of a cat watching a mouse. She was bound to see what was in that hand. All the time it had been creeping upward with a scarce perceptible movement, crumpling something more closely in its grasp, until, as Mrs. Rogers rose with her last word, with a swift movement she pushed something under the edge of her basque, but not so dexterously but that the keen eyes watching had caught a glimpse, a mere corner betrayed, of a little roll of bank-notes.

"But I must not stay here arguing moral questions while my poor boy lies hazarding his immortal soul with profanity," she exclaimed, with her childish laugh. "The doctor is laid up with rheumatism, you know," she explained to Anita, as if it were the most cheerful bit of news possible, "and his remarks sometimes seem fairly to impart a sulphurous odor to the room. It is considered good for rheumatism,—sulphur,—and I don't know but the doctor has some scheme of his own for fighting the disorder with the fumes of his diabolical exclamations; at least it seems to ease his mind wonderfully."

Donald joined in her laugh, but with a perfunctory air. "You should hire a Chinaman to help him swear," he carelessly suggested.

"I hoped you would volunteer," with a laughing pout. "I came around, you know, to see if Mr. Bartels and you," innocently turning to Anita, as if ingenuously impelled to explain her presence there, "out of kind charity, to revive my drooping spirits, would not come around late this afternoon for a little game of tennis; but the wind seemed to answer for you before I had fairly gotten the invitation out of my mouth."

"I should not have supposed you could consider it necessary to wait for even the wind to answer such an invitation as that," with an insolent smile, after a brief stare of incredulity. "You know that I do not play tennis, Mrs. Rogers."

"No," slightly discomfited; "but if you would only learn, you would enjoy it so much."

"But you are not going out in the dust?" interposed Donald, hastily, his protest, however, somewhat lukewarm in tone. "Won't you wait until the storm is over, Mrs. Rogers?"

"Oh, no; the doctor is waiting for me, and," gayly nodding herself out of the door, "two's a company, while three—ah, you know. Good-afternoon, both of you."

Donald closed the door after her with a relieved expression, turning to Anita expectantly.

"It was so delicate of her to remind me, was it not?" looking up at him with an ugly sneer; "but it was quite unnecessary. Nobody could have been more regretfully conscious than I of making up the proverbial crowd."

"Nonsense!" impatiently. "Why will you always impute ideas to that poor woman that never enter her head? She referred to herself, of course."

"Of course nothing on earth could have induced me to come in had I dreamt how painfully superfluous I was to be," she went on, as if he had not spoken. "And, even worse than that, to interrupt your *tête-à-tête*,—to drive your guest away!" with a smile of bitter irony. "I cannot sufficiently express my regret."

"Nonsense!" cried Donald again, reddening angrily. "There was no reason on earth why you should not have come in, as you know perfectly well. And as for driving her away,—she had finished her business before you came in, and would have been gone long ago had she not stopped to speak to you."

"Her business?—that invitation to play tennis, of course you meant to say," with a hard, mirthless laugh.

Donald gave himself a little restless shake, as if he would throw off the cloud that had gathered on his face. "Oh, never mind the woman!" he irritably exclaimed. "You came to see me about something, did you not, Nita? Let's change the subject to that," looking at her anxiously.

"Why, yes, I did come to see you about something," a bitter smile curling her lips. "I came because," steadily regarding him, "I would like a little money."

"Why, certainly; but," seeming somewhat embarrassed, "how much do you want?"

"Oh, twenty-five or thirty dollars will do, with what I have, I think. I want it," explaining with an air of painful punctiliousness, "to buy material for a new tea-gown, and perhaps to get lace to make a *jabot* up the front."

"Don't, Nita," with a sort of hurt gentleness. "I don't want to know how you propose to use it. And you must have a larger allowance after this, that the want may not occur again," looking up at her pleasantly. He was always generous in money-matters, and was, in fact, well pleased that she had come to ask this little favor now. "I will make this fifty :—you see I must give you a check: my purse is as bare as old Mother Hubbard's cupboard."

"Yes? I rather inferred as much when I saw evidences of Mrs. Rogers's—business," slowly, cuttingly.

"Oh, did you see?" seeming rather relieved than otherwise, meeting her eyes with an expression of the utmost frankness. "She begged me not to mention it, not even to you: the poor woman has so much pride, you know."

"No; I did not know," dryly: "has she?"

"But of course if you saw it will do no harm to tell you the rest. It appears that the doctor was induced to buy an interest in the Blue-bird mine a year ago. He could not have done worse, particularly as he had not money enough and was forced to borrow; and of course he has never realized anything out of it but assessments, as any sane man might have told him at the start,—with the natural result that his finances were down to bed-rock long ago. They have been compelled to let bills run along and accumulate until now some fellow has threatened to bring suit against them at once unless he is paid. The doctor being sick, his wife did not want to worry him about the matter, and, at her wits' end, naturally came to me to advise her what to do."

"Quite naturally," with sarcastic emphasis, a spot of red on either cheek, like a dab of rouge unskilfully applied.

"It was for only a small amount,—a trifle less than a hundred dollars,—and of course I advised her to let me loan her the money as the easiest way out of the difficulty."

"Oh, of course."

"The doctor's practice seems to have been mostly among a class where collections are next to impossible," continuing with an evident effort, plainly disconcerted under her sneering glance. "And now, with his sickness, and bills pouring in from every side, of course the poor little woman is all broken up. It is rather hard lines, don't you think?"

"And yet she can play tennis!" with a bitter laugh, mirthless, taunting, cruel. "At least, Don, I think your explanation of her—business is very ingenious."

He turned upon her a face she had never seen before, livid, almost murderous, in its sudden fury.

"If I believed you were in earnest in your vile insinuations, Anita," in a low, tense tone, his fingers convulsively gripping the arms of his chair, "if I could think that you really believed what you have repeatedly implied in regard to that woman, I should be tempted to—box your ears."

"Well, if you are stopping on that account," slowly, that sardonic smile quivering on her lips, "if that is all that hinders, I must say, the incredulity in the case is more apparent on your side than on mine," coming a little nearer, and standing before him defiantly, tauntingly. "It seems a pity that you should hesitate for any such illusory reason as that,—that you should leave anything undone to complete my disillusion."

"Disillusion!—great heavens, Anita, do you think the disillusion is all on your side?" with a groan, burying his head in his arms crossed upon the desk.

She stood for a moment regarding him with a sort of supercilious curiosity, as if at some mawkish display of histrionic emotion, and then, without a word, walked from the room.

XIV.

The bright, unclouded days of the Colorado winter had passed away, one as monotonously like another as the beads slipped from the sleepy fingers of a nun; and now the spring, in small furies of rain and hail, snow-flurries and wind-storms, seemed trying to make up what the unseasonable apathy of its elder brother had left undone.

It was Sunday, a chill, blustering day, of a kind to try the quality of men's religion when the church bells rang. The early dinner was over, and Anita, who would suffer no hands less tender than her own to wash her glass and china, had finished her housewifely duties. Thanks to her Van Zandt training, she could find all the comfort of a clean conscience in housekeeping well done. She could know no peace of mind until each stale bread-crumbs in her domain had been metamorphosed into palatableness,—unless she were assured that no bone was thrown to a dog until its first strength had been extracted in soup. Whatever might be her griefs,—and she thought her burdens heavy in these days,—there was still a certain pleasure in properly polishing the dainty cut glass; a substantial satisfaction, as she passed back to the parlor, in noting that no atom of dust defiled the edges of the carpet, that no spider with his spinning had eluded her vigilance.

Donald, in smoking-jacket and slippers, was enjoying a cigar in an easy-chair by the fire.

"Why, how comfortable you look!" she exclaimed, brightly, surprised into betraying her pleasure. When had Donald cared to spend a Sunday afternoon at home before? "And what a glorious fire you have made!" standing before the fire upon pretence of warming her slim white hands, a little innocent vanity in her pretty tea-gown. Donald had once been quick to notice when she looked especially nice.

"Have I not?" complacently surveying his work. "Give me the blaze of good soft coal on a day like this; just to look at it is luxury," his eyes fixed upon the slim figure in the trailing old-rose gown, as if he found a certain luxury in regarding that. He reached out and drew nearer a willow rocker, saying, sociably, "Sit down and enjoy it."

Donald Bartels could not have willingly endured for long to live at odds with a cat. He had a happy faculty for adjusting unpleasantnesses within himself, of brightening with the sunniness of his own temperament the darkest circumstance, of compromising with fate in all philosophical good-will. The sudden change in his wife had been to him a crushing blow, for a time seeming fairly to change his nature. Without a sign of warning, seeming the more cruel for its unexpectedness, he had been rudely shaken from his dream of placid content, to look down into the grave in which all the joy of his life seemed laid. He was almost beside himself, fairly maddened with the poignant pain, the burning anger toward this cold, silent woman, who had won him with tender witcheries but to bring such disappointment and humiliation upon him. But even over the ground torn up for the dead the

merciful flowers and grasses will hurry to spread their fair covering ; and Donald was not one who would keep the soil of his sorrows forever ploughed up afresh. Ever in the background of his life that grave must gloomily hold its place ; and often in the twilight—those sweet hours of idleness that had so long been given to Anita, in which the thought of her was inextricably fixed—he must perforce look back with tear-blurred eyes, passionate regret wringing his heart. But what then ? Could his lost love be raised from the dead with cries or paltry curses ? And was a loveless life so rare a thing that he could esteem himself as more unfortunate than the majority of his fellows ? Little by little his first fierce anger burned itself out, and at last he was ready, in his healthy, whole-souled way, to look up and take account of the good that was left him. If Anita loved her cousin,—and Donald could have no doubt of that,—she was still bravely trying to do her wifely duty by him. That she was not happy he could not but know, and the time was when seeing it he had been filled with sharp resentment ; but now, in a way, he had come to pity her, appreciating the more the patient effort of her exquisite housekeeping. No husband was better cared for than he in all material things, and he valued the comforts of his home at their worth, and was grateful. Because he had had his cake and eaten it, was he to find no appetite for bread and cheese ? Though the sweet, foolish love of the honey-moon might be gone, there was no reason, he told himself, why they should not still be friends.

“There is going to be a splendid bed of coals presently,” Anita idly remarked, settling back comfortably in the low chair : “we might pop some corn.”

He looked up, boyishly pleased at the simple suggestion. It seemed that, after all, she might be willing to meet him half-way in the effort to bring the home life to a friendlier footing. “We might,—and we will,” he cordially agreed, irrelevantly adding, “That is an awfully pretty dress, Nita.”

“I think it is rather a success myself,” smiling up at him well pleased. Why could they not be always like this, so sociable and friendly ? Ah, well, he was spending this afternoon with her of his own accord ; this was something.

“I have just heard rather a good thing,” she began, drawing toward him in a cosey, confidential way. “Katie has a friend visiting her in the kitchen, and they were trying their luck with a wish-bone. From the china-closet I happened to overhear their remarks at the close of the contest. ‘Now, Annie, tell me what you wished,’ said Katie. ‘Well, I wished I might go to heaven. And what did you wish ?’ ‘Well, Annie,’—with her convulsive little giggle,—did you ever see anybody giggle as that girl does, Don ?”

“Never. But what was her wish ?”

“‘Well,’ said she, ‘I wished I might be the first to get married, Annie !’ while Annie capped the climax by retorting, ‘Well, if that ain’t just like you, Katie Rice ! I’ll risk you to always wish the best for yourself.’”

Donald laughed long and loud at this joke. He was in a mood to make the most of the smallest pleasantry. “May each get her wish !”

he piously ejaculated. "And so they agreed that marriage is rather better than heaven, on the whole?"

"Oh, decidedly better, it would seem," turning to him a bright, mirthful face. How pretty and girlish she looked in that easy attitude, her face flushed with the warm firelight, her hands clasped around her knees in careless *abandon*! And it was remarkably pleasant chatting there in that cosy old-time fashion. Donald wanted to keep the ball of conversation rolling, not caring much what was said.

"Who is it who says that marriage is like a city besieged,—all those who are out want to get in, while those who are in all want to get out?" smiling comfortably across at her. All the brightness was gone from her face on the instant.

"A volume of truth in the observation, is there not?" she returned, icily, taking up a paper. A personal item caught her eye the next moment: "Dr. and Mrs. Rogers are spending a few days in Denver." Ah, yes; that explained Donald's presence at home on this particular afternoon. Mrs. Rogers always kept open house on Sundays.

"I hope you don't think that I meant any reflection: I'm sure you could not make any personal application of that stupid quotation," poor Donald blundered, awkwardly.

"Why, certainly not: how could I?" with a sarcastic little laugh, the ugly red he had learned to know so well flaming in her cheeks. "Of course we could not possibly want to get out. We are so happy together, you and I."

"I most certainly don't want to get out," said Donald, sturdily, poking the fire. "And, by the way, that reminds me," not explaining the connection,—“I beg pardon, but I really forgot to give you this letter. It came this morning.”

"From Gray?" she exclaimed, surprised, as she took it from his hand. She had heard but rarely from Gray in the months since he had gone at her bidding. He had proceeded down into Mexico, looking up the old *hacienda* where she had lived as a child; and several letters he had written at first, counting confidently on her interest in the familiar scenes, but Anita never answered. She sat for a long time now, absently twisting the unopened letter in her hands, thinking of all that had happened since Gray had said, "He will teach you to know the worth of a love like mine." Well, she had learned the lesson, as he said she would. Strange if she had not through all those days of smiling coldness when Donald and she had striven each to outdo the other in the cool courtesy of utter indifference; in the scenes that had come later, when irrepressible anger had worked its way to the surface in cruel shafts of sarcasm that had many a time sent Donald from the house pale with rage, while her heart had bled with stormy tears. There had been plenty of time to measure the worth of a lasting love like Gray's in the long evenings she had spent alone, feeling but too sure into whose eyes Donald was smiling; in the weary hours when she had tossed on her pillow, awake in a horrid loneliness that was a torture of terror when any uncanny noise broke the night stillness. Selfish and lawless as she knew Gray's nature to be, in the glamour thrown by time and distance it seemed that had she been his

wife he must have been unswervingly true to her ; and, in her heart-hunger, there had grown up the miserable regret that her love had not been given to him,—but it was only the small, futile regret for what she knew had never been really possible. And there could be no thought of mending the blunder of fate at this late day : all the passion of her heart seemed cold and dead. With a fretful sigh she roused herself to open her letter now, resentfully conscious that Donald was watching her curiously.

"And how is your cousin?" he asked, at length, when she was twisting the paper in her hands again, absently staring into the fire. He asked the question in all kindliness, in his resolution to let the dead past rest ; but in spite of himself his voice sounded forced, and to Anita his words seemed pregnant with hateful sarcasm.

"Read it," she said, with sharp brevity, holding the letter out to him. He shrank back with a gesture of extreme distaste.

"No, indeed. Could you imagine that I was hinting at such a thing ? I have not the slightest wish to pry into your correspondence."

"But I insist upon your reading it," offering it imperiously. Donald reluctantly accepted the letter.

"ANITA MIA,—

"Incredible as it may seem, the doctor has just told me that I must prepare to take my little trip over the range, for I have to go soon ; and I have believed him, because I have fallen into a habit of swallowing whatever he gives me,—it seems to save the judgment such a lot of wear and tear, you know.

"Don't feel badly about it, sweet : what's the use ? It's a case of spilled milk, you see. What breaks me up is that I can't go to you and say all the things that are making my head feel top-heavy. I always made a poor shuffle at a letter, you know, and it comes harder than ever now. When I left you I meant to come back, as of course you knew. I saw how things were going, and I hoped to find happiness waiting for me when I came again. But now—'*Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas.*' Circumstances over which I have no control prevent, you understand. But Mohammed could go to the mountain just the same, and you—oh, Nita, darling, the one person in all the world who could make these last few days of mine perfectly happy,—won't you come ? Surely you can reconcile it to your conscience, I ask so little.

"I want to tell you that I have sent my will to Uncle John, whom I have made executor. He never liked me much, and he played me a low-down trick when he stood you off from marrying me : all the same he is a square fellow, and will see that you get a fair deal,—for of course I have left everything to you. I have fooled away an awful lot of money, but the estate was handled in first-class shape till I came of age, and some of the investments that I happened to let alone have turned out 'way up. You will be fairly well fixed, after all. I tell you this that you may know that for the rest of your life you will be absolutely independent, to go where you like and do as you please. I enclose now draft to cover expenses of your journey if you will come.

"Think fast, Nita. It comes upon me suddenly that I am horribly pressed for time. It seems ridiculous, when I think how hard I have worked sometimes trying to kill time, that now time in turn is killing me. I don't ask you to sacrifice your own feelings: it is hardly worth while to be selfish for the little time that is left. But what do you owe to that man who does not love you? what do you owe to the world?—to anybody?—while I—— Oh, my darling, I have certain sweet memories that fill me with hope that you will come, memories that will make me happier in heaven, if there turns out to be such a place, and if I ever see it. I shall not ask it if you come; for I shall have my heaven here.

"Yours till death,
"GRAY."

Donald looked up stonily when he had finished the last page, his face white as the dead.

"And may I ask what you are going to do about it?" his voice strained and harsh.

"I don't know," lifelessly staring at the glowing coals.

"Great God! you don't know! Is it possible that you are giving me—*me*, who don't love you—that you are giving me the benefit of a moment's doubt?" his breath coming in gasps. "Well, when you have quite made up your mind, is it too much to ask that you will kindly let me know? I should, of course, want to go to the station with you and wish you *bon voyage*," with a short, ugly laugh, as he left the room.

Hours had passed by, and Anita was still sitting motionless before the dying fire that faintly glowed in the twilight, when Donald came in. He stood still, regarding her gravely, until she lifted her heavy eyes inquiringly.

"I don't know whether you will believe it or not, Nita, but I am sorry for you," he said, hesitatingly, with a gentleness she had not heard for many a day. "Your cousin's letter was no mere ruse to induce you to come to him: he told the truth about his condition. I have just received a telegram, and—can't you guess, Nita?"

"Gray is worse?" staring up at him with dull, horror-stricken eyes.

"No: he is better, dear. Gray has gone—'over the range.'"

XV.

The cottonwoods were showering the Rocky Mountain world with their silken mockery of snow-flakes; summer was working its miracles of beauty upon the earth; and weary hearts were stirring with evanescent taste of youth again in joy with Nature's rejuvenescence.

In every soft breeze that fanned his cheek Donald Bartels heard a whispered invitation to the woods. While the streams were still so swollen from the spring floods as to fill every trout beyond the possibility of seeing temptation in the most alluring fly, he must fit joints of his split bamboo together to make sure it was ready for conquest, must lovingly finger over the parti-colored pages of his fly-book, and lay in a new supply of superfluous lines and leaders.

"We are talking of going up on Snake Creek to spend the Fourth," he announced, with anticipatory delight, just before the day of national celebration. "They say the fishing there this year is away ahead of anything in Colorado."

"The name does not sound very promising, does it?" smiling at his eagerness.

They were getting on fairly well in these days, in a comfortable, matter-of-fact friendliness. They did not much affect each other's society,—each went his or her own way in an harmonious independence,—but three times a day at least they assumed a kindly interest in each other's sayings and doings when they met at table. And if either sometimes sighed for other days, they had to remember more recent times of stormy passion and jealous fury, and find food for gratulation in the reflection that this present epoch might be far worse than it was.

"And who are going?"

"Only Ingalls, Horton, and myself, so far as heard from. Horton spoke of asking that young Bardill who was at the Park last summer:—I presume you met him."

"Possibly; but I don't recall him."

"A cadaverous youth who hung about the Rogerses a good deal," absently, absorbed in his fly-book.

"No," dryly. "It was a cadaverous clergyman who hung about that quarter in my day; and his name was not Bardill."

"Bardill had probably gone before you got there. That's a pretty fly, Nita," admiringly, holding it out for her inspection.

"Lovely," with well-simulated enthusiasm, seeing nothing to distinguish it from any other of those bits of feathers that covered the page on his knee.

"Do you know," hesitating almost shyly, "I thought perhaps you might like to go. They tell me it is a lovely place to camp; and Dewey said that he and his wife would go if there were other ladies. You have not been looking well lately: the trip might do you good."

"And is this young Bardill still hanging about the Rogerses?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Why?" staring, surprised at the irrelevant question.

"Only I was wondering if they would be invited." She could have bitten her tongue for the impulsive candor. His face flushed angrily.

"Nobody has suggested it," folding up the flies, and coldly rising to go. "I infer from your manner that you don't much care to be invited, though. Well," more pleasantly, "it might be a hard jaunt for you, and you were never over-fond of camping. Perhaps you are wise to keep yourself cool at home."

After a moment of hesitation, she followed after him to the hall door. "Why, Don, you hardly gave me time to speak for myself," she gently expostulated. "If you don't mind,—if it would not make too much trouble for you," in a small, meek voice, "I think I would like to go very much." There was a soft entreaty in her eyes that brought him a full step nearer her.

"Trouble, child! Why, if I had not wanted you I would not

have asked you, would I? I shall only be too glad to have you, as you ought to know." He made a slight movement as if he might be going to bend and kiss her, as he used to do when she followed him to the door like this, but she drew back quickly, turning her head to hide her burning blush. He must not imagine that she had followed him for that.

Her strength seemed utterly exhausted as she slowly dragged herself up the stairs to the room she had made her studio. With a feverish energy she had been devoting herself to painting, for which she had more taste than talent; but her dogged industry had accomplished a considerable amount of work that was far from bad, and in no other pursuit could she so nearly find escape from her burden of wearisome thought.

The room was bare of furniture, save for a few chairs, an easel, and a table covered with an artist's litter. Sketches in oil- and water-colors were pinned upon the walls; an unfinished picture was on the easel; her palette, untidily set, as she had left it the day before, lay on the table, and beside it, in a slender glass vase, the rosebud she had painted had burst into perfect bloom. She dropped heavily upon a chair, staring dully around at her work upon the walls. A rush of recollection was upon her. It seemed as if she could see where misery had made its mark with every stroke of the brush. It seemed that in these sketches she could see, written in a hieroglyphic only her eyes might read, the history of those dreary dragging months when with this work she had tried to fight away thoughts of the unhappiness that never relaxed its grip upon her. She found herself dreamily wondering why, when death would so quickly come at call, she had still lived on, piling the burdensome days one on top of another. For what had she been waiting? Was it in the weak hope that Donald would come back to her when his fickle fancy veered again? Perish the thought!

She began doggedly working, sketching in the great pink rose below yesterday's painting of its half-blown youth, but her brush moved laggingly. Wearied she was to the utmost limit of endurance of her colorless home life, of the narrow routine of the little town, its dull dissipations of church socials and card-parties, its treadmill round of calling and gossip-peddling. Why was it not better to die at once? or, if she would live, why should she not make her life somewhat worth the living? She was fairly rich. Gray's money she had not yet touched, and between Donald and herself it had never been mentioned; but she had not forgotten that it was hers, to do with as she would. It was a magician's wand in her hand, to open the treasury of all earth's pleasures. She would like to study art, and here the opportunity was hers if she would but take it. She had always longed for travel; why now was she halting? Of a sudden her resolution was taken. She would write to her uncle John at once to make the necessary arrangements, and she would go away,—where, it did not much matter. And she would go alone: no Van Zandt chaperon should be thrust upon her upon plea of propriety, to drive her mad with sociability. She would not be coerced into admiration for the

fairest scene of earth : nobody should drive her into any pretence of enjoyment.

With a bitter laugh she leaned back in her chair, with half-shut eyes studying the effects of the flower. Tacitly she had been admitting to herself that her search for happiness would be a failure wherever she might go.

The blooming little servant appeared at the door. "If you please, ma'am, Mrs. Allen is below, asking to see you ; an' she says can't she come right up ? she won't be staying a minute."

Anita reluctantly regarded her rose. There were no more of its kind in the garden, and she had planned to paint it more than once that afternoon. But Mrs. Allen must never be denied.

Mrs. Allen had been one of the pioneers of the community. She loved to tell how she had, with a child in her arms, driven a mule-team across the plains, while her husband managed another "outfit" in the little caravan that had migrated together. And the superb strength that had laughed at the hardships of that overland journey had ever since, in a simple, whole-hearted way, been sharing the burdens of all Orodelfia. In the early days she had been a mother to all the homesick boys in the camp, nursing them in their sicknesses, mending for them, and, in her blunt kindness, taking many a timely stitch in tattered morals. She was everybody's friend, always with time to spare for each one's necessities, and, in some strange way,—for her extravagant charities had kept her almost poor,—always able to contrive substantial aid for a neighbor in trouble.

She "didn't put on any style," as she expressed it in her simple vernacular, and she never made calls in the ordinary sense of the phrase ; but nobody found more time for neighborly visiting. Nobody thought of entertaining Mrs. Allen in the parlor in ceremonious fashion. She generally slipped around to the kitchen door, with beaming apology for some appetizing offering, and, however the family might be engaged, there never was the smallest hesitation about welcoming this guest into their midst. She talked a good deal, in her simple, good-natured garrulity, but everybody's secrets were safe with her ; and, with all her lack of education and refinement, all recognized in the rough quartz nature's true gold.

She came in now, fair, fat, and smiling, the incarnation of good nature. "I jest run over with a few fried cakes,—I know you like 'em when they're warm," panting softly with her journey up the stairs,—“and, thinks I, I'll jest run in and set down a minute.”

"How kind of you !" taking the napkin-covered plate with a smile full of grateful tenderness. Anita was strangely softened in her ways. The unconscious arrogance of girlish pride, that demands all the good things of life as its right, had left her, and in its place was a gentle humility that would bring tears to her eyes at an unexpected kindness. She had fallen into a listless attitude, expecting nothing of life, feeling only morbidly sure of sorrow, finding ever a shock of sweet surprise when a friendly heart was found to plan some small pleasure for her.

"And what be you doin'?" queried the guest, bending over the canvas as if to smell the fresh paint.

"Trying to paint this rose," Anita indulgently explained, indicating the flower, while she unceremoniously broke one of the delicate cakes.

"Yes?" doubtfully studying the painting. "Why, you've kind of got a bunch of 'em here, hain't you? But you hev got 'em jest the *color* of roses, for a fact," in a tone of kindly encouragement. "And how long hev you been a-doin' this?"

"Only yesterday afternoon, and a little while to-day."

"Land sakes! But then I d'know as you've got anything better to do," as if good-naturedly bound to find excuse for such awful waste of time. "It must be awful tedious, though, settin' still that way. No wonder you look thin and peaked. You'd ought to go out more."

"Do you think so?" with smiling indifference. "These cakes are delicious."

"I most generally hev good luck," with comfortable complacency. "But you'd ought to get out more, I say. 'Twould kind of chirk you up. Why don't you go over, now, and see poor Mis' Rogers?"

"Mrs. Rogers?" with a quick, surprised gesture of recoil. "And why Mrs. Rogers?"

"Because she's in trouble; that's why. I thought as I was comin' along that I would jest speak to you about her, for you've got more time, and money too, for that matter, to spare for neighborin' than the heft of us has."

"And what is the trouble? Have the neighbors been talking about her again?" her nostrils faintly quivering, a cruel smile curling her lips.

"If they be, they ain't sayin' no worse than that the doctor ain't had business enough to keep salt in their porridge, and that they are about wantin' the necessaries of life," with unwonted sharpness. "Of course they are too proud to say anything, but I hev it straight enough, and I know it is so. And she has been so poorly that she don't do much of anything but set and cry. Mebbe you know that she is expectin' a baby soon?"

"No; I did not know," said Anita, slowly, absently watching a lint-laden branch of cottonwood swaying across the window, one bare twig seeming to clutch in futile effort after the drifting silk that sifted in a white shower through the gaunt dead fingers.

"Yes; and the poor child—she ain't nothin' more than a child when you size her all up—she has been dreadfully ailin' all the time. I've tried and tried to fix up somethin' she could keep on her stomach, but it wa'n't no use. And of course she is nervous and worried,—her first baby so; and then to be bothered to death about money on top of it,—I tell you it comes hard. You don't know what it is, Mis' Bartels, to see the cupboard empty, and know that all the while another mouth is comin' to be fed. It ain't that a mother begrudges what she's got to give her baby,—that ain't natur'; but when the world seems chock full of nothin' but trouble, it seems as if there was sufferers enough already, and a woman feels it cruel hard that she's got to bring one of her own to fight his way with the world all ag'in' him. I've felt that way myself in the early days, when things was hard,—may the Lord forgive me! I always seen my blindness sooner or later. But Mis' Rogers—

the poor young thing!—she can only see the dark side now, and it's the time for the neighbors to rally round and help her along what little they can."

"I never—admired her," said Anita, coldly, reaching to smell the great pink rose. She drew back her head sharply, with a startled look: the soft, cool, perfumed mass was like the touch of a baby's cheek. Anita had the true mother-love for babyhood. How often, in the heart-starved loneliness of her life, she had envied other women to whom had been given that richest gift of life, the love of a little child, —marvelling that some could seem to hold it so lightly! And now out from the shadows of the great unknown a little soul was blindly beating its way to earth, inexorably called to take up the curse of life, with only sorrow and heart-heaviness waiting to bid it gruesome welcome. Poor little baby!

"Wall, I know she's been kind of uppish, mebbe, and there's some that ain't liked her, and there's more that must be pickin' on to somebody all the while. I ain't one to believe more'n half I hear, anyway, leastways when it's ag'in' somebody. And some of the yarns about Mis' Rogers hev been too reedic'lous. Why, they even said once—'twas before you was married—they said that Don Bartels and her was in love with one another. Everybody knows how much truth there was in that."

Anita's glance might have scorched her, but Mrs. Allen sat placidly unmoved, her shrewd eyes twinkling behind their spectacles. Did she know more than she assumed?

"I suppose to some the story seemed by no means impossible." Anita tried to speak lightly, but the words seemed to choke her, and her voice sounded strange and forced.

"Not to anybody that ever knew him,—let alone her," with sturdy contempt for the idea. "Why, after he was sick that time, and I took him to board,—I had said I wouldn't never take no more boarders, but Don did look so thin and peaked that I jest had to take him in and do for him,—and he had your photograph on his bureau, and he used to show it to me and brag about his girl the same as if I was his ma. I never seen a man so proud of a girl: anybody could see he jest worshipped the ground you trod on. And he used to watch for the mail to get a letter from you, and sometimes when Mis' Rogers would come bringin' him somethin' nice about mail-time,—and she was awful good to Don that time anyhow, Mis' Bartels,—but when he was lookin' for his letter and longin' to be let alone to read it, I hev heard him jest groan to see her comin' up the walk. And then to talk about his bein' in love with her at that very time! Jest shows what fools there is in the world, that's all."

Anita looked up, her dark face illumined. "What a friend you are, Mrs. Allen!" she murmured, gratefully.

"Wall, I try to stand up for my friends, at any rate," with her good-natured laugh. "And don't you be too hard on Mis' Rogers, and don't you believe all you're told, Mis' Bartels. There's many a story that grows and gets so changed travellin' around that it wouldn't be recognized where it started from; and there's many a thing that

looks black that might be explained white if we'd only give folks a chance."

Donald looked up surprised when Anita entered his office late that afternoon.

"I have come to ask you to lend me some money," she said, nervously glancing around the room. She had not been there before since that day when she had found Mrs. Rogers sitting there.

"To *lend* you some money! Did I not endow you with all my worldly goods, once upon a time?" with his old sunny smile. "How much will you have?"

"Two hundred dollars; and perhaps I shall want more. I want it," answering the surprised expression on his face, "to send to Mrs. Rogers. You know that I have money of my own,"—Donald's face clouded,—“but I have never made any arrangement about using it, you have kept me so well supplied. I had a letter from Uncle John the other day asking what I would do with my dividends.”

"But why should you send money to Mrs. Rogers? I don't understand," perplexedly.

"Because the doctor has been unfortunate; Mrs. Rogers is sick; and they are fairly suffering for the comforts of life. Did you not know it?" fixing him with her direct gaze.

"Know it! how could I know it? I have seen almost nothing of them this year," meeting her eyes with simple directness, while he looked surprised and shocked. "I have played checkers with the doctor once or twice at the club, but he gave me no hint about his affairs. Oh, it cannot be as bad as you say. He would have come to me about it."

"But he is too proud to go to anybody, it appears; and things have gone on from bad to worse; and now they are expecting——" hesitating, her face softly glowing.

Donald gave a long low whistle of comprehensive surprise, his face clouded with frank concern.

"You don't mean it! Mrs. Rogers did not tell you herself?"

"No, indeed; it was Mrs. Allen who told me; but of course it is perfectly reliable. And it seems to make their financial embarrassment doubly hard."

"Of course. I might have known how things were with them, and have tried to help him out a little before this," regretfully. "You know she gave me an inkling of their affairs in the fall, and I made her a small loan;" both changed color a little at this reminiscence. "I might have seen how it was when that was not paid; but," with a sigh, "my mind has been so full of my own concerns."

"I thought I would like to send a little money to her by Mrs. Allen. Of course I would not have any name mentioned."

"But," doubtfully, "I'm afraid that I can't let you have the money to-night: I have not so much about me. And would it not be better that I should see the doctor and find out exactly what he needs, and arrange to make him a loan in business shape? It seems to me it might not be so humiliating for them as to receive it in the way of

charity. But of course it is just as you prefer," deprecatingly, seeing her face clouding disappointedly.

"No doubt you know best," she assented, dispiritedly, rising to go. But at the door she turned back, almost shyly. "Were you thinking of going home soon?"

"Right now, if you would not mind waiting half a minute," hastily putting away his papers, boyishly pleased that the suggestion had come from her.

"I must say," he said, cordially, as they walked along, "it is awfully good of you to think of helping the Rogerses. I know you never liked them."

"No, I have not liked her," a slow flush rising to her face, her eyes turned away: "perhaps I owe her something by way of recompense."

XVI.

The camping-expedition was an accomplished fact, and already the Colorado adage that to know a man one must camp out with him had been fairly proved. The man who felt himself divinely inspired to superintend every arrangement, and the other who conceived it everybody's business but his own to fetch wood and water, the woman who would make everybody's life a burden because of the dirt she could not endure, and the one who thought the best of everything scarce good enough for her, were all there in full force; and they who had been warmest friends were discovering depths of meanness in one another hitherto undreamt of.

They had made camp in the shade of some fine old pine-trees, on a grassy plateau that sloped gently down to the rushing little creek, pure and cold as the snows from which it had but just parted. They were established in utmost luxury of camp-life. There were two large wall-tents, for the ladies and their lords respectively, each canvas-carpeted and furnished with puffy beds of pine tassels,—“Rocky Mountain feathers.” With four young aspen-trees trimmed for corner-posts, a pretty canopy of green boughs had been built over their dining-table, its rough boards covered with a bright-red cloth. There were hammocks and plenty of comfortable camp-chairs, books, and a banjo; and, best of all, there was a cook, who, with the limited means at hand, worked miracles.

There had been a little time to get settled and rested from the hard jolting journey over the hills, a supper whose main-stay had been the daintily-browned trout that had but risen from the creek to the frying-pan, as it were; and now even the discontented were forgetting their grievances in indolent restfulness around the great crackling fire. The whole of a fallen tree had been dragged from the woods as a back-log, and the dry pine needles were curling and twisting, as they kindled, into a delicate embroidery of living flame against the black background of the night. One young fellow, luxuriously stretched upon the ground, was skilfully thrumming a soft accompaniment to the dreamy thoughtfulness that had fallen upon the party, who were all tired and little disposed to talk.

"Now, this is comfort, I say," remarked young Bardill, at length,

laying down the banjo, and waiting as if for somebody to argue the point with him,—a challenge which nobody seemed disposed to accept. "I can tell you, folks, it is a little different from that night on the mountain last year when I was lost."

"Lost! were you really lost?" somebody drawled, with perfunctory interest.

"Great Scott, man! did you never hear of it?" sitting bolt upright in his dismay that anybody should have remained in ignorance of the one occasion of his life when it had been permitted him to distinguish himself. "I should say we did get lost,—Mrs. Rogers and I,—when I was in the Park last summer; got separated from our party as we were coming down Ute Peak, and——"

"Oh, yes," lazily interrupting, "I heard of that; but I thought Bartels was the hero of that adventure."

"Bartels?—well, I should say not," in unqualified disgust at this filching of his laurels. "Why, Bartels was hunting somewhere, forty miles away, at the time: were you not?" appealing to him.

"I was, thank heaven," with indolent fervor, as he leisurely clipped the green tassels from a great pine bough in which he sat enveloped. "You are welcome to all the glory of that exploit, Bardill."

"Why, Bartels, I heard it was you," remarked another, turning to him in some surprise.

"Well, I repeat that it was not," with an indifferent laugh. Little did he guess what this mistake had cost him. "Two or three people spoke to me about it at the time. It was the similarity of name that misled them.—Your name is Dan, I believe?" turning to Bardill.

"Yes; but I thought my name was Dennis then. And Mrs. Rogers made her husband take such pains to keep it out of the papers!" moodily complained the one thus defrauded of fame. "There was no reason on earth, that I could see, for being so confoundedly sly about it."

Anita leaned back in her chair, sick and faint. She was not surprised; vaguely she had known herself wrong long ago, but, with stubborn pride, she had been shutting her eyes to the truth, wilfully keeping her jealous anger alive. But she could no longer refuse to see. She knew now that in giving herself up to the demon of jealousy she had sold herself body and soul. Of her own will she had put her happiness beyond her reach, had thrust her husband as far from her, had made him as little to her, as any one of those other men indifferently laughing around the fire. With a dozen words he could have brushed all her mistakes away, and she had never given him the chance. In her narrow scheme of revenge she had wished him to think her possessed of a passion for Gray; and now she knew what was meant by the curse of an answered prayer. She started up, walking swiftly back into the darkness, longing to be alone in her pain; but Donald was quick to see her movement.

"What is it, Nita? Do you want anything?—can't I go and get it?"

"I am going for a drink of water," she returned, lamely lying, as she walked aimlessly toward the leafy dining-bower.

"Wait; let me get some for you that is fresh," he said, kindly,

hurrying to overtake her. "Stay here. I'll be back in a minute," hastily emptying the pail and plunging into the darkness.

Anita obediently sat down on the rough bench that had been built along the side of the table, staring into the shadows with wide-open, unseeing eyes, lost in brooding thought. Of a sudden her attention was arrested by a crackling among the neighboring trees, and the sound of heavy, plodding feet on the grass-padded turf. Her heart seemed to stop its beating as, a deeper shade against the darkness of the night, a great form suddenly lunged up before her, while her staring eyes could see looming up behind another, and yet another. There was a strange, defiant snort, and Anita could feel a hot breath upon her cheek. With a sound that essayed to be a scream but was choked by her overmastering terror, she sprang to her feet, and, as fast as her trembling limbs could carry her, ran toward the creek.

"Nita, Nita, what is it?" cried Donald, throwing down the pail and hastily scrambling up the bank.

"Bears!—a whole family of bears!" wildly throwing herself into his arms.

There came the quick reports of a revolver emptied into the air, a chorus of cow-boy yells supplemented by shrill screams from the ladies, the receding thunder of flying hoofs,—and then there was only the sighing of the wind in the pines, and the gurgling song of the stream.

"Why, Nita, child, how you tremble! As if bears ever went about in a bunch like that!" with a soft, reassuring laugh, while he pressed her nestling face yet closer against his neck. "It was only a few cattle attracted by the fire; and they are a mile away by this time. Come, child, the scare is all over," caressingly rubbing his cheek against hers. Ah, if he knew how cruelly she had wronged him would he not spurn her from his arms? Anita writhed from his grasp.

"If you would kindly bring me the water," she said, faintly.

The disturbed party around the fire were sleepily moving about, proposing bed, when Donald and Anita joined them.

"But do you think it is safe, Don?" timidly turning to him. "Won't they come back?"

"The cattle? No, indeed, child; but if you are nervous,—I like sleeping in the open air, you know, and it would be no trouble at all to roll myself up in my blankets just outside your tent; or," hesitating diffidently, "if you would like it, I could make you a bed to sleep here with me, just beside the fire. You might find it pleasanter if you are afraid; but there is no sort of danger."

"Oh, no, indeed; I could not think of making you all that trouble," with a shy glance of gratitude.

"But it would be no trouble at all," eagerly. "I should like it."

"But I am sure it is not necessary,—thanks."

"Then, if you ladies will excuse me," said Donald, addressing the bevy that lingered outside the ladies' tent, "I will take this pine in for Mrs. Bartels's bed, if I may be allowed," gathering up his arms full of the fragrant tassels he had spent the evening in clipping. "She does not sleep over-well under the most favorable circumstances; and we must make her as comfortable as possible."

Anita sighed heavily. She comfortable!—ah, the mockery of it! “Why did you? I did not need them. You should have kept them for your own bed,” she said, a little breathlessly, as he came back to her by the fire. “You are quite too kind.”

“Am I?” smiling down at her, as he turned back with her toward her tent. “Well, then, Nita, by way of making it square, you know, suppose you kiss me good-night.” And, without waiting an answer, he took her in his arms, determinedly pressing a long kiss upon her quivering lips.

XVII.

All the added soft pine padding on her bed did not succeed in wooing slumber to Anita's pillow through the hours of that long night; and when she came out into the brilliant light of the morning, so wan and pale she looked that Donald grew anxious, while Mrs. Dewey, the lady peevish with the problem of dirt, exclaimed, in surprise,—

“Mrs. Bartels is not sunburned one bit; and the rest of us with complexions like boiled lobsters! It is not fair,” in an aggrieved tone.

“Aren't you feeling well?” asked Donald, solicitously, coming to meet her.

“Perfectly,—thanks,” with a brilliant smile, a sudden wave of color dyeing her creamy cheeks.

“It is pure perversity,” pouted Mrs. Dewey. “She is determined to be eccentric. Mr. Bartels, please interfere, and insist that she shall get burned up like the rest of us.”

“I will,” he lightly returned. “I will persuade her to go fishing with me to-day and see that she comes back a regular nut-brown maid. Will you go, Nita?” a shade of anxiety in his laughing invitation.

“Is my complexion at stake?” with a dazzling smile. “It is rather like taking a dare, is it not? I think I could hardly resist that.”

“And you will go?” eagerly.

“With pleasure,—thanks.”

“But you will repent it, Mrs. Bartels,” selfishly protested small Mr. Ingalls, dismayed at the thought of having their day's pleasuring hampered by the presence of women. It seemed to have been tacitly assumed that if the ladies would fish they should confine themselves to dipping bent pins in the creek back of the camp. “It is the roughest trail you ever saw, going up the creek.”

“Don't imagine that we are thinking of trying to follow you fellows about all day,” retorted Donald, by no means pleased at the hint. “I feel like taking it easy myself; and we shall just take a leisurely stroll down-stream.”

“But you won't catch anything,” expostulated Ingalls, loath, after all, to be robbed of good company.

“*Quien sabe?*” laughed Donald, with a side-glance at Anita that called a quick flush to her cheek and an answering smile to her lips.

An hour later they were tramping away through the fields clothed in grasses waist-high, glowing with all the vivid colors of the flora of the higher altitudes in the early summer, fresh washed from the frequent mountain-rains, and resonant with the happy hum of insect life.

“We have barely escaped with our lives, Nita,” Donald was saying,

wiping his forehead with a sigh of relief. "Every blessed one of those women was bent on coming with us. Did you not notice?"

"I must have been stone-blind not to have noticed," with a ripple of amused laughter. "And the way you nipped their aspirations in the bud was simply cruel."

"Well, I did not want them," he sturdily protested. "Did you?"

"Not the least bit in the world. But, then, I could have submitted gracefully."

"Well, I could not. I wanted something better," bending smilingly to look into her eyes under the shade of her wide-brimmed hat. Her color rose higher as her eyes drooped shyly under his look.

As remote from the world of men as is that Rocky Mountain trout-stream, the eager feet of fishermen have found it out, and have trodden a well-worn trail along its banks. They were compelled to go single file, Donald ahead combating the way against the heavy bunches of bending grass, turning often to hand Anita a dew-washed flower or help her across one of the frequent little pitfalls burrowed out by beavers. To her it was as an enchanted land, full of rare beauty and delight, as she followed, her eyes fixed wistfully on Donald's goodly form. At least he was hers to the exclusion of all other women, her heart exulting at the thought. If he ever knew all, he might find it hard to forgive her; but even his coldness, to a woman, was softened by a gentle consideration that was not far from tenderness; and better than the most impassioned love of another man.

The bank rose at last to a hill that left the creek brawling over its rocky bed far below, in the shadow of the great cliff. They on the top looked down with bated breath and the exultant thrill that comes upon one when he stands on high places.

"Not such very good fishing," commented Anita, smilingly, as she sank down to rest upon the carpet of pine needles, resinous odors wafted down from the branches overhead; "not much fishing; but then——" An expressive pause, that told of exceeding content.

"Upon my word, I had forgotten that we came fishing," laughed Donald, dropping down beside her.

She was picking up bits of stone, throwing them one by one over the cliff. He sat furtively studying her flushed face, grown young with a look of happiness it had not worn for many a day.

"This is rather nice, Nita," he said, at length, luxuriously inhaling long breaths of the pine-scented air: "quite like a bit of auld lang syne, isn't it?"

"Yes," she briefly assented, her face turned away. She seemed carefully searching for a pebble better suited to her purpose.

"We used to have some rather good times together, Nita: rather better than we have been having of late, don't you think?"

"Yes," she said again, in a weak little voice, her eyes, that could not see for sudden tears, rigidly fixed on the bit of stone she was nervously twisting in her fingers. He reached over and took the other hand, that was lying idly in her lap, a delicate blue-veined thing. It seemed as if the pressure of his thumb and finger might almost crush it into helpless deformity; and yet it had been stronger to shape his

life, he thought, than all the powers of earth beside. Her wedding-ring fitted loosely on her finger now, he noticed, and the great diamond that had been his extravagance when first they became engaged flashed a few bright dots of light upon his hand and cuff. About as intangible in his grasp as those flickering reflections now was the happiness he had thought sealed to him forever when he placed that ring upon her finger.

"The hearts of old gave hands, but our new chivalry is hands, not hearts," he quoted, slowly. Her hand moved as if to take itself away, but his grasp tightened insistently upon her wrist, and he went on softly stroking the upturned pink palm. "I thought it was your heart that gave me this hand once, dear," his lips coming close to her small ear. "I wonder if the hand could not give me back the heart now if it tried." No answer, save for the sign of the clinging fingers that tightened upon his.

"Oh, Nita," drawing her to him in irrepressible passion, "remember that I am your husband. Try—oh, darling, try to care for me again."

"Again?" murmured Anita, in tender mockery, lifting her brimming eyes, in which he could not fail to read her secret. "Why, Don, there has never been a moment when I did not love you. I was mad for a moment, but——"

"I know," exclaimed Donald, stopping her words with kisses. "You cared for him first——"

"But you are wrong,—utterly wrong," interrupting in her turn. And then she told him all the miserable little story.

"If you had only loved me enough to trust me! If you had but guessed how I cared for you!" he exclaimed, his voice eloquent of pain, when her confession was finished. It was all he said of reproach; but it was enough.

"You cannot forgive me," she murmured, drawing from him dejectedly. He pressed her back with passionate force.

"I don't believe you know yet what love is, Nita," he said, almost harshly. "I love you. There can be no talk of forgiveness between us after that. Whatever you might do, I should still love you, simply because I could not help it."

"And I thought you growing so careless. It seemed to me you were settling down so indifferently into the ordinary type of married man. I fancied my love so much warmer than yours," exclaimed Anita, brokenly, raising her tear-wet eyes to his with a sort of wonder. "Oh, I am so glad to know that you do care so much, even if——" breaking off with a quivering lip.

"Even if it has cost us almost a year of pain? Yes, I am glad that you know at last, darling. Perhaps it was my fault that you did not understand it better to begin with,—that I did not understand what a jealous little heart it was I had to deal with. But our eyes are open at last, beyond any possibility of future misunderstanding, are they not, sweetheart?"

For answer she only lifted her tender face to his; and so they kissed again with tears, welcoming a new happiness more perfect than any they had ever known.

THE END.

THE ORIGIN OF CHINESE CULTURE AND CIVILIZATION.

THE existence of Chinese civilization in the east of Asia, separated as it is by the whole width of the continent from the early centres of culture with which we are familiar, was until lately an unsolved problem among ethnologists. We were accustomed to hear of the wisdom of the Egyptians and of the learning of the Babylonians, and to recognize in the owners of these pearls of great price the legitimate founders of all knowledge. But what was to be said of the sporadic growth of a highly-advanced civilization in China? Had those wonderful people who are commonly credited with the invention of many of the arts which at later periods filtered through Asia into Europe developed for themselves a culture and civilization which had placed them very nearly on a level with Western nations? Or had some outside influence been exercised to raise them so much beyond the condition of their neighbors?

The trackless deserts and immense distances which separated them from the great focus of culture in Western Asia inclined students to accept the bold and oft-repeated assertion of Chinese writers that the civilization which they enjoyed was a natural product of the Flowery Land. If these authorities were to be trusted, the dawn of creation saw the earliest Chinese on the sacred soil of China; and at dates reaching back to the time of the Flood we are told of divine legislators who taught the people all the arts which are essential to the comfort and well-being of man. This one instructed the people to till the soil, that one to build houses, another to construct canals, and yet another laid down the eternal laws which have guided the nation through all succeeding periods. Nothing was beyond the scope of the intelligence of these godlike beings, in whose utterances are to be discovered the germs of all future discoveries. Even Confucius, according to the Marquis Ts'eng, the late minister at the court of St. James, must have understood the principles of the electric telegraph, or he would never have penned a certain obscure passage in one of the early classics.

Nations, like individuals, are commonly accepted at their own estimate of themselves; and it was customary, therefore, to credit the Chinese with much that they claimed to possess. But it was, after all, noticeable that there were no traces in China of the beginnings of the arts and sciences. In the earliest chapters of the nation's accepted history we find the people in the enjoyment of a full-blown civilization, and the emperors and statesmen uttering long discourses on the whole duty of man, in a moral tone of the very highest level. We have, for example, a full account of how Ts'ang-Hieh (about 2300 B.C.) designed the first written characters by imitating the objects before him. If, however, we were called upon to accept this as a matter of fact, we should expect the country to yield inscriptions in the hieroglyphic form of writing. But none have ever been discovered. And so with all the other arts.

The Emperor Yao (B.C. about 2000) is introduced to us in the "Book of History" as possessing a very considerable knowledge of astronomy; but we hear nothing of the first gropings after that science. The probable assumption from these and similar facts is that this knowledge was imported into the country, and not arrived at within its borders. But how? The answer which an increased acquaintance both with Chinese and with the languages of Western Asia enables us to give to this question is, from the region to the south of the Caspian Sea.

A careful study of history has proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that the Chinese were not aboriginal in China, but were immigrants into that country from Babylonia. A comparison of the languages, the culture, and the civilization of the two countries accumulates a mass of evidence in support of this which it is impossible to gainsay. Even the artificial features of the two lands present such a strong resemblance that the most casual observer must be struck by it. Speaking of the aspect of Babylonia as revealed by its ruins, George Smith says, "The greatest feature of the country was its agriculture, which was mainly carried on by artificial irrigation, the whole country being intersected with canals, some of them navigable and of a great size, their banks in some places being from twenty to thirty feet high. The long-deserted lines of mounds which even now exist in hundreds, marking the lines of these artificial rivers, form far more remarkable objects than the ruined cities and palaces. Once these channels teemed with life and industry, and were lined with cities containing thousands of people." No more accurate description could be given of the aspect which China, were she to reach the same state of ruin as Babylonia has done,—which heaven forbid!—would present than this. The very name also by which Babylonia was, and China is, known to their inhabitants is the same. "The Middle Kingdom" was the appellation which the early Turanian inhabitants of Babylonia applied to their land, and it is that by which China has been called by the Chinese from the time of their first arrival on the banks of the Yellow River.

But the resemblances between the two countries are no more striking than are those which characterize the peoples belonging to them. We learn from the monuments that the early Turanian inhabitants of Babylonia were an industrious, law-abiding people, to whom peace was a delight, and in whose opinion the art of war was an uncultured accomplishment; who were skilled in the mechanical arts, and, so far as those on the plain-country were concerned, were ingenious and industrious agriculturists. In stature they were short and thick-set, with black hair and the very marked characteristic of the slanting eye. But these Turanian people were the Accadians; and that name signifies Highlanders. Those, therefore, whom we find on the alluvial delta of the Euphrates and Tigris were emigrants from the parent stock, who still followed their original calling of nomadic shepherds in the mountainous country on the east. This fact helps to explain an apparent anomaly in the history of the Chinese as described by certain of their more ancient written characters. We have known the Chinese both from history and from actual experience as being a purely agricultural people, such as those Accadians were who peopled the plains of Baby-

lonia. Whence come, then, the ideas contained in those written characters which point to a nomadic origin of the race? These characters tell a very plain story. A people who picture the idea of beauty by an ideogram composed of parts meaning "a large sheep," or who represent "right," "equity," by one which means "my sheep," or who convey the idea of "to nourish" by a compound character whose parts signify "to eat sheep," or the idea of discussion by a combination of symbols meaning "to talk about my sheep," with a host of other examples which might be quoted, were evidently at one time or other a race of shepherds. And this dual character exactly accords with the history of the early Turanian inhabitants of Babylonia.

We find also the prehistoric history of China divided into ten periods, consisting altogether of four hundred and thirty-two thousand years, during which thirteen heavenly kings and eleven terrestrial kings sat on the throne.

Now, it is a remarkable fact that the same divisions and total length of years are attributed to Babylonia in the early records of that country. The tenth period in the Babylonian record begins with the reign of Na-khunte, whose name bears a striking resemblance to the Nai-hwangti who, according to the great historian Szema-Tsien, was the first of the Chinese sovereigns. Na-khunte was, as we know, the king of Susiana who conquered Babylonia in 2295 B.C., and it was about this period that the Chinese left their habitat in Babylonia and migrated to China. Hence the prominence of the Chinese Na-khunte in the annals of the Flowery Land.

According to the latest authorities, the kingdom of Babylonia consisted originally of a federation of states, the chief of one of which was regarded as the supreme ruler. This is in exact conformity with the system of government established in China before She-Hwangti of Ts'in welded the several states together into an empire. Further, and this has again a bearing on the original nomadic habits of the people, the twelve rulers who were subordinate to the sovereign were known as the twelve pastors, such as those to whom the Emperor Shun gave instructions for the administration of the empire. These have their counterpart in the system of government which prevailed at an early period in Susiana, where the twelve princes of the second rank were entitled pastors, and where also the sovereign bore the title of the "King of the Four Regions," reminding us of "the Chief of the Four Mountains" mentioned in the first chapters of the Chinese Shuking. In the same work we are also told that the Emperor Shun sacrificed specially, but with the ordinary forms, to Shangti, and worshipped the "six honored ones." Chinese scholars have been quite unable to explain who these "six honored ones" were, and the matter would probably have remained a mystery had it not been found from the Susian tablets that in the hierarchy of Susiana there were six deities of the first rank next in order to the principal god.

One of the most striking features of the culture possessed by the Babylonians was their knowledge of astronomy. Indeed, their country has been commonly called the birthplace of that science. We know, also, that their systematized and recorded astrology went back to a

prodigious antiquity; that they were able to foretell eclipses; that they observed the stars in their courses; and that they built astronomical observatories for that purpose. We should naturally expect, therefore, that a like knowledge would be possessed by the Chinese; and such we find to have been the case. Nai-hwangti, we are told, built an observatory from which to observe the movements of the heavenly bodies, and in the annals of Yao and Shun we meet with references which show that in those days also the Chinese were no mean astronomers. Like the Babylonians, they recognized five planets besides the sun and the moon, all of which, with the exception of Mercury, they called by the same names as those current in Babylonia. Jupiter, which was known by the Chaldeans as "*The Planet*," and by the Phœnicians as *Gad*, or "Good Fortune," was called by the Chinese "*The One*" and "Good Fortune." "King" and "Criminal" were the names applied to Mars in both countries; and in like manner Saturn was known as "King" and "Righteousness." Venus was christened "Queen of the Defences of Heaven" by the Babylonians, and bore the title among the Chinese of "Soldiers waiting."

Not only were different colors appropriated to the planets in both countries, but a most careful study was made of the portents to be derived from their relative positions. Superstition has in all lands attributed benign and malevolent influences to the planets, and it is therefore unsafe to base any argument on the occurrence of similar superstitious beliefs on the subject in Babylonia and China; but it is at the same time remarkable that the earliest Chinese list of portents which we have should be almost identical with those current among the Babylonians, and that many of these should be foreign both in matter and in manner to Chinese ideas. In the same way the portents derived from the actions of animals, more especially of dogs, bear a marked similarity.

By the aid of astronomy, Nai-hwangti learned, we are told, to "rule the varied year." In accordance with the Babylonian precedent, he made the four seasons to consist of three hundred and sixty days, and added an intercalary month to balance the surplus time. He established a calendar of twelve months and a cycle of twelve years, and ordained that the new year should begin in the third month after the winter solstice. According to present usage, the Chinese commonly number their months, and apply names only to the first and last months of the year; but the oldest dictionaries tell us that in the distant past the months had different names, all of which, though they have been happily preserved, have become unintelligible to the people. The editor of the *Urh ya*, the most famous of the ancient dictionaries, after recording them in order, adds, in a note, "The meanings to be attached to these different names of the months are unintelligible and have been lost. I therefore do not discuss them." But by the light of the Accadian calendar it is possible to explain some few of them. For example, by the Accadians the fifth month was known as *Dhe dhegar*, "fire making fire," and by the Chinese as *Hao*, "bright;" the ninth month was respectively *Yanyanna*, "thick clouds" (reminding us of the Chinese *Yun-yun*), and *Huen*, "dark;" the tenth month, *Abba*

suddu, "the cave of the rising sun," and *Yang*, "bright," "the sun," "the day;" the eleventh month, "the malediction of rain," and *Ku*, "a crime," a "failure;" and the twelfth month, "the land of mists," and *Tsu*, "heavy dew or rain."

But besides the knowledge of astronomy the Chinese brought with them into China an acquaintance with the art of writing. In the oldest forms of many of their characters are to be seen reflections of the ancient cuneiform symbols which were current among the Turanian inhabitants of Babylonia, and which were adopted by the Semitic conquerors who afterwards took possession of the land. These characters were originally written in horizontal lines, but for some unexplained reason it subsequently became customary to write them in columns, and with this change of form there came also the habit of turning some of the wider hieroglyphic characters up on end to make them range more conveniently in the columns. In modern Chinese we see the result of this in such characters as those for the eye (*muh*), which was originally the drawing of an oblique full eye, for a minister (*ch'ên*), which represents the upper parts of the face, for a fish (*yü*), which represents the creature, and a number of others all of which are turned on end. Those interested in this subject will find it fully treated of in the various publications of Dr. Terrien de Lacouperie, especially in a most interesting paper entitled "The Old Babylonian Characters and their Chinese Derivatives," which appeared in *The Babylonian and Oriental Record* for March, 1888.

But the resemblances between the Accadian and Chinese have been held to go further than the written character. The languages themselves, it has been observed, bear a family likeness to each other, and various scholars, notably Drs. Edkins and de Lacouperie, have from time to time given their reasons for supposing that the two languages are related. Both, it has been acknowledged, bear strong evidence of belonging to the Ugro-Finnish stock, and it is obvious not only that the original structure of the two languages is identical, but that it is even possible to compare a number of Accadian with Chinese words. This most interesting branch of the inquiry has lately been pursued by Mr. C. J. Ball, who has been rewarded for his labors by being able to announce one of the most remarkable philological discoveries of modern times. His attention was first attracted to the subject by observing a curious parallelism of sound between certain terms in the Babylonian syllabaries and synonymous terms in Chinese. By chance he began with words having an initial *y* in Chinese, and, remembering the well-known philological fact that an initial *g* wears down in course of time to a *y*, he determined to try whether by substituting *g* for the initial *y* in words in the modern Mandarin dialect of China he could get "forms recognizably related to corresponding Accadian terms. Accordingly," he says, "I wrote the Chinese *ye*, 'night,' with a *g*, and got the Accadian *ge*, 'night.'" This by itself may of course have been one of those curious coincidences in language with which we are all familiar. But as he pursued his inquiries he found that the result was uniform in all cases, and that it was possible to find recognizably related terms with a *g* initial in Accadian to synonymous terms with a *y* initial in Chinese.

A further fact which confirmed him in the truth of this evidence was that a number of the words which he found had undergone this change in modern Chinese preserve the *g* form in Japan, where the pronunciation of the sixth century is still maintained. For example, we have in Accadian *gu*, "to speak," becoming in the Mandarin dialect *yü* and in Japonico-Chinese *go*. In the same way "silver" is *gu*, *yin*, *gin*, in the three pronunciations, etc.

In connection with words with the *g* initial in Accadian, Mr. Ball offers an explanation of the name and symbol for the word "God," both of which have hitherto been regarded as inexplicable. The symbol is the eight-pointed star, which Dr. Terrien de Lacouperie indicated some time ago as being the probable origin of the Chinese character *Ti* having the same meaning, and which has always presented an insuperable difficulty to palæographers, and the sound is *dingira*. This Mr. Ball considers to be composed of *di*, "to shine," and *gira*, "heaven." And "the Accadian for 'God,' therefore, is the 'shining one of heaven,' which explains why the ideogram is a star." Both these roots exist in Chinese, and we have therefore by the aid of Accadian an explanation of a puzzle which without it would probably have never been made plain.

Continuing his researches, Mr. Ball has been able to lay down a series of phonetic laws under the terms of which he has converted into Accadian almost the entire Chinese dictionary. The series of papers in which he has announced his discovery and detailed his system of working is now appearing in the Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology, and is headed "The New Accadian." We have seen that others had recognized a relationship between the two languages, but it has been reserved for Mr. Ball to point out that they are practically the same tongue. Accadian may, then, be considered to be in its relation to Chinese what Sanskrit is to the Indo-European languages, and Mr. Ball is in the same position as Sir William Jones was when he wrote, "No philologer could examine the Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin without believing them to have sprung from the same source, which perhaps no longer exists. There is a similar reason, though not quite so forcible, for supposing that both the Gothic and the Celtic had the same origin as the Sanskrit."

This linguistic discovery offers an additional and very conclusive explanation of the fact that whether we cast our eyes over the land of China, investigate the science of her people, inquire in their temples, or mix with them in their households, we are forcibly reminded of that great centre of civilization in Babylonia from which all the wisdom of the world has proceeded. Fortunately, the secrets of that prison-house are gradually being revealed, and no more can it be said that

Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her speech one word to aid the sigh
That would lament her.

Robert Kennaway Douglas.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

I HAVE been trying to remember when and where I first met Boker. It could not have been earlier than 1848, and it must have been in the chambers of Bayard Taylor, which were then in Murray Street. I had begun to turn a narrow furrow of song in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, which was thrown open to the ploughshares of ambitious bards, who were content to sow their seed there, leaving the harvest, when there happened to be any, to be gathered and garnered by the master of the grange,—Mr. Lewis Gaylord Clark. The *Knickerbocker* was an eleemosynary institution which supported nobody save its editor, a sagacious literary farmer, who cultivated corn for himself and crowns for his contributors. He assisted in making the poetical reputation of Longfellow, whose earliest "Voices of the Night" he printed; he started the vogue of Saxe as a comic versifier; and he published more of my rhymes than he ought to have done. Everybody who cared more for glory than for money wrote for the *Knickerbocker*,—prose as well as poets; and among the former were two or three to whom it served as a stepping-stone to future distinction. One of these gentlemen enriched its pages with a story which was so imbued with the spirit of German fiction, as I understood this spirit from the translations of Carlyle, that I supposed him to be a German. I was deceived, as I learned when Taylor introduced me to him at the same time that he introduced me to Boker. We chatted a moment or two,—cautiously on my part, for I was ashamed of my ignorance, though I had not exposed it,—and Boker asked me what I was doing. It did not occur to me that he wished to know what I was writing: so I mentioned my manual occupation, which was considerably more laborious than cutting off coupons. *O sancta simplicitas!*

If I were writing "Imaginary Conversations," after the manner of Walter Savage Landor, or "Imaginary Biographies," after the manner of Sir Egerton Brydges, it would be easy for me to fill up the hazy outlines of the conversation between Taylor, Boker, and myself. I shall not do so, however, for, unlike Lamb, I profess to be a matter-of-fact and not a matter-of-lie man. Of course we talked about poetry, for two of us had published volumes of verse,—Taylor his "Rhymes of Travel," Boker his "Lesson of Life," and I, "Footprints," which the ripples of oblivion had effaced at once. Having only a slight acquaintance with men of letters,—poets like Ralph Hoyt, whose patronage was oppressive, and journalists like Park Benjamin, whose encouragement was hearty,—I was honored by the generous appreciation of Taylor and the graceful courtesy of Boker. They were elder than I,—Taylor nearly six months, and Boker nearly two years,—and they were what I was not,—scholarly and well read. My lack of book-learning was a sad drawback to me, though I generally contrived to conceal it by holding my tongue and looking wise. I have seen many poets in my time, but none that fulfilled my ideal like the young

Taylor and the young Boker, who were handsome, manly fellows, with mobile faces, alert eyes, and crowns of the clustering ringlets that made the head of Byron so beautiful.

How the two poets had become acquainted I have forgotten, if I ever heard; but, piecing together my recollections of their talk in after-years, it must have been through "The Lesson of Life," which Taylor noticed in the *Literary World*, wherefrom he drew a small weekly pittance as a minor critic. Conscious of the severity that was expected from him, and anxious to show his familiarity with the poetical writings of his contemporaries, he singled out a lyric from the collection before him, and accused its author of plagiarizing from one of our poetesses. Boker was furious at the charge, which had no foundation in fact, but nothing came of it when they met, except a mock admission on one side, and a mock apology on the other. "The Lesson of Life" was a crude and lumbering performance, which displayed an obvious acquaintance with early English verse, and indicated a knowledge of the sonnet structure, and a possible power in future sonnetry. The most that one could say of the book was that it was promising. It was followed in the same year (1848) by the tragedy of "Calaynos," which was as great an advance thereon as Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" on his "Hours of Idleness." Before one sits down to read "Calaynos" he should know something—the more the better—about the plays that Dr. Bird and Judge Conrad wrote for Forrest and his successors, about Poe's "Politian," Sargent's "Velasco," Longfellow's "Spanish Student," *et al.*, after which he will be in a fit condition to approach "Calaynos," which was speedily produced in London, at the Haymarket Theatre, where the veteran actor Phelps made a hit in the part of its hero. I don't think I had seen "Calaynos" when I met Boker in the chambers of Taylor, for I was not much of a book-buyer then, and I am sure I had not seen his "Lesson of Life," which he gave me at a later date with considerable reluctance.

Since I began this paper, I have been looking over his letters to me, and have felt—I may almost say seen—the shadows of forty years lifting from my mind like a curtain. They have restored my early manhood, and with it a thousand emotions that I never knew I possessed,—visions of happy hours when hope was strong within me, and memories of melancholy days when the future stretched before me like an interminable waste. But, shadow or shine, I followed a clue which, often hidden then, shines like a stray sunbeam now through the pages of these old letters. I purpose to make a series of extracts from these letters, and to string them as I proceed on a thread of comment, the strongest strands of which will be spun from the personality of Boker. He had one quality which is the distinction of most great writers, of master-minds like Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, and Browning,—fecundity of conception and rapidity of execution,—and beyond all other American poets creation was necessary to his intellectual well-being.

To begin abruptly (for some of his first letters must have been lost), he wrote to me from Philadelphia on September 5, 1849: "'Anne Boleyn' will go to press about the 20th of this month. I have received

overtures from the Haymarket Theatre for it, and intend sending them early sheets; by which means I will be able to secure a copyright in England. I have also the assurance that Miss Cushman will bring it out in this country, provided she thinks her powers adapted to it. We poor devils of poets are getting along, in a measure, you see." I was cautioned further on not to hurt the feelings of one of these unfortunate creatures, who was sensitive, and given some wholesome advice respecting another of the tribe, who was indifferent to money: "Does the *Knickerbocker* pay you? and does it pay you well? If it does not, stop short. The world will hold you at whatever you rate yourself. I am struggling to make you a character here by holding your articles at a high price; don't undersell me in New York and at the same time lower yourself."

In his next letter, which is dated late in December; he tells me that "Anne Boleyn" is finished, and that I will find a copy waiting for me at Putnam's book-store on the 1st of January; that Brackett, the sculptor, has finished a noble bust of him,—noble, he means, as a work of art; and that I must stick to *Sartain's Magazine*, in which, through his influence and my own modesty, I can do anything in reason with its editor, his good, kind friend, John S. Hart, than whom a better man ne'er breathed God's air. Knowing my lack of education, I continually sought the advice of Boker, for whose scholarship I had the greatest respect, and in whose literary judgment I knew I could confide. That I must have propounded many questions at the beginning of our acquaintance is evident from the tenor of his letters, in one of which, dated January 7, 1850, he wrote, "Read Chaucer for strength, read Spenser for ease and sweetness, read Milton for sublimity and thought, read Shakespeare for all these things, and for something else which is his alone. Get out of your age, as far as you can." I have frequently given the same advice to such of my contemporaries as have honored me by thinking that I might possibly enlighten them in poetic matters, but with no great success, the spells of Tennyson and Browning are still so strong, and the spell of the old poets is so weak. But to return to Boker's letter: "I received by last steamer an English reprint of 'Calaynos,' with a great steel engraving of 'Mr. Phelps as Calaynos,' and with critical remarks on my play informing me that I am an honor to the literature of my country. Dear me! How heartily I thank our God, every day of my life, that all this sort of stuff moves me no whit! Happy is that man whose ideal of excellence is fixed far above the heads of the vulgar. This, and this alone, saves me; for I, alas! have all the weakness of flesh."

I learn from his next letter, which was penned on February 14, that I had poured a flood of sweetness on him in the *Tribune*, *à propos* to "Anne Boleyn," who was selling both herself and these who bought her, and that he was busy with a new play,—the work of his poor fancy, ingeniously blended with his rich stealings. "It is not a tragedy, but a tragi-comedy." Four months later he gave me some moral advice, which amused me, and some literary advice, which I tried to follow. "There is a book—*do not forget this*—which I wish you and Bayard to read, nay, to study. It is entitled 'Harrison on the English

Language.' The humble study of this book has done me more good in the way of correcting errors of composition than any book I ever read, and it is highly humorous withal. I am delighted to hear that you are engaged in writing songs for the Chinese. How do the Celestials like your poetry? Have you a large and appreciating set of readers in the Central Flowery Land? Do they sing your songs at Pekin? and are they set to gongs, or to those small bells of silver in which the natives do most delight?" I also learn from this letter that I wrote about Boker in the *Albion*; that somebody had written about me in the *Home Journal*; and that somebody else had written about "our trinity"—Taylor, Boker, and myself—in the *Knickerbocker*. I learn, further, that among my effusions at this time I wrote an Idyl, with which his vanity confessed itself flattered. "But why, my dear Dick, did you leave the *pastoral* when you came to me? Why not have my play read under a holly-bush? Am I not a shepherd too?" In the post-script he returned to my Orientalities, which were certainly genuine, however poor they may have been: "Send me a Chinese song. Are these songs written in the national characters? for, alas! I cannot read Chinese. If you will be good enough to translate one into Sanscrit, I may be able to make it out."

In his next letter, dated August 12, he still harped upon what Saxe called my "broken china," after which he mentioned a piece of pottery of his own manufacture: "'The Betrothal' will be played in September: the manager is getting it up with unusual care and splendor. Spangles and red flannels flame through it from end to end. I even think of appearing before the curtain on horseback—nay, of making the whole performance equestrian, and of introducing a hippopotamus in the fifth act. What think you? Have you and your miserable lyrics ever known such glory? If the play should *take* here, you benighted New-Yorkers will be illuminated with it immediately after it has run its hundredth night in the city which is so proud of its son." This epistle was followed by another in which he remembered that he was just twenty-seven years old (October 6, 1850), and persuaded himself that the bells which he had heard all the day—it was a Sabbath—were rung in honor of that event. He accused me of having tried to write him a "serious letter," in which I gave him to understand that I thought but little of his poetry, and still less of Browning's: "You also had the impudence to ask me in a proudly humble style, 'what diction I would recommend for you.' I tell you—I would recommend a Diction-ary; and then no one can complain of the dearth of your vocabulary. By adopting the diction-airy you will also reach a volatility which may turn your light-headedness into the 'fine frenzy' without the aid of gin-and-water, which will shorten your poetical expenses amazingly. Seriously, Dick, there is, to my mind, no English diction for your purposes equal to Milton's in his minor poems. Of course any man would be an intensified ass who should attempt to reach the diction of the 'Paradise Lost,' or aspire to the tremendous style of Shakespeare. You must not confound things, though. A Lyric diction is one thing,—a Dramatic diction is another, requiring the utmost force and conciseness of expression,—and Epic diction is still

another; I conceive it to be something between the Lyric and Dramatic, with all the luxuriance of the former and all the power of the latter. This thing is certain, you are now reaching a great age, you must have some principles of composition, or, my word for it, you will not be capable of sustaining yourself through a long flight. It is all stuff about 'singing as the birds sing,' etc. And grant that you can. The birds produce melody, harmony never. I know no man more full of principles—principles which at times almost run into mannerisms—than your own dear idol, Alfred Tennyson. Speaking of Tennyson, is there not a world of beauty in 'In Memoriam'? What refinement and exactness of expression! what melody in single lines! what general harmony! what scope and richness! what grand, what tender, what majestic, what childlike varieties in versification! As I live, no man has ever rung such changes on our noble English,—that English which the silly French call harsh,—heaven save the mark!—and the uningenious Germans inflexible,—the stiff-tongued dolts! Certainly, in all that pertains to the ART of poetry Tennyson is the first of English poets; but others, Shakespeare, Milton, etc., far excel him in genius. But Tennyson is not dead: what may we not see anon?"

If I could divine what the readers of this rambling paper would most like to know about Boker, I have no doubt but that I could satisfy their expectations; but, as I can only conjecture what undefined form their curiosity may assume, I have to depend on the whim of the moment in which I am writing. I purpose to keep Boker in the foreground, to put myself as far as possible in the background, and to indulge in no scandal about Queen Elizabeth. If I have not already said, let me say now that in reading these old letters, the penmanship of which is beginning to fade, I am reminded of many things which I had utterly forgotten,—some of them sad ones,—and that they give me as much pain as pleasure. They are filled with kind allusions to our common friends, the kindest of which—the benedictions, I may say—are showered upon Taylor. There is one under the date of January 1, 1851: "Poor Bayard! he passed the better part of a night with me. You know, from your own feelings, how I must have felt. A hundred times I was near bursting into tears, but smothered my grief for his sake, and did what I could to cheer him. Noble, noble fellow, how bravely he looks his great calamity in the face! what a lesson he has taught my weakness! With what a holy resignation he looks back on his broken destiny, and with what a calm front he looks into his blank future!" Boker then proceeded to ask me what I thought of a projected poem of some length which Taylor had recently begun, and a portion of which he had repeated to him, greatly to his delight. His generosity was greater than mine, for I did not like the poem, of which I had heard more than he, and have never been able to like it since, believing, as I do, that the greatness of a poet is not determined by the length of his compositions. But Boker liked long poems, or thought he did, particularly when Taylor was the author of the poems. He tried to stimulate me to the writing of epics, but I was too well acquainted with my own limitations to make the attempt. But argue he would, in and out of season, as may be inferred from

this passage in the same letter: "This waiting for the Muse is a mistake,—altogether a mistake. You must go to her. True, there are times when no poet can write; but how are you to know of your unproductive seasons without a fair trial? Read used to tell a story of some Yankee poet who resolved to wait for an impulse from the Muse: he waited thirty years, and at the end of that time concluded himself no poet, although his youthful poems gave promise of great things. That man, perhaps, wanted but industry to make him immortal. I hold that there is a labor connected with all great literary achievements, sufficient to drive any but a man of genius stark mad. This the world will never believe. It has an idea that poets write as birds sing, and it is this very false idea which robs us of half our honors. Were poetry forged upon the anvil, cut out with the axe, or spun in the mill, my heaven, how men would wonder at the process! What power, what toil, what ingenuity!"

That I criticised Boker's verse with great frankness, and that he submitted to my criticisms with exemplary patience, is evident in a later letter (March 22, 1851), in which he denied that he had borrowed the idea of a poem that he had recently sent me ("I have a cottage") from a similar poem by Leigh Hunt ("Our Cottage"), and defended many of his readings to which I had objected. It was a comical poem, of a kind, I fancy, that never obtained currency among the singers of New England; but whatever salt it possessed while this inchoate praise of rustic life and surroundings was confined within the privacy of manuscript, evaporated when it appeared in print. There is but little to choose between the poems of Hunt and Boker, for both are fresh, unstudied, and beautiful.

Philadelphia at this time was the literary centre of the country,—the centre, at any rate, around which our periodical literature revolved in such planetary spheres as *Graham's Magazine*, *Sartain's Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, and *Peterson's Magazine*, each of which had its own belt of asteroids. Boker discussed the propelling spirits by whom these bodies were guided, or misguided, and gave me the advice of which I was often in need. I was informed (April 26) that one of these gentle creatures had not been able for a year to make his magazine either a credit to himself or a satisfaction to its contributors, the manager of the concern having resolved to make the most money at the smallest outlay,—a mode of proceeding which pushed aside all articles of real value to give place to the gratuitous nonsense with which aspiring school-boys deluge the mail-bags of magazines. There was but one exception. "Graham is our only stand-by in these evil times. He is a man with a big soul, and a gentleman; but his liberality, great as it is, cannot support an author. Alas! alas! Dick, is it not sad that an American author cannot live by magazine-writing? And this is wholly owing to the want of an international copyright law. Of course it is little to me whether magazine-writers get paid or not; but it is much to you and to a thousand others. Therefore I should be doing you and the thousand others the rankest injustice if I did not endeavor to obtain the highest price for my poems; for as my works rise in value, so must all others of a like kind. This principle is true

in all cases; and therefore any writer who does not demand the best price for his articles is a traitor to his class." Taylor had lately spent a whole night with him, and they had had glorious talk over two bottles of red Bordeaux. "He read 'Love and Solitude' to me. Is it not beautiful? How his sorrows have developed his poetical powers, but at what a fearful expense! I very much doubt whether we shall ever have any more of those hearty full-life lyrics of his early days again. As far as poetry may go, this is not to be regretted; for he has gained a power which nothing but grief can give,—a power which dwarfs his early productions and points to the giants that are to come; but at what a cost of worldly happiness!" There was once an ill-natured tradition, which I fear is still extant, that poets are not in the habit of praising one another; but I could never bring myself to accept it, for personally I knew (and know) better.

In his next letter (April 26), which filled seven closely-written pages, Boker criticised my English with the severity that it needed, and, holding the art which I was trying to practise at a high rate, he expressed his reverence for poetry and poets in eloquent words: "We count the myriads of men that are and have been, by millions; we count the poets, as we pick out planets among the stars, singly and far apart. Ay, add them all together, and how very scanty is the number among all the sons of men! What a wonderful, what a holy gift is this Poetry! how should it not be prized, how should it not be cultivated!" With such an ideal as this before his mind, Boker regretted his devotion to dramatic verse as keenly as the Master regretted the fortune that had made him a player. I will not insult the recollection of any Shakespearian by enumerating the Sonnet in which our ever-living poet uttered his complaint against the guilty goddess of his harmful deeds that did not provide for his life better than with public means and public manners. The Master loved not his art.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

I should like to follow the train of Boker's thought in the rest of this earnest letter, but, as it was written for my eyes alone, I dare not do so; for in cases of this kind wishes are always prohibitions.

The more I read these old letters of Boker's the more I feel what they must have been to me in my poetical nonage, because I had come to the parting of the ways. My eyes were thick-sighted, and I was doubtful about such powers as I had. "Your last letter to me," he wrote (May 21, 1852), "is full of almost unanswerable questions. I understand perfectly the mood of mind in which it was written; for I, too, have suffered as you are now suffering; I, too, have endeavored to find some test, by the application of which I might determine the exact amount of poetry existing in any given number of words, in the same way as a chemist determines the quantity of salt in so many drops of sea-water. My efforts, like yours, were designed for my own repose, and for the purpose of shaping my future life by their result. Mixed with these motives was an insatiable curiosity to know the precise

nature of poetry,—scientifically, I mean,—and to be able to define that which has tripped up the understandings of the greatest intellects that ever existed. For I defy you to give a satisfactory definition of the word ‘poetry,’ from Plato to Coleridge,—one, I mean, which will answer every objection. I write as if this state of mind were past; but this is not the fact.” I pass over a portion of this letter, as too personal for revelation even at this late day, and pick up the clue that has been dropped in the labyrinth of things poetical: “You ask me if poetry is thought. I think not; but thought is an essential element in poetry. Let me explain. Thought is to poetry what the bones are to the body,—the thing that, though invisible, and not to be seen without dissection, the whole structure rests upon. Thought and design are one; viz., the combination of a number of elements to produce a given effect. Without this design (even though it be a wicked one) all the flowers of the fancy wither; but plant them in it, and they take root and grow forever. To settle this matter, you have only to look over the lives of immortal poets: who are they, and what is the nature of their poetry? Pray examine for yourself. You ask if thought is not better expressed in prose. Read Shakespeare, the greatest thinker among men, in a French translation, and you will know. Then you ask if *poetical* thought may not be expressed in prose. I answer, yes, when a statue or a picture may be expressed in prose. You may describe a picture in prose, or you may describe a poem in prose, but you cannot write one. Poetry, painting, sculpture, and music are different forms for expressing the same family of ideas, each art gathering around it such members of the family as are best adapted to its purposes. What is more disgusting than ‘poetical prose’? It produces the same effect upon me as a wax figure in the place of a statue. You feel in reading it that the form is wrong, and it is in vain that you are told that the words are the common elements of both. Besides, you will always find that the writer introduces some kind of a cadence, by which he in a measure imitates the natural rhythm of genuine poetry. With me the cheat never answers; I feel the whole thing to be sham, and despise it as such. No true poet would write ‘poetical prose,’ and no false one can express in this hybrid form of expression that which the poet expresses in his verse.”

I have made liberal extracts from these letters, in order to show the serious nature of Boker’s poetical studies, and in the hope, perhaps, that what he wrote in my behoof, and for my reproof, may not be uninteresting to the present race of American singers. Like every true poet, he was a critic, and was as severe with himself as with others. It was in his temperament to be prolific, and to write rapidly,—at “great heats,” as some one said of Shakespeare. Going on with these fading epistles, I am amazed at his celerity in composition. Under the date of October 12, 1852, he wrote, “I have a play, ‘The Widow’s Marriage,’ which has been accepted by Marshall. But now comes the trouble. He has no one, nor, for aught I can see, will he have one, who can fill the rôle of the principal character. A woman was engaged for the purpose; but on trial she fell short of the requirements of the part. This is the present condition of my play: if it should change I

will let you know." I must have written some theatrical chat in a letter to which this was an answer, for he adds, "I will think over what you say of the 'Broadway' and the 'Lyceum'; I fear, however, that the mischief is done; for I am under a partial engagement to Marshall which includes all his theatres. Of course, if he could not give me a proper representation, I should have the right to demur." Whether "The Widow's Marriage" was ever produced I know not, but I should say not, for the part of the principal character, Lady Goldstraw, is one which no actress whom I remember could have filled to the satisfaction of her creator. The fault of this comedy (*me judice*) is that it is too good to be played on a modern stage. It ought to have been written for antiquity two hundred years ago.

The extraordinary speed of our dramatist was manifested in his next letter, which was dated November 14: "As you say, I—prolific I—have just finished a tragedy, entitled 'Leonor de Guzman.' Her history you will find in Spanish Chronicles relating to the reigns of Alfonso XII. of Castile and his son, Peter the Cruel. There are no such subjects for historical tragedy on earth as are to be found in the Spanish history of that period. I am so much in love with it that I design following up 'Leonor de Guzman' by 'Don Pedro.' The present tragedy, according to the judgment of Leland, is the very best play I have written, both for the closet and the stage. Perhaps I am too ready to agree with him, but long before he said it I had formed the same judgment."

Shortly after the beginning of the following year (January 12, 1853) Boker informed me that "Leonor de Guzman" would be produced in about two months at the Walnut Street Theatre, and that he was doubtful of its success, for they had no one who could begin to fill the rôle of the heroine. "Theatricals are in a fine state in this country; every inducement is offered to me to burn my plays as fast as I write them. Yet what can I do? If I print my plays, the actors take them up, butcher, alter, and play them, without giving me so much as a hand in my own damnation. This is something beyond even heavenly rigor; and so I proceed to my own destruction, with the proud consciousness that, at all events, it is my own act. *A propos*, have you ever read the English acting copy of my 'Calaynos'? A viler thing was never concocted from like materials. The alterations of Shakespeare and his brother dramatists are a joke to it. I can imagine no better fun than for a disinterested cynic to sit down and compare the acting copy with the original." Never having written a play myself, and being fully determined never to write a play, I wondered at Boker's persistence, which, however, I could not but admire, it was so characteristic of his stubborn Dutch courage. There was no such word as fail in his bright lexicon, wherein failure was hammered into success. I was not surprised to learn, therefore, as I did, before two months were past (March 3), that he had a new tragedy on the anvil. "You will laugh at this," he wrote, "but the thing is so. 'Francesca da Rimini' is the title. Of course you know the story,—every one does; but you, nor any one else, do not know it as I have treated it. I have great faith in the successful issue of this new attempt. I think

all day, and write all night. This is one of my peculiarities, by the bye : A subject seizes me soul and body, which accounts for the rapidity of my execution. My muse resembles a whirlwind : she catches me up, hurries me along, and drops me all breathless at the end of her career." The great heats at which "Lear" and "Julius Cæsar" were probably written, at which we know "The Prisoner of Chillon" was written, and at which "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" is said to have been written, were inherent in the dramatic genius of Boker, from whom, at the end of nineteen days, I received another letter, which I found very interesting : "Now that 'Francesca da Rimini' is done,—all but the polishing,—I have time to look around and see how I have been neglecting my friends during my state of 'possession.' Of course you wish to know my opinion of the bantling : I shall suppose you do, at all events. Well, then, I am better satisfied with 'Francesca da Rimini' than with any of my previous plays. It is impossible for me to say what you, or the world, will say of it ; but if it do not please you both, I do not know what I am about. The play is more dramatic than former ones, fiercer in its displays of intense passions, and, so far as mere poetry goes, not inferior, if not superior, to any of them. In this play I have dared more, risked more, than I ever had courage to do before. *Ergo*, if it be not a great triumph, it will certainly be a great failure. I doubt whether you in a hundred guesses could hit upon the manner in which I have treated the story. I shall not attempt to prejudice you regarding the play ; I would rather have you judge for yourself, even if your decision be adverse. Am I not the devil and all for rapid composition ? My speed frightens me, and makes me fearful of the merits of my work. Yet on coolly going over my work I find little to object to, either as to the main design or its details. I touch up, here and there, but I do little more. The reason for my rapid writing is that I never attempt putting pen to paper before my design is perfectly matured. I never start with one idea, trusting to the glow of poetical composition for the remainder. That will do in lyrical poetry, but it would be death and damnation to dramatic. But just think of it !—twenty-eight hundred lines in about three weeks ! To look back upon such labor is appalling ! Let me give you the whole history of my manner of composition in a few words. If it be not interesting to you, you differ from me, and I mistake the kind of matters that interest you. While I am writing I eat little, I drink nothing, I meditate my work, literally, all day. By the time night arrives I am in a highly nervous and excited state. About nine o'clock I begin writing and smoking, and I continue the two exercises, *pari passu*, until about four o'clock in the morning. Then I reel to bed, half crazy with cigar-smoke and poesy, sleep five hours, and begin the next day as the former. Ordinarily, I sleep from seven to eight hours ; but when I am writing, but five,—simply because I cannot sleep any longer at such times. The consequence of this mode of life is that at the end of a long work I sink at once like a spent horse, and have not energy enough to perform the ordinary duties of life. I *feel* my health giving way under it, but really I do not care. I am ambitious to be numbered among the martyrs." He asked me to forgive him for

writing so much about himself, but he wanted a father confessor, and if I were not the man, where should he look?

Before two months were over, Boker wrote me that he had met my friend Dean, a well-known manager of the period, who seemed desirous to have a play for his daughter Julia, and to whom as well as to his family he was soon to read "*Leonor*." Early in the autumn (October 9) he narrated his success in Philadelphia, and his failure in London: "You need not be anxious about '*Leonor*;' we had her out last Monday, and she was as successful as you or I could hope for. Miss Dean, so far as her *physique* would admit, played the part admirably, and with a full appreciation of all those things which you called its beauties. Doña Maria (the queen) was also well done; but Albuquerque, and the other male characters, with the exception of Don Pedro, damnably. For all this, the tragedy was triumphant,—well noticed by the press, and increasing in public favor up to its last night. I feel nothing but gratitude towards you for your part in the business, as it has certainly put my reputation at least one step forward. '*Leonor*' will be brought to New York during Miss Dean's next engagement there, in November next, if nothing should happen to prevent it." This much concerning the laurels that he had gained at home; and now for the laurels that he had not gained abroad: "I have read the *Times* notice of the '*Betrothal*.' It is honey to most of the other newspaper criticisms. So far as I can gather the facts from private letters, the play, to begin with, was very badly played: the English playwrights had raised the hue and cry against it. 'Ham-string him! Slay him! Cut him down!' was the universal cry of my '*brother dramatists*.' Notwithstanding, and taking the accounts of my enemies for authority, the play was unusually successful with the audience on that most trying occasion, the first night. This only added to the gall of my '*brother dramatists*,' and increased their exhibition of it in the newspapers; so that, after two nights of success with the audience, the manager was so terrified by the howl of the press, and by furious personal applications, that he withdrew the play to save himself. I believe I have stated the strict truth; *ergo*, the play still stands a monument of English injustice. Mark you, it was not prejudice that caused the catastrophe; it was fear lest I should get a footing on their stage, of which '*Calaynos*' had given them timely warning."

If I have quoted largely from these early letters of Boker, it has been with the design of showing into what intellectual intimacy our acquaintance speedily ripened, by what high motives he was actuated, and what ideals he steadily held up before himself. I felt then, and feel now, that his work was not understood as it should have been, and that the reception which was accorded to it was far short of its deserts. He was the creator of our Poetic Drama, which began with "*Calaynos*" and ended with "*Königsmark*." That his tragedies were capable of effective representation was known to those of us who saw Mr. Davenport and Miss Dean in "*Francesca da Rimini*" years ago, and is known to those of us who have since seen Mr. Barrett and Miss Wainwright in the same play. The conception of his tragedies and comedies, their development, their movement, and their catastrophes, are dramatic.

Poetical, they are not overweighted with poetry; emotional and passionate, their language is naturally figurative, and the blank verse rises and falls as the occasion demands. One feels in reading them that the writer had studied the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists, and that they harmed as well as helped him. If he could have forgotten them and remembered only his own genius, his work would have been more original. A born dramatist, he was a genuine balladist, as I could prove by comparing his ballads with those of Macaulay, and a born sonneteer, as I could prove by comparing his sonnets with those of Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, and Shakespeare. To what extent his sonnetry was real, and to what extent it was imaginary, I have never tried to determine. If there is a "dark lady" in it, whoever will may find her.

Such were the notes our once-loved poet sung.

I seldom or never read old letters; and when I do, I am both old and young, *Senex* and *Juventus*. With this little portfolio in my hand, I am twenty-five, and I am forty-two. Nay, I am older; for the letters ceased not until I was near, or fully, forty-five. Whenever I glance at the portfolio I think of the hours and the days when Boker was my guest wherever I was living,—in the crowded streets of New York, in the lonely streets of Brooklyn, and again in the more crowded streets of New York. He peoples all the rooms that I have occupied, with my wife, my children, my friends,—with Taylor, with Stedman, with himself. The last time when I saw him was at the funeral of Taylor, at Cedarcroft, a little more than ten years ago. We rode to the grave, on a hill-side, and we rode back to the house. And now he has gone to the great majority!

R. H. Stoddard.

JOY.

YOU would have said at once that Joy was an undertaker: at least you would have said that he was either an undertaker or a low-comedian; for he wore that lugubrious expression of countenance habitual with members of either profession. Yes, he was an undertaker; and a more unhappy-looking man than Joy it would be hard to find. I do not know whether it was because he had followed his dismal calling for forty years that he wore this utterly woe-begone expression, or whether it was that a rival undertaker had set up a larger establishment in a more fashionable quarter of the town than where his modest shop stood in the simplicity of its unpainted boards. I think, however, from what I know of Joy's nature, that it was the lifetime he had spent among coffins and bereaved families that had given him his professional cast of countenance; for at one time he was the only undertaker in Recklesstown, and funerals followed so rapidly one upon another that he had no time to assume a cheerful expression between them. I will not deny that the advent of Sable, the New York undertaker, lay upon his mind like the sods on a newly-made

grave; but it was not this alone, for he was really a tender-hearted man.

As I have said, you would not have been likely to mistake Joy's calling. He was a little above the average height of men, and his emaciated figure was always clothed in a suit of rusty black. His face was beardless, and of a shroud-like whiteness. Even his pale-blue eyes were almost white. They may have been the color of Italian skies when he was young, but he confessed to me that during the first twenty years of his professional career he could not refrain from weeping at funerals, and twenty years of tears had washed their color out. His mouth was large, and looked like a grave when he opened it to its fullest extent; and his teeth suggested tombstones upon which the storms of years had beaten, and which constant rains had worn away. His cheeks, too, were seamed with wrinkles so regular in design that they looked like the satin fluting in a coffin-lid. On the top of his thin iron-gray hair he wore a low-crowned, narrow-brimmed beaver hat, the little beaver that could be seen above the wide crape band brushed carelessly the wrong way. As he walked down Main Street, with his hands in his trousers-pockets, his swallow-tailed coat buttoned close up to the throat, and his head bent so far forward as to be scarcely visible from the rear, he suggested nothing so much as the figure of a moving coffin.

Joy's shop stood on a side street. It was really a workshop, for you stepped directly from the sidewalk into the room where, with his own hands, and those of his son, Hughie (who was his father seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass), he wrought complete coffins out of the rough boards that stood piled up in every corner of the place, and where the sound of hammering was heard all day long, and all night too in the busy season. The Joy home was in the rear of and above the shop, and little Joys grew and flourished in the rosewood and mahogany shavings that fell from their father's bench. I have even seen the little girls with long rosewood curls, made of the shavings from a coffin-board, hung in their flaxen hair. Mrs. Joy, a thrifty and hard-working woman,—as well she might be, with such a family to look after,—“took in” pinking; and the blue and red flannel sacks worn so jauntily by the Second Street girls were pinked with the same machine that added the ornamentation to half the coffins in the county.

The establishment of Mr. Sable was a very different place. This undertaker was surrounded with all the luxuries of his calling, and you saw no suggestive boards through his open doors, and heard no hammering of coffin-nails. In the plate-glass window that looked out on Main Street was a large oil-painting in a black frame, representing a woman, heavily veiled, kneeling at a bright-green grave which was thickly strewn with wreaths of immortelles and freshly-made bouquets. A huge urn at the head of the grave was inscribed “In Memoriam;” but the artist had left out the name of the dear departed. The woman was evidently suffering from the first grief of widowhood, for she wore a veil that completely enveloped her figure, and held to her veiled eyes a handkerchief that was nearly all black border. Beside this picture

there were a number of wreaths of yellow and white immortelles inscribed "Husband," "Our Sister," and anchors and crosses made of the same flower. But what most excited the admiration of the women of Recklesstown was a little lamb of white immortelles reposing meekly on a purple pillow of this funereal herb. Inside of Sable's establishment were to be seen long rows of coffins of every variety, behind glass cases. A little office, separated from the main room by an iron railing which gave it the appearance of a cemetery-lot, was occupied by Sable himself, who sat at an ebony desk with silver-plate handles.

Now, Sable differed from Joy in appearance as much as his establishment differed from Joy's. He had the same smart, prosperous look as his place of business. He was short and fat, with a pale complexion that no exposure would bronze. I think the natural color of his hair was a light brown, but he had dyed it a glossy black, and the long beard that rested on his spotless shirt-front was of the same dark hue, while his smooth-shaven upper lip was of a deadly white. Mr. Sable's eyes were small and of a greenish gray, and his brows were thick and overhanging, as though they would shut out this intrusive bit of color from his face. Like my friend Joy, he always dressed in black, but of the newest and shiniest broadcloth. He wore a long frock-coat, and a low-cut waistcoat, decorated with a watch-chain woven of human hair, with a cross carved in ivory dangling from it. The pudgy little finger of his left hand was encircled by a huge mourning-ring, reaching from joint to joint; and he used this hand constantly to stroke his beard, through the meshes of which gleamed a diamond pin set in black enamel. The team of jet-black horses that drew his hearse was the admiration of those middle-aged gentlemen who took their morning bitters in Bromide's drug-store. On the occasion of the funeral of an old or honored citizen, the brand-new hearse was decorated with nodding plumes, and the stylish horses sported heavy palls. For children under ten years of age, Sable had a small white hearse mounted with silver and ornamented on the top with a sleeping lamb, the whole drawn by snow-white ponies.

Sable's manner was all that could be asked of an undertaker. He had a feeling tremolo in his voice; but his expression of grief was rather perfunctory than profound. Joy scored one against him in the matter of expression. But even Joy's countenance, which should have stood him in such good stead, went against him with some people. When Mrs. Davis's husband died, she sent immediately for Sable; and she told Mrs. Offseeker, the postmaster's wife, who called to condole with her, that of all the undertakers she had ever had in her house (and she had buried several husbands in her day) Sable was the most satisfactory: he knew just what to say at the right moment, and just how to march the mourners around for the last look at the remains. To begin with, this ex-New-York undertaker had put a double-column display "ad.," with appropriate cuts, in the *Daily Thunderclap* (of which paper I was at that time the sole reporter), the very day he came to town, and it had remained there ever since; and on Saturday afternoons there was a "reading notice" in the local columns, paid for at special rates.

What show had poor Joy, with his little shop, and his battered old one-horse hearse, against the magnificence of the rival establishment? He knew that he had none, and in that melancholy voice of his he told me so one day, when I stepped into his shop to avoid a passing shower.

"Funerals isn't what they used to be," said he, carefully fitting a screw-driver into the head of a silver screw. "When I started out in business, thirty years ago, Mr. Editor" (he always called me "Mr. Editor," in a solemn, impressive voice, that reminded me of the communications addressed to the *Thunderclap* and signed "Vox Populi"),—"when I started out in business, the idee of people seemed to be to get their dead decently and quietly buried; but nowadays funerals puts on as much style as weddin's, and an undertaker is expected to be as dressy as a head-waiter. He knows that," said he, pointing with his screw-driver in the direction of Sable's establishment. "He bids for the fashionable trade, and he gets it."

There was always a melancholy pleasure to me in a chat with Joy,—a sort of in-the-midst-of-life-we-are-in-death sensation. Many a mile have I ridden with him in his old black wagon, filled with pine boxes and pails of broken ice. "You'll find it pleasant and cool ridin' in here, along with the ice, Mr. Editor," he would say, as he picked me up on the hot, dusty road. There was something vault-like in the coolness, but the old man seemed to enjoy it.

"How's business, Joy?" said I one day, joining him as he walked up Cemetery Lane, with his hands in his pockets, and his head bent low, looking more like a coffin than ever, as his singular outline stood out like a silhouette against the evening sky.

"Pretty dull," he responded, shaking his head sadly: "there don't seem to be much doin' in my line. I ain't had but one funeral in a month, and that a four-year-old's. It's mighty hard on a man with a family like mine."

I felt for a moment as though my friend were a ghoul, and I had an almost irresistible inclination to take to my heels, for it was a ghostly sort of place that we were walking in. But then I remembered that "business is business," and that a death simply meant a funeral to Joy, and a funeral meant bread and butter.

Soon after this conversation, it was Joy's good fortune to officiate at one of the most imposing funerals that Recklesstown had ever seen. The niece of one of our wealthiest citizens, Colonel Dashwood, was drowned while bathing in the river, and the whole town was thrown into excitement. Sable confidently expected to "have the funeral," and was completely dumfounded when he heard that it had been given to Joy. "I can't understand Colonel Dashwood," he complained at Bromide's. "The idea of his walking right past my establishment and giving that job to a back-street undertaker! Why, Joy ain't got the first idea of style."

I was at the funeral in a professional capacity, and got to the house before the townspeople had arrived. Joy was there before me. I crossed over to him on tiptoe. He was standing by the coffin of the unfortunate young lady. "Mr. Editor," he said, shifting his old hat, which was decorated with a trailing weeper, from his right hand to his

left, "I want you to see this coffin." His voice was pitched in a lower key than usual, and he touched the padding affectionately. "Just feel that paddin'. This is the most comfortable coffin I ever turned out of my shop. It's just as easy as a bed. Look at that plate." And he leaned over and breathed on the inscription metal plate, and polished it with his coat-cuff. "That's real silver. The people have been to my workshop from miles around to see that coffin. It's the most beautiful thing I ever saw." And he polished the handles as he had polished the plate. "The handles is real, too,—solid silver. Colonel Dashwood says to me, 'Joy,' says he, 'spare no expense in this matter ;' and I hain't spared none."

At last the people began to arrive in large numbers. The room was filled, and the clergyman had come. I retired with Joy to a quiet corner, where unobserved I could take notes of the address. As the clergyman finished his solemn remarks, and was about to lift up his voice in prayer, Joy touched me on the shoulder and whispered from behind his hat,—

"Do you see that gray-haired gentleman sitting next to Kitty Dashwood?"

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a fine-looking "gentleman of the old school," with his white hairs bowed over his gold-headed cane.

"Yes, I see him," I replied.

"That's the grandfather of the corpse," said Joy, in his hollow voice.

In the course of a few weeks after this event, as I was coming through the gate in front of old Judge Van Law's elegant residence, I saw Joy shuffling up and down on the opposite side of the street, looking seedier and more woe-begone than ever. I crossed over and touched him on the shoulder. He turned slowly around.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Editor? I saw you go in over there, and I've been waiting for you to come out. Old Mrs. Van Law has always been a good friend of mine, and uncommon kind to mother. She was very good to us last winter when times was hard, and I don't know what we would have done without her ;" and the old man mopped the corner of his right eye with the end of his neckcloth. "I heard how ill she was," he continued, "and that she was not expected to live through the night ; but I didn't like to stop at the house and ask after her myself, for fear people would say I was lookin' for a job."

I appreciated the delicacy of the man's position, and had the pleasure of telling him that Mrs. Van Law had passed a fairly comfortable night.

"I thank you," said Joy. "You know I am somehow cut off from asking after my friends."

The local elections came on about this time, and I was very busy reporting mass-meetings, etc. Every man in Recklesstown who could address an audience was called upon at this time, for the contest was an exciting one, and each side did its utmost. A mayor was to be elected, and the Republicans had put up Sable as their candidate. How in the world this wily undertaker managed his cards to this end, even his supporters were puzzled to know. Judge Van Law was the Democratic nominee. Recklesstown had a large Democratic majority,

and, even if it had not had, Sable's chances would have been slim against so popular a man as Van Law. He fought hard, however, and spent his money freely, though to no purpose. Judge Van Law was elected by an overwhelming majority. The night of his election was a memorable one. The Recklesstown Rangers turned out in fine uniform, with blazing torches, headed by the Recklesstown Brass Band, and followed by the Young Men's Brotherhood of Free and Independent Voters in brand-new capes and glazed caps (presented to them before the election by Mr. Sable). The new mayor was serenaded, and made a speech from his front piazza. Whom should I see on the piazza, shaking the successful candidate by the hand, and saying that it was "no use crying over spilt milk," but Sable himself? What did this mean? A moment's reflection, and I remembered that Mrs. Van Law, though greatly improved, was not yet pronounced out of danger.

With so much of an exciting nature going on, it is no wonder that I had not seen Joy in several weeks, for he was never around on political occasions. After the town had settled down to its wonted quiet, I walked around to Church Street one afternoon and stopped at Joy's shop. I heard no sounds of hammering or planing as I approached. The street was silent, and the blinds of the little shop were up. I tried the door. It was fastened. "What does this mean?" I wondered, but satisfied myself by thinking that my old friend had gone out with his wagon. I went around through the little yard, however, and knocked at the back door. After brief waiting, I heard footsteps slowly descending the stairs, and at last the door was opened by Mrs. Joy, whose eyes were redder than usual. The moment she saw me, her tears, which had apparently been restrained only by a great effort, streamed down her face, and it took both hands and her apron to dry them. I was thoroughly surprised, and could only say,—

"My dear Mrs. Joy, what is the matter?"

"Alas, sir," said she, when she could command her voice, "father is took down very low, and I don't believe he will ever get well again. He's had a powerful bad cough all summer, and two weeks ago at Mrs. Squires's funeral he stood at the grave a whole half-hour, his hat in his hand and the rain beatin' down on his head, while Dr. Endless made a prayer. Then he sent Hughie and the two girls home on the hearse, for fear they'd get their feet wet, and and walked down Cemetery Lane with the water soakin' up through the sods, and him with prunella shoes on. From that day his cough got wuss, and took such a tight hold on him that the doctor says he's as good as gone." And here the poor woman broke down again.

I expressed my surprise and sympathy in a few commonplace words that seemed to cheer her up a little, and begged her to let me know if there was anything I could do for her husband. She said there was nothing now, though she didn't know but that there might be before long, if he did not get any better. I bade her good-day, and she hurried up-stairs to wait on the invalid, whose hollow cough reached my ears as I walked down the street.

I was quite late at the office that evening, preparing "copy" for the

printers to begin on in the morning; for the *Thunderclap* was an afternoon paper. Shortly after eleven o'clock I took up my hat and a roll of papers, and was just turning out the gas, when Hughie Joy, pale and breathless, came up the stairs.

"Why, Hughie," said I, "what's the matter? Your father is not——" but before I could finish the sentence, he gasped out, trying to suppress his sobs,—

"Father's 'most gone, sir, and he sent me after you: please come quick, or you may be too late."

We left the office and went down the stairs together, Hughie running to keep up with my long strides. When we arrived at the house, all was darkness down-stairs, but a light came through the small, curtained window over the shop. The front door was unfastened, and Hughie, taking my hand, guided me slowly up the narrow stairway that led to his father's bedroom. A kerosene lamp burning on the mantel-shelf threw a dim yellow light over the room, and I discovered the two little girls crouched in a corner, their rosy cheeks blanched with an unknown terror; and sitting on the foot of the bed, with one of the undertaker's large, bony hands in hers, was Mrs. Joy. He, poor man, was lying on his none-too-soft bed, propped up with pillows, and looking more like a corpse now than a coffin. The place was as still as death, and our entrance had been so noiseless that I supposed no one was aware of our presence. But I was mistaken. Joy had seen us with his dying eyes.

"I was waitin' for you, Mr. Editor. Now you've come, I can die in peace."

"What can I do for you, Joy?" said I, pressing his disengaged hand, while Hughie sat down on a stool at his mother's feet.

"You can do a great deal for me, Mr. Editor. I want you to promise me something, and then I'll go."

"I will promise anything, and gladly, my old friend," said I.

"I don't want Hughie to be an undertaker," said he, slowly and laboriously, laying his hand on the boy's head. "There was a time when I would rather have had him carryin' on his father's trade than any other, but I've changed my mind. There is too much fashion in the business for a steady-goin' man to foller it with success. I want mother, here, to sell out the fixin's down-stairs when I'm gone, and she can keep a s'lect school in the old shop, for mother's got a good deal of book-larnin', though you might not have thought it; and I want Hughie to be a printer. He's fourteen years old come February, and a handy lad. Will you promise to get him a place in your office, and let me die in peace, as I couldn't if I thought he was growin' up an undertaker?" said he, rising up from his pillows.

I gave an eager promise, which reassured the old man, who sank back again, and closed his eyes for a moment and lay so still that I thought he had passed quietly away. While I was wondering what was the best thing to be done, he moved his lips feebly.

"Hughie, my boy," said he, "we've got that show-case coffin down-stairs, haven't we,—the one with the plated handles?"

"No, father," said the boy. "Don't you remember I told you we

sold it last week to Deacon Starr? It was the only one in town that was big enough for his wife."

"Not a coffin in the shop!" said the dying man, rising up suddenly in his bed. "Not a coffin in the shop! Then I have given Sable——"

He could speak no more. Hughie uttered a quick sob, the little girls crouched closer together, and Mrs. Joy silently slipped from the bedside and stopped the clock that was ticking on the shelf.

Jeannette Leonard Gilder.

HIS STARLIGHT.

YOU, who at my elbow sit,
By whose eyes my lines are lit,
How shall any poet's pen
Go amiss or falter when
Stars like these shine out above,—
Beacons kindled there by love,—
Lighting up the paths below
Where he wanders to and fro?

Is it strange the rhymes should kiss
Under such a spell as this?
They but mimic those, my sweet,
Who of old were wont to meet,—
Meet and linger at the bars
Making love beneath the stars:
We ourselves were happy rhymes
In those dear, betrothal times.

Take this lyric: every line
But reflects the stars that shine
O'er my shoulder telling me
Of my sweetheart's constancy;
And if any word appear
Vague or needless, say you, *Here*
Went a cloud across his skies;
This is where its shadow lies.

But if any turn of phrase
Tempt your lips to lisp its praise,
Know you there the poet caught
From your eyes the graceful thought;
All the merits of his song
To those constant stars belong,—
To those tender eyes that brim
Full with love to gladden him!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

FICTION FOR THE PEOPLE.

AS it is indisputably true that many weekly newspapers rely largely for their popularity upon fiction, and as, moreover, both the writers and readers of fiction are multiplying apace, a few facts and theories drawn and deduced from actual experience may not be without interest, and perhaps some slight utility. The sense of the responsibility of type should not rest lightly upon the shoulders of the writer of serial fiction. The "little immorality" which one well-known purveyor of this class of work is said to have deemed an essential element of success is, according to my own experience, quite the reverse, as well as imposing a responsibility upon the author not to be recklessly incurred. The influence of a story read perhaps by half a million people, while the judgment is yet green and the emotions are easily excited, may be both immediate and enduring, for evil or for good, and the "little immorality" may conceivably develop in time into a veritable upas-tree, blighting all upon whom its shadow falls. Not, I imagine, that Mr. Tillotson meant that an immoral *tendency* was either desirable or tolerable, and it cannot be too strongly insisted upon by writers of fiction, alike in their own justification if needs be and in the interests of an unfettered literature, that it is tendency, and not incident, which determines the morality or immorality of a story. It does not always follow that because a story contains nothing calculated to call up a blush on the cheek of Mr. Podsnap's "young person" it is necessarily moral in tendency, and a story dealing with folly and frivolity or even with vice and crime may yet be ethically irreproachable. He would, in truth, be a bold critic who would impugn the morality of "Adam Bede," of "The Scarlet Letter," of "Jane Eyre," or even of many of Ouida's extraordinary stories, as, although vice and immorality may figure largely in their pages, they are either held up to obloquy and contempt, or shown to bring about their own swift and certain punishment. So long as vice is punished and virtue rewarded in the good old healthy melodramatic fashion, a story cannot be justly called immoral. It is immoral when only the roses and raptures of vice are painted, or, as in the case of Émile Zola, when God-given genius seeks out all the blurs and blotches, the stains and scars, of humanity, looks upon womanly beauty and manly strength only to drag them down and befoul them with the mire of its own imaginings, and uses its great power not to show that humanity at its lowest is capable of rising to better things, but that at its best it is but little better than the brutes. Of such is the literature of despair; and it is the gospel of hope which should above all else be preached by the writer of fiction for the people.

Some years ago I had an opportunity of testing the value of the "little immorality" theory. I wrote a story based upon a crime committed many years ago, a bare outline of the facts being supplied to me, while I was given a free hand so far as details were concerned. The

villain of the story was an interesting study, his crime one which was calculated to exercise a peculiar fascination over ordinary readers, the incidents—some of which were historically true and some imported to intensify the interest and elaborate the plot of the story—varied and sensational enough to satisfy the strongest palate, and in order to emphasize my theory that the “little immorality” does not pay it is necessary for me to add that my editor courteously expressed his complete approval of the way in which I had manipulated my material. Yet this story was the one which proved less successful than others from my pen. And why? Simply because it was absolutely inevitable that there should be this “little immorality” in the plot. Yet what pains I took to envelop the characters with an atmosphere of purity! The tendency was moral, the immorality bred nothing but misery, the victim was shown to be innately pure and worthy of sympathy. But the immoral relations between the two most striking characters, inevitable as they were, and, I think I may add, carefully as they were treated, struck the wrong note, and some readers, possibly to their credit, but probably chiefly because they were unaccustomed to discriminate nicely in such matters, jibbed at the idea and apparently objected even to be reminded of the existence of that particular form of vice. And, in a sense, they were right. At all events, the writer of fiction for the people may well lay the lesson to heart, and realize, further, that to depict the coarse, vicious, brutal side of human nature is neither the highest art nor the secret of success. On the contrary, some of the most notable essentials of successful popular fiction are a benignity of tone, a wholesome moral tendency, a speaking from heart to heart, a seeking of the better side of human nature, an aspiration at least towards the stars rather than a wilful grovelling in the mud, a genial, healthy optimism and broad humanity, without which skilled workmanship is of small avail.

If a “little immorality” is neither desirable nor diplomatic, it is tolerably certain that the reverse is an unfailing element of success. Strong sensations, rapid movement, and a complicated plot are undeniably valuable, and, above all, nothing is safer than to trust to the primitive passions and emotions,—love, sympathy, pity, hate, jealousy, faith, despair,—all as old as humanity itself, with the tendency from first to last unmistakably in favor of morality and virtue. Even in the self-indulgent “classes” there is a love of what may be called vicarious virtue, which leads the libertine and the light-o’-love to thoroughly enjoy and willingly pay half a guinea for an hour or two of this virtue by proxy. They may know perfectly well, all the time that they are contemplating from the other side of the footlights the rampant virtue of heroine or hero, that they themselves would fail egregiously if called upon to display the genuine article. None the less the mere fact of appreciating such sentiments in some one else gratifies them, and for the time-being they feel a generous glow of reflected virtue, well worth the price of a stall. The most successful stories which I have written have had heroes who were the incarnation of all the manly virtues, and heroines whose maiden modesty was only equalled by their physical charms, and, while my villains have been

black enough until the end, I have found that there is no objection to the application of a coat of moral whitewash to them in the final or penultimate chapter, or to giving them a chance of reformation, instead of rudely mingling the music of the inevitable wedding-bells with the harsh grating of prison-bolts or the dull boom of the bell which tolls out a sentence of death. That readers take a genuine and sympathetic interest in the fortunes of their favorite heroes and heroines is as true of popular fiction to-day as it was in the comparatively primitive days of Richardson, when, as Sir John Herschel used to tell, a blacksmith near Windsor used, in the long summer evenings, to read "Pamela" to his fellow-villagers, who were so delighted when the hero and heroine were finally made happy that they not only raised a great shout but got the church keys and set the parish bells a-ringing.

Concerning the real essentials for popular fiction I may refer to a couple of excellent authorities,—one a conspicuously successful author of such work, the other one of the shrewdest and kindest of editors. In advising a young literary aspirant, many years ago, the late David Pae, whose stories won a quite phenomenal popularity in Scotland, gave him some sound and valuable hints, anticipating to some extent Mr. Andrew Lang's idea of "How to succeed in literature." "Avoid short chapters," he wrote. "You shift about from incident to incident. You never fairly settle down to elaborate a scene, to develop it point by point, raising the reader's interest as you go on. Scarcely do you bring the attention to bear on one thing than you are done with it and off to something else. *You*, of course, see the connection, because you know how things are to be brought out; but the reader does not, and the abrupt changes cause his attention to flag, and, of course, his interest to be dissipated. One grand rule to follow is this: Keep close to your plot; go steadily and regularly forward, finishing your scenes artistically as you go. Avoid digressions and unnecessary interruptions to the flow of the stream of your narrative; keep the reader always partially informed of what is in the future. Don't lift the veil too far, but far enough to whet the edge of curiosity and raise an anxiety to see what the result will be. . . . Do a good deal of your work by dialogue. The character of your personages is better depicted by dialogue than by description, and you can infuse more passion and force into a dialogue than anything else. Of course have a judicious mixture of narrative and description. Natural scenery, when well painted, is always attractive. . . . Tender and pathetic scenes always tell. As for love-passages, these are indispensable. Bad characters require to be introduced to get strong action into operation; but let the good predominate. Above all, let the teaching of the story be on the side of virtue and morality, so that its influence on heart and mind may be healthy. . . . I do not in my own practice set much store by literal localization."

There can be no doubt as to the soundness of much of this advice, but I would remark that in several cases I have found "literal localization," accurate to the turning of a street, of distinct service in increasing the popularity of a story.

From a keen and experienced north-country editor I have received from time to time many suggestions, the value of which has been

proved in the most practical manner by results. In his opinion the prime necessities in newspaper fiction are movement and vivacity, fresh action each week, a predominance of the tender, feminine, and pathetic elements, an air of substantial actuality, a plentiful supply of the vivacity of speech, literary thunder and lightning, and the novelist's equivalents to the resources of the writers of popular melodrama, humor or sententiousness, and a strong dramatic element throughout. Of the things to be avoided by a writer of newspaper fiction he instances rhetorical descriptions, the introduction of minor incidents except when they distinctly clarify or complicate the main plot, a reflective, introspective vein, and a tendency to rely upon literary style,—a phantom which leads too many writers of newspaper serials astray.

Not long ago the *Athenæum*, referring to the works of Henry James, said, "In real life murder, adultery, and suicide are of common occurrence; but Mr. James's people live in a calm, sad, and very polite twilight of volition. Suicide or adultery has happened before the story begins; suicide or adultery happens some years hence, when the characters have left the stage; but bang in front of the reader nothing happens." The very converse of this is the characteristic feature of the ideal popular serial story, the readers of which desire everything that is possible to happen "bang in front" of them, leaving little or nothing to the imagination. The motto of the writer of newspaper fiction might well be, "Action, Action, always Action!" and he may be sure that the stronger the human personal interest is made, and the less prominent the perhaps indispensable descriptive matter, the better his readers will be pleased: it is the picture they value, not the frame; and the fuller and bolder the canvas is, the more highly will they rate his work.

The popular taste for sensationalism is perfectly comprehensible and pardonable. The masses, most of whom lead colorless lives, one mill-horse round of mechanical labor and scanty and monotonous leisure year in and year out, long to be taken by the romancer out of themselves and their commonplace surroundings. There is so little life, color, variety, emotion, romance, in their own existence that they crave for them in the papers of their favorite teller of stories, and the farther he leads them from the dull gray atmosphere and beaten track of their narrow personal experience, so much the more do they welcome him and yield up their imaginations to him with a confidence which means substantial satisfaction and success to the supplier of their mental and sentimental needs. Thackeray thoroughly understood this when he said, "The real business of life can form but little portion of the novelist's budget. . . . The main part of Ficulnus's life, for instance, is spent in selling sugar, spices, and cheese; of Causidicus's, in poring over musty volumes of black-letter law; of Sartorius's, in sitting cross-legged on a board, after measuring gentlemen for coats and breeches. . . . All authors can do is to depict men *out* of their business,—in their passions, loves, laughter, amusements, hatreds, and what not. . . . Corydon has to cart the litter and thresh the barley, as well as to make love to Phillis; Ancillula has to dress and wash the nursery, to wait at breakfast and take the children out, etc., before she can have

her brief, sweet interview through the area-railings with Boôpis, the policeman, and all day long have his heels to beat the stale pavement before he has the opportunity to snatch the hasty kiss or the furtive cold pie."

But it must not be thought that it is either necessary or wise to "write down" to the supposed level of the people who are the chief patrons of newspaper serial fiction, or that even though battle, murder, and sudden death may be the staple material used, and the villains, like Moses on Horeb, break all the commandments at once, vulgarity either of sentiment or diction is a necessary passport to sympathy and success. The masses are very much of the spirit indicated by Guinevere's wild words: "We needs must love the highest when we see it;" by which I would imply, not that newspaper fiction is the highest form of the romancer's art, but that of good work and bad, of the vulgar and the refined, of the wholesome and the immoral, of the thoughtful and the shallow, of the dramatic and the drivelling, the people may be trusted to recognize and reward the better kind. Good taste, like good manners, comes from the heart, and, as the heart of the people is sound, so may their taste be relied upon not to lead them astray in their selection of sound and nourishing mental pabulum. And it is above all else the duty of a writer of popular fiction to do all that in him lies to foster and develop this taste, to help to spread "sweetness and light" among the masses; to paint the purity and beauty and strength of humanity, and not to gloat over its depravity and degradation; to bring hope and not despair into the lives of his readers, the more so that their circumstances, in too many cases, compel them to seek these things outside their own experience. Hence the privilege and the responsibility of writing fiction for the people, and the more fully the one is valued and the other recognized the greater will be a writer's popularity and success.

Arthur Goddard.

A COQUETTE'S MOTTO.

IN the olden days of fair Versailles,
While the monks were chanting, sad and low,
And the Angel of Death was passing by,
A seneschal stood in a balcony high
And cried to the people down below,
"Le roi est mort—vive le roi!"

And thus, from the throne of her high disdain,
My lady looks on her suitors below:
While each one craves her favor in vain,
And passes away in bitter pain,
She says, with a laugh that is sweet and low,
"L'amour est mort—mais, vive l'amour!"

M. H. G.

LEE.*

A CHANT OF REMEMBRANCE.

A MIDST the drifting of the phantom years,
 Sweet is the dream of immortality,—
 Divine, unlikely possibility,—
 Vague recompense, unpromised to our tears.
 When, after sunset, comes the moon, that cheers
 With solemn light the earth, then do we see
 A fitting semblance of man's memory,
 Which, when the soul is sunlike, thus appears.

But idle is the thought,—the dream is vain!
 One soul amongst the millions that endeavor
 A steadfast place in memory's world may gain,
 But few live long, and nothing stays forever.
 Almost is life, to man, his deepest wrong,
 So few they are that be remembered long.

Awake, O South Wind! on the sea,
 Steal from thine unknown dwelling;
 Wake thou thy sweet minstrelsy,
 Tearful and heart-compelling.
 Bring spices from afar, and bring
 Dreams of the summer's glowing,
 Of slopes abloom, and murmuring
 Of happy waters flowing.

Once in a thousand years a star is set
 To glimmer at the door of some lone tent
 In that far field, beyond the firmament,
 On which the dead are camped, lest we forget

* The unveiling of the statue of General Robert E. Lee at Richmond gives peculiar timeliness and appropriateness to the publication of this noble tribute to the character of Lee, written by one who, though a Northerner by birth, has become an adopted son of the South. It is as a man nobly bearing defeat that the poet has pictured Lee,—not as a warrior, but as a soul "undefeated by defeat." For the overthrow of a cause does not necessarily include the overthrow of the individual: true greatness resides in the soul, and is not affected by what is lost or achieved. Lee's great soul bore disaster with dignity and fortitude, and conquered bitterness and sectional hate: therefore he stands, as Mr. Wilson finely expresses it,—

Henceforth, forever, in the victor's place.

To-day, when sectional feeling is fast dying away, together with the passions and prejudices aroused by the war, both North and South can join in paying tribute to the noble character of Lee, to him

Who was the ruler of his own sad soul.

The few, fate-favored souls that, sparsely, yet,
 Have peopled that great plain, whereon is bent
 Oblivion's sombre circle; there are blent
 The numberless, unknown to our regret.

There is on earth no sorrowing for the lost,
 And no remembering, save for the few,
 More than the leaves, when summer spreads anew,
 Remember those that perished in the frost;
 Yet better is this sad surcease of pain
 Than grief unending, noble, but in vain.

O South Wind, from the heavenly ways
 Where constant hope abideth,
 Where Love, clad in immortal rays,
 Silence and Time derideth,
 Bring back the balm of lands that lie
 Beyond our thoughts' divining,
 And fan strange music from the sky,
 To cheer the souls repining.

Now is the noise of battle hushed and still,
 The conflict is forgotten, and the rust
 Grows thick upon the sword, and from the dust
 That once was men, half maddened by the thrill
 Of mortal fight, springs, now, by field and hill,
 The peaceful, waving grain, and flowers are thrust
 From slopes, once blackened by the fatal gust,
 Where softly sings the once red-blushing rill.

War, and war's triumphs, and the savage glory,
 And blood-stained Victory crownéd with the bay,
 And dusty Valor, gasping in the fray,
 And dumb Defeat, with dripping brows and gory,—
 These all have been, but they are passed away,
 And lightly they that come will read the story.

Over the mellow marshes wide,
 Over the palm-trees sweeping,
 Journeying by the river's side,
 Where Summer lies a-sleeping,
 Come, O South Wind, breathing song,
 Song of a cheering measure,
 Bearing the souls of the lost along,
 Comforted, and in pleasure.

I sing of one who conquered not in fight;
 Against whose cause the miracle of fate
 Set fast in heaven the stars unfortunate;
 But, when the day was lost, he made the night

That closed about him subject to the might
 Housed in the hearts that Nature hath made great ;
 Which arms invincible may not create,
 Nor vanishing of cherished visions blight.

Albeit his name was as the trumpet's blast,
 Breeding new courage on the bloody plain,
 Moving the columns, as the storm drives, fast,
 The sweeping billows of the falling rain,
 Yet, like sweet silence when loud thunders cease,
 His name now lingers with the dream of peace.

Cheer, O South Wind, those that dwell,
 Rapt, in the days departed ;
 Sweet as the lute of Israfel,
 Sing to the broken-hearted.
 Sing from the clouds in the heavens blown,
 Far through the silence crying,
 Of souls long sped to the land unknown,
 Up from the battle flying.

Not his upon the final field to feel
 The joy that drowns all pain ; to see Fate come,
 Like Pallas, parting the thick clouds, where some
 Half-mortal Greek, amidst the clashing steel,
 Cried from the earth on which he scorned to kneel ;
 Nay, Fate stood on the other hill, wherefrom,
 Above the roll of the exultant drum,
 Cleaving the skies, rose the victorious peal.

Nay, near him, as a tired reaper stands
 At evening looking on the gathered grain,
 Stood weary Death, his sickle in his hands,
 Pleased with his harvest, brooding on the slain,—
 Each upturned face by sighing breezes fanned,
 Each cold lip murmuring, In vain—in vain !

Oh, when the lonely shades of night
 And unseen dews are falling,
 When in the amethystine light
 The whippoorwills are calling,
 Then, from the noiseless mists, that weep,
 Over the soft grass trailing,
 Bring, O South Wind, soothing sleep
 For sorrows unavailing.

Despite misfortune and the wreck complete,
 The crash of hopes, the wretched, countless cares,
 The soul is greater than the fate she shares.
 No anguish that can come to her can cheat

The spirit of divineness, nor unseat
 The heart's deep purpose ; and henceforth he wears
 The kingly crown of sorrow and gray hairs,
 He, that was undefeated by defeat.

Henceforth, forever, in the victor's place,
 Amidst the widening circle of the dead,
 His gracious figure towers, and on his face—
 Seamed by the scars of many an earthly dole—
 Flames, white, the star that shines above his head
 Who was the ruler of his own sad soul.

Over the river's rippling bars,
 Over the willows lifting,
 Over the imaging of the stars
 And the white moon's silver, drifting,
 Sail, O South Wind, sail and sing,
 Sing till the morning's breaking,
 Not of the shadows slumbering,
 But of the world's awaking.

For death is rest, if it be nothing more :
 Less it can never be, and life's strange guest,
 That dwells, unsatisfied, within the breast
 Forever troubling, peeping at the door
 Of her frail prison, musing on the shore
 Of some fair realm, in which she might be blest,
 Must find, at least, a dreamless hour of rest,
 If not some conscious calm, unknown before.

If, then, the change be more than it appears,
 And if indeed the land we do not see
 Outshines our hope, no cause have we for tears ;
 And with the great ones of that world is he.
 Amidst the drifting of the phantom years
 Sweet is the dream of immortality.

Robert Burns Wilson.

A POPULAR TOPIC.

EVERYBODY is ready to say, if not apt to think, something about a possible new social administration. To affirm that Plato and Aristotle began it would be wrong ; but they did carry on a discussion which had its origin, we may suppose, in the events consequent upon the Fall of Adam. During the last five thousand years, more or less, the leading points of the subject have doubtless all been touched upon ; but the fact that the interest in it is always and necessarily of a speculative kind, renders still fresh what must otherwise have waxed dismally stale. The reformed dispensation is ever to come,—it never is here : to some

eyes, in all ages, it seems close at hand. Mankind loves the excitement of prospective change,—loves it, indeed, more than it might love the change itself,—and is prone to lend a receptive ear to the prophets thereof. At times, and for a time, in certain favored spots, the sunshine of the Golden Age seems actually to shine; but in a moment it is gone again, and the familiar clouds close in. There has never been any practical likelihood that the clouds would pass altogether away, to return no more; and if we scrutinize the present social situation, the likelihood appears still less than has, occasionally, been the case in the past.

But practical likelihood has little to do with the speculations of optimism. Hope is a truly divine instinct in man; and constantly, in the history of the individual as well as of the race, has it been justified in spite of probabilities. Even when hope has failed to reach its expected goal, it has often led to changes in the line of progress; and a hopeful nature, when not allied with too great shallowness, is a source of energy and good achievement. Therefore the hopeful attitude is in good repute, and even the pessimist, who rejects it for himself, finds that its presence in others is to his advantage. Hope, with purpose to back it, has, humanly speaking, many a time pulled the human race out of the mire; whereas the best that pessimism has done has been to avert a temporary inconvenience. Would it be too paradoxical to say that, were optimism abolished, pessimists would be driven, by the instinct of self-preservation, to optimism? Were there none to controvert their hopelessness, they would be fain to do a little hoping themselves.

The parent of hope is, if not despair, at least an acute sense of existing evils. These evils, while continually varying in external form, seem to alter little, from age to age, in relative amount and activity. The story of the Deluge may, indeed, symbolically describe an epoch when mankind was almost utterly swamped in sins; and the period of Christ appears to have been, in its moral environment, one of the darkest of history. But if evil has occasionally preponderated, the contrary has not yet come to pass; love to his fellow has never been man's ruling impulse. In the long run, so far as we can know, a general average has been maintained; great benefits (such as those conferred by science in the present day) have been attended by injuries as great. The forms of wickedness are no fewer now than when Moses preached; and where the activity of punishment has repressed overt crimes, the criminal impulse no less corrupts the heart. To use the common phrase, human nature remains substantially the same; and the deeper sense perceives that it is with the human heart, and not with outward circumstance, that effective reform must begin.

But the idea of a Millennium has rooted itself so deeply in the soul that no disappointment or delay has been able to extirpate it. Each new generation, in the limitless line of succession, takes it up with new enthusiasm. The old fable of the Sleeping Beauty tells the story of man in this respect: after a hundred aeons of failure, at last the true prince shall come, and the sleeping world awake. And, since we know not when the sleep began, who can say at what moment the awakening shall be? To-morrow, perhaps; perhaps in a year, or a lifetime. Let

it be any time, only not—never! Such faith is touching; and its persistence invests it with power.

As the pendulum swings, so experiences pass and recur; and ever and anon, as we journey along, the murmur of anticipation rises louder than its wont, and voices proclaim that now, indeed, the great hour is at hand. The signs of the times are interpreted; old prophecies are recalled; old theories with new faces rise like apparitions in our path, beckoning, and pointing upwards. The next horizon shall encircle the promised land. Gird up your loins, ye faithful, and prepare!

Through such an era we are passing now. The nineteenth century is near its end, and many look forward to an awakening similar to that which marked the closing years of the eighteenth. Science has reached a point where she seems to hesitate with her hand upon the door whose opening shall disclose the very secret of life. Christianity, nearly suffocated by the cerements of ecclesiasticism, has yet shown symptoms of an interior vitality, free from forms and dogmas, that is once more to place her on the throne of the spirit; and the social relations of man with man, and of man with woman, are being argued and expounded with surprising animation. In the political field there appears to be a genuine movement in the direction of popular self-government: monarchs are freely criticised, and even deposed; they are compelled to choose between practical dictatorship and "limitations" that are next door to abdication; and multitudes of people of advanced opinions (so called) profess to find even the restraints of a republic irksome, and are urging all grades of emancipation, from nihilism to peaceable socialism and communism. Capital, in the grasp of corporations and individuals, is, it is true, aiming to monopolize control of commerce, manufactures, and workingmen; but the latter, on the other hand, are making quite a noticeable stand for what they deem their rights, and in several places large co-operative societies have already attained prosperity and influence. Everywhere there is an uneasy stir, as of impending change. Changes will come, no doubt; though whether or not of the kind expected, we shall know later.

In a day when everything is written about by everybody, it is inevitable that this present state of things should be widely reflected in current literature. Nihilism has found its annalists and novelists; the columns of newspapers are full of the sayings and doings of anarchists and strikers; and the various communistic theories are discussed, principally in a curious group of romances and novels, in which imagination and speculation are allowed free play, and common sense and practicability are not always duly considered. Be that as it may, these books find many readers, and exercise an influence possibly unwarranted by their logical merits; and they cannot be ignored even by the literary critic. If they are sometimes too earnest and didactic to claim a place in the domain of art, they are generally vigorous and interesting, and help to portray the spirit of our time.

Mr. Henry George cannot be termed a novelist, though his "Progress and Poverty" treats in essays the same topics that constitute the substance of much of the communistic and utopian romances. Mr. Edward Bellamy, whose fantastic dream-stories had been entertaining

rather than impressive, at length wrote a story which was, essentially, an analysis of certain features of modern civilization, and an attempt to formulate a more enlightened code of social and business ethics. "Looking Backward" has many faults as a novel, and as a piece of literary workmanship; but the great number of its readers shows that it contains matter which it was time to set forth; it speaks a word in season, and is, so far, like an apple of gold in a picture of silver. The suggestions conveyed by it have been pronounced utopian, in the sense of impossible: human nature, it is said, has not entered into Mr. Bellamy's calculations. And yet the human nature of a great many people sympathizes with its aspirations, and believes they can be realized,—even goes so far as to organize Bellamy societies. Such a book cannot be treated as the king's question in Tennyson's poem was treated by the chancellor, who,—

Sedate and vain,
In courteous words returned reply,
But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by.

It means something; and this kernel of reality and virtue must be separated from the husk and planted in hospitable soil.

But "Looking Backward" is too well known to need advertisement here. I would rather make a text of a later book, written by a woman, and in a soberer and less imaginative vein. "Metzerott, Shoemaker" (a novel recently published by Kate Pearson Woods) portrays contemporary life in an American town, among such every-day people, rich and poor, as we may meet with in our daily walk. The same author is now at work on a new story, which when published will afford the reader an opportunity to trace the development of her views. Love, religion, and political economy enter into the substance of "Metzerott," and the interest culminates in a little socialistic community, established on a co-operative and democratic plan, where each member is valued according to his or her personal character and achievements, and where idleness and aristocracy are at a discount. The theory of the community in question is judicious and agreeable, and the incidental arguments and discussions show not only wide study on the author's part, but also not a little intelligent original thought. She set herself a most difficult task, and has carried it out (so far as this feature is concerned) with much earnestness and good sense.

Of course she has not solved the problem of the age; no human mind can be expected to do that. The weak point of all novels of this kind is that they are, inevitably, special pleadings. The author has certain opinions, and imagines characters to make the opinions work. The events of the tale are necessarily fashioned to suit a premeditated conclusion. No matter how well the work may be done, it is always possible for an opponent to render the contrary argument just as plausible by employing similar means. In the end, the real solution remains as much in doubt as ever. If one set of characters will act in one way, another set will act in another way. All that is gained is an opportunity for fuller consideration, which may help the mind (when or

if the expected changes come) to deal with them more intelligently. Human history is made up of particular events and persons; and the multiplication of imaginary combinations of events and persons may, if conceived with true insight and rational judgment, aid us in forming some conjectures as to the future. More than this need not be claimed.

But "Metzerott, Shoemaker" has other merits than philosophic ones. One thinks of "Felix Holt" while reading it; for Metzerott is an extreme Radical, denying God and a future life, upright and moral in his personal life, and ready to proceed to violent measures to promote the ends he deems desirable. He becomes, in due time, the ringleader of a riot, and has the misfortune to kill his own son, mistaking him for the son of his enemy. This catastrophe breaks down his stubbornness and makes a Christian of him,—a method of conversion to which exception may be taken on several grounds, but which is related with tenderness and power. Louis Metzerott, the murdered son, and the hero of the story, has been drawn with evident care and sympathy; but if George Eliot failed in *Daniel Deronda*, it is not surprising that an inexperienced author should find the similar character of Louis a difficult one to manage. As a matter of fact, the attempt to portray a modern Messiah must always be impossible. The creation cannot be greater than the scope of the creator; and the more minutely the latter enters into detail, the blanker will be the result. There are many graceful and touching features in this figure: the dream or vision that comes to his mother before his birth is especially beautiful and poetic. But Louis remains an ideal; he has no faults, and his virtues are abstractions. His death is a pathetic tragedy, but the cause in which he is sacrificed is scarcely an adequate one. As for the emancipated young minister, Ernest Clare, he also belongs to some purer sphere than the earthly one. Indeed, it must be confessed that Ernest Clare is an impeccable prig, who has no more to do with human nature than has a geometrical diagram. If the coming man is to be of this make, the longer he is postponed the better.

The attractiveness of the book, and the powers of its author, are shown chiefly in the subordinate characters. There are, perhaps, too many of them; but they are delineated with humor, vividness, and insight. The elder Metzerott is a strong, natural, substantial creature; Mr. Randolph, the millionaire mill-owner, is a clever sketch, and, although he is the villain of the story, the author conscientiously refrains from painting him altogether black. The evil he does is shown to be partly the result of circumstances not of his own creation. Dr. Richards, the agnostic physician, is a consistent portrait; but touches are lacking in him which the author might have added had she been more familiar with the inner workings of the masculine nature. The women of the book are nearly all well done, especially Sally and Susan Price, the elderly spinster sisters, with their generous hearts, their rigid Yankee principles, their simplicity, and their good sense. Pinkie Randolph, the heroine, a petted, wayward child, good at heart and charmingly pretty, finds her way to the affections of the reader; and Miss Dare, her friend, with aristocratic profile, high spirits, and tendency to veil a kindly nature with airy cynicism and mockery, does much credit to her

creator. I must not omit to mention a little Irish priest, Father McClosky, with a fine brogue, a dauntless cheerfulness, a bigoted tongue, and a liberal brain, whose Hibernian humor irradiates every page on which he appears. He is the sunshine of a sombre and powerful story.

The fault of the book as a work of art lies in a failure to group the incidents clearly and dramatically, and in a diffuseness of narration arising partly from a full mind and partly from inexperience in the arts of selection and subordination. But its good qualities are not only in excess of its faulty ones; they are vital and eminent, and may be expected to develop while the others are refined away. The religious element is wholesome and interesting; its basis is sound, and its purport free from ambiguity. It illustrates the truth that no deep conception of social improvement can ignore religion, or even place it elsewhere than in the leading place. True society, as a profound writer has said, is the redeemed form of man. Its existence, when it comes, will be a religious miracle, but one with the nature of which religious history has made us familiar since time immemorial. The difference between the nature which has, as the phrase is, experienced religion—the regenerate nature—and the unregenerate, is the most astounding fact of life. It is not a superficial change; its seat is in the most interior recesses of being. Those who have known it know, literally, what it is to die and to be alive again. It substitutes sanity for insanity, harmony for discord, power for impotence. It comes when perhaps it was least looked for; it explains the blind confusion of the previous life, and forever allays anxiety as to the life before us. Its secret is incommunicable, because it is a direct influx from God; it is the chiefest of miracles, and yet the consummation and flower of the most elemental divine law and purpose. Individually, it is of constant though unseen occurrence; historically, it is that “far-off, divine event towards which the whole creation moves.” For there is no distinction in kind between the regeneration of men and the regeneration of man. In the latter case, however, as in the former, the freedom of the human will must not be violated. Not by violence, natural or supernatural, nor from external sources, can the true social state of mankind derive its origin. Not for the race, any more than for the individual, will the material heavens be rolled together like a scroll, and the stars fall upon the earth. Perhaps regeneration will always proceed by individual steps, leavening one heart after another until, at length, all shall be purified. But it is also possible that some universal experience, not to be preconceived, may be in store for the world. Silent and serene will be its advent, like the dawning of a cloudless day. We shall awake to recognize our new selves, and shall feel no strangeness; only the past will seem strange, as we glance back upon it. Then, whether the form of government be monarchical or democratic will matter nothing. Where the spirit is good, no form can be evil. Meanwhile, it may be well to remember that no revolution can be effective by which only forms are overthrown. Between the Anarchist and the Czar the distinction is the same as that between the thief who covets the booty and the thief who holds it.

Julian Hawthorne.

ROUND-ROBIN TALKS.

I.

FOR some months past in various places there have been informal and fraternal meetings of an uncertain number of congenial spirits. Any valid excuse served to call them together: the advance-sheets of a novel, the dissection of a poem, or some unusual emphasis in the culinary character of shad-roë.

Over these little meetings there was often said something that was worthy of record. Many of the participants in the general conversations were men known by their writings to the readers of *Lippincott's*; all were men whose names are frequently in the public prints. Their talk had all the charm of good-fellowship, the hesitation with the soup, the spur of the *entrée*, and the hilarity of the cigars; and it was always luminously indicative of character. It occurred to me at their last meeting that there might be a public interest in some glimpse of their mature playfulness, spiced as it was by many touches of more serious value.



JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

We read with such avidity of the after-dinner chats at the Mermaid, the talks of Coleridge, the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," *la vie de Bohème* of Murger and de Musset, the club life of Thackeray and Jerrold, the Utopia of Brook Farm, the nights at Pfaff's,—why should not the readers of to-day anticipate the coming generation and feel an interest in the younger Hawthorne, Fawcett, Habberton, or Barrymore? Fancy dear John Habberton enveloped in the circling clouds of his own cigar,—wreaths that crown and cover him with the almost invisible tenderness that he has evoked in every heart that knows his "Helen's Babies." Think of an intimate acquaintance with that restless advertisement, J. Armoy Knox. Why should not that faction of the public that affects to read the book-reviews of Melville Philips know that their author is a smooth-faced, blue-eyed chap, with a profile like Byron and the waist-coat of a parson?

Daniel Dawson is known as a poet, but away from his iron-mill, his pugilistic forearms on a table, the long Semitic nose with its dilating nostrils shading the struggling Chinese moustache, the eyes half closed in dreamy introspection, he is like a sleeping mastiff.

Julian Hawthorne is very like his father's portrait, minus the

waving hair of the elder romancer. Julian is an athlete, too, and comes up from his retreat at Sag Harbor in a pilot-jacket, snugly-fitting rough-and-readies, with a gymnasium sweater for a vest. Like Habberton, he interferes but



DANIEL DAWSON.

little in the running fire of conversation. His favorite attitude is with his chair tipped back to the wall, from which position he looks on, keenly appreciative of every point, but indifferent to results, like the stranger to the city witnessing a base-ball game between local contestants.

The portrait of Edgar Fawcett that accompanied his last novel in *Lippincott's* well conveys his dreamy look in repose, but no painter can give an impression of his voice. That is Fawcett's greatest charm.

It is full and rich, but with the tremolo and coyness of an *ingénue*. His enunciation, too, is a bit spasmodic, issuing impulsively and full. He is always modest, and even upon subjects where he is an acknowledged authority speaks most conservatively.

Maurice Barrymore, the actor, has a profile and head like the first Napoleon's, set on the shoulders and figure of an Apollo. He is a privateer in conversation, striking any flag for the prize-money of a laugh. Like that of all actors, the face is mobile, and the thoughts uttered or unspoken play over his features like sheet-lightning on a summer night. His magic is his smile. He can deal the most cruel stab and simultaneously disarm the resentment it invites with a smile that has a Samaritan's power to cure.

J. Armoy Knox as a humorist has all the qualifications of a genuine funny man,—the stoop, the drawl, the hesitation, the index finger, and the illegible memoranda on yellow envelopes. He is a Texan of Irish birth, but expects to die of German parentage.

Nugent Robinson, the presiding genius of that welcome visitor, *Once a Week*, is a chutney expert who took the curriculum of the British army and passed from India service to republican America. His is the manner courteous; he bends forward to listen with uplifted eyebrow and winning smile. Robinson is distinctively a handsome man of uncertain age, with an inexhaustible fund of entertaining anecdotes, and there are few members of the English peerage whom he has not patted in a friendly way on the back.

We have all come to look at John Habberton with the wavering appeal of an amateur swimmer venturing occasionally beyond his depth. His serious face is caution to those too venturesome. His smile rewards

the successful sally. If Pythagoras had been right, John Habberton would quit this life to begin business as a dear protective hovering hen. Every homeless chick of a joke gets a motherly cluck from him.

William Walsh is an American, of Irish descent, born in France, and is always haunted by the uncertainties of that statement. For years he was connected with the Lippincotts in various literary capacities. It is almost like writing of one's self to write of Walsh; and to view him objectively and as a family member gone abroad has in it all the sadness of a father giving a long-loved daughter to the groom and officiating clergy. Walsh is a touchstone of literary instinct. He rather umpires post-prandial sparring, and finds way-stations for refreshing laughs in every story.

Gus Thomas, the dramatist, has the smooth-faced complacency of a priest in repose. Experiences as journalist, actor, and railroader have equipped him with a semi-slangy *répertoire* that has the virtue of brevity and directness. He is among the youngest of the brotherhood, and is evidently in earnest. Infinite possibilities reside on his flexible lips.

Frank Small is not to be described. Small drifts. He looks the Texan Ranger, but is plainly changing countenance under the incessant punning upon his name to which he is subjected by thoughtless friends.

About Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet) it is needless to say a word. All that can be said of him he has said himself with charming candor. Albeit his grandmother was an Irishwoman (named O'Reilly), and he has long lived in London, Blouet is a typical Frenchman. He is omniscient at a dinner; everything worth hearing he hears; and, moreover, he says good things without obvious effort, but with an accent unique and irresistible.

On the occasion of the meeting mentioned we had all gathered to discuss the chances for life of a forthcoming novel which it would be manifestly inopportune to mention now. The good-fellowship of endorsement prevailed. The different courses had been dismissed, the cigars were lighted, and conversation had drifted from the particular topic to others irrelevant. Some opposition invited by the clash of opinions was in evidence, when Stoddart, with that temporary tyranny invariably assumed by the man who handles a carving-knife, had secured tacit recognition as moderator. Knox and Small of Texas were immediate in the acknowledgment.

Knox (standing with one hand behind him, and making a com-



EDGAR FAWCETT.

mendable attempt to look like a colonial statesman).—Gentlemen, I wish—

Hawthorne.—Do you observe that Knox is wearing his hair *à la* Calhoun?

Walsh.—Most effectively.

Stoddart (rapping).—Order, gentlemen. No personalities.



MAURICE BARRYMORE.

Philips (impressively).—I've known Mr. Knox for many years, and I never saw his hair look as it does to-night. Gentlemen, it's been washed.

(In the general confusion that followed it is impossible to report the random comment.)

Dawson.—Small, be entertaining. Tell us something about that remarkable brother of yours,—the Evangelist,—won't you?

Small.—I have to beg your pardon, gentlemen, on my brother's account. I'm sorry he hasn't a worthier advocate than I to sound his praises. Like some of you

here, he was a newspaper man, and our father was a newspaper man before us. It is a family failing.

Dawson.—Oh, well, a "Small" one.

Small.—Sam is a young man, younger, I venture to think, than any of us here,—save, perhaps, our friend Stoddart. He will be thirty-nine years of age the 3d of next July. At one time he was a drunkard. He was a good newspaper reporter, editor, and stenographer; in fact, he was capable of almost anything in the field of journalism, and especially efficient as a stenographer in reporting committees in Congress. It may appear that I am blowing my brother's horn a good deal; but he that tooteth not his own horn the same shall not be tooted.

Barrymore.—How was your brother converted?

Small.—Well, it happened in this way. One Saturday afternoon Sam found he was instructed to go to Cartersville, Georgia, where Mr. Sam Jones had built a tabernacle. He was assigned by the *Atlanta Constitution* at "space work;" that is, he was not employed by the paper on regular salary, as he was a court stenographer. He was asked if he would go there and report Mr. Jones's sermon on a certain Sunday. "Yes," he replied; and this is the way he tells what happened: "I put on a clean white shirt and asked my two children, young Sam and little Bob, 'Do you want to go up and hear Mr. Jones at Cartersville? it is thirty miles away.' 'Yes, we do.' 'Then come with me.' Going down to the dépôt, I thought it would not do to go up

there without a drink, because I knew Carterville was a prohibition town, and Mr. Jones was fighting whiskey. So I got a bottle at the first bar-room I came to, and put it in my pocket. At the next saloon I got a second bottle and put it in another pocket, and so on until I had four bottles. I went up there with four bottles of whiskey and two children."

Mr. Jones preached his sermon, and my brother was converted. Three days after his struggle against the appetite for whiskey he had overcome it by prayer. He went into the streets of Atlanta and preached, and some of the people said, "Will somebody take Sam Small and put him away? he is crazy."

He went up to the public market-place the night of his conversion at half-past seven with his two sons—children four and six years of age—and preached a sermon. He took two whiskey-barrels, rolled them into the open market-place, put a plank across, stood in the middle of it with his children sitting one on each side, and said, "This is the first time in my life, fellow-citizens, that I ever made any good use of a whiskey-barrel."

Right across the street from him they were selling pools. "How much will you bet Sam Small will stay sober? how much, how much? Four, six, or seven dollars that he will not remain sober for a week!" This was in September, 1885, four and a half years ago. I will give you my word of honor that he has never taken a drink since,—I mean a drink stronger than ginger-ale or coffee.

Robinson.—I suppose, after all, that what we call a "sermon" is the most powerful manner of speech.

Philips.—You see, it is peculiar in its immunity from criticism. The pew is dumb. Who durst call the preacher a jack-in-the-pulpit?

Robinson.—I heard a story the other day which may be old to you, but it is quite new to me. A canvasser went up to Chicago and there met a long-lost cousin of his who was a notorious gambler. But this gambler treated him so uncommonly well that the canvasser invited him to come to his country place for a few days. The invitation was accepted. On Sunday morning the canvasser said to his guest, "Per-



J. ARMOY KNOX.

haps you wouldn't mind going to church?" "Not a bit," was the reply; "I haven't been to church for a great number of years, and a little church will do me no harm." By a strange coincidence, the clergyman, who was new at that church, made a vigorous attack on gambling. The gambler's friend, in order to make it clear that it was not a put-up job, went to the vestry after the service was over, and, introducing the gambler to the clergyman, said, "Your sermon this morning was rather rough on my friend here, who is one of the biggest gamblers in Chicago." "I assure you," began the clergyman, in an apologetic manner—"Oh, never mind," ejaculated the gambler; "it's all right. It would be a mighty poor sermon that wouldn't hit me somewhere."

Stoddart.—Dawson has a dreamy look.

Knox.—He broods over his poem.

Habberton.—It isn't possible he came without one to dinner?

Dawson.—Gentlemen, while sitting in my room on Palm Sunday I caught some strains of music. You know the meaning of the palm-leaf? It is supposed to convey a message of hope,—of the coming again of Christ. Here is what that singing brought to me.

Stoddart.—Keep order.

Dawson (*pushing back his chair and contemplating the fresco*).—I call it

A RIME OF THIRTY YEARS.

PALM SUNDAY.

Softly across the city's rugged stones
Sounds the long cadence of the Sabbath psalm;
The shaven priest before the altar moans,
And o'er his people waves the hopeful palm.

The King shall die, but surely live again
In a more potent kingdom far away,
Yea, and shall walk unharmed the earthly plain:
No Roman law henceforth shall say him nay.

Wave over me, ye alien palm-leaves green:
It needs revival and a hope new-born
To nerve the ever-wavering heart between
The calmless struggles of a world forlorn.

So says the word. What, brothers, were it so,
And on the wide meads of the promised land,
More fair than far Hesperia long ago,
When Herakles the apples had in hand,

And saw the daughters three of Hesperus
Walling the end of their eternal ward
And the huge downfall of the Trojan house,
And Helen's rape on a dun Asian sward,

Our feet might wend as it is given to Him,
To tread the weary pathway He had trod?
Would it repay to break the prison grim
And find beyond the guarded land of God?

Or shall we call them from the misty past,
The fairy-land we found in castled Spain,
Castilian dames whose olive arms were cast
Round swarthy loves on Lusitania's plain,

Whose love like wine should sate our parchéd lips,
The massive women of a grander clime,
A girdle like to Venus' on their hips,
And in their eyes no weariness of Time,

Who should unfold their hands, and come to us,
And lead us to the high seat in the hall,
And we should bide there in the builded house
For evermore until the end of all?

This was our dream: we drank but honey-dew,
As pure as snow on Ida's holy hill.
At thirty years what is it best to do?—
Dream on, dream ever, dreaming only still?

No longer seems it good to turn the eye
And bend it wistful backward o'er the waste,
Striving to hold the barren hope gone by
That lent a Dead Sea harvest to our taste.

The golden gates of the old realm of Spain
Shut stubbornly against the hardened brow,
And where our feet have been is barren plain,
And blossomless is every knotted bough.

The colonnaded walls that met the sea
And lured us like a weird mirage afar,
The glimmering temples of the good to be,
As baseless as Endymion's wandering star,

Are dust and ashes for our sackcloth wear,
Yea, the sole garner of the earlier dream
Which led us hopeful through the caller air
And lulled our limbs by some Arabian stream.

And we have found the bitter truth of earth,
And the sole virtue of a mind too sane
Counsels endurance only as of worth;
All else beneath the sun is naught and vain.

At thirty years the Galilean fell,
And he who sang Prometheus in the chain;
And his sad High-priest after slumbered well:
Why should he wait? his dream was dreamed in vain.

And that great Grecian prince at Babylon,
And Hamlet in the highest song of all,
And strong Alcides fierce Olympus won,—
These in the heyday of their youth did fall.

And fierce Sinfiotli in Eddaic song
Had few days full of deeds till Odin came,
Ancient and gray, and bade the tide of wrong
Carry the King from forth the wrack and shame.

The dragon's blood saved not the Nibelung man,
Sigurd the lovely; for the snare of bale,
And broken troth, and woman's love and ban,
Bade end on Midgard heath his life and tale.

So only did the gods themselves grow old,
And wrinkled dwarfs hid in the caves of hills,
While Baldur, young and beautiful, must hold
The way to Niffelheim, where Hel fulfils

Her ward in the still watches of the night,
The gloomy child of Loki, lord of wile,
Who waits and plans to win that horrid fight
When the last Twilight sets on Asgard's Isle.

For us no past holds out the hopeful palm,
Nor any future. Can forgetfulness,
Kind dewy sleep, or some eternal balm,
Lull our pained senses with a sweet caress,

And carry us into the nothingness
Of neither anxious hopes nor futile fears?
What! It is little more than ludicrous,
This weak philosophy of Thirty Years.

Howbeit, ye that read these rambling rhymes,
Laugh loud and long, and reck ye naught of tears:
I am most antic of these antic times,
And I myself have come to Thirty Years.

Knox.—What is it about?

Barrymore.—You improve all the time, Dawson. That's much longer than that Angelus poem of yours,—the what's-its-name——

Dawson.—"The Seeker in the Marshes"?

Barrymore.—Yes.

Philips.—I wish Barrymore would be confidential for an instant.

Barrymore.—Confiding, you mean; but I know you, Philips, and can only promise to be as confiding as I dare.

Philips.—Don't be alarmed. Anything you have to say must necessarily be edited, and little of it can appear. So speak out. We need information.

Barrymore.—Of course; but do you really desire it?

Knox.—Horribly! horribly, or we shouldn't come to you.

Philips.—Tell us, Barrymore, what part you have played with most satisfaction.

Barrymore (timidly).—To myself? Well, I hate to make invidious distinctions, but, seriously, one plays so many parts, and so many of them have each a little association of its own, that one feels like going back on some humbler if not less loyal friend when one seeks to discriminate. I think the part I am playing now in Thomas's "A Man of the World" is as satisfactory and pleasurable as any, however. I used to have great fun in Orlando when I wrestled with Muldoon.

Thomas.—And overthrew more than your enemies.

Fawcett.—Barrymore, do you think we shall ever have a passion-play produced here?

Barrymore.—Not successfully, I think. There are some things so sacred that they are always approached with an awe that precludes the possibility of entertainment in their contemplation. Prejudice, too,

plays its part. Why, it is only within the last few years that the Rebellion, instinct with dramatic strength and situation as it was, has been permitted to furnish a theme for playwrights. Its associations were too bitter to be reawakened with impunity too soon. The passion-play may be all very well at Oberammergau, with its perfervid peasantry, their accepted sincerity, and its picturesque environment; but the perception here is too keen to consent to an actor in a blond wig attempting the character of the Saviour.

Small.—Well, don't you think Thomas as a playwright——

Barrymore.—Thomas as a playwright never thinks.

Thomas.—That explains your conception of your present rôle, Barrymore.

Small (overlooking the interruption).—Don't you think the successful play to-day must have a modern topic?

Thomas.—I do, indeed. Moreover, it must have more than a modern subject, in my opinion. It must have modern treatment, modern simplicity, modern accuracy,—at least in this country. People think for themselves. They debate with the dramatist, and discard him if he is false. The old and magnificent postulates are no longer granted. The time has gone by when a single hero with a dirk could hold at bay a dozen spearsmen dressed in tin. Alliteration and the like is a pace to the rear also. Rags aren't royal raiment as much as they used to be.



NUGENT ROBINSON.

Knox (feverishly).—Can I tell a story?

Barrymore.—Frankly, you cannot.

Knox (amending).—May I tell a story?

Philips.—You may try.

Omnes.—No! no!

Max O'Rell.—But, Thomas——

Thomas.—Yes?

Max O'Rell.—Do you think a man unable to read French can write a successful modern play?

Thomas.—Not only that, but, contrary to the implication of your question, I think no man who does read French can write a successful American play unless he can temporarily forget that reading. The standard of morals, expression, methods, of the two peoples are that

different. I think, too, that there is no tongue so poor but in it and from its record alone could be written a drama making all possible demand upon the comprehension of the tribe whose thought made that tongue its currency.



JOHN HABBERTON.

Knox.—Gentlemen, am I permitted to make a few remarks?

Stoddart.—I suggest that Colonel Knox be allowed to speak.

Several voices.—Oh, go on, go on.

Knox.—Gentlemen (*just here a very effective advertisement for the weekly publication with which Mr. Knox is connected has been crowded out for lack of space*).

Stoddart.—Why so mute, Habberton?

Habberton.—Don't fancy that it's because I've nothing to say.

Hawthorne.—How is the health of Helen's Babies?

Habberton.—Oh, now——

Philips.—Come, Habberton, tell us. A million mothers wish to know.

Habberton.—That is a difficult question to answer, for these literary infants were composite characters, except when imaginary beings. As I used the nickname of my youngest son for one of the characters, my acquaintances have persisted in regarding the story as a chapter of family history, which it was not. When I wrote the book there were plenty of boys like Budge and Toddie in our village, and in every other, I presume. Young parents were fond of swapping stories about their youngsters, and I urged many of them to put some of these stories into print. One rainy day, when my children were running the house to suit themselves, their mother being ill, I scribbled a record of their sayings and doings, and this, which forms less than a quarter of "Helen's Babies," is all the connection the story has with my own family: the remaining pages are adaptations or imaginary. I constructed



W. S. WALSH.

the adult hero and heroine and other characters to suit the requirements of the story. Whatever success the book has had must be attributed to the fact that children everywhere are very much alike, and that, knowing children well and being very fond of them, I described them as they were—and are. When the story was finished I thought it very poor, and nearly all the publishers in the United States agreed with me. The oddest thing about it was that Mr. Loring, who liked it greatly and published it, was an old bachelor.

Stoddart.—Do you attribute the great sale of the book to the naturalness of the children?—only that and nothing more?

Habberton.—Not I. The sale was possible only by able publishing. Most books are merely printed,—not published; but when Mr. Loring saw my book selling well in his own city and from his own retail counter he proceeded to force it upon the market elsewhere. The inside history of that book, given in Loring's frequent letters to me, showed how big a job it is properly to place a novel on the public. Two months had passed, and nearly fifty thousand copies had been sold in New England and New York, before a certain great wholesale book-house handled a single copy. The railway news-agents are supposed to sell everything that is popular, but there was at least one great trunk line on which not a copy of "Helen's Babies" was offered until long after the book had become a great commercial success. Loring badgered all the jobbers and news-companies, placed large consignments on sale with houses that would not buy outright; he also printed millions—literally millions—of circulars, and had them distributed in all the large cities. 'Twas the publisher, and not the author, who made the success of "Helen's Babies," and, I believe, of all other books which have sold largely. When any book, by a writer who has anything to say, fails to sell well, blame the publisher, not the author. Still, if each book printed were properly pushed we should have fewer books to choose from, and only a few of us poor scribblers would be able to get into print at all.

Barrymore.—*A propos* of babies, Thomas, can you repeat those verses of that little girl at Vassar?

Thomas.—She wasn't at Vassar when she wrote them.

Fawcett.—Verses by a young girl? Do repeat them.

Thomas.—A brief explanation. This is a poem written by a little girl in St. Louis: she was then but fifteen years of age. That was two years ago. The subject was assigned by the seminary teacher, and was in competition with some twenty-six others, I believe. When you consider the immensity of the subject and the skilful and easy



GUS THOMAS.

way in which she has treated it, I think you will see a merit in the lines.

Stoddart.—Let us have them.

Thomas.—The subject was

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

BY LISLE COLBY.

A maiden sang, her clear tones rang
High in cathedral's lofty dome:
Each note, a bird, flew as it heard
Its kindred echo call it home.

From out her breast to belfry nest,
As captive birds, released, will rise,
Each note set free spread wings of glee,
And bore the anthem toward the skies.

And I thought then that, maybe, when
All we, who strive with earthly wrong,
At last are free, we'll find that we
Are parts of one eternal song;

That, as the note from mortal throat
Found echo in the belfry dim,
Each life alone reflects some tone
Heard in that universal hymn.

We need not wait till, near the gate
Of heaven, we hear this golden strain:
The listening ear of earth may hear
The rhythm of its grand refrain.

* * * * *

One Alpine morn a boy was born
Where Nature, with a pencil bold,
Against the blue of heaven's hue
Drew mountains of empurpled gold.

His youthful eyes saw bending skies
Invaded by eternal snow,—
Saw its cold breast kissed by the west,
He heard its answering tear-drops flow.

The wooing breeze through Alpine trees
Bared his brown forehead, and its tone
Left in his heart a counterpart
Of all majestic in its own.

Later, when he saw Italy,
With laurels round his sculpture throng,
He knew his art told but a part
Of that grand Alpine cradle-song.

* * * * *

For centuries Ægean seas
Hummed lulling songs to Lesbian strand,
Brought treasured lore to Grecian shore
In airs Homeric, high and grand,

Until the waves, rocks, cliffs, and caves,
 Heard, in immortal Sappho's voice,
 The echo true of songs they knew,
 And bade all listening time rejoice.

* * * * *

Far to the north there gushes forth
 A water-fall. With liquid mirth
 It softly cooed to nations rude,
 And gave an untaught fancy birth.

Its laughter wove their tales of love,
 Sweetly twined their simplest story
 With flowers of thought from legends wrought
 In fabrics of primeval glory.

Their race is fled, the poet dead
 Who gave to verse their humblest tales,
 And now the fall, with plaintive call,
 Sings their sad story to the dales.

* * * * *

West from the wide Atlantic's side,
 To where the rough Ohio rolled
 'Tween banks knit both with undergrowth,
 And giants of the forest old,

Grew wild-wood vast, with boughs upcast,
 So dense that when the stirring trees
 The lone sea-bird, borne inland, heard,
 She thought their music was the sea's.

The breeze that blew the brown leaves through,
 The gold and russet arches, made
 A music rare, that everywhere
 Man's soul instinctively obeyed.

The ferns and brooks, his only books,
 Made the great truths of Nature clear,
 Taught him her will, and, kinder still,
 Made him an empire's pioneer.

* * * * *

But, should the flowers fill all the hours,
 Time's loaded vine would trail the ground:
 So with these strains, by bitter pains,
 A minor carol has been wound.

That minor seek in barren, bleak
 Siberia, where, sceptred high,
 A despot's might robs weaker right,
 And stifles Freedom's struggling cry.

Or seek it where grim-visaged Care
 Has chilled the heart, blighted the leaves
 Of budding joy with the alloy
 The spirit from the earth receives;

Where Sorrow moans o'er lettered stones,
 Endeared and consecrated dust,
 Or where, dismayed, fond Faith, betrayed,
 Stands tearless by the grave of trust.

But things that to our finite view
Are discords may most tuneful be
Beneath the hand of Him who planned
This all-pervading minstrelsy.

He touched the first grand chord : there burst
Divinest music, so sublime
Its wondrous tone will echo on
Unto the furthest shoal of time,—

Just as the rings a swallow's wings
Stir on the breast of some calm lake
Spread more and more, till on the shore
They throw their frightened hearts and break.

The stars, whose lights on frozen nights
Gleam brightly in the Milky Way,
Are freighted spheres that sing through years
The music of eternal day.

Through every star, anear or far,
That gems the dusky breast of night,
Or, pale upon the throat of dawn,
Grows paler with the growing light,

As jewels rare, that mortals wear,
Throb with the throbbing heart beneath,
Is felt the thrill the great God's will
Did to the universe bequeath.

Its quivering note the most remote
Zone of Omnipotence awakes,—
So far that Thought can journey not,
And Fancy's buoyant wing forsakes ;

So far, yet near, that earth may hear,
And, if it will, join in the song
Of that sweet hymn the cherubim
Concordantly have sung so long.

Sing, then, rejoice, each mortal voice,
That in the music of the spheres,
Whate'er your art, you may take part,
And swell the chorus of the years.

Rejoice and sing, each living thing ;
For in creation's anthem old
Yet ever new there's place for you
The Father's glory to unfold.

Join in the song, the hymn prolong,
Of shepherds watching by the sea
When morning stars their tuneful bars
Rang out by sacred Galilee.

Sing everywhere, in weal or care,
The Master's grateful praise, and He
Will in the end each discord blend
In one grand burst of harmony.

Fawcett.—Deliciously phrased ! Boys of an age with the author
can't do that sort of thing.

Walsh.—The Young Girl is the marvel of the century. The world is full of Marie Bashkirtseffs.

Hawthorne.—And of many who would like to be *marîées* if they could.

Fawcett.—Is this cynicism?—and from Julian!

Hawthorne.—Our girls are good girls, and are not to be blamed if foolish restrictions make them rebellious: resistance to tyranny comes to them by right inheritance. This fuss we make about what they shall and shall not read, and what shall and shan't be written with a view to their reading it, is worse than no use. They read everything,—mark my words!—and are none the worse for it. They don't care for what is improper, but they want the right to read the improper if they choose. Certain aspects of human nature are interesting to them (as they were to us when we were boys), not because they are indecorous, but because they are hidden. People who won't trust our girls in the library pay them no compliment. Give them free swing,—they'll have it anyway,—and I, for one, believe they will never go wrong.

Fawcett.—I agree with you, Julian. Think how an able-bodied chaperon could clip the wings of a developing genius by too prudently abridging her opportunities.

Hawthorne.—I should like Fawcett to tell us what sort of story he would write if he were without limitations, if he had nothing to interfere with the prompting of his creative genius.

Fawcett.—I think geniuses are born with limitations. It seems to me that the man who

is a genius has a great desire to write in one certain direction. I, not being a genius, and feeling that I am not, have a desire to write in all directions. I might say in one word, if I wanted to defend the fact of my not being a genius, that I am a universalist in the literary sense,—in my desire to write in all directions. I want to write about everything. I should like to write about everything that is human, and I should like very much to write about things not human or but partially human. There are some painters who paint entirely on one subject, but I like variety.

Thomas.—But is there any one imaginable story that you would prefer of all others to write, and on which you would be willing to base your future reputation? Every eminent novelist has had his



FRANK SMALL.

greatest story,—Hawthorne his “Scarlet Letter,” Thackeray his “Vanity Fair,” Scott his “Heart of Midlothian,” and so on. Can you not give me some idea of what your own masterpiece would be like?



MELVILLE PHILIPS.

Fawcett.—Probably I am the last person who could give you the correct answer. Ask Philips.

Philips.—What must a story be to be called a masterpiece? I wish some one who knows would tell. The taste, the critical cultured taste, for fiction is no more to be disputed, I suppose, than the taste for anchovy sauce. And it's so independent and elastic. If I find the second part of “Faust” worse than stupid, as I do, or if I yawn over the hundred pages that Hugo devotes to the good Bishop Myriel in “Les Misérables,” or if I esteem a very great novel—say “War and Peace” or “Henry Esmond”—as

in itself a nobler work of art than a very great poem,—say the Iliad or the Divine Comedy,—where, outside of received opinion, shall I look for the logic and supreme judgment that will convince me or convict me of bad taste?

Dawson.—Isn't received opinion enough?

Philips.—By no means.

Fawcett.—I would say that I should prefer to write about untrammelled human nature. I should like to write, if I could, about human nature entirely apart from what I consider the force of superstition. I should like to have an atheist and an agnostic tied together. There is a certain difference, after all, between an atheist and an agnostic. I should like to deal with those questions which have not yet been touched upon at all in fiction. The question of unfaith I should like to handle.

Knox.—Speaking of unfaith—

Barrymore.—We're not looking for expert testimony, Army.

Knox.—I insist on giving you a small bite of a poem, entitled “New-Laid Thoughts on Spring.”

Philips.—We don't like the lay.

Hawthorne.—Walsh, as a sufferer from the system, I wish to ask you, representing the opposition, how long should you keep manuscript awaiting a decision?

Walsh.—What you should do and what it is possible for you to do are not always the same thing. The ebb and flow of manuscripts is irregular. Sometimes there is a drought, sometimes a flood that overwhelms you. Again, for a period, you may have something imminent that commands your attention and makes it difficult to devote much time to the reading of manuscripts. But the editor should strive not to keep his contributor in suspense longer than he can help,—avoiding the error, however, of returning it the same day,—for then the contributor is sure it has never been read.

Robinson.—That, of course, does not apply to daily journalism.

Walsh.—I understood the question to be regarding weekly papers. The weekly is the periodical of the immediate future, as the monthly is of the present and the quarterly was of the past. As the race develops it calls for shorter and shorter pauses between intellectual meals, and our grandchildren may live to see the quarterly, monthly, and weekly press all merged into the great daily illustrated paper of the future, which will command the services of the greatest writers, artists, and engravers. Even as the quarterly has gone down before the monthly, the monthly must give way to the weekly. And the hour of the weekly is near at hand, if it has not already come.

Robinson.—The weekly, as you say, or meant to say, is very near the people. We started the question which is the best American novel, and we have already had nearly four thousand answers. Almost every judgment as to the best American novel has been in favor of either "The Scarlet Letter" or "The House of the Seven Gables." I do not think there are one hundred votes outside of those two. I never saw such a consensus of opinion. "Ben Hur" is a popular novel and gets a large number of votes. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is another favorite. A popular Scott novel is "The Heart of Midlothian." As to the best humorous novel, it is pitch and toss between "The Pickwick Papers" and "Don Quixote." Among English novels "The Vicar of Wakefield" is hard pressed by "The Mill on the Floss." "The Woman in White" and "Midshipman Easy" are also very popular.

Knox (with disarming rapidity).—Judge Goldthwaite told me this one about Sam Houston. Houston was running for Governor of Texas, and was beaten by a majority of ten thousand. He insisted upon making a lot of speeches, against the advice of his friends, who told him if he did so he would be surely defeated. And so he was. His speeches and the influence of the *Galveston News*, owned by Dave Richardson, and the *Telegraph*, owned by E. H. Cushing, downed him. It was just after the election, and while Houston was standing by the stage-coach, talking to Judge Goldthwaite and a group of friends, that he said, "Gentlemen, I have buried the hatchet; I have laid aside all animosities; I have no feeling in my heart against any man. I could meet to-night Cushing of the *Telegraph* and Richardson of the *News*, and I would not lay a feather on the back of either of them, unless—there was tar there to stick it to."



J. M. STODDART.

Philips.—That is *à propos* of what?

Knox.—Well, something suggested it early in the evening.

Barrymore.—The humorist's "that reminds me" gone astray.

Knox.—And I have here a little poem——

Voices.—No! no!

Stoddart.—Fawcett, can you recall that "Dei Gratia" you read me in Brown's the other day?

Fawcett.—I fear I can.

Stoddart.—Repeat it, please.

Fawcett.—"By the Grace of God," as I call it, is supposed to commemorate the accession to the throne of a young king, his reign, and his end.

DEI GRATIA.

The height of his dead father's throne he gained,
With supple courtiers cringing at his nod:
A shallow and beardless boy, thenceforth he reigned,
By the grace of God.

Impervious to the people's blame or praise,
Through codes of civic needs he scorned to plod:
With harlots, dice, and wine he passed his days,
By the grace of God.

But oft while following some rash whim of rule
O'er laws and liberties he rode rough-shod,
And proved a reprobate no less than fool,
By the grace of God.

For years the crown did he thus coarsely keep,
Wearing its grandeur like a dolt and clod,
Then died one evening in a drunken sleep,
By the grace of God.

Stoddart.—Now, Max, I am not going to ask you what you think of America: you have already told us that in a book. But are all the impressions you received on your first visit confirmed on your second?



MAX O'RELL.

Max O'Rell.—Now, my friend, your question is just the one I expected from you. It makes me smile, but doesn't surprise me. Indeed, when a man has paid two visits to America he runs no more risk of being surprised. Yes, friend, all my first impressions are confirmed,—every one of them. I am now persuaded that I have writ-

ten the book on America,—a book of facts hitherto unknown to the

foreigner and the native alike. I have heard Americans declare that my book was a revelation to them.

Fawcett.—News, more likely.

Max O'Rell.—I'm glad to hear you endorse such a precious compliment. In a few weeks I shall return home, delighted with what I have seen and delighted with all I have done,—as I always am. I have a strong objection to a perfect people. I don't like to be eclipsed too thoroughly; and what has specially delighted me with all the Americans I have met is that very few of them did not happen to have a redeeming fault or two.

Stoddart.—Speaking of "going home," gentlemen of the Round-Robin Club, it is the morrow.

Barrymore.—Your genuine robin greets the dawn with song. I'll have none of your closure.

Stoddart.—*Pax vobiscum!* I have work ahead. Gentlemen, *au revoir.*

And so I left them. And this is the all-imperfect record of that night. It is not, I trust, the last time we shall meet, nor this the only glimpse that shall be given of these delightful meetings.

J. M. Stoddart.

A DESCANT.

WHEN Spring comes tripping o'er the lea
 And grasses start to meet her,
 The bluebird sings
 With quivering wings
 Brief rhapsodies to greet her,
 And deems—fond minstrel!—none may be,
 The wide world over, blithe as he.

And where the brooklet tinkles by,
 And the yellow snow-drop dances,
 And wind-flowers frail
 And bloodroots pale
 Lift up appealing glances,
 The flute-voiced meadow-lark on high
 Sings, "None on earth is glad as I!"

Laughs Corydon, "Your hearts are bold,
 Yet little ye can measure,
 Poor, silly birds,
 Spring's sweetest words,
 Or guess at my proud pleasure,
 When Phyllis comes, and all the wold,
 For sudden joy, buds into gold!"

Florence Earle Coates.

REALITY IN FICTION.

ONE of the curious outgrowths of modern realism is a persistent effort on the part of literary gossips to locate the characters of fiction. As each new novel elbows its way upon our crowded shelves, the enterprising critic never rests until he can whisper to a gaping public that the original of the Hon. Jonas Highflier is one of the most prominent sporting men in London, or that Miss Lillian de Vane Neversink is a well-known and highly eccentric philanthropist in Boston, or that the whole story is a satire—save the mark!—upon a recent administration in Washington. And so unfailing is the interest thus aroused, that people who never in their lives risked a shilling on the turf, nor gave a dollar to a news-boys' home, nor looked on the outside of the White House, read that novel with gruesome satisfaction, and with a vague impression that they are unravelling the seamy side of life. Popular fiction-writers, willing to profit by every new absurdity, allow it to be darkly understood that they have impaled friends and foes on the shafts of their remorseless wit; and it is no uncommon thing to see gravely announced in our morning paper that some very fashionable London lady or some eminently unfashionable Paris *Bohémien* is about to publish, under the guise of a novel, a photographic picture of high life or low life, with all their acquaintances inserted. Even the respectable dullness of a city suburb, or the idle humors of a New England sea-coast, furnish food for a book whose principal claim to recognition is that "lots of real people are in it;" while now and then some particularly enterprising writer conceives the brilliant idea of leaving to these real people their real names, which master-stroke of veracity being unappreciated by the victims thereof, a law-suit is the not unnatural result. Indeed, since an exceptionally successful English novelist has avenged himself on his publisher by painting the poor old gentleman in lurid colors as the villain of one of his stories, and killing him with savage glee upon an uninhabited coast, there is no telling what bloodless triumphs may lie in store for genius.

One direct consequence of our present liberality in such matters is that the "motive-mongers" of literature are forever hunting up for us similar offences in the past. We are being enlightened, sorely against our will, as to the origin of characters who, we had innocently supposed, sprang, Athene-like, from their fathers' brains, and who have nothing to gain by a forced association with some dull creature of earth. Who wants to know that Sam Weller owes his existence to a mediocre comedian whom Dickens saw as a child? Who believes the scandalous tale when it is told? Who is not wearied out with hearing the same old obtrusive facts about Micawber, and Mrs. Nickleby, and Harold Skimpole, and Boythorn? If Harold Skimpole *was* intended for Leigh Hunt, it merely goes to prove how hopelessly and blindly misleading such portraits usually are; and as for the volcanic Landor simmering down into a foolish, ranting, well-meaning old gentleman like Boythorn, we might as well fancy real thunder rattling away with the metallic cheerfulness of a stage article. On the other hand, Sam Weller, and Micawber, and Mrs. Nickleby are a hundred times more alive than their prototypes could ever have hoped to be, and it is ridiculous to think of them as second-hand editions of forlorn mortality, as copies of

ordinary shadow-like men and women, whose very entity has to be admitted on the word of somebody else. Then there is Mrs. Wilfer, over whom, as over Homer, seven cities wrangle unceasingly, and who, with Homer, rises superior to them all. Her birthplace is the universe, and it is not too big to hold her with becoming dignity and comfort.

The same industrious detectives who have run Dickens to earth are asking us now to believe that one-half of Thackeray's characters were taken bodily out of London society and transplanted to his pages; that the Marquis of Farintosh was the Earl of Hereford,—who must have been deeply gratified at seeing himself as others saw him; that Blanche Amory was Miss Granville, and George Warrington, Edward Fitzgerald, and the Fotheringay, Miss O'Neill. Mysterious rumors are floating in our midst concerning the identity of George Meredith's heroes and heroines, and of Marion Crawford's, and of Mr. William Black's. I actually saw, not very long ago, a determined effort made to locate Uncle Tom and little Eva,—some dauntless and imaginative Virginian asserting roundly that he had known them both "ever since he could remember;" whereas I had always supposed Uncle Tom to be the legitimate offspring of that lively and veracious chronicle, Fox's Book of Martyrs, and little Eva to be the lineal descendant of our old friend Madame Tussaud. However, this is the age of revelation. "The receipt of fern-seed in these curious days would scarce help a man to walk invisible." Little is left unsaid of anybody, and this accumulated gossip about fiction seems part of the general scheme of education. In fact, when a really desirable fictitious character is, so to speak, in the market, we sometimes find quite an embarrassing number of applicants ready for the place, and it becomes as difficult to decide upon their claims as it is to settle the authorship of an anonymous poem which half a dozen people suddenly remember they have written.

And what have the writers themselves to say upon the subject, on those rare occasions when they can be persuaded to break their cautious silence? The poet Crabbe, whose measure of inspiration was avowedly small, acknowledged that many of his characters were drawn directly from life, but that he took great care to alter situations, circumstances, even the sex occasionally, so as to escape detection. Mr. James Payn, with that delightful frankness which distinguishes him, counsels all young novelists to utilize their friends and acquaintances in this manner, and even gives them the dangerous advice to put down the real names of people in their first rough draught of a tale, in order to better bring to mind the peculiarities of each. As for detection, he thinks that easy to avoid, by a few simple precautions. If a man be tall, you make him short; if a woman be fair, you make her dark; if the events took place in England, you transfer them to the coast of Barbary. But neither Mr. Crabbe nor Mr. Payn betrays any close cognizance of human nature, any profound insight into human motives. The former pleases us by the vivid accuracy of his descriptions, the latter by his consummate ability as a story-teller, by that rare power of construction which is vanishing from our midst through supercilious ill usage and neglect. He narrates admirably, but what are we to think of the verisimilitude of characters whose identity may be concealed by such transparent masks? Trollope, in "The Warden," turned his three churchmen into three school-boys, with no other results than to expose his satiric purpose and to injure the illusion of his tale. Sir Walter Scott was far wiser and happier when he left to Rebecca the outward likeness of the fair and unknown Jewess whom he designed to copy,

and drew all the rest from the storehouse of his fancy. The resemblance in this case was a mere matter of dark eyes and raven hair, of noble instincts and of an ancient creed. The real Rebecca, with her weakness and her strength, flaunting her jewels and silks unwisely at the tournament, but true to herself in the hour of peril, and unswerving in her loyalty and faith, was the daughter of Sir Walter's dreams, the creation of his own magic; and so we love her from childhood to old age, unvexed by any troublesome surmises. It is a pleasant privilege to receive a character straight from the author's hands, and to be at rest concerning her. "The only real people," says Mr. Oscar Wilde, "are the people who never existed; and, if a novelist is base enough to go to life for his personages, he should at least pretend that they are originals, and not boast of them as copies." And may the gossips of literature emulate his discretion, and leave us to cherish our delusions!

Agnes Repplier.

BOOK-TALK.

"A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES."

Nobody could do better work than Mr. Howells, if he were not weighted down by certain dogmas of which he has made himself the apostle. It is not easy to be at once a leading novelist and a literary lawgiver and dictator: to hold a brief for disputed doctrines is pretty sure to injure one's art. In "April Hopes" and one or two other recent efforts of a not unbridled imagination he came perilously near overtaxing his readers' patience. The filling in was exquisitely done, of course, but were the things worth depicting? One's brush may be faithful and brilliant, and yet the result be wearisome, if the canvas is crowded with petty and trivial details. The imbecile spoonings of calf-love, the silly self-contradictions of a morbid and hysterical feminine conscience, may readily be overdone; a little of them goes a long way.

But of late there are signs that Mr. Howells is becoming happily illogical, or less heavily ridden by his perverse theories. He seems almost willing to recognize the fact that life is not in every case made up wholly of twopenny trifles, of the unmitigatedly commonplace; he half admits that large events and passions may sometimes stray into human experience,—however impolite it may be of them. In "A Hazard of New Fortunes" two of the characters actually die by violence, and one tough and gnarled old heart comes near to breaking. The profound study of Dryfoos in his later aspects, his awkward and lumbering penitence, his speechless and hopeless remorse, well relieves the lighter portions of the story, and bears an important part in making it by far the best we have had from this author in years. The martyr Conrad is as improbable as you please, but by no manner of means impossible, for saints get their commission direct from on high, independent of heredity and environment; and they seldom have a good time of it in this world.

Beaton is drawn from the life with masterful precision, and is so full of life that he ought to live long. If we never had him before, we have now in broad outlines and careful detail one variety of the able and accomplished fool, the well-meaning but ill-conditioned abortion who might as well, for the uses of others, and far better for his own, be a symmetrical and out-and-out scoundrel. Fulker-

son is the genius of advertising incarnate, and no less amusing than he was meant to be. As March says, "he's naturally a generous and right-minded creature, but life has taught him to truckle and trick, like the rest of us." Old Lindau, as the better sort of semi-anarchist, will interest many. Alma Leighton is perhaps a new variety of the cultivated and highly competent American girl. The Woodburns, though good in their way, are less successful: Southerners are not Mr. Howells's *métier*.

The alleged publishing plans of the ingenious Fulkerson have perhaps been taken too seriously. His radical idea is good,—as an idea purely: "Look at the way the periodicals are carried on now! Names, names! In a country that's just boiling over with literary and artistic ability of every kind, the new fellows have no chance. The editors all engage their material. I don't believe there are fifty volunteer contributions printed in a year in all the New York magazines. It's all wrong; it's suicidal." This is a free country, and our neglected geniuses are at liberty to believe that a monthly or fortnightly could be run on the new plan.

But if the book casts no especial light on magazine methods in New York, it at least shows that its eminent parent is true to his order. No one would accuse him of holding a brief for any given class of (unliterary) persons as against another; but he comes as near it in these volumes as he has ever done. The patent millionaire who has struck it in natural gas, with his pathetic old wife and his untamable and unspeakable daughters, is delineated not indeed with malice, but with ruthless and remorseless fidelity; and the result is a distinct addition to our gallery of national types. The anxious woes of the editor who has been lured from his Boston desk to become a hireling of this suspicious and semi-civilized tyrant are narrated with something like real sympathy,—for March is not far from Mr. Howells himself:

"I object to this economic chance-world in which we live, and which we men seem to have created. It ought to be law, that if a man will work he shall both rest and eat, and shall not be harassed with any question as to how his repose and his provision shall come. Nothing less ideal than this satisfies the reason. But in our state of things no one is secure of this. No one is sure of finding work; no one is sure of not losing it. I may have my work taken away from me at any moment by the caprice, the mood, the indigestion, of a man who has not the qualification for knowing whether I do it well or ill. At my time of life—at every time of life—a man ought to feel that if he will keep on doing his duty he shall not suffer in himself or in those who are dear to him, except through natural causes. But no man can feel this as things are now; and so we go on, pushing and pulling, climbing and crawling, thrusting aside and trampling underfoot, lying, cheating, stealing; and when we get to the end,—I don't think the retrospect can be pleasing."

Now, this is most creditable to the writer; as the books used to say, it does equal honor to his head and heart. The usual order with poor humanity is thus: the few who succeed (in literature or in any other walk) inflate the chest, throw up the chin, and look down with contempt on their brethren who have not "got there," as unworthy creatures of an alien and inferior race. Our greatest preacher, for instance (see his famous "Lectures on Preaching"), cannot understand how any of the cloth should at any time have less than two reporters in their audience, or that their trials should arise from any other cause than coddling and petting and flattery. Yet here is a workman who is at least

fifteen years from what he describes, but whose memory actually goes back to his humble beginnings. For full half a generation his bread has been thickly buttered, his water exchangeable at will for richer beverages; publishers compete for his "copy," and nations do him honor; yet he can realize the tribulations of common scribblers in their struggle for existence, and depict them in what reads like a passage out of "Looking Backward." For such a proof of human sympathy and Socratic appreciation of existing conditions we may well take off our hats to Mr. Howells, forgive his undue laudation and frequent practice of mere literary photography, condone his diatribes against Scott and the romancers, and wish that he may write many more books as good as his last.

F. M. Bird.

"A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE WORLD."

Mr. Warner's novel is one which it profits to read over and over again. The introductory pages seem to threaten to be more didactic than one likes a novel to be; but quite soon enough entertainment is provided which, besides all usual lesser things, has abundance of substantial.

As to deftness in selecting and arranging, Mr. Warner has long been our best man, and it is to be regretted that his engrossments with the *Courant* and the *Drawer* made him so late in putting forth this work. None but a good man, and a wise, and a widely observant, could have put in a novel so many things which it is well to remember. An earnest man, yet on occasion a sportive, a satirist, though without a grain of bitterness, he has led along this journey, and in his own almost perfect way pointed out some things in social conditions which, nigh universally coveted, are dangerous to a degree that is appalling. Yet it is nothing less than delightful how, in his talks, the sportive ripples the deep flow of earnestness in what may be called a great sermon as well as a great novel. This appears in the very outset, where began "a spontaneous talk of people who had fallen into an uncompelled habit of happening to be together," instead of meeting as members of a club who have "mortgaged a precious portion of the little time left for individual life," where "freedom is lost with too much responsibility and seriousness."

In this book individualities are uncommonly pronounced. Morgan, from his advantageous position, above all liabilities of vagrancy, "observing life and criticising it without any serious intention of disturbing it;" Mrs. Morgan, "the daintily-reared daughter of a cotton-spinner," happy in "carrying along her traditional religious observances with grateful admiration of her husband;" Mr. Lyon, the expectant Lord Chisholm, who was always in the "conventional attitude of wanting to know;" Mrs. Fletcher, whom we understand at once when with pleasantest irony she asked if the Pilgrims and Puritans were civilized; Margaret Debee, whose great-grandmother—"no, it was her great-great-grandmother who married an officer in the suite of Rochambeau, what time the French defenders of liberty conquered the women of Rhode Island,"—Margaret, who, without banishing romance from the world, wanted "to feel its life, as men do;" Miss Forsythe, "in the beauty of her years almost pathetic in its dignity and renunciation;" Mrs. Fairchild, whose married life took added comfort from thinking how many a man of her acquaintance would not have suited her for a husband, and to whose exclamatory argument "Philosophy of fudge!" Mr. Fairchild must admit frankly that really there was no answer; Henderson, whom we wished, but in vain, to be sent to the penitentiary; finally, Carmen

Eschelle, the enterprising, "who has no history, the world is all before her," but who henceforth is to become historic like Becky Sharp.

Mr. Warner has exhibited scenes wherein the most powerful in our existing social state seem bent upon leading to the bad place with a speed that is frightening to us who don't want to go there. Piteous indeed is the gradual dereliction of that devoutly pious New-England girl after her intermarriage with a railroad king, handsome, gifted with all the outward gifts that please young women, lordly in alms-giving, audacious in venturings, and—late found—a scoundrel. We had hoped to see that man brought low and the sweet innocent whom he was despoiling snatched from his arms. The novelist, who for these people was their only Providence, might have been expected to see to that; but he could not resist the impulse to show by such restraint the possibly greater pitifulness of some things that have come within his view. Against his affectionate, tearful protesting, Dickens *had* to see little Nell fall in her suffering childhood; and so Mr. Fairchild, when Margaret, struggling the while to hold to honorablest traditions, was lapsing to the degree which good Miss Forsythe could not have borne, let her be taken out of the way, leaving us to imagine, when Henderson and Carmen, knowing each other so entirely, should come together, what a hellish time they were bound to have. But, as the social life now is, few of such people have a time anything like it. Such a precious couple know well enough the vanity of anybody's expectation that they are to repeat the story of Ananias and Sapphira, or even of Joe Sedley and Rebecca Sharp; for by the time when any unforeseen failure of calculation may have come, enough has been hidden away to allow princely living,—at least in Canada; and we have it from Scripture that it was painful even to the prophet's mind to contemplate how with the wicked there seem to be "no bands in their death; but their strength is firm."

It is old-fashioned, this looking out for the dispensing of poetical justice. Yet for what was some portion of the creative faculty imparted, if not with intent that we might be consoled as well as warned, warned as well as consoled, by the new concretes which the poet makes up out of the discordant elements of this lower life? It will be a pity if, as seems to be destined, the real shall put out the romantic altogether. The ancient habitations of the sparrows, as in the fable of Lessing, are being "built up," and they are flying away. Not that, within Mr. Warner's view, many a one does not linger whose singing, whether cheerily or plaintively, is exceeding sweet. In his hands realism hurts not too severely an old-timer, and the lesson which he imparts, most readers will say, is, or ought to be, as efficacious as if he had let us see with our own eyes the punishment that, soon or late, must befall the guilty. Insisting, but without petulance for being in a small minority, upon what seems the one defect in this book, I regard it as equal to the best, if not the very best, of this period.

R. M. Johnston.

NEW BOOKS.

[The readers of LIPPINCOTT's will find in this department, from month to month, such concise and critical notice of all noteworthy publications, of which extended reviews are not given elsewhere in the magazine, as will enable them to keep in touch with the world of new books.]

Fiction.—**A TALE OF THE HOUSE OF THE WOLFINGS AND ALL THE KINDREDS OF THE MARK**, by William Morris (Roberts Brothers). This is fiction, to be sure, but fiction of a kind for which literary criticism has not provided a name. It is an epic in prose; a work of the finest imagination, the most skilful construction, the steadiest and loftiest interest. The Mark-men are various tribes of Goths, of whom the chiefest are the Wolfings. These unite to resist the invasion of the Romans, and Thiodolf, the mightiest Wolfing warrior, is elected War-duke. It is the love for Thiodolf of the Wood-Sun, a daughter of the gods, that forms the mainspring of the narrative. There are the bravest battles, the tenderest love-scenes, the most beautiful imagery, in the book. "Tells the tale" in large part of the baleful influence of the magic hauberk, or coat of mail, cursed with the power to effect "the ransom of a man and the ruin of a folk." Mr. Morris may be said to have written the greatest prose poem in any language.—**EXPIATION**, by Octave Thanet (Scribners). A touching story of life in Arkansas during the late war.—**JACK HORNER**, by Mary Spear Tiernan (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Another romance of the Great Rebellion, with the scene laid at Richmond. Little Jack Horner is a waif playing a "star" part. There is a charming young woman of the Confederate persuasion in the story.—**THE GREAT WAR-SYNDICATE**, by Frank R. Stockton (Dodd, Mead & Co.). One of the most extravagant of Mr. Stockton's humorous fancies.—**PACTOLUS PRIME**, by Albion W. Tourgée (Cassell). Judge Tourgée's latest novel is in some respects his best. He still works the mine which has yielded him such rich ore. Pactolus Prime is a negro boot-black with a history and a grievance. His pathetic career and his cogent logic make the most part of the story, which is admirably related.—**MARIA**, by Jorge Isaacs, translated by Rollo Ogden, with an introduction by Thomas A. Janvier (Harpers). This charming South American romance has been esteemed a classic by Spanish-Americans for more than twenty years. It is, in truth, a very tender and finely simple sketch of the blighted love of a beautiful girl, afflicted with incurable epilepsy, for a rather sentimental young man who tells the doleful tale in the first person.—**MISS MORDECK'S FATHER**, by Fani Pusey Gooch (Dodd, Mead & Co.).—**THE HAMMER, A STORY OF THE MACCABEAN TIMES**, by Alfred J. Church, M.A., and Richmond Seeley (Putnams). A very strong historical romance.—**THREE MEN IN A BOAT**, by Jerome K. Jerome (Henry Holt). A new phase of English humor, and therefore welcome.—**A STUDY IN SCARLET**, by A. Conan Doyle (Lippincotts). Mr. Doyle was never happier than here, and the setting is worthy of the story.—**MIS-ADVENTURE**, by W. E. Norris (F. F. Lovell).—**A CHRONICLE OF CONQUEST**, by Francis C. Sparhawk (Lothrop). It will delight any juvenile reader of good taste.—**THE MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE**, by Prudence Lowell (Petersons).

History and Biography.—This is perhaps the most appropriate place to put the **LETTERS OF PHILIP DORMER, FOURTH EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, TO HIS GODSON AND SUCCESSOR, EDITED FROM THE ORIGINAL, WITH A MEMOIR OF LORD CHESTERFIELD**, by the Earl of Carnarvon (Macmillans). The volume contains a collection of some two hundred and thirty letters, largely in French, and hitherto unpublished, written to a second Philip Stanhope who became the fifth Earl of Chesterfield. It is but the echo of the famous cry, "The Graces! The Graces! Remember the Graces!" The writer, it appears, met with as small success in moulding the mind of his godson as he did in the more famous case of his son. The substance of the two series of letters is much the same.—**CAPTAIN COOK**, by Walter Besant (Macmillans). Another of the "English Men of Action."—**DISRAELI IN OUTLINE**, by F. Carroll Brewster, LL.D. (Philadelphia). A brief paragraphic biography of Lord Beaconsfield, prefacing a novel abridgment of all his romances, with lists of principal characters, plots, and remarkable passages.—**HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA UNDER THE CONSTITUTION**, by James Schouler (Dodd, Mead & Co.). A comely and convenient edition in four volumes.

Poetry.—**GETTYSBURG, AND OTHER POEMS**, by Isaac R. Pennypacker (Porter & Coates). The poem which lends its title to this welcome little volume was read by the author at the dedication of the Pennsylvania monuments on the battle-field of Gettysburg, September 12, 1889. It is altogether the most successful treatment of an oft-tried subject; it is a genuine battle-piece,—full of action and martial music and memorable lines. Other noteworthy poems in the volume are "A November Nocturne," "Ha! Ha! and Ha! Ha! Indeed," "Becalmed," "The Old Church at the Trappe," and "Perkiomen." The two last-named were included by Longfellow in "Poems of Places."—**GLEANINGS FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK**, by Wm. H. Clark (Philadelphia). These are rhymes without reason.—**FANCIES**, by Ardennes Jones-Foster (Charles T. Dillingham). Neither fine nor fit reading.—**LYRICS AND IDYLS**, by Madison Julius Cawein (John P. Morton & Co.).

Travel.—**PROBLEMS OF GREATER BRITAIN**, by Sir Charles Dilke (Macmillans). While this fat and otherwise remarkable volume is not a record of sight-seeing after the descriptive manner of the very popular work by Sir Charles to which it may be said to be a sequel, it nevertheless represents the valuable results of extensive travel. The author, in a word, does for the British possessions in Australia, America, and India, and for the crown colonies as well, what Prof. Bryce has so admirably done for the American Commonwealth. The book is alike valuable for its political conclusions and for its extraordinary fund of information.—**TWO YEARS IN THE FRENCH WEST INDIES**, by Lafcadio Hearn (Harpers). Herein is felt the perfect fitness of style to subject; such warmth there is and color in the language of Mr. Hearn. The spell of the enchanted island and the Southern sea is upon us. One reads a chapter and lies back longing for the indolence, the streaming sun, and all the picturesque life, of Martinique.—**THE REPUBLIC OF COSTA RICA**, by Joaquin Bernardo Calvo, translated from the Spanish and edited by L. de T. (Rand, McNally & Co.). A compact volume of practical information.—**PALESTINE**, by Major C. R. Conder, D.C.L., R.E. (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

Science.—**CORALS AND CORAL ISLANDS**, by James D. Dana (Dodd, Mead & Co.). A third and enlarged edition of a work whose recorded obser-

vations are no less comprehensive and whose conclusions are no less authoritative than Darwin's "Coral Reefs." It seems, however, that neither Darwin nor Dana's judgment upon the coral causes of the difference in oceanic regions of elevation and subsidence is to be accepted as final.—**ESSAYS OF AN AMERICANIST**, by Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D. (Porter & Coates). This volume collects the various writings of Dr. Brinton on a manifold subject whereof he speaks with acknowledged authority, and in which every American should take a profound interest. The papers are ethnologic, archæologic, mythologic, and literary; and they say the best word for a belief in the autochthony of the American tribes.—**STARLAND**, by Sir Robert Stawell Ball (Cassell). A course of popular and very clever lectures on astronomy delivered to juvenile audiences at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.—**CHARACTERISTICS OF VOLCANOES, WITH CONTRIBUTIONS OF FACTS AND PRINCIPLES FROM THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS**, by James D. Dana (Dodd, Mead & Co.). There is no need of urging the value of this work. The name of Prof. Dana on the title-page is all-sufficient warrant of its worth. Besides the subjects indicated in the title, the volume contains an historical review of Hawaiian volcanic action for the past sixty-seven years, a discussion of the relations of volcanic islands to deep-sea topography, and a chapter on volcanic-island denudation.

Essays.—**THE NEGRO QUESTION**, by George W. Cable (Scribners). Clear, concise, and cogent reasoning. Of course one expects nothing new to be said on this question, but it is pleasant to have the familiar sermon preached with a fresh and forceful eloquence. Therein lies the merit of Mr. Cable's papers.—**JEWISH DREAMS AND REALITIES, CONTRASTED WITH ISLAMITIC AND CHRISTIAN CLAIMS**, by Henry Iliowizi (Philadelphia).—**A PERSONAL STATEMENT**, by W. D. Carlile (Philadelphia). The author's account of an unsavory scandal.—**THE IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW, A BOOK FOR AN IDLE HOLIDAY**, by Jerome K. Jerome (Henry Holt).—**A NEW VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE; VOLUME VIII.,—AS YOU LIKE IT**, edited by Horace Howard Furness (Lippincotts). Dr. Furness is making gratifying and astonishing progress in his great work. Its merits are known to all the world, and are as conspicuous in the present volume as in its predecessors.



ALLEGRO—MA NON TROPPO.



ADAGIO—POCO A POCO.



CON MOTO.



SFORZANDO.



ANIMATO.



CON FUOCO.



SOTTO VOCE.



ARIOSO.



AGITATO.



ALLEGRO ASSAI PRESTISSIMO.



MAESTOSO.

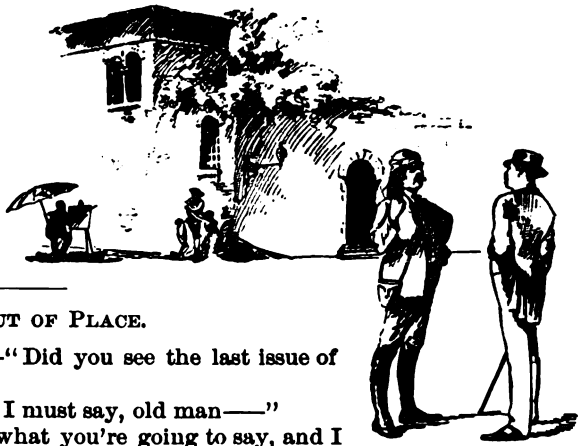


FINE—LACRIMOSO (CADENZA).

STOOD IN THE DRAUGHT.

First American.—“Daub has quite a group there: is he a good draughtsman?”

Second American.—“It would hardly do for me to praise my friend too much; but, actually, I caught a severe cold standing near him yesterday.”



QUITE OUT OF PLACE.

Editor of college paper.—“Did you see the last issue of the *Phi Gamma Kappa*?”

Subscriber.—“Yaas, and I must say, old man—”

Editor.—“Yes; I know what you're going to say, and I apologize. I was absent last week, and my assistant ran in an article on an educational topic. It shall never occur again.”



IN A TENDER SPOT.

Druggist.—“I don't see why we should be expected to sell postage-stamps. They're not in our line.”

Brown.—“Of course they're not. When you run out of them you can't give anything else as a substitute.”

A SOFT SITUATION.

Rambo (severely).—“The fact is, you are too lazy to work.”

Ponsonby (indignantly).—“No, sir! I'm willing to work; but I want a situation where I can

work when I feel like it, take as many holidays as I please, and never get docked.”

Rambo.—“Why don't you run for Congress?”

AND YET HE WAS NOT HAPPY.

City Visitor.—“What makes little Tommy cry so, Mr. Leeks?”

Farmer Leeks.—“Wall, the fact is, he went out this morning to find a hornet's nest for his natural history collection, and —”

City Visitor.—“And the poor boy couldn't find one?”

Farmer Leeks.—“Naw; the poor boy found one.”

THAT WAS ALL.

Mrs. Cumso.—“Why are you always making jokes about everything?”

Cumso.—“Jest for fun.”



A GREAT STRIKER.

Uncle Ned.—“Does your father ever play ball, Tommy?”

Tommy (with the recollection of a recent chastisement in mind).—“No; but I am sure, if he did, that he would make a great batting average.”

A GOOD REASON WHY.

“I believe the ordinary English newspaper law does not apply to *Punch*?” remarked a vivacious young lady to Lord Bigdets.

“Well, now, what law would apply, doncher know?”

“The law of gravity might.”



POWERFUL HINDSIGHT.

Litewaite.—“I can’t account for Brindle’s ill success in his business ventures. He has such brilliant ideas, so logical and sensible,—can tell you just why he failed—”

Heavywaite.—“Oh, yes. He’s like most billiard-players,—chalks his cue *after* he misses a shot.”



HEAVY, WATER-PROOF CAKE.

“Oh, mamma, won’t you please give me a piece of that cake?”

“No, my dear; it will make you sick.”

“I don’t want to eat it; I only want to make some sinkers for my fish-line.”

THEY KEPT HIM BUSY.

Jumley (to Puffer, who is busy writing).—

“My presence does not disturb you, does it?”

Puffer.—“Oh, no; I don’t mind, as long as you don’t do as that blanked idiot Willis did this morning.”

Jumley.—“What did he do?”

Puffer.—“He gave me a handful of peanuts, Couldn’t write for half an hour.”

SO HE IS.

Amy.—“What do you think of the young cornetist, Mabel?”

Mabel.—“Oh, he’s just utterly toot-too.”

A PERPLEXING ANSWER.

Poet (meeting editor on his way to the sanctum).—“Does it make any difference to you if I write on both sides of the paper?”

Editor (the sequence of his reflections interrupted).—“Was it not you who sent me a poem recently entitled ‘Gentle Spring’?”

Poet (flattered).—“Yes, sir.”

Editor (with emphasis).—“Then it doesn’t make a particle of difference. Good-day, sir.”



U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C042824150

